



TRADE-IN⁹

written by Wandrer
Featuring Art by SturkWurk

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

This book is for sale to ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY. It contains sexually explicit scenes and graphic language, which may be considered offensive by some readers.

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), organizations, events or places is entirely coincidental. All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form.

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

For more stuff from wandrer, please visit:

<https://www.patreon.com/wandrer>

<http://the-wandrertumblr.com/catalog>

"Now then, let's continue. Oh, you like that too, huh? Goody - well, you'll enjoy more of this, I bet..."

Dan realized as she reached down to grab the remote that Anna had no intention in moving from her perch - and he couldn't help his impossibly hard cock from twitching as he watched Sandy lick his wife's pussy from behind while Betsy mewled softly with a blissful expression on her face. Anna shifted a little, giggling again as Dan tried and failed to suppress a moan. Then she pressed a button and the screen came to life once more.

Betsy was sitting naked on a bed in Anna's house. From the light coming in the windows, Dan guessed it must be sometime the next day. She was clean again so she'd obviously showered, though her glasses were still missing. Betsy was curled up on the bed, crying softly.

"Oh my god...what did I do? What did I do?"

Anna, clad in her robe, sat down next to Betsy and put an arm around her, feigning sympathy.

"Oh sweetie," Anna cooed, "I know you didn't mean to be such a total slut - the molly just felt so good, and well...it just let out what is really buried inside you..."

Betsy choked out a sob - too distressed to even protest.



"I - I couldn't help myself! I - I wanted it! Even when the guys were in my...in my..." she choked, unable to acknowledge where she'd let the guys fuck her, "And - oh god, it all felt so good. I *liked* it!"

"Even the girl?"

Betsy visibly shuddered.

"N-no...oh god...that's disgusting. I can't believe I...what am I going to do? I can't tell Dan...I don't have a job...what if I go out and...and start fucking some more random guys?"

Betsy broke off in tears once more, her head on Anna's shoulder. After a few moments of stroking her red hair (and fighting down an evil grin), Anna spoke again.

"Well...I do have one job here at the house I need someone to do. And it should keep you away from guys, at least for tonight. But I thought it was probably beneath you..."

"No! I'm sure I can do it," Betsy choked out, obviously relieved, "I - I'll do whatever you need..."

The scene cut to Anna, standing with her arms folded.

"I - Anna, I don't think I can-"

"Oh, come out and let me have a look..."

Betsy walked out of the bathroom, blushing furiously.



She was dressed in a french maid's outfit - which left very little to the imagination. She had more on than Sandy (currently still wetly licking the present and loudly meowing version of Betsy), but not by much. Her red hair was up in a pony tail which, along with her missing glasses, made her look noticeably younger.

"I - I can't wear this," Betsy said in a quavering voice, "Anna - I can't let someone see me like this!"

"Oh come now, you need to look the part if you're going to be my maid for tonight! I told you, I need two for my party. And you need a job. And this way you can stay here tonight - otherwise I'd have to send you out while I have my party. You want to help me, don't you?"

Betsy seemed to be struggling to find the broken logic in all of that, but whatever Anna had done to her was working it's magic, and finally Betsy jerked a strained nod.

"Good! Besides, tonight is all women anyway! Just girls. No temptation at all for you."

"Who-who's coming?"

"Oh, don't worry, I don't think it's anyone you know. Now then, let's practice your lines and your accent. It needs to be just right. Can you do a french accent?"

Betsy swallowed, then stammered:

"O-Oui madame."

Her accent was atrocious.



"Perfect!" clapped Anna delightedly, and despite herself, Betsy suddenly grinned brightly in her pre-programmed response. "Now, you can start by coming to help me get dressed - they'll be here soon."

"OK, now - this one is *so* much fun," Anna breathed, and Dan cringed inside, "I wasn't lying about no guys at the party - but I *did* set your poor wife's attraction to women and her arousal levels to slowly ramp up throughout the day, starting as soon as she put on that outfit. No mental adjustments, mind you - just physical. But she'll be pretty indiscriminating pretty quickly, no matter what her brain tries to tell her. Oh, just watch."

The scene cut to a blushing Betsy holding a couple of dresses while a naked Anna stretches looking at herself in the mirror. Betsy is blushing furiously as she clearly is trying to look away - while sneaking furtive glances at the shorter, big-breasted woman.

"Mmmm...it feels good to stretch," groaned Anna, clearly knowing the effect she was starting to have on Betsy, "Hmmm...maybe you can help me get my stockings on before I pick a dress."

"Y-yes...I mean, oui madame," Betsy stammered.



The shot cut to Betsy on the floor, between Anna's naked legs. Anna is holding one foot up so that Betsy can slide on her stockings - but Betsy is clearly having great trouble focusing on her job. Her wide eyes are flicking over to Anna's pussy, and her nostrils periodically flare as she breathes in Anna's scent.

"Are you OK, Betsy?" Anna says, with a quickly suppressed grin.

"Y-ou-oui m-madame," Betsy chokes out, and begins to very shakily slide up the stocking.



Another shot, and Anna has her stockinged feet up on the edge of the bed, leaning back. She is moving her thighs in and out absently, her pussy lips - more than a little damp - shifting as she does so, pretending she doesn't notice Betsy kneeling in front of her shaking and biting her lip. Betsy is starting to drip a little between her legs.



“Hmmm...which dress should I wear?”

A final shot of getting dressed as Betsy is standing behind Anna, zipping up her dress from behind while the raven-haired woman appreciates herself in the mirror. Betsy is shaking, and visibly flushed - clearly with both embarrassment and arousal.



"Lovely," Anna declares, and then smiles as the doorbell rings in the background, "Perfect timing, too! Let's go start greeting our guests!"

Betsy stumbles out of the room after Anna, looking dazed and extremely distressed.



Another cut, and Betsy is sobbing and talking to Anna. From the other room is the murmur of a party - all women by the high voices and periodic titters. Betsy looks horrified.

"I can't! You said there wouldn't be anyone I knew!"

"I'm sorry Betsy," Anna says, insincerely, "I forgot you were still working there when they all joined. But I really need you to do this tonight."

"But - but..."

"Besides, they probably won't recognize you! You look totally different without your glasses and in that...um...with your hair up."

"But," Betsy sobbed, clearly struggling with her 'trust me' programming.

"Oh, and here comes my other maid. Just follow her lead - I have to go back out. Do a good job!"

Betsy's mouth opened and closed as Anna quickly fled back into the other room. On his lap, Anna shifted and giggled.

"I know, I'm so mean. I invited all the girls who were in the intern class Betsy managed at our old job - that was the year she got all of them in trouble for being out late drinking and showing up to work late the next day. They never really forgave that. And she hasn't even seen the other people she knows yet!"

"Oh, but first..."

Onscreen, Betsy choked down a sob, and then turned.



And stared, horrified, at the similarly not-dressed Sandy, who was staring back at her with a shocked expression.

"C-Cassandra?" Betsy choked out in a strangled voice. The older woman's mouth open and closed a few times before she whimpered.

"O-Oui, madame."

"Oh god, I - I can't, I..."

"Betsy, Sandy - come on!"



Betsy moaned - and then followed Sandy as the half-naked older woman grabbed a tray of drinks, and stumbled out into the party after her.



Betsy's eyes flicked down to Sandy's pantyless ass on the way out more than once, and she occasionally licked her lips unconsciously.



Another cut, and it's some time later. Betsy is standing ramrod straight, blushing furiously, holding a tray of drinks. Lounging on the couch are several younger, pretty women - all dressed in dresses and skirts. They are chatting and giggling - and seemingly ignoring Betsy.

They are also all sitting - well, fairly lewdly, with their legs spread, or lifted onto the couch...

"I couldn't resist," giggled Anna, "I dumped some one of our newer little designer concoctions into the drinks for the night. It made everyone *quite* horny - though relaxed to do much about it with each other. And also had the nice effect of making most of the night seem sort of like a dream later. Plus, all the girls had been instructed that if they wanted to stay they had to pretend to not realize that was Betsy - at least until later. Your poor wife - just look at her!"

Betsy was quite clearly staring at one of the girl's panties, shaking. Betsy's nipples were visibly hard. Her eyes moved over to one of the other girls on the couch, and she shivered.



Another scene cut and Betsy was in the kitchen, on the floor, crying again.

"Oh god," she moaned, "what's wrong with me? I - I can't...this can't be happening...I-"

She cut off, blinking away tears, as Sandy - looking apprehensive herself - walked into the room, and set the tray down on the counter.



And then, directly in front of Betsy, leaned over at the waist to begin rearranging the glasses, spreading her legs slightly.

Betsy choked as she found herself looking directly up at her friend's mother's bare - and damp - pussy.

She sat there, shaking and whimpering softly for several long moments, while Sandy stood there, seemingly oblivious to the view she was giving Betsy or to the effect it was having on her (though a quick shot of Sandy's face showed exactly how distressed she was by what she was doing - presumably at Anna's instruction). Betsy rocked back and forth for a few moments, each rock bringing her closer, closer...



Finally with a long, sobbing wail, Betsy lurched forward on her knees and shoved her face into Sandy's pussy. Sandy squealed in quite realistically surprised delight (it seemed she hadn't been in on what would *happen* when she followed Anna's instructions) as Betsy sobs and loud, wet licking noises filled the room.



It didn't take long for Betsy to lick Anna to her first squealing orgasm, screaming "OUUUUUUUUU!!!! OUUUUUUUUUUU!!!!"



The next shot was sometime later, as Anna came into the kitchen.

Sandy was bent over the counter with her ass in the air, shuddering after what had obviously been multiple orgasms. Betsy, sobbing and moaning, continued to lick the older woman's pussy with abandon, while the older redhead sobbed and moaned.

"Betsy! Sandy!" shouted Anna, her hand on her chest in a dramatically feigned expression of shock on her face.

Betsy lifted her wet face from Sandy's pussy, her eyes wild with lust at first - but after a few moments, awareness of what she was doing came back and a look of horror settled onto her face. Betsy choked out a horrified, disgusted sob.

"Anna - I...oh god...I couldn't...I couldn't..."

"This is what I get for letting you have this cushy job at my house?" Anna yelled, playing the aggrieved mistress quite well, "You taking advantage of my other house staff because you can't control your slutty urges?"

"No, I-" Betsy tried to sob.

"Well that's it - you're fired!"

"No please," sobbed the very addled Betsy, "Please Anna - I'm sorry! Please let me stay!"

Anna glowered at Betsy for a moment, while Sandy just moaned softly on the countertop.

"Well - I suppose I can create a new position for you, if that's what you want."

"Oh yes, please," sobbed Betsy.

"OK then, come back out to the party."



Betsy, sobbing and confused, stumbled after Anna, stammering out her thanks.

Until she entered the other room and remembered who was in there.

Before Betsy could react, Anna started talking, causing the room to quiet down to look over at them. Betsy blushed furiously, cringing back.

"Some of you know lovely Betsy here, I believe."

There was a wave of titters in the room, acknowledging that fact. Betsy made a strangled moan, staring at Anna in horror as the other woman stripped away her supposed "anonymity". Uncaring, Anna continued.

"I recently made Betsy my maid, after she lost her job from fucking a couple of her interns. It seems Betsy just can't help herself when cock is around - though I know a few of her used to be her interns as well, and might find that revelation surprising."

Betsy choked out a sob of horror as her former female interns giggled loudly.



"Well, it seems it's not only cock that she can't resist. And so I've offered her a new job since she can't keep her mind on being a maid. Betsy, get down on all fours."

"Wh-what? No - I-"

"NOW. And STAY DOWN."

Betsy gagged on her protest, and her eyes bulged out. Her compulsion to obey Anna kicked in and, shaking, she lowered herself to all fours by Anna's side. Another round of twitters filled the room.

"Now then - if anyone would like to have their pussy licked, Betsy will happily do it for you. Just spread your legs and ask her. Enjoy her in her new job. She'll do anything you tell her to do tonight. Oh, and she likes being called dirty names..."

"What?! No, please - Anna-" Betsy sobbed.

There was a loud murmur of groans and babble of conversation - and most of the women in the room, clearly feeling the effects of the drug, began to pull off their panties.

"Oh god..."

"Betsy, me first!"

"No, me!"

"Oh my god I'm so horny."

"You too? I thought it was just me."

Betsy sobbed, and tried to turn away, her vision filled with women baring their pussies, spreading their legs - and she couldn't help but stare at all of them. She sobbed, trying to turn away...



And found herself staring at black hair and cocoa skin and a shaven pussy directly in front of her. She gasped for breath, eyes lifting in horror...

And found herself looking up at the daughter of her old boss, a pretty black girl named Kayla. Kayla had gotten in particular trouble that day, being an intern and daughter of one of the managers.

The girl had actually stripped mostly naked, understandably unashamed of her body with her perky breasts and smooth belly.

"I used to fantasize about your pretty white mouth licking my pussy in my mom's office," Kayla breathed.



Betsy made a strangled noise - but her eyes were sliding back down to the girl's pussy, just inches from her face and flaring nostrils.

"Go on, you dirty white slut," the girl growled.

With a horrified sob Betsy crawled forward and lifted her mouth up between the girl's legs and started to lick - tentatively at first, but quickly with greater and greater enthusiasm.



Kayla moaned and clearly was getting off on calling Betsy names ("lick me you slutty whore...you white cunt...lick me, bitch!") while she groped her dark breasts. Kayla also apparently got quite wet, as pussy juice began to drip down Betsy's pale chin, onto her own large breasts and the floor.

Finally, Kayla screamed out her orgasm with Betsy on all fours beneath her, cumming explosively before stumbling off to the side to fall down in a heap on the couch, gasping for breath.

Betsy's eyes were wild and confused - but started to fade back to reality with horror at what she'd done...



"Me next, Betsy - come here and lick me!"

Betsy's head swung over to the other couch, where a pretty if plump older woman was sitting - with her legs spread wide. Betsy's first boss, Allison. They'd never really gotten along.

Betsy choked in dismay.



But the pull of a wet pussy and the woman's instruction tugged at her, and Betsy crawled over to the older woman - and began to lick her pussy as well.



The screen flickered from girl to girl as Betsy made her way through all of them - the younger former interns...



...the older co-workers and a couple of former bosses...



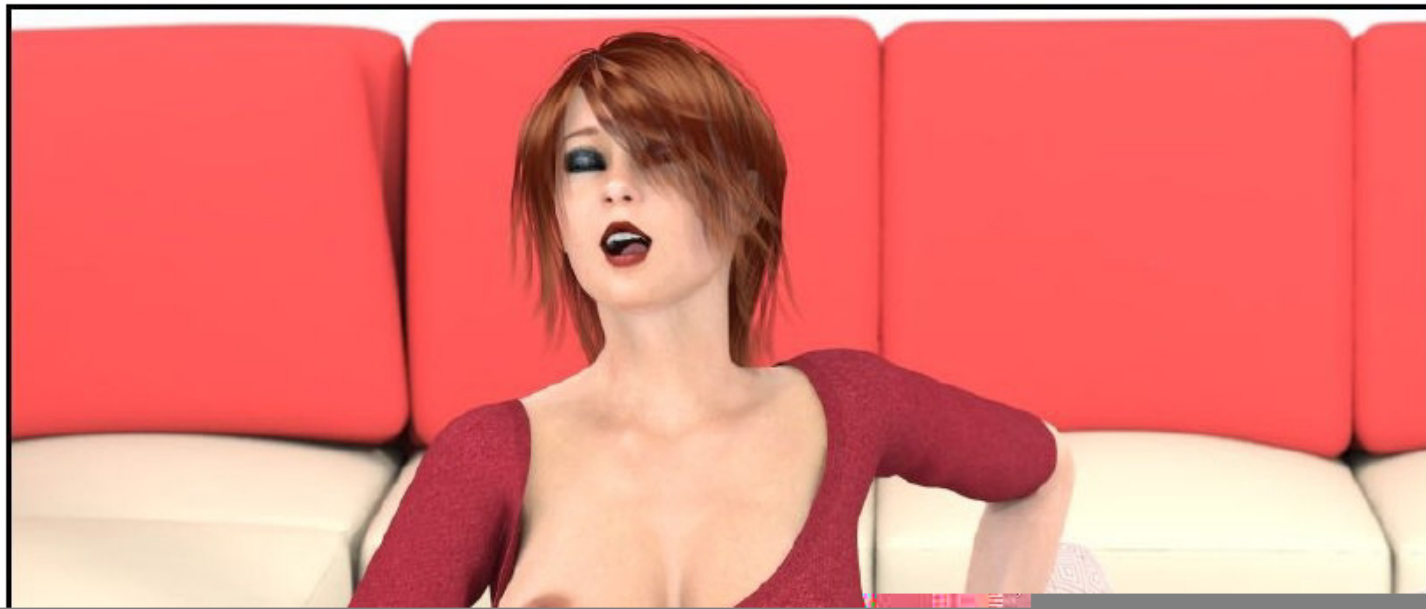
....women she'd never met.



Mostly on the couches...



...though occasionally on the floor, as with the former intern people joked looked like Betsy's little sister...



..and a couple of them made Betsy kneel beneath

Dan, mortified, came inside Anna on Kayla's second go round when she pulled her legs back and made Betsy lick her asshole for quite some time along with her pink pussy. He still impossibly stayed hard, and Anna managed to hold out



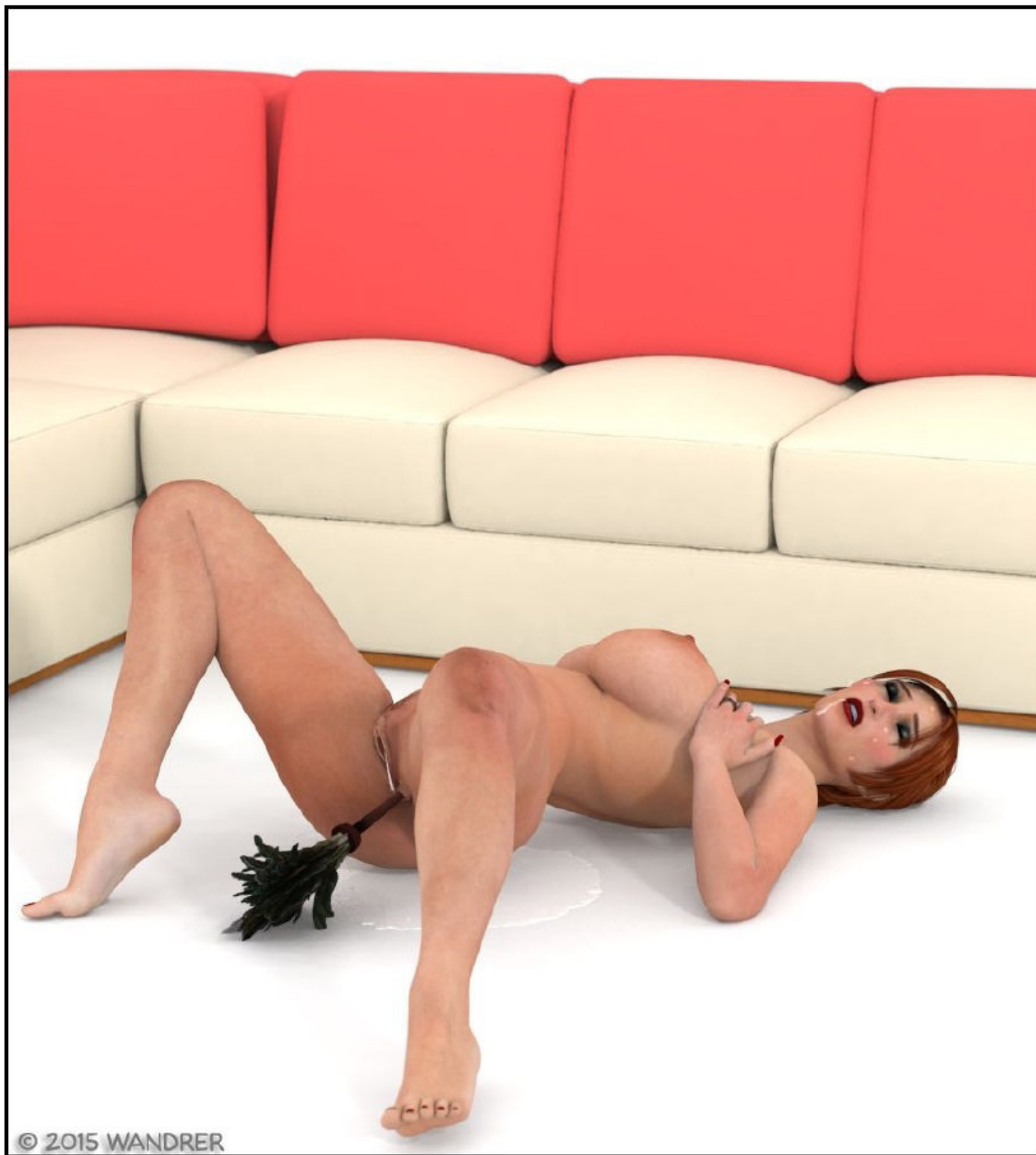
As Betsy exploded into a squealing orgasm onscreen to the girl's delight and surprise, Anna came hard on top of Dan, bouncing up and down. Her orgasm continued while several of the girls fucked the whimpering Betsy's ass with a feather duster...



...and then, as they were starting to come down

from the concoction Nancy had slipped them, made
Betsy and Sandy 69 for quite some time while they

The final scene was Betsy, passed out exhaustedly on the floor, with what little remained of her french maid outfit on and the feather duster still stuck in her ass, covered in pussy juice and still dripping herself...





Onscreen, a naked Betsy was kneeling on the bed, somewhat robotically making out with a very much not robotic, though also quite naked Jennifer - clearly before Dan's modifications to her. Jennifer

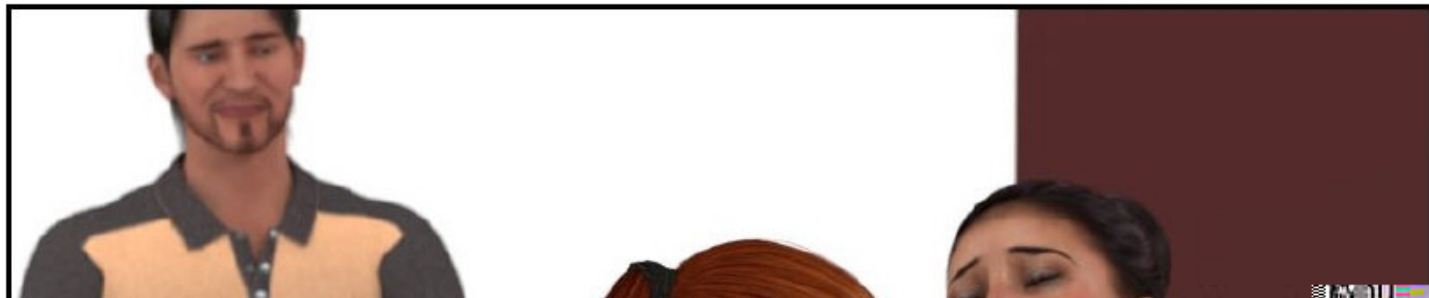


"I don't! This is sick! Betsy, what's wrong with you!?"

"Oh, I think you do like this. But let's see. Betsy, finger Jennifer."

"WHAT?!" Jennifer squealed into Betsy's mouth, "Oh my god that's sick, no - you can't..."

But Betsy, clearly in "robot slave" mode, just



"Yes, Master," the redhead breathed - and
ed her hand to reach between the whimpering,
ting Jennifer's



lower
protes

“Nooooooooohhhh godddd,” moaned Jennifer - and then choked out a sob as her own hand, of its own volition, mirrored Betsy as she’d been instructed, her shaking tan hand sliding down Betsy’s pale skin, and then into Betsy’s red curls. Jennifer made a small sob of disgust as her fingers began to play with another girl. Betsy moaned softly as wet sounds began to come from between her legs as well.

It wasn’t long before the gasping, confused Jennifer was kissing her best friend while they fingered each other, whimpering in periodic dismay at what she was doing - but unable to help herself.



Another shot, and Jennifer was playing with herself now on her knees, groping her own small breasts while she jammed fingers into her wet pussy. On the bed next to her, Betsy lay back on the pillows, naked and with a blank robotic expression on her face. Her legs were spread wide, showing her wet pussy.

"Please, Carl," sobs a clearly very distressed Jennifer, "Please - oh god...I can't cum! I need to cum!"

"Sorry sis," Carl replied, still grinning, "I told you what you had to do before I'd let you cum."

"Oh god! I can't! Please..."

Carl shrugged.



A cut - and a sobbing Jennifer is frantically
licking Betsy's wet pussy, her face buried between
Betsy's legs. Betsy moans robotically, her hips



Another cut - and Jennifer is on her back, pulling her legs back to her chest with her pussy and ass displayed to the grinning Carl. She is sobbing loudly - and very, very wet. Her face is slick from Betsy's pussy juice - Betsy is still lying there, a dreamy robotic smile on her face.

"OH GOD, PLEASE CARL! I'M SO HORNY! PLEASE!!"

"Say it..."

"OH GOD," sobs Jennifer, "I'm - I'm a whore! A dirty slutty cheap whore!"

"How cheap?"

"I - Oh GGgg-od! A dollar! Anyone can f-fuck me for a dollar! PLEASE!!!"

"Anyone?"

"OH GOD YES PLEASE ANYONE I NEED SOMEONE TO FUCK ME!!!!"

"...I have a dollar."

Jennifer makes a strangled noise, her eyes bulging out. She stares at Carl, holding a dollar bill up, and makes a low keening whine. Her mouth opens and closes several times as she struggles, and then moans out.

"Oh god - fuck me! Give me a dollar and fuck me, Carl!"

"Really?"

"Oh god yes please!"

"Your own brother?"

"PLEASE!!!" Jennifer sobs, shaking.

Carl shakes his head and sneers, lowering the bill.

"What a sick little whore you are - I'm not going to fuck my sister!"

"Oh god...please," sobs Jennifer, pulling her legs wider.

"Mmm...Betsy, why don't you help Jennifer out."

"Yes, Master," says Betsy.



Jennifer is sobbing “please fuck me, please fuck me” over and over, clearly aroused to the point that she can think of almost nothing else. She looks up at her redheaded friend and sobs.

“PLEASE - Betsy! Find a dildo!!! I need something inside me!!”

“Oh, Betsy’s going to put something inside you.” Carl grins



Then she cupped her hand, tucking her thumb inside. and began to work all four of her fingers into Jennifer's slick pussy.

Jennifer's eyes went wide and she began to sob and grunt loudly, in pain and shock. Though her hips continued trying to hump upwards towards Betsy's touch.

"NNNGGG!! WH-WHAT ARENNNNGGGG YOU DOINGGGGGGGGG?!!!"



"I am fucking you as Master instructed," Betsy replied in her monotone voice.

"OH GGGODDDDD!!! W-WAITTNOOOONNNNNNGGGGGG!!!"

"C'mon sis - she'll get you nice and loose...till only the biggest cocks you can find will satisfy you..."

"WAAITT!!! NNNOOOHHHHH GODDDDD!!! IINNNGGGGGGGG-"

Suddenly, Betsy's cupped fingers slid into Jennifer's wet hole with a slurp, up to Betsy's wrist.

Jennifer shrieked, her back arching - as she exploded into an insane thrashing orgasm. Her screams quickly became inaudible as she came, and came, and came, while Betsy began to work her arm in and out of poor Jennifer's increasingly strained cunt.



"Ffuck," groaned Carl, standing and dropping his pants, "I think I need to be part of this."

With a groan, he stepped forward and shoved his hard cock into Betsy from behind while she continued to fist-fuck his thrashing sister. Betsy moaned robotically with each thrust, while Jennifer seemed unable to stop cumming.

"You know," breathed Anna, "I was really sort of hoping Carl would actually fuck Jennifer, but I guess that's just a bit too - oh - OH OH MY!!"

Anna began to wriggle with delight as Dan, with a gagged moan, began to cum inside her yet again, watching Jennifer scream while his wife fisted her and was fucked by Carl onscreen. He came for quite some time - and when he finally came down again, dazedly thought how impossible it was for him to be cumming like this.

And still hard.

"Mmmm...you do like seeing Jennifer humiliated, don't you. Or was it Carl fucking Betsy? Both, perhaps.

"I wonder how you'll feel about this one?"



The screen changed - and Dan moaned. Onscreen, Betsy was once again naked - and was perched on all fours with her ass in the air, on a small pedestal in the middle of an unknown room. A room that was clearly in the middle of another party.

And Betsy was pretty clearly the party favor.

She seemed frozen in place, her mouth in a little "o" giving clear indication what it was intended to be used for. Her pussy and ass were tilted up slightly, offering themselves up at what was clearly waist height for the majority of the men in the room.

And she had clearly been quite frequently used in all three holes. Cum ran down her chin, and dribbled out of her rear entrances, dripping down the sides of the pedestal.

But probably the most horrible was that while she was frozen in that fuck toy position - she had been quite clearly left aware of her state. Her eyes moved around, blinking out humiliated tears, and though her expression was frozen in that surprised, expectant "o", it had a distinct look of utter horror blended in.

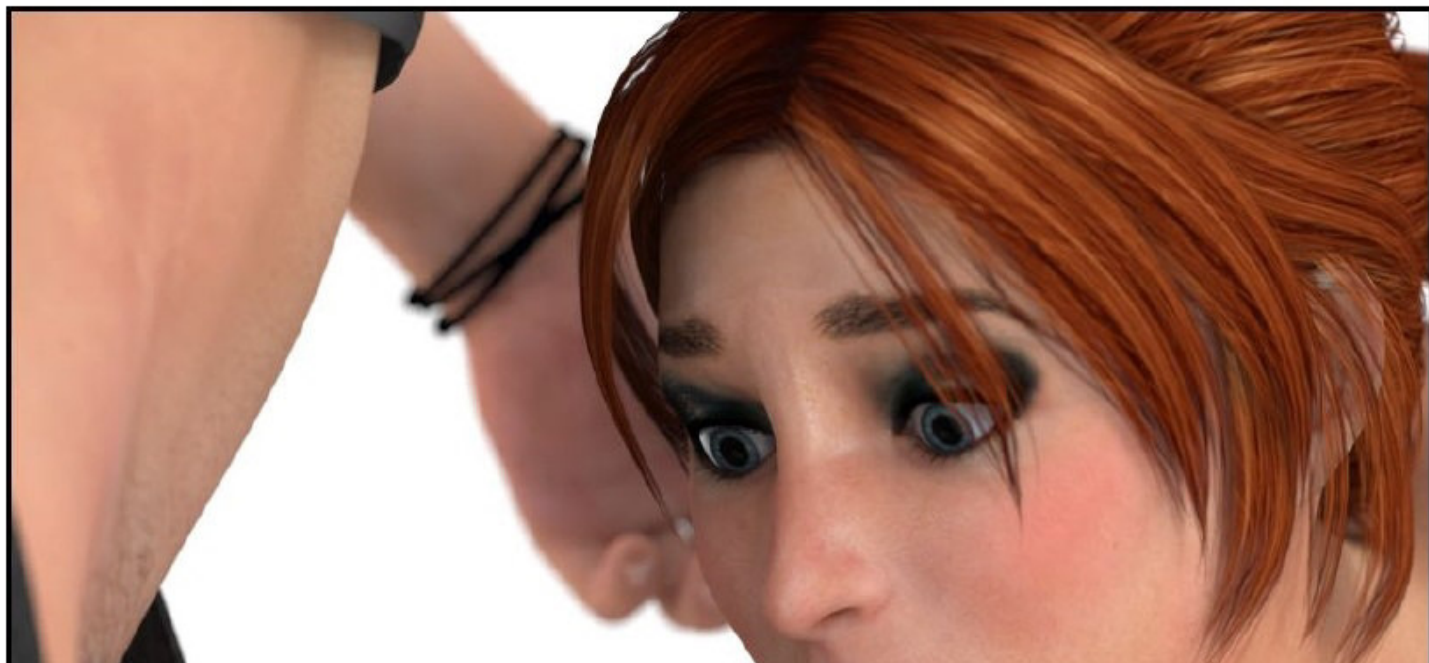


Dan watched as two guys walked up, having a conversation. Absently, one of the guys unzipped his pants, pulled out his hard cock - and shoved it into Betsy's stretched little asshole. Betsy made a



As a final indignity, once the guy in front was finished, the guy behind pulled out of her ass, and while cum bubbled out of her, he moved around to the front to shove his cock in her open mouth. She whimpered faintly as she thoroughly cleaned him - and then he pulled himself out, tucked his cock back in his pants, and walked away. A few moments later, another guy stepped up to slide his cock in her messy pussy, eliciting more pleasure filled moans from immobile Betsy.

"I *really* loved keeping her fully aware during that," Anna moaned, sliding around again on Dan's cock, "For that one, I took away every memory before her getting fired - so all she knew was that she woke up naked, immobile, and so so horny - in the middle of that party. For all she knew, she'd been permanently turned into a sex toy - forever



The scene shifted to a room that Dan didn't recognize - again with what seemed like impossible cameras filming.

But he was quickly distracted by the figures in the room.

Poor Betsy was in an outfit she would never have been caught dead in - some sort of latex fetishwear, including a pink hood over her head. It left her big boobs to dangle freely, and Betsy was grunting rhythmically with a horrified look on her face.

The woman Betsy was looking up at he definitely recognized. Grinning down at Betsy's with an evil smile was a pretty but very skinny woman - Betsy's friend Julie. Dan's cock twitched at the sight of the naked woman - another one he'd found quite attractive and fantasized about often, even with (or possibly because of) her extremely boyish body. She was so flat she barely had any breasts at all - though she did have large, very hard nipples. The contrast with voluptuous Betsy was striking - and in some ways quite delightful.

And just above Julie's bellybutton was a red Mark.

"Pweathe," Betsy was sobbing, with a shocking lisp - and an even more shocking speech pattern, "unnnnhhh-Pweathe don' make ungh Bet-thy to dum dum thlut! Bet-thy can' oohhhhhhh think good no more!"

From Betsy's moans and gasps, it was clear something else was going on - especially since her big tits were bouncing and swaying beneath her with each grunt. Meanwhile Julie giggled a very evil giggle at Betsy's clearly greatly reduced mental state. Julie and Betsy had been friends since college, and Julie always been somewhat in the redhead's shadow. She'd always been a sweet, shy, somewhat conservative girl.

Or so Dan had thought.



“Awwww...poor Betsy...you don't like being a stupid little slut, huh? Well, it's too late - the curse happened as soon as you started fucking my husband!”

“I din't mean to! I din't mean to!”

Betsy sobbed again, and grunted while shaking her head as though trying to deny the reality of what she was feeling - and doing. The view pulled back - and it became clear that the grunting was being caused by Julie's husband, Danny, fucking Betsy slowly from behind on the floor. He had a broad, dark grin, clearly enjoying the feel of Betsy's wet pussy around his cock while watching his wife torment the now-dumb redhead.

“Well - I heard there was only way to lift the curse,” Julie said, giving more details of the scenario they'd whipped up for Betsy, “But I don't think you'll want to do it...”

“Yeth! Yeth pleathe!” sobbed Betsy, and then made a shuddering moan again. The view switched back to Betsy looking up at Julie with begging eyes, “Anythin'! I don' wanna be...stu-...stu-unnnh...”

“Stupid?”

Betsy moaned and choked out a sob, nodding with horror at the word she couldn't remember. Julie smirked.

“Well - I was *told* that if a hundred guys cum in your pussy and lick a hundred girls' pussies till they cum, all in a hundred days - then the curse would be lifted.”

Betsy choked in horror - and then began to sob, obviously confused, her brow furrowing as she struggled to understand what Julie had said with her vastly reduced intellect.

“How...how many issa hunderd,” she whimpered, “Izzat a lot?”



Julie tried and failed to stifle another giggle, then bit her lip to stop. Finally she said:

"Yes, Betsy. Probably the *easiest* thing for your pathetic little brain is to just make sure you fuck at least one boy and one girl every day...but you'll have to find a different one each day. And besides - I know how you feel about girls with girls..."

"I unnnnghhh don' like girls!" whined Betsy, even while moaning loudly as Danny slid in and one once more, "I can'...I can'..."

"Oh, I know," giggle Julie, wrinkling her nose, "I feel the same way. Licking another girl? That's so gross. I'd certainly never touch another girl - or even let a girl lick me down there."



Julie sighed, and lifted a foot up to the chair next to her, pretending to stretch. (Not very convincingly - but from the way Betsy's eyes widened even as her nose wrinkled in disgust, it was clear that Betsy was managing to fire enough brain cells to get the idea.)

"Mmm - I guess you'll just stay like that...I know you can't read or count anymore...but you're still pretty right? I bet you could get lots of guys to pay for OHHHHHHHHH!!!"



Julie moaned loudly - seemingly at least partially in real surprise - as Betsy lifted her head, and with a disgusted whimper drew her tongue through Julie's pussy lips. The skinny woman groaned loudly as Betsy started to lick her loudly from beneath.

"OHHH! Oh Betsy - wh-what are you ohhhh god! Oh my god," Julie moaned and then giggled, eyes wide with actual surprise as she looked down at her husband, who was clearly enjoying the view, "She's - holy shit she's actually p-pretty good at this! Ohhhh fuck..."



Julie started cumming with loud grunts - and a shocked look on her face, as she reached up to pull on her hard nipples. Danny, looking equally surprised, grunted and started cumming inside Betsy from behind - causing Betsy to start to moan out an orgasm of her own.



“Oh dear,” giggled Anna, “Everyone is cumming too soon except me! Danny and Julie had a whole longer plan for Betsy involving Julie’s sister...but Betsy is just too good a pussy lick. Though they do eventually get around to that later in the day. Julie really doesn’t like her sister much either - you should see how she set up her profile when she managed to get her sister Marked...”

Dan collapsed back against the chair once more, gasping for breath through his nose around the gag.

“Mmmmmm,” moaned Anna as the somewhat stunned Dan whimpered beneath her, his cock still twitching inside her...and still, unbelievably, hard, “We could watch that part too, but it feels like you might be just about ready. There are a few other fun activities your wife took part in from the past week, but I really wouldn’t want you to miss this last one.

Dan moaned into his gag, wanting desperately to ask what she meant. Ready? Ready for what? He felt really weird - dizzy, so fucking horny - oh god so horny. What was wrong with him?

But Anna, if she heard him, simply ignored him as she shifted on top of him (eliciting another moan) and continued.

“As I said, I only got the whole idea after watching Erica for a while, particularly your little fun day with Jennifer and then I pulled in some ideas from a few other people I’ve watched and...well, this is where we ended up. Although - I think I’ll take a little break. Pussy-puss! Come here Pussy-puss. Sandy, you can stop for now.”



On the floor Betsy lifted bleary eyes and meowed - she'd cum several times while Sandy licked her pussy. But as commanded, she pulled herself to all fours, making a soft meow of disappointment as the utterly disgusted and humiliated Sandy pulled her very wet face from between Betsy's thighs. Betsy crawled over and blinked up at Anna, meowing softly. Anna grinned down at her.

"OK Pussy-puss - open wide..."



Dan groaned into his gag as Anna stood - leaving his cock covered in pussy juice and cum that had dribbled back out of her, soaking his crotch with it. He realized that Anna was holding her hand between her legs as she stepped forward to perch over the expectant Betsy's face, while the pink-haired woman looked up, meowing softly.

Then Anna pulled her hand away. And cum began to pour out of her pussy. Dan made a choked sound around his gag as a gush of cum from his impossible repeated orgasms - each producing a shocking amount of fluid - began to drip out of Anna's pussy where she'd been holding it closed.

Directly onto Betsy's face and open mouth.



Betsy mewled as she began to lap up the sticky stream of cum - but it rapidly began to run down her cheeks, chin and drip onto her bare chest. Mewling happily she followed it upwards even as she got more and more smeared with it - until her tongue was running through Anna's pussy lips, teasing more of it out.



Anna sighed with pleasure - but then stepped away, to a disappointed meow from Betsy. Betsy lowered her mouth, licking her lips as cum dripped from her face and dribbled down between her reduced breasts, leaving glistening streams on her body. She lowered her mouth with a meow, lifting one "paw" and trying to lift a smaller breast up to her mouth so she could lap the cum off. She meowed in frustration as she couldn't quite reach it, the bell in her nipple jingling jauntily.



Anna giggled.

"GOD I love your wife as my dumb little kitty," she grinned at the miserable Dan, "So anyway - let's look at how she got there, shall we?"

Dan lifted his eyes from his wife trying to lap up more of his cum from her body - trying to ignore his twitching, throbbing cock - to look at the screen as Anna raised the remote once more.

Onscreen, Betsy was kneeling on the bed, naked. Betsy was trying desperately to cover her body, and was half-crying, half-furious as she glared at Anna, who was standing a few feet away in her robe, grinning.

"You're insane! What the fuck is wrong with you, Anna?" Betsy yelled, "How did I get here? Why am I *naked*?!"

"Oh, Betsy," Anna said on screen with a nasty smile, "If only you knew...still, I wanted to have you nice and fresh for this part so I took you all the way back to the beginning..."

"What the fuck are you talking about!? I'm going to call the police! I - I -"

Betsy wriggled for a second, before looking increasingly panicked and confused.

"Why - why can't I get off the bed?" she whined, fear creeping into her voice.

"Sorry Betsy," Anna giggled, "I wouldn't want you to miss anything by trying to get away."

Current Anna giggled as well.

"I couldn't resist - so I rolled her memory all the way back to the day you gave her her Mark. As



far as she is concerned, she was about to go home from work - and then found herself here."

Dan made a small whimpering moan, very

"I'll - Dan will come looking for me!" Betsy whined onscreen.

"Oh, I don't think so. In fact - I think you might be *shocked* to know what your sweet, loving husband has done to you. You might wonder where exactly you got that little tattoo on your back..."

"What?! What are you talking about!? I'd never get a..."

Betsy trailed off as she twisted around - and then caught herself in the mirror. Her eyes widened with horror at the sight of it, and she choked out a sob.

Dan groaned, shaking his head, as though he could stop what he realized Anna was doing to Betsy.

"What - what is that?! Where did it come from?! Oh my god - why do I have a tattoo!?"

"Oh, that's not just any tattoo, sweetie. That's a Mark. It means your husband decided to turn you into a very special kind of whore - all so he could fuck other whores just like you."

"Shut up! That's - that's sick! He would never - that doesn't even make sense!"

"Oh really? How about this?"



“Oh, there’s so much more. I’ll let you watch
all of it, don’t worry. But aren’t

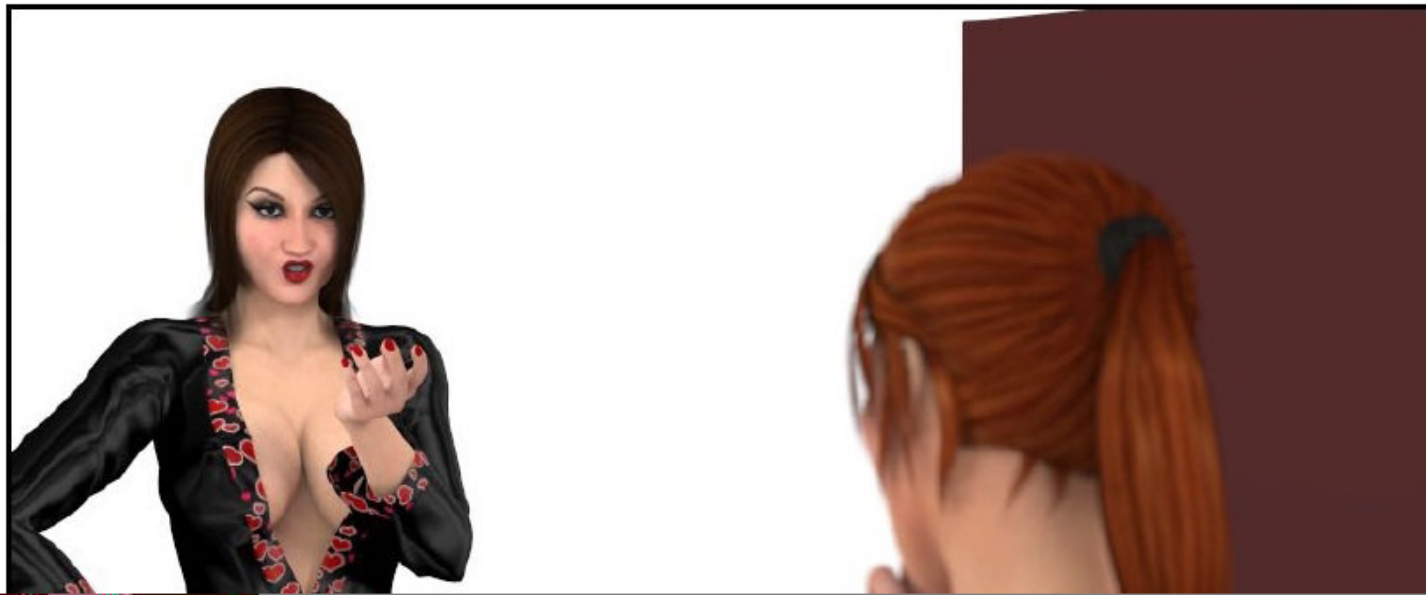
so little Ar

“Oh, don’t worry,” Anna smirked, “There is so much more for you to watch. I’m going to go now and leave you by yourself to appreciate it. Oh...I should probably warn you - if you start to get turned on, I *really* wouldn’t start playing with yourself. You see - every time you cum, you’re going to...well, Dan described his ‘ideal girl’ and if you cum you’ll start changing into her.”

Betsy turned to stare at Anna in disbelief, blinking away tears, unable to even speak. Current Anna giggled.

“I couldn’t resist leaving that little nugget in her head.”

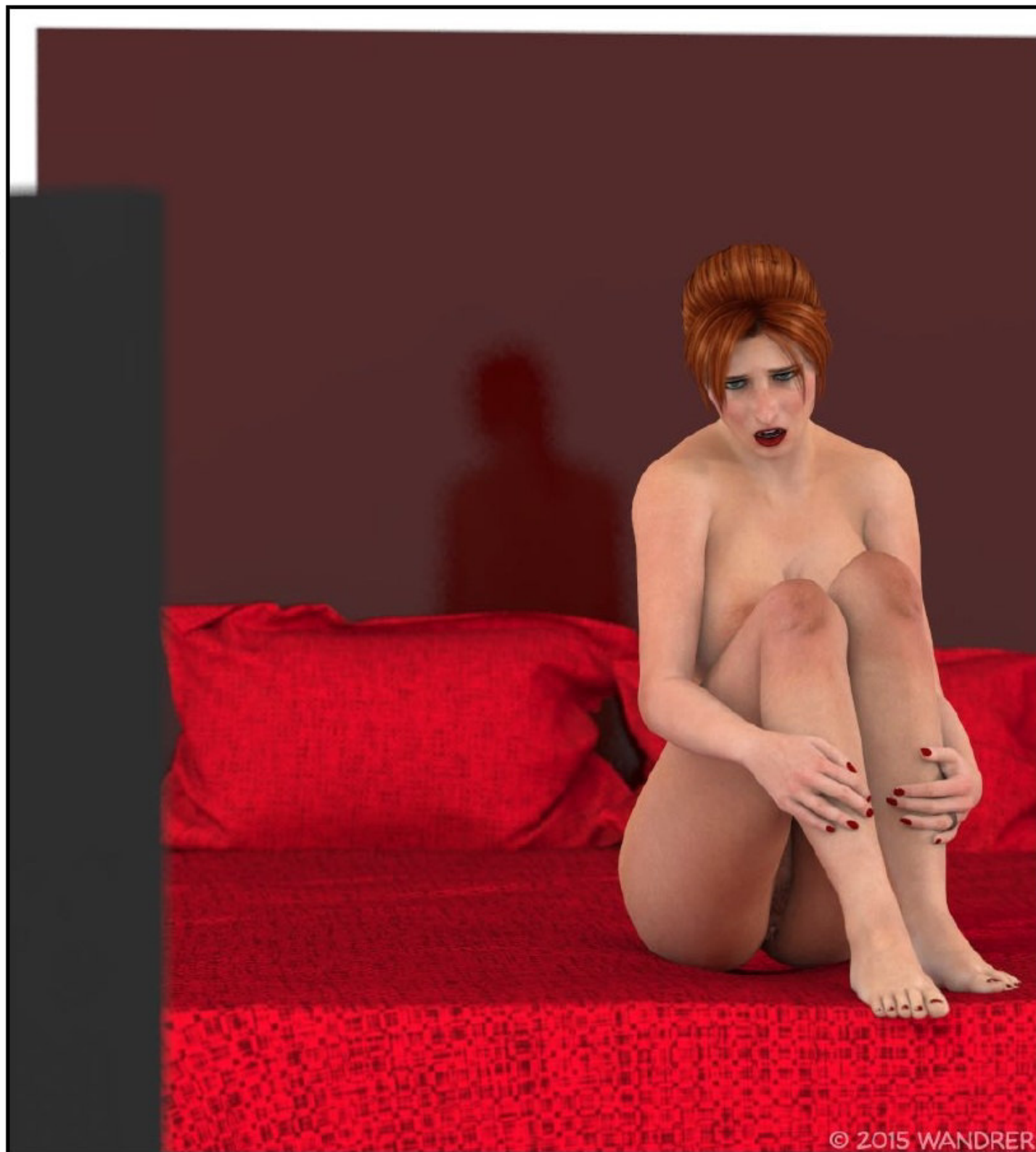
Onscreen, Anna pressed play, and then turned to walk out.



“Anna, wait,” choked out Betsy with a sob - but the brunette had already closed the door.

Betsy turned with horror to watch Maya cumming loudly as Dan licked her.

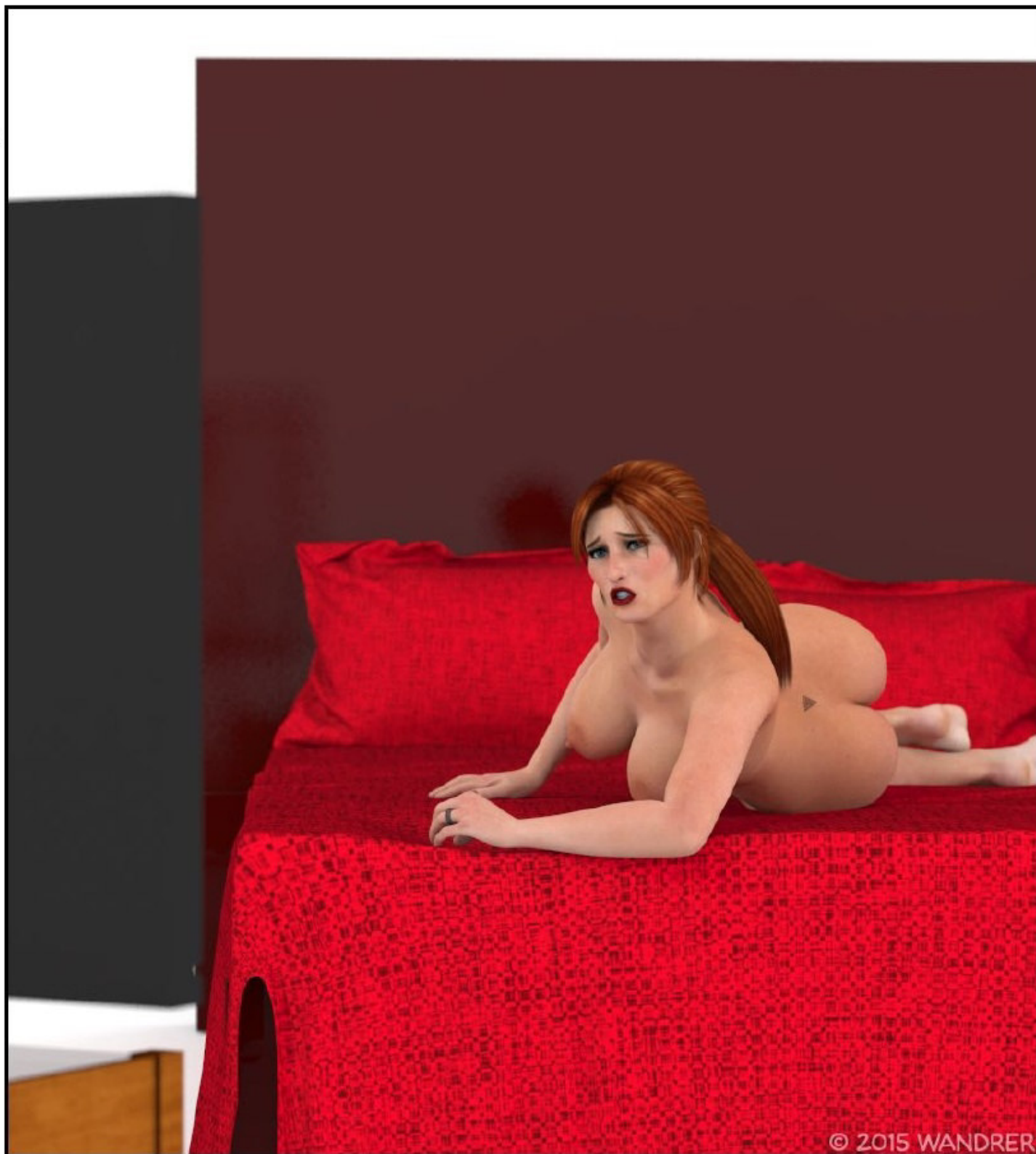
The scene jumped forward - and Betsy was sitting with her knees pulled up to her chest, crying as she watched Dan and Maya fucking onscreen, clearly having watched several minutes of Dan’s first tryst. Dan moaned as he watched his wife’s misery - the misery he’d created - played out before him.



"I know, this is sort of boring," said Anna, cruelly, "But it was interesting. You see - I set it up so that if she gets turned on, it'll intensify by several orders of magnitude. So even a *little* turned on will make her super hot and wet and all aching for it. But - I was really surprised that she wasn't even mildly turned on watching you fuck Maya. I mean - let's face it, it didn't take much to get you hard watching *her* fuck a bunch of random guys. I guess your wife *really* doesn't like the thought of you with other women, though."

Dan whimpered into his gag.

"Oh, don't worry - once we moved to the next scene things got more interesting..."



The scene onscreen shifted - and Betsy was in quite a different position. Her expression was still one of utter horror - but she had unfolded her legs... and was clearly struggling with what her body was telling her. She was rubbing her stomach just above her mound, with a motion that was quite obviously fighting the urge to slide it down further. Her other hand was tucked under a large breast - and similarly struggling not to grope herself.

She was clearly wet.



Onscreen, she was clearly being forced to watch the entirety of her scene with John, rather than little snippets like Anna had showed Dan. From the moment she'd shown up at John's apartment, and started telling him how she was really just a slut who wanted to fuck all the guys in her office, but she *really* wanted John, and proceeded to describe in nasty detail exactly what she wanted from him, to where they were now - which was Betsy laying on her back, fingering herself wetly and practically sobbing as she begged him:

"Oh god...please John...please fuck my dirty, slutty pussy...I dream of you cumming in my worthless cunt...using me like the little whore I am... if you want you can rent me out to your friends, but just fuck me...I'll be way better than Linda...my pussy is so hot and wet for your big cock..."

Onscreen, Betsy whimpered with disgust and bit her lip- but her fingers twitched and inched downward.



A shift and Betsy was whimpering and gasping, on her way to an orgasm. Onscreen, she was staring at herself in the mirror as John fucked her (obviously for at least the second time), and she came loudly, squealing:

“OH GOD YES!! I'M SUCH A FUCKING SLUT!!! FUCK MY SLUTTY CUNT!! YOU'RE SO MUCH BETTER THAN MY HUSBAND!!! I'M YOUR WET SLUT WHORE!!!!”

Onscreen Betsy sobbed - and started to squeal in an orgasm...and then her eyes went wide with shock as her whole back arched in what was obviously a far more explosive orgasm than she'd experienced before, or had been expecting. Her squeal rose to a scream as she groped her large breast and jammed her fingers in and out of her wet pussy, while onscreen she came squealing continuing to demean herself to John.

“So - it turns out your wife *does* like watching herself fuck other guys. Even more if she's being humiliated.”



Dan moaned - and then choked as he saw what was happening onscreen. Betsy's breasts, in an inverse of what had happened to Anna, started to shrink ever so slightly.

And - several tufts of her beautiful red hair had started to fall out.

"There we go," grinned Anna.

Finally Betsy collapsed to the bed, sobbing breathily.

"Oh my god...oh my god...oh my god..."

She clearly was too drained to notice any changes yet, gasping for breath and shaking in the aftershocks.

She looked up as the scene finished - and switched to Dan and Doctor Maya.

She made a small whimpering sob.

"Still nope - nothing through that whole scene. Boring. So I decided we'd wait a while before coming back to those. Instead..."



Onscreen, Betsy was on all fours - or threes, really, as she frantically worked her pussy, a look of dismay and horror still on her face. This time she was watching herself riding Mike in the mirror, squealing like a bimbo. She let out long moans of pleasure and misery as she stared at herself.



Dan suddenly jumped and groaned at a painfully pleasurable feeling between his legs.

"Mrow?"

He looked down to find the cum-slicked current version of Betsy looking up at him quizzically with big eyes. After drawing her tongue across his cum-smearred balls, where his and Anna's juices had puddled on the chair beneath him. Dan moaned - which she took as assent as she shoved her face into his crotch and began to happily mewl and lick his balls to get as much cum as she could. Dan moaned at the unwanted pleasure and looked up.



In time to see his wife explode into another screaming orgasm as she watched herself fucking Mike onscreen, her still large breasts bouncing beneath her.

...and then bounced just a little less.

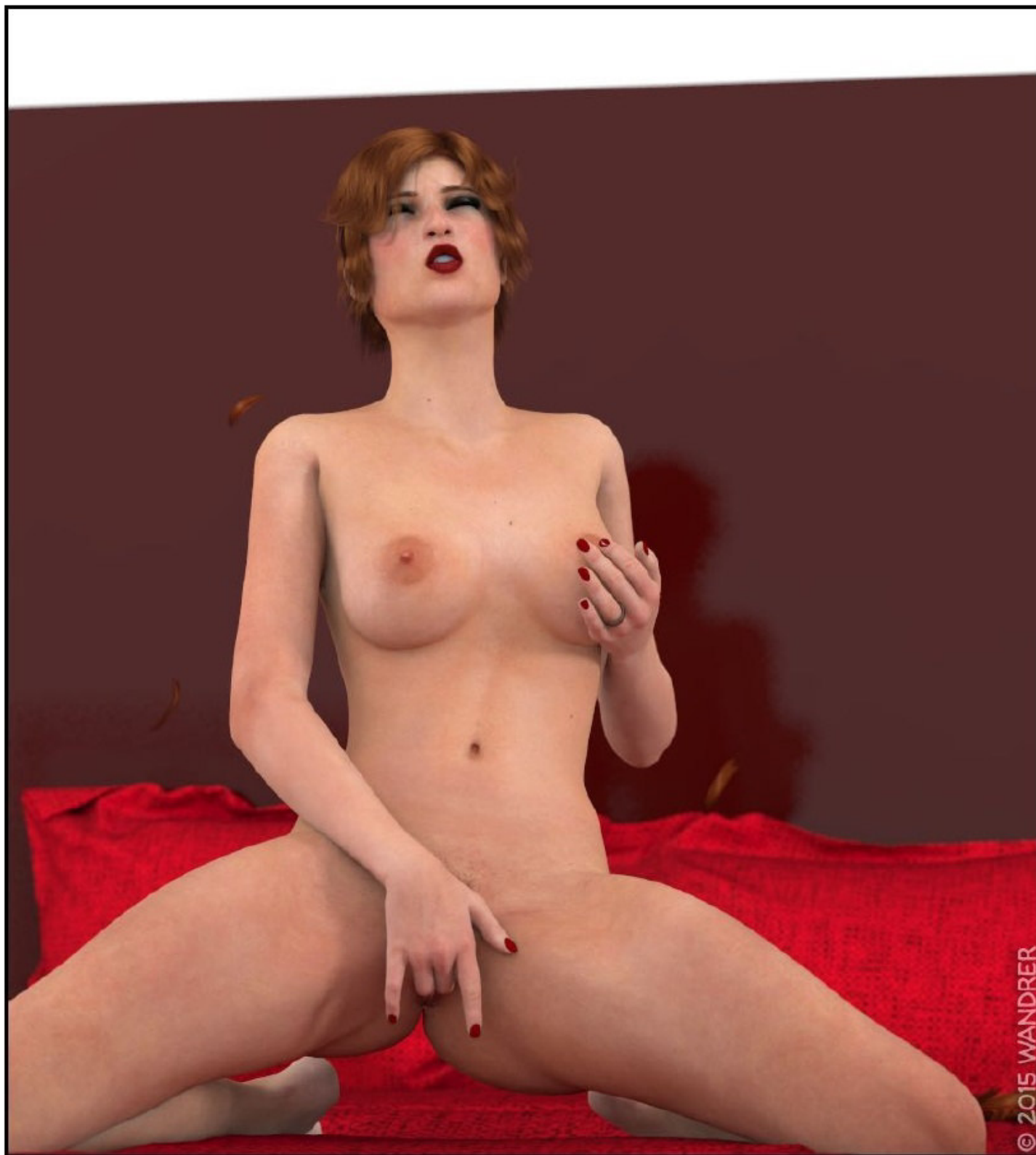
...and then bounced just a little less.



Dan grunted as he watched the earlier version of his wife's breasts shrink while she came - and then yelled as he came yet again as the current version of his wife lapped at the cum beneath his balls. She mewled loudly in delight from between his legs as the hot cum splattered across her tattooed back and and ass, dribbling down her ass crack onto her pink tail, and began to lick more enthusiastically.

Onscreen Betsy still didn't seem to notice the changes, so incredibly turned on was she. Even when she fell back onto her haunches, pulling her wet fingers around to the front. She continued to finger herself with her other hand and began to grope smaller breasts with her pussy-slicked hand, pulling on her nipples and moaning.

As she arched her back with a moan, large tufts of her red hair fell away to the bed.



"She *really* liked watching herself fuck Mike, by the way. And maybe being a bimbo."

A skip and Betsy was cumming again, screaming and shaking her head, while still watching bimbo-Betsy fuck Mike. Her hair had pretty much all fallen out behind her on the bed, but she was so completely wrapped up in her arousal and third orgasm that she *still* hadn't noticed it - or the fact that her breasts were already perhaps halfway to their current much smaller size.

She knelt there for several moments, gasping and shaking. And then she sobbed.

"Oh my god."

Her eyes widened with shock and she blinked for a moment.

"What - wait...what - what's wrong with my voice?"

Indeed, Betsy's voice was *noticeably* different. It was *much* higher pitched - and she had the faintest hint of a lisp. She lifted (wet) fingers to her throat to touch it in shock, and then turned to look at herself in the mirror.

And screamed. (A surprisingly high pitched scream.)

"OH MY GOD! NOOOO! WHAT - MY HAIR!!! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!!!"

For Betsy was completely bald.



All of her pretty red hair had fallen out and lay in clumps on the bed. She stared in utter horror at herself - and then looked down. And sobbed again.

Between her legs, she was just as bare as on top. All the pretty red curls between her legs had fallen out, leaving her pussy as hairless as she'd been before puberty. Something Dan knew she *hated* even the idea of.

Betsy whimpered for a few long moments - and then blinked.

"Wait," she said in her higher, airy voice, "What - what happened to my-"

Her realization was cut off as she looked up at the door opening...and squealed in shock and horror, moving to cover herself again.

"CASSSANDRA?!?"



Betsy stared at Sandy in shock, seeing her again in her maid outfit - but as far as she knew for the first time. The older redhead walked into the room, blinking away tears of her own as she looked at the naked, bald former redhead, her daughter's friend, cringing on the bed.

"Oui, madame," she said miserably.

She was carrying a small vacuum.

"But - but...oh my god! Oh my god - Cassandra, what are you wearing?! What are you doing here!? Please - you have to help me...we have to get out of here! We-"

Betsy's high-pitched begging suddenly halted as Sandy picked up the remote and pressed pause - and both the TV and Betsy froze.

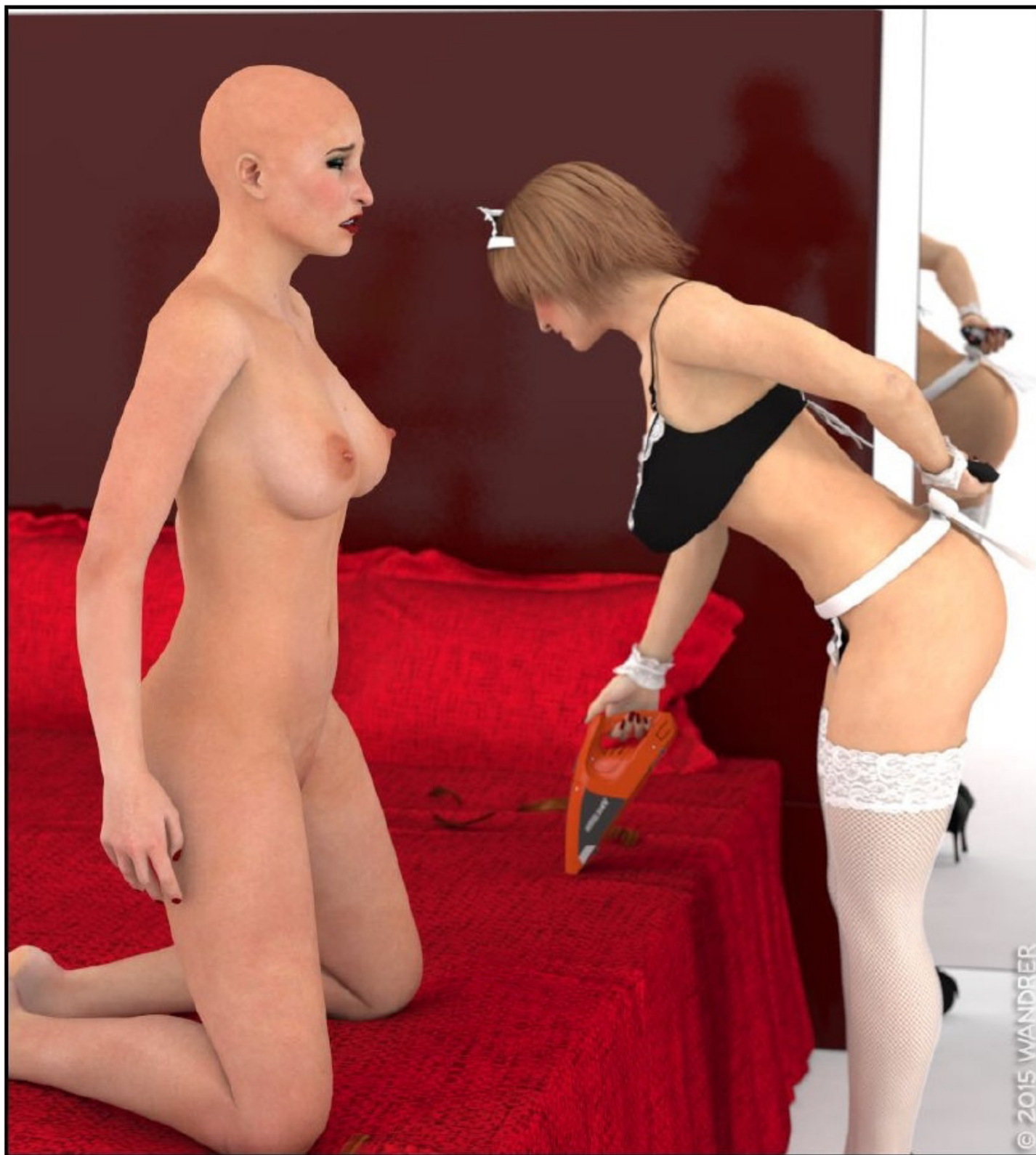
"Non, madame," choked out Sandy in an apologetic sob.



Onscreen, Betsy blinked, her eyes seeming the only thing she could move once again, as her mouth was frozen mid-beg. A very small whimper came from her throat as her eyes showed the increasing panic she was feeling from her sudden paralysis.

With a small sob, Sandy leaned over the bed - and started to vacuum up Betsy's hair.

From the look in her eyes, Betsy was quite obviously moaning and whimpering as much as she was able - but the drone of the vacuum covered it up. Sandy quickly went about her business - brushing the hair from Betsy's pale body, and sucking all of up.



Betsy's eyes bugged out when Sandy moved her hand away from covering her crotch - moving Betsy as though she was an immobile doll, and then brushed above Betsy's pussy to ensure any remaining wisps were gone. When Sandy pressed the vibrating vacuum against Betsy's mound to clean beneath her, Betsy's eyes rolled back in clearly unwanted pleasure.

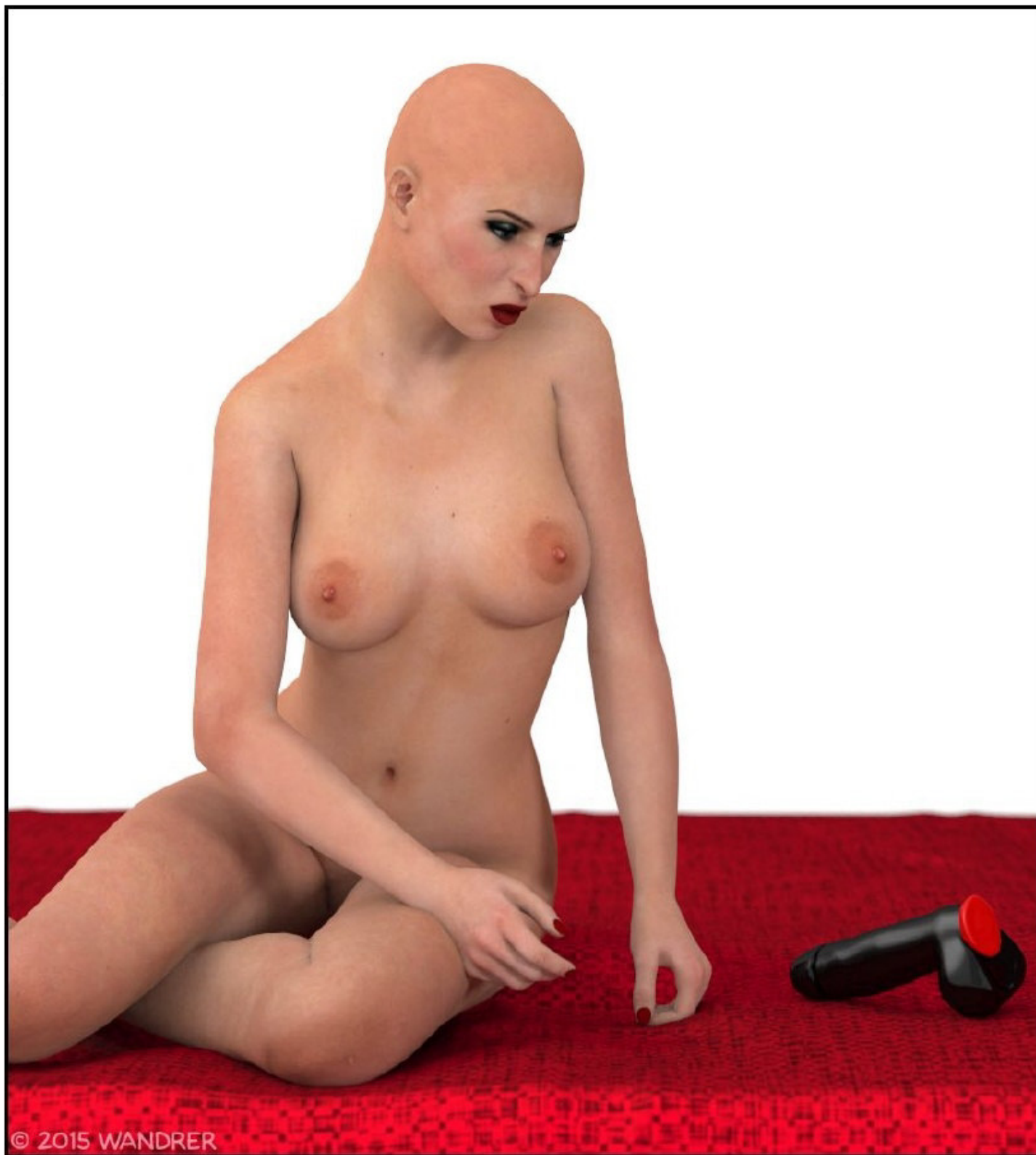


Finally, Sandy was done, and moved away from the bed, eyes downcast and not looking at the frozen woman still whimpering there. She knelt briefly and reached under the bed, then stood and tossed something next to Betsy.

It was a huge dildo, shaped like a very realistic black guy's cock.



Then quickly, Sandy grabbed the remote, pressed play, and stepped out of the room. Betsy blinked and moaned - and then sobbed. "Wait! Cassandra - come back! Please..." She turned to look at her completely bare form in the mirror and choked out another sob. "Come back," she whimpered. Her eyes glanced down at the dildo and she recoiled in disgust, pulling herself to the other side of the bed.



Then her eyes drifted up to the TV, as though pulled there.

Where bimbo-Betsy was squealing in delight while Mike fucked her from behind.

“OHHHH YEAH, MIKEY!! LIKE, I LOOOOOVE YOU FUCKING ME LIKE A DOGGY!!!”

Bald Betsy whimpered and gasped, and started to squirm.

Another cut.

Betsy was sobbing and fingering herself again with her legs spread, staring at herself enthusiastically sucking Randy’s cock onscreen. She’d clearly cum a couple more times as her breasts had noticeably shrunk again. She was sobbing even as she fingered herself.

“Oh god, please Anna,” she said in an even higher pitched voice, “Please! My - my boobs! Please don’t do this...oh god...”

She moaned - and her eyes flicked down to the large black dildo. She shuddered and continued fingering herself.



Another cut - and Betsy was grunting loudly as she shoved the huge black cock in and out of her pussy, ramming herself shockingly hard with both hand. She was folded in half, her legs tucked under her arms while she pounded herself - while onscreen she was being fucked by the black guy who found her on the train. Her wild eyes flicked between the screen - and her much smaller breasts. She grunted and sobbed:

“NNGGGNOO - NNNNOOO!
NGGGGGGNOOO! NO NO NOOOOOO!!!!
NNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGNOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!
”

Her breathy high voice rose to a scream as she stared down at her breasts while she came again hard, and they shrunk still further.



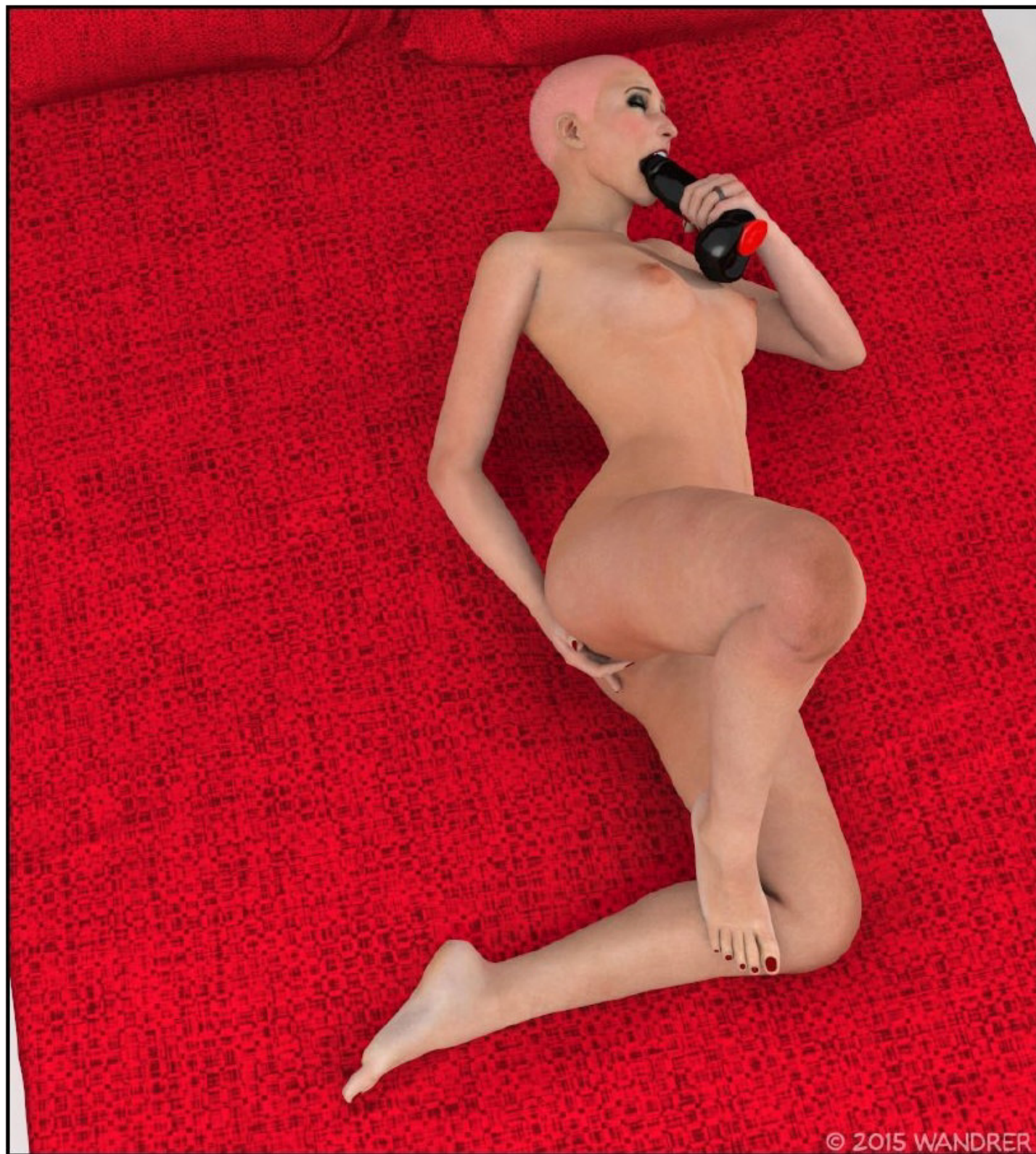
“Oh my god no! OH GOD NO! I WOUN’NT!!
I OHHHHHH!!!”

A new scene, and Betsy came again
frantically fingering her clit while she watched herself
start to lick Jillian onscreen, the wet black dildo
sitting beside her, still wet with her pussy juice. Her
voice was cartoonishly high - her orgasmic screams
breathy and airy.

And the faintest hint of pink fuzz was on top of
her head.



The scene shifted - and Betsy's squeals were muffled by fact that she was working the wet black dildo in and out of her mouth, cumming explosively while Paul fucked her in the ass onscreen (the videos obviously playing somewhat out of order). Her eyes were wide with orgasm and disbelief - both at what was happening onscreen, and probably at what she was doing. Because in addition to blowing the large dildo - she had worked her pinky into her asshole while fingering herself...and by the sounds she was making was realizing with horrific pleasure how much she actually liked that.



“Oh, my!”

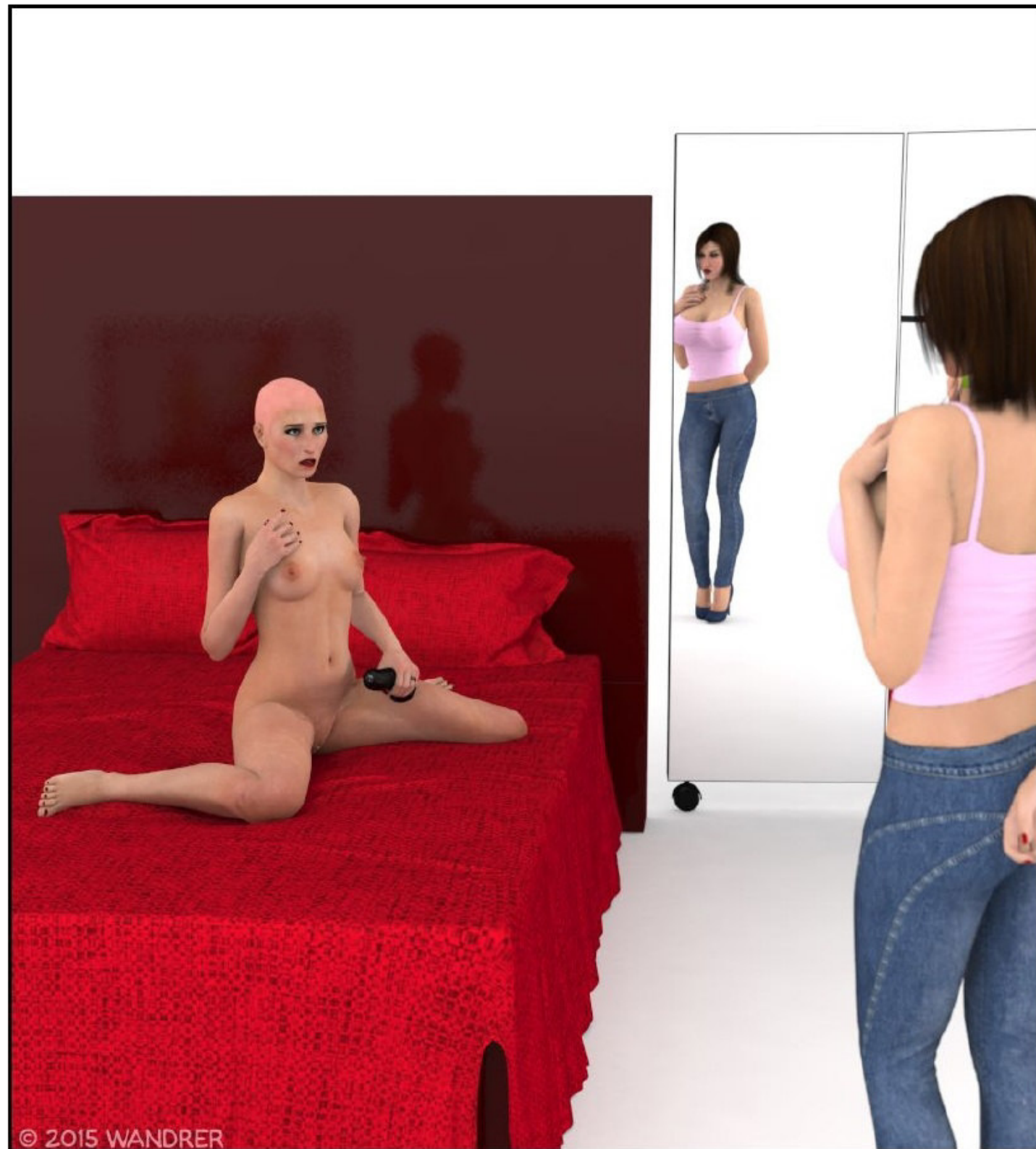
Betsy, mid-orgasm, glanced over at the door to find Anna staring at her in faux shock - Anna now dressed in a conservative dress that starkly emphasized the difference in positions between the two women.

With a sob Betsy pulled the cock from her mouth - which if anything made things worse as she couldn't stop cumming and screamed and drooled a little as her body jerked out of her control for several long moments.

Finally she stopped, moaning and whimpering, and trying to talk - but first letting out an involuntary gasping moan when she pulled her pinky out of her ass.

Both Annas giggled.

Onscreen Betsy blinked away tears and glared at Anna.



"Oh god! What did you do to me?!"

Onscreen Anna shrugged with a smile.

"I didn't do anything! I just left you in here to watch TV."

"Look - look at my boobs! They - they shrunk!"

"Huh, look at that. Well, you always told me I shouldn't complain about my small boobs...that Dan clearly liked them that way..."

Betsy choked out a sob, continuing in her high, lisping voice.

"And - my voithe! I thound like...like..."

Anna giggled again.

"I think you sound adorable! Like a cute little chipmunk! And that adorable little lisp..."

"Thut up!" squealed Betsy - trying and failing to sound threatening, "Thut up you fucking bitch! My boobs, my voithe...you took away my hair!"

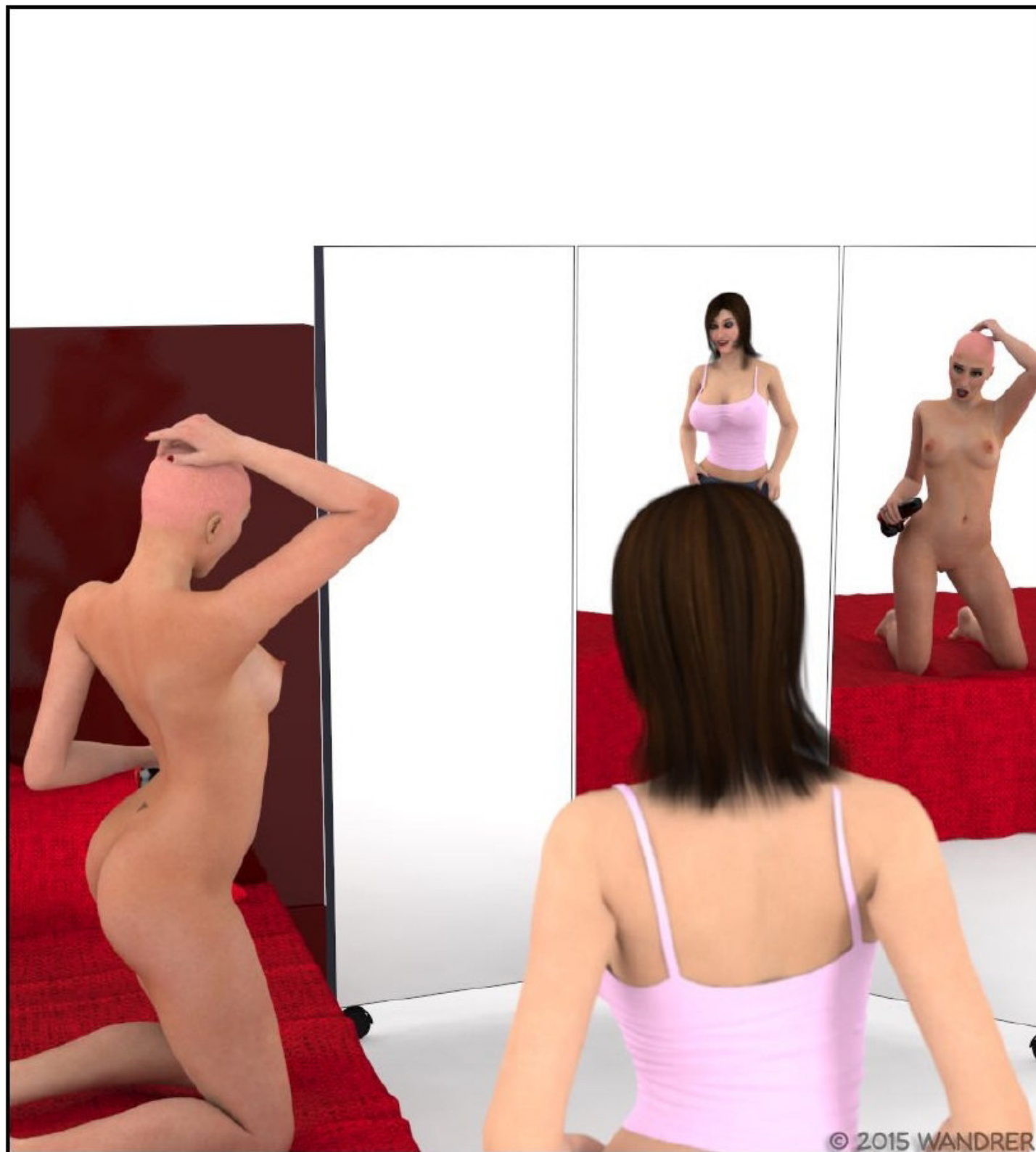
Betsy missed the flash of anger in Anna's eyes, before the brunette smirked again as Betsy choked and started sobbing once more.

"Oh, your hair isn't gone," Anna smirked.

"Yeth it ith, it-" Betsy stopped short as she raised a hand (not realizing that her fingers were still wet from her pussy) and touched what she expected to be her bald head - but stopped at the feeling of new hair. Surprised, she turned to look at herself in the mirror...

And choked, as she found that she had grown a short buzz cut over her head.

Of bright pink hair.



"That - that can't...oh god," she sobbed, then looked back at Anna, "Pleathe, Anna! You can't do thith to me!"

"Well - really you did it to yourself, didn't you? Did you like watching yourself get fucked by all those different guys, all different ways? It sure seems like you did..."

Betsy looked like she was going to start yelling again - and then choked out a sob.

"Pleathe...you can't leave me like thith! I - I... oh god..."

"You know," Anna said, pretending to consider Betsy's point, "Maybe you're right."

Betsy looked up at her, hope flickering in her eyes.

"You really need a little something more, I think. And there's plenty more video after all."

Betsy let out a low wail as Anna reached for the remote.

"No Anna - pleathe! Pleathe I'm thorry...jutht let me go..."

"You really shouldn't have called me a bitch, Betsy. Though that's been done so I think we'll try something else."

Anna pressed play, and walked out again as Betsy called after her, sobbing.

And then her eyes were pulled back to the screen, where she was being fucked by Drew as she licks Jillian. She sat trembling for several long moments - before her hands flew back to her wet pussy to start fingering herself again as she choked out a sob.



A cut and Betsy was cumming while she watched herself 69ing with Sarita. She moaned as she finished - her pink hair noticeably longer now - and then looked down in confusion.



She pulled up her hands, which dangled in front of her, her fingers twitching - but quite obviously not obeying her commands as she thought they should.

"What - what's happening?" she whimpered in her high pitched voice - and then slid them back down between her legs.



A few minutes later and Betsy was whining and sobbing in frustration. She was trying to rub herself with her limp hands and quite obviously having difficulty doing so as her fingers curled into "paws" and were otherwise useless. She rubbed her palms and the backs of her hands against her clit - but clearly with not enough control to get her what she needed.



Another cut and she was desperately trying to work the dildo into herself again - but her dexterity was so reduced that though she could get the tip inside (groaning with pleasure as she did), she rapidly lost control and it fell out, leaving her sobbing in increasing frustration.



There were a few quick, evilly comical cuts showing her trying different ways of fucking herself with it - trying to squat on it, trying to brace it against a pillow...



...before finally showing her with her hands between her legs, awkwardly sliding onto the cock even as she tried to rub her pussy against her wrists.



She looked up, sobbing, as Sandy came into the room once more.

"Pleathe," squeaked Betsy pitifully, "Pleathe help me! Oh god...I'm so horny!"

Sandy, eyes downcast, came to the bed and crouched down again. Then she stood and moved to the headboard of the bed.

Where she firmly attached the large suction dildo to the headboard.

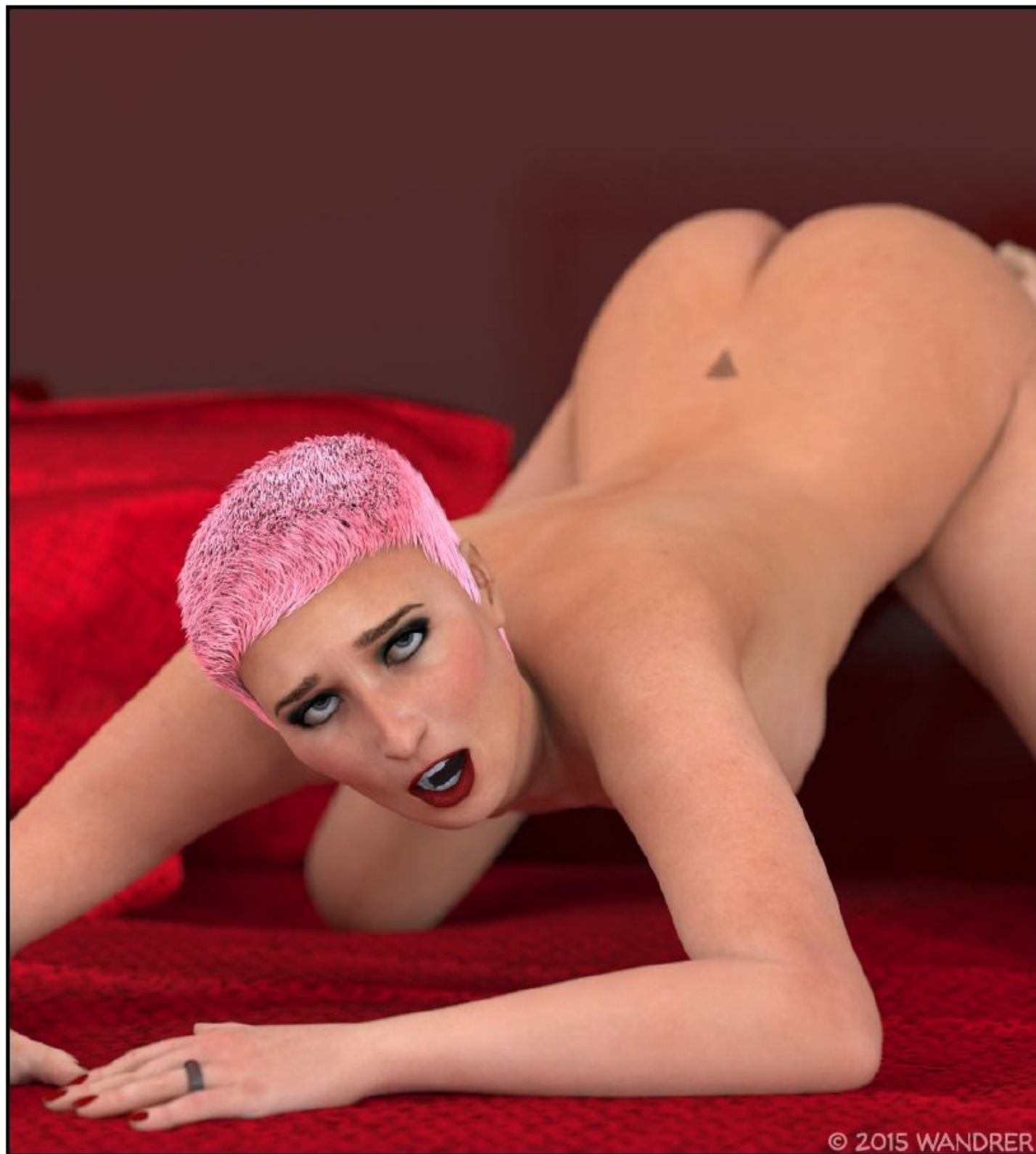


Betsy watched with wild eyes as Sandy left quickly, and then turned to look at the dangling dildo. With a whine, she levered herself up and moved herself in front of the dildo. On all fours, she lowered her ass and wriggled back up against it, shaking with frustrated lust and need.



Until finally she managed to get the head to slide between her wet pussy lips, and shoved her pussy backwards onto it.

The groan she let out as the dildo penetrated it was shockingly loud.



She quickly worked it inside her up to the hilt - and then began to rock back and forth on it, fucking herself wildly. It didn't take her long to cum, staring at herself sucking Drew's cock while Sarita ate out Jillian. And then quickly came again as she was double teamed in her office before Alicia came in.

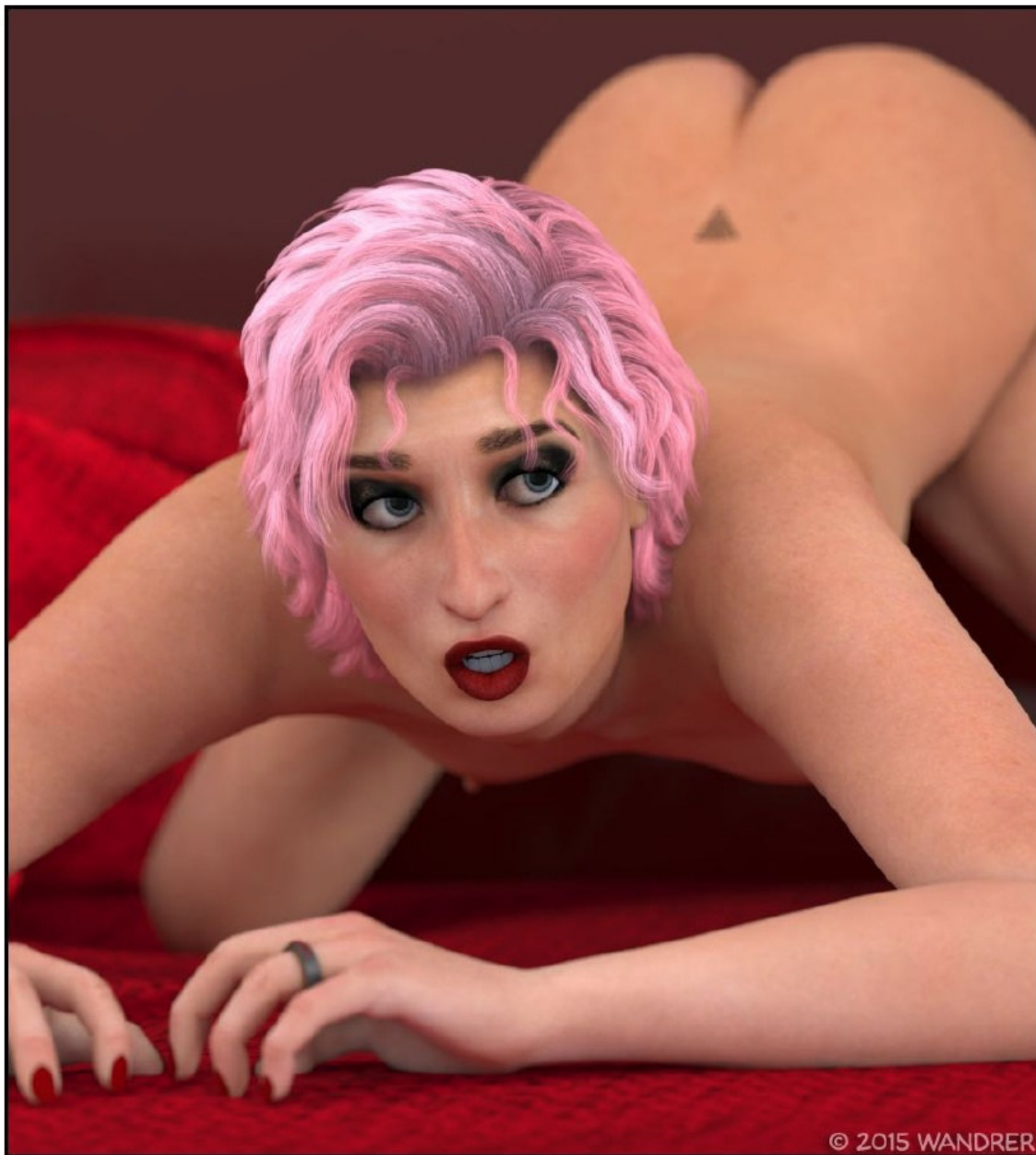
She slowed for a moment, moaning. Her breasts had stopped shrinking, but her hair continued to grow, now out to a cute pageboy cut.

"Mrrrowwww that feels growwwwwwwood," she moaned. And then got a horrified look on her face.

"Whats wrrroooooooooowwwwng with my voirowwwwww?!"

Her words slurred into meows as she tried to speak, increasingly panicked.

And as she started to fuck herself again, watching her professor fuck her as a sex doll, the meows started to escape from her horrified lips.



Another skip, and Betsy was meowing loudly, sobbing and mewling - while she watched Erica turn Jennifer into a dog onscreen. She was also bouncing on the cock behind her with abandon, clearly working towards another orgasm. So focused and loud was she that she didn't notice Anna come in, watching her fuck herself.

It was only after she came with loud meows to the clear delight of the brunette that Anna let her presence be known.

"Oh, *dear*," she said, in a shocked voice, "It appears Betsy has turned into a cat?"

Betsy's wild eyes swung towards Anna's voice - and she tried speak with tears running down her cheeks.

"MRROOOOWWW!! MEERROOOOWWW!!" was all that came out, mixed between horrified sobs.

"My goodness - such a loud little pussy," Anna giggled, "And clearly in heat."

Betsy continued to meow loudly in terror and misery - even while continuing to fuck herself on the dildo.

"Of course, the hands and the meowing aren't actual *mods* - just a fun little scenario I whipped up. Not that she knows that, of course. Even more fun, Betsy actually thinks she's turned into a cat-girl - and onscreen she's seeing Jennifer turn into an actual dog. That must have been *terrifying* for her. Whoops - there you go again!"



Dan choked out an exhausted sob into his gag - as he came for the third time across Betsy's back. His pink-haired wife seemed to love the feeling, meowing happily as the warm cum splattered across her once more, her tongue still cleaning his balls and the chair beneath. Dan whimpered - he was starting to see spots in front of his eyes, and his head was spinning from the repeated impossible orgasms.



"Oh don't worry...almost done. Here we go."

Onscreen Betsy was sitting on her haunches, sobbing and meowing, while a now-disrobed Anna climbed onto the bed with a grin. The TV was off - but the dildo was still dangling from the headboard, dripping Betsy's pussy juice onto the pillows.



"Awww, poor Betsy - hmm...that doesn't work now. You need a new name. How about...Pussy-puss?"

Betsy meowed miserably, shaking her head in horror, as Anna settled against the pillows near the dripping dildo. Anna smiled down at the pink-haired girl - her hair almost as long as it was in the present.

"Oh, I just *love* your new hair. And the pink paw print pubes have come in nicely as well," Anna said with a giggle, and then giggled again as Betsy looked down and meowed in horror, not having noticed that additional humiliation.

"What's the matter, Pussy-puss? You don't like your new body? I mean - I remember how much you *hated* my cats when Dan and I were dating...so I thought maybe you should replace them for me. A new life for my Pussy-puss. What do you think?"

Betsy sobbed and mewled, clearly trying to beg Anna to let her go, to change her back. But all that came out were more loud meows.

"Weeeell," Anna purred, "I guess that *maybe* I could make things better for you...but only if you do something for me first."

Betsy meowed desperately, nodding assent.

Anna lay back and spread her legs wide, revealing her wet pussy to Betsy.

"Your husband used to be *so* good at licking my pussy...if you don't like *being* my pussy, then I think you should at least lick it - don't you?"



Betsy had stiffened in horrified disgust, staring at Anna. She now knew she'd licked at least two pussies from watching herself onscreen (though wasn't aware of the many, many more afterwards) - but she couldn't remember that for herself, and was just as revolted by the thought as always. Which Anna was clearly enjoying.

"It's up to you. If you come lick my pussy till I cum, I *promise* I'll leave you feeling much better about your situation. But only if you do a *really* good job."

Betsy sat, frozen, whimpering softly - and then with a strangled meow, fell to all fours and crawled forward. Her nose wrinkled in disgust as she lowered her face between Anna's legs, and she made one last choked sob...



...and then began to lick.

Anna moaned in delight. Anna hadn't informed Betsy that she'd had much more training than she thought, but the pink-haired girl had clearly learned from practice, and was doing quite a nice job, as far as Anna's moans indicated.



As she licked, the horrified expression began to fade from Betsy's eyes. In fact - the intelligence began to fade from her eyes altogether, even as her expression became faintly enthusiastic. Midway through, while Anna was moaning happily, Betsy blinked - and a horrified look flared in her eyes, warring with dimwitted confusion. She meowed loudly and started to pull away - but Anna grabbed the back of her head and held her there.

"Ah ah ah, Pussy-puss! You keep licking! You'll feel *soooo* much better soon..."



Betsy sobbed, and meowed...and finally faded to just happy meowing licking until Anna squealed out a long, loud orgasm around her former friends's licking tongue.

When she finally finished, Betsy sat up, licking her chops and blinking her eyes at Anna.

"Mrroww?" she said, cocking her head.

There was nothing but an animal's intelligence left behind her eyes. She was, finally, Pussy-puss.



"See, don't you feel better?" giggled Anna,
"OK Pussy-pussy - we have another appointment in
a little while, but why don't you clean your dildo first."

At a gesture and a little coaxing, Pussy-puss
crawled over to the slick dildo that had been inside
her, and began to mewl as she happily licked it
clean. She clearly loved her own taste.



“And that’s pretty much where we ended up! Of course, we had a fun little time at the tattoo parlor first...”

The screen showed Betsy on her back, her hands and feet pulled into the air like paws, meowing loudly in obvious pleasure. As the camera pulled back, it showed a woman tattooing her belly and a man - obviously another tattoo artist - fucking the mewling woman slowly.



A few minutes later the man was working on her back, while Betsy enthusiastically licked the pussy of the moaning woman who had been previously working on her front.



"But we don't need to watch that, or all of the other fun we've had with little Pussy-puss here over the last couple of days. Like I said, I think you're ready."

Dan lifted his head exhaustedly, blinking away spots as he moaned in confusion.

"Pussy-puss - out!"

Betsy lifted her cum-smeared face from Dan's lap and looked at Anna with a glower.

"Mrrooow!" she protested.

"Out," Anna insisted.



Betsy let out a soft meow - and then turned and crawled away with her head held up with a very catlike haughtiness. Anna turned back to Dan, who sat there very messy and smelling of his own cum as well as Anna's pussy. She leaned over him - her large breasts dangling in his face as she reached back to unhook his gag. As she pulled it out and he moaned as his aching jaws finally were allowed to close, he started to choke something out - just as her large breasts dragged across his unimaginably still hard cock.



With a pained, sobbing yell, he came yet again, finally collapsing into dizzy sobs when he finished. Anna was giggling.

"What - what's happening to me?" Dan groaned, "I - I can't stop!"

"Oh, I know," Anna said with a smile, "I've always wondered how the primer would work on a man...it really was pretty specifically tailored to women. Hormones and all that. Still - combined with that new longer term product Nicky gave you a few weeks back, it seems to be working quite well."

Dan moaned, about to ask what she was talking about - and then his blood ran cold as he realized with awful certainty what she meant.

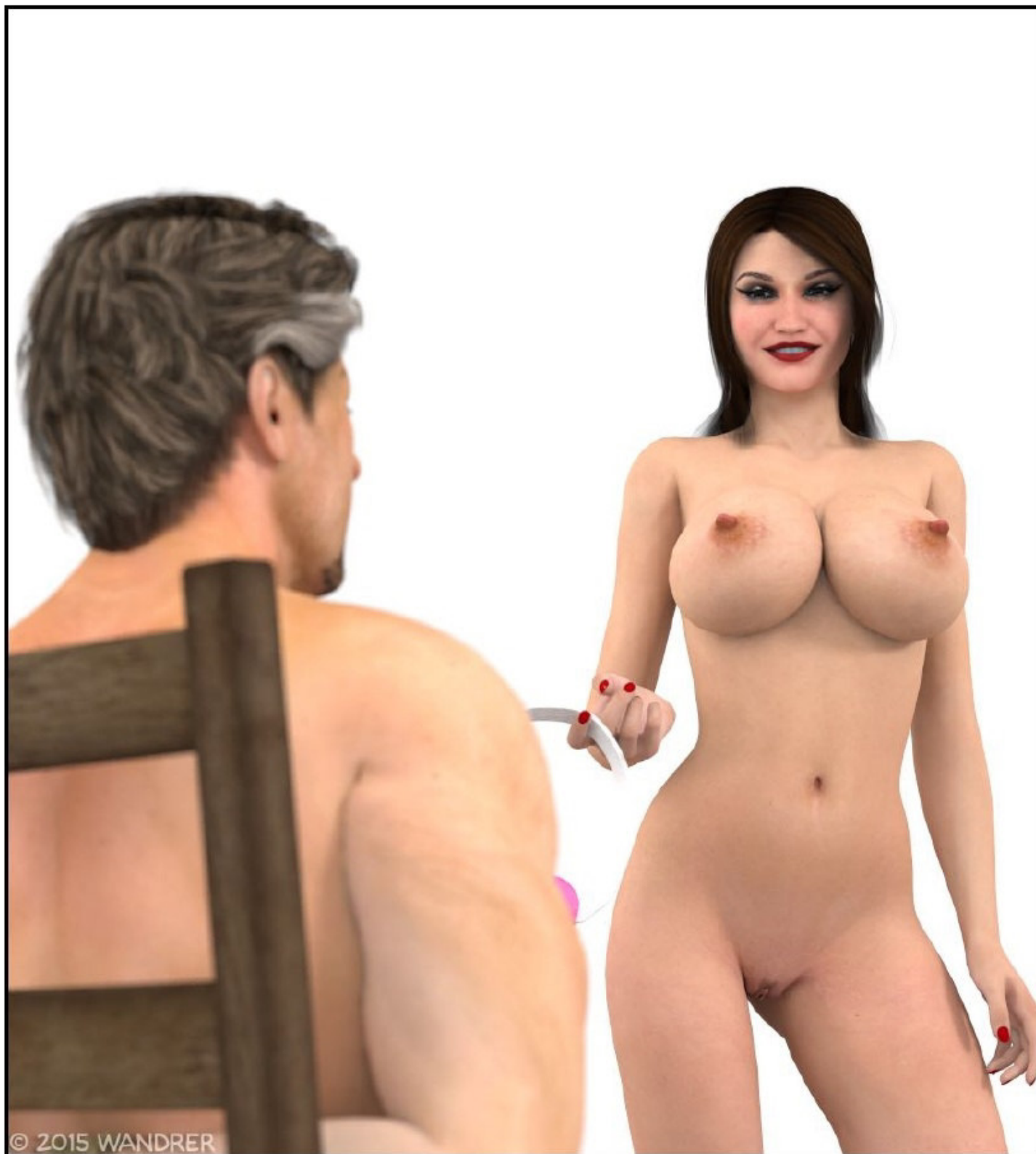


Anna smiled as she saw understanding and horror spread across Dan's face.

"Oh yes. That's what has been making you oh so ready to pop - didn't that water taste a little funny to you? I'll admit, I thought about mixing it with wine like you did to poor Betsy just to see what happened, but honestly we have so many variables to play with already in this little experiment, I didn't want to have that to deal with as well. Probably for the best - the male body is definitely not meant to cum as many times as you have today..."

"W-What...?" Dan managed to moan out weakly, then groaned. His cock was throbbing again already.

"What experiment? Why Dan - you not only get to be the first *guy* to try out some of our nifty drugs, but you get to be really cutting edge, and try out my brand new Mark technology. We've finished animal trials and it worked *surprisingly* well. But, of course - animals aren't humans..."



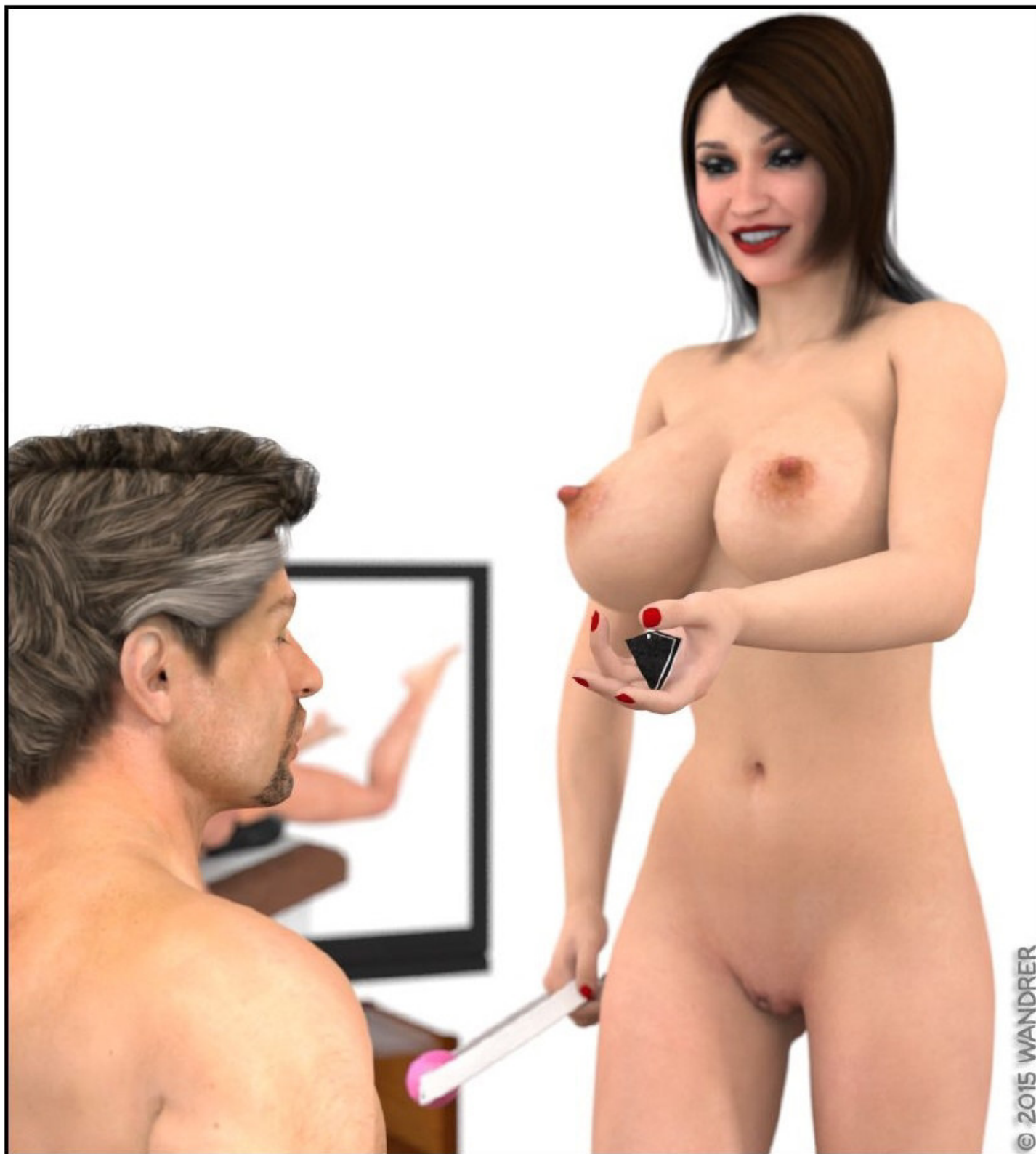
Dan's eyes widened as Anna lifted a little box - which was terrifyingly familiar to Dan - and turned it over in her hands while grinning at him.

Dan moaned in exhausted fear. The dizziness was starting to overwhelm him - and he was getting drowsy.

"No - please," he managed to moan out, fighting to keep his eyes open.

"No? Hmmm - I don't remember you asking Betsy's permission," she said and she crouched down in front of him as he slumped forward, "But - we'd better move it along as you seem to be progressing to the sleepy phase here. And - unfortunately we have this silly policy about requiring a *volunteer* for our experimental versions. We are perfectly fine taking wives and sisters into the Mark program unawares, but heaven forbid we should test out new technology on someone. So - I need you to say that you volunteer to be my test subject for the nice cameras."

"No," moaned Dan, "Why - why would I-"



"Because if you don't, I will happily keep Betsy as my little pet forever. Just *imagine* all the things I might do to her - especially when I periodically give her mind back. Oh, and you'll say you'll just come find her again, but I hate to tell you - if you don't try my new toy, you won't remember anything after leaving here until I let you. Maybe once a year, I'll bring you back and let you remember everything and see what she's been up to..."

Dan choked out a sob.

"Or, you can volunteer for me. And you can both go home."

"You'll let us go?" Dan said with disbelief, "Both of us?"

"Yep. I'll even make sure you get home nice and safe. Even cleaned up. I promise."

Dan moaned, trying to work through the fog to figure out what was wrong with what she was saying - but finally choked out a sob and nodded.

"You have to say it. Say 'I volunteer to try out the new Mark technology.' It's the only way to turn the device on."

Dan looked up, struggling to stay awake.

"I - I volunteer to try out the new Mark technology."



In Anna's hand, the little device hummed to life, making a small, menacing whine.

"Good boy, Dan," Ann said with a grin.

Dan slumped further, and the world started to fade. He heard Anna stand and felt her fingers trace across his shoulders as she murmured to herself.

"Now...where should we put your Mark...?"



Dan sat bolt upright, fighting down a strangled cry. His heart pounded as he tried to remember where he was, what was happening - the faint sensation of drowning faded as he blinked away the dream, that was somehow very pleasant and awful at the same time.

He blinked.

He was laying on the couch, in the living room.

In his own house.



Of course he was in his own house, though he didn't know why he was on the couch. Where else would he be? Where was he-

His heart skipped a beat.

Anna.

He'd gone to her house to find Betsy.

What had happened after that? He couldn't remember anything after sneaking around the side of the house. He had the vague feeling that something had happened but - what?

He rubbed his neck which felt - odd. He had a vague recollection of being...shot? Something in the side of his neck? Was there a guy maybe?

He groaned and sat up putting his head in his hands as the room started to spin.



He felt sort of weird and achy - almost like he had been working out really hard, or had a cold, or something.

Betsy. Where was-

A high pitched scream came from the bedroom.

Dan jumped to his feet, heart racing. He didn't recognize the voice, but it was definitely a woman - but he'd sent the girls home, right?

He stumbled towards the bedroom door, his body sluggish and not wanting to listen to him. But finally he stumbled into the room.

And stopped short, with a gasp of shock.



Betsy was standing naked in front of the mirror, sobbing. Though it took Dan a few moments to recognize her.

"B-Betsy?" he croaked out.

She turned to look at him, blinking behind her glasses as tears ran down her cheeks. And he tried not to choke out a sob of his own as he looked at her.

Her hair was bright, cotton candy pink - both on top of her head, and the small paw-print shaped patch at her bare crotch. her body was covered in tattoos - Dan could see there were words and paw prints and...he didn't know what else. More horribly, she seemed to also have whiskers tattooed onto her face - small black lines across each cheek.

And her breasts...

Her once-large breasts were several cup sizes smaller. Seemingly the reverse of what he'd done to Jennifer.

Oh god - what had happened to Betsy?

"What - what happened to me," Betsy whined - and then her eyes widened, "Whatth wrong with my voithe! Oh god! Dan!"

Betsy, hearing the high, cartoonish sound of her own lisping voice, burst into tears once more.



Dan moved forward, feeling sick to his stomach even beyond the other aches. He pulled her into a hug, and she collapsed to his chest, sobbing. He tried to ignore how different it felt without her large, soft breasts pressing into him, and focused on consoling her.

"I - I don't know...oh god Betsy...it'll be OK... it'll be OK..."

His eyes drifted to her back in the mirror - and he swallowed, fighting down panic, as he stared at the little triangular Mark on her back, now just the least demeaning of the many tattoos his poor, altered wife now displayed.



Whatever happened now, he vowed to himself that he'd used the site for the last time. He could never undo what he'd done - but he would do what little he could to return their lives to something like normal, he promised Betsy in his head.

He reached up and scratched at an itch on the back of his neck before returning to hug his sobbing wife.



Somehow things would get back to normal.



© 2015 WANDRER

The image is a black and white optical illusion. It features a series of nested, slightly offset triangles that create a three-dimensional effect, resembling a tunnel or a spiral that draws the eye towards the center. The lines are thick and have a slight gradient, giving them a metallic or solid appearance. The overall composition is symmetrical and geometric.

THE END...?

The image is a black and white optical illusion. It features a series of nested, slightly offset triangles that create a three-dimensional effect, resembling a tunnel or a spiral that draws the eye towards the center. The lines are thick and have a slight gradient, giving them a metallic or solid appearance. The overall composition is symmetrical and geometric.

PROBABLY NOT...



COMING SOON...



Reposessed¹

*written by Wandrer
Featuring Art by SturkWurk*