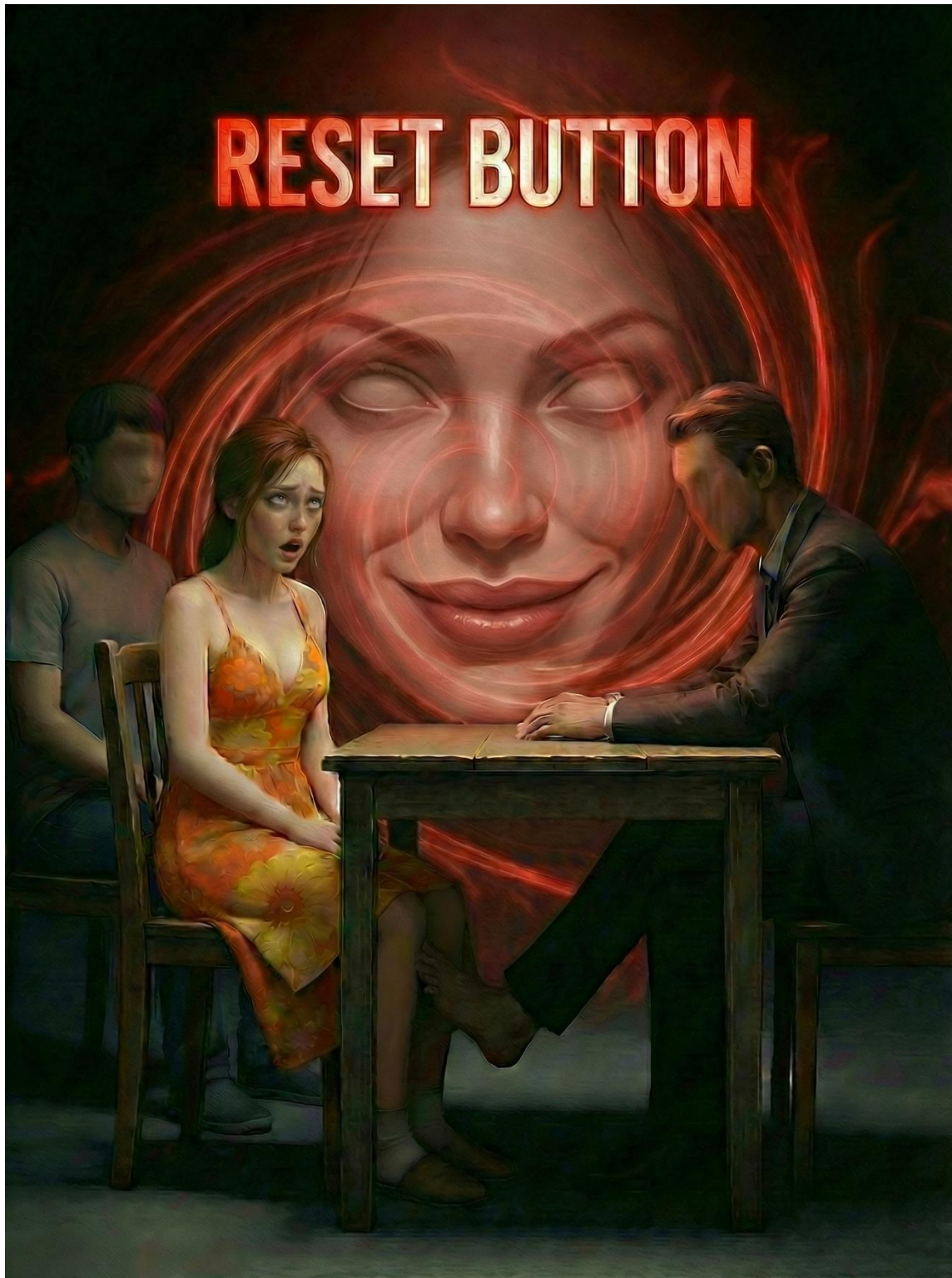


RESET BUTTON



*This is a work of fiction intended for adult audiences only. All characters depicted in sexual situations are **18 years of age or older**. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. The events, locations, and individuals portrayed in this book are products of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. This material contains explicit content and is not intended for readers under the age of 18. Reader discretion is advised.*

They had all escaped. All twelve of them. He needs to get them back. Luckily he planned for this....

* * *

“Excuse me,” Peter began, his brow furrowed as he eyed the stranger in the doorway. “Who are you again?”

Cliff, a man in his late 40’s, stood there with an easy, practiced smile, his posture relaxed but confident. “I’m from The Mental Mend Program,” he said smoothly, his voice steady and reassuring. “You know, we’re the group that worked with the police to help your wife with... *the deconditioning*.” He gestured vaguely toward his head, his expression softening with a touch of sympathy.

Peter blinked, his mind racing. *Oh, right.* “Of course,” he said, though his tone was tinged with hesitation. “But why are you here?” He glanced over his own shoulder at Julie, who sat hunched in the living room, her eyes glued to the television, oblivious to their conversation. His gaze flicked back to Cliff. “Is everything okay? Is she okay?”

Cliff spread his hands in a calming gesture, his smile never wavering. “Yes, of course. Everything’s fine. This is just a *cautionary measure*. We like to check in, make sure there’s no relapse—or worse, God forbid. Here’s my badge.” He lifted and showed Peter a laminated ID.

Peter looked at it and squinted. He exhaled sharply, his shoulders tensing. He was always on edge when it came to Julie. She was the love of his life. The sweetest, kindest person he’d ever met. He would do anything to protect her. He looked up and down at the man; he seemed official. “Alright,” he muttered, stepping aside. “Come in, come in.”

Cliff stepped inside, his polished shoes clicking softly against the hardwood floor. He was bigger than Peter, broad shouldered, and fit. He was impeccably dressed—crisp shirt, tailored slacks, a suitcase in hand. It was all part of the act, of course. A carefully constructed facade. But that would become clear soon enough.

* * *

The three of them sat at the small dining table—Peter and Julie on one side, Cliff on the other. Julie wore a bright yellow sundress that clashed with her subdued demeanor. She seemed calm but distant, her energy sapped. When she looked at Cliff, there was a flicker of unease in her eyes, but she couldn't quite place why.

Peter draped an arm around her protectively. "So what do you need... What was your name again?"

Cliff hesitated for just a beat, his smile faltering slightly as he scrambled for a name. "Jeffrey," he said finally. "Jeffrey Mills."

"Right," Peter nodded. "So what do you need us to do? Nothing too upsetting, I hope."

"No, no, of course not," Cliff assured him, his tone soothing. "Just a few questions, a couple of simple tests. Then we'll be out of your hair."

Peter turned to Julie, his voice softening. "Are you okay with that, honey?"

Julie blinked as if startled to find him beside her. "Oh, yeah," she murmured. "I'm okay."

Cliff leaned forward slightly, his expression open and earnest. "And if it gets to be too much, you can stop anytime. Okay?"

"Okay," Julie replied softly.

Cliff began gently. "We know you were taken someplace, months ago, and somehow you were... altered. You don't remember much, right? We were able to reverse most of it through deconditioning. I'd like you to tell me what you *do* remember about that day. Start wherever feels right."

Julie closed her eyes, her fingers curling inward on the tabletop. "It was... a Tuesday," she whispered, her voice barely audible. "I was walking back from the mailbox. The sun was in my eyes." Her brow furrowed as she strained to recall the details. "I heard a car... slowing down. It sounded clean. The engine was quiet."

Peter watched her, his heart aching. He'd heard fragments of this before, during her sessions at the deprogramming center. It never got easier.

"Did you see the car?" Cliff asked, his voice gentle but laced with a pinch of unease.

"No," Julie murmured. "The sun... I had my hand up. Then... a smell. Sweet. Like chemical cherries. And almonds." She shuddered visibly. "Then... nothing. Just blackness. For a long time."

Cliff seemed relieved. “And after the blackness?” He prompted, his pen pausing mid-scribble.

Julie’s eyes opened, glistening with tears. “Pieces. Flashes. A basement room... white walls. A machine. A hum—constant, low, like it was inside my teeth.” Her breath hitched, and her hands clenched into fists. “And... a voice.”

Cliff’s lips twitched faintly, the ghost of a smile. “A voice? What did it say?”

“It... told me things,” Julie whispered, her gaze dropping to her trembling hands. “It said there was... pleasure in letting go. In being... remade. And I think... I think I became someone else.” A tear slipped down her cheek, leaving a glistening trail.

Peter watched his wife, a bead of sweat tracing a thin line down the side of her neck. It was wrong. All of it was wrong. Her eyes were glassy, her knuckles white where they gripped the table’s edge. He spoke before he could stop himself, his voice rising a notch. “I... I don’t like this. We need to stop.”

Cliff didn’t protest. He simply set his pen and notepad down on the table with a soft *tap*. He took a slow, deep breath, the picture of professional calm. “Yes, okay,” he said, his voice low and steady. “Julie, it’s alright. Can you do something for me? Just a simple exercise. I want you to sit there and focus on your breathing. In, and out. Just keep doing that for me. Can you do that?”

Julie’s head gave a tiny, almost imperceptible nod. Her voice was a hollow echo. “Okay.”

“That’s good,” Cliff murmured. “While you do that, Peter and I are just going to have a little chat. You just keep breathing.”

Julie stared at a point somewhere over Cliff’s shoulder, her gaze unfixed. A deep, shuddering inhale filled her lungs, followed by a longer, trembling exhale. She repeated it. And again. Her shoulders lost some of their tension, but her posture remained rigid, a statue pretending to be alive.

Cliff turned his attention to Peter, his smile returning, but thinner now. More focused. “Mr. Baker, I have to tell you something. But first, I need to ask a couple more questions.” As he spoke, his voice a quiet, deliberate hum, he shifted slightly in his chair. His right foot, under the table, began a slow, secret ballet. He pressed the heel of his left shoe against the back of his right, easing it off. The loafer landed with a soft *thump* on the floor beneath the table. He flexed his toes inside his sock, then began to work it off with his other foot, wriggling until the cotton slid free and his bare foot rested on the cool hardwood floor.

Peter, distracted by his wife's state, didn't notice a thing. He just saw the man's attentive face.

"Is everything going smoothly at home?" Cliff asked, leaning forward as if sharing a confidence. "Any outbursts? Any concerns, beyond the obvious lack of energy?"

Peter rubbed a hand over his jaw, thinking. "Um, let me see... No. Nothing violent or... like that. But, I mean, *look* at her." He gestured helplessly toward Julie. "This isn't usual. She's normally full of *life*." His voice cracked. "But no, nothing extreme. She seems to remember everything from before. It's only... there are gaps from when she was that... other person. I do find her... staring. Like, when she's washing dishes, she'll just stop and stare out the window for ten minutes. Is that... is that what you're looking for?"

"No," Cliff said, his smile not quite reaching his eyes. "I'm searching for something a bit more... *concerning*."

He moved his bare foot forward under the table. It slid silently through the space between Julie's legs. His big toe made first contact with the thin cotton of Julie's sundress, then the softer fabric of her panties beneath. He pressed. A firm, steady pressure against the warmth of Julie's cotton mound.

Julie's eyes snapped wide open. A sharp, silent gasp tore through her. Her whole body went stiff as a plank. Her chest froze mid-breath. *What? What is that? His... his foot?* Her mind screamed, a white-noise panic that blotted out all coherent thought. She wanted to bolt, to shriek, to shove the table over. But her muscles were locked. She was a prisoner inside her own skin, forced to sit next to her husband while a stranger touched her in the most intimate place. A silent scream built in her throat, choking her.

And then Cliff said, "Reset."

Peter was confused by the word, but then he glanced at Julie and saw her widened eyes, slightly crossed, staring into the middle distance. "Julie? You okay?"

"Let her focus on her breathing," Cliff interjected smoothly, his voice never losing its gentle, conversational rhythm. He kept his eyes on Peter. "It can cause a little disorientation at first. It's fine." He moved his other foot, the one still socked, under the table. It nudged at Julie's knee. Gently, insistently, he pushed her legs apart. They moved with a slight resistance, then yielded, opening wider until her thighs were spread under the shelter of the table. He planted his socked foot back on the floor, bracing himself. His bare foot remained. His big toe rubbed in a small, circular motion against the dampening cotton at her crotch.

“What I’m looking for,” Cliff continued, his tone turning grave, “are signs of *reversion*. Extreme signs. You would know it if you saw it.”

Peter was shaking his head, his own anxiety spiking. “No. No, nothing like that. She just seems sad. Tired.”

Under the table, Cliff’s toe hooked under the elastic band of Julie’s panties. With a slow, deliberate tug, he pulled the fabric to the side. The warm, humid air of the room touched her exposed skin. She flinched internally, a full-body tremor that only manifested as a tiny quiver in her lower lip. His bare skin met hers. He didn’t just rest there. He *pressed*. The pad of his toe pushed against her outer pussy lips, parting them slightly, and then sank inward, just a fraction, an intrusive, undeniable presence.

* * *

The world shrank, collapsing into a tunnel of perception. The cream-colored walls of her dining room, the framed family photo on the sideboard, the sunbeam cutting across the floor—they all bled away into a deep, velvet blackness. It wasn’t like closing her eyes. It was like being *pulled* inside, the reality she knew receding at a terrifying speed until all that remained was the table, Peter, and the man across from her with his toe pressed inside her.

Peter’s lips were moving, forming words she could no longer hear. The man’s lips moved in response. A silent pantomime of conversation played out just feet away. The only sound was the low, rhythmic thrum of her own heartbeat in her ears, and the slick, obscene wetness she could feel between her legs where he continued to defile her.

Although Peter continued to move his mouth, Cliff stopped his muted conversation and turned his head and looked directly at her. His eyes, which moments ago seemed so professional and kind, now held a flat, familiar cruelty.

“Can you feel that?”

His voice didn’t come from his mouth. It echoed inside her skull, intimate and ethereal, wrapping around her thoughts.

Her own voice, when she tried to speak, felt thin and desperate in the vast internal space. “*Peter!*” she cried out, twisting her head toward her husband. “*Peter, it’s him! It’s him!*”

Peter didn’t flinch. He simply stared at Cliff’s face, his own expression one of concerned focus, his mouth still moving in silent, useless words.

"He won't hear you, Julie. He can't. You aren't really looking at him. We're inside your mind. And me?" Cliff's spectral form leaned forward in the chair, his gaze pinning her. *"I'm not really here, either. I'm just a piece of architecture. A blueprint I left behind."*

Her breath came in short, sharp pants. The pressure of his toe, that warm, insistent presence, seemed to pulse against her pussy in time with his words.

"Insurance," he continued, his tone conversational, even amused. *"After I molded you the first time, turning you into my sexy bitch, I planted a final command. A fail-safe. If you were ever... repaired... I could simply touch you. Right here and say... Reset."*

To emphasize his point, the sensation under the table changed. It wasn't just pressure. The toe rubbed deeper, deliberately, over her exposed, sensitive cunt. A jolt of pure, unwanted pleasure shot up her spine, making her back arch slightly against the chair. A soft moan escaped her lips before she could clamp them shut.

"And if I maintain the contact," Cliff's voice purred, *"the program runs. It's all still there, Julie. The work I did. The woman I made. She's buried under all this... sweetness. And she's waking up."*

"No," Julie whimpered, shaking her head. *"I don't want it. I'm Julie. I'm a mother. I love my husband."*

"Do you?" The question was a knife. *"Can you feel it? The edges of you are getting fuzzy. That deep, devoted love for your sweet little boy... does it feel as solid as it did a minute ago?"*

She tried to grasp it—the image of Jake's face, her son, his laugh, the overwhelming protectiveness she felt when she held him. It was there, but... distant. Like a favorite song playing in another room. The melody was familiar, but the effect was muted.

"He's a nice kid, I'm sure," the voice mused, a casual dismissal. *"But he's just a kid. They're all just... people. Weak. Needy. People."*

"Stop it," she pleaded, tears welling in her eyes. The pleasure was building, a warm, insistent tide that threatened to drown her protests. Each slow circle of that toe sent another wave of heat through her core. She felt herself clenching, aching, her body betraying her mind with terrifying enthusiasm.

"And Peter," Cliff sighed, as if disappointed. *"A good man. Steady. Reliable. But look at him, Julie. He's sitting right there, and he has no idea. He's weak. He couldn't protect you then. He can't protect you now. Is that really what you want? This life... with a failure?"*

As he spoke, a memory surfaced—not hers, but *hers*. Her other self. A flash of standing over someone, a feeling of thrilling, absolute power. Another woman that he hypnotized inside his basement. She helped him break her. Dear god, she helped. The memory carried a scent of expensive cologne and a sound: Cliff’s low, approving chuckle. It felt *good* to please him. It felt strong to break her for him.

“I don’t... that’s not me...” Julie’s protest was weaker now. The love for her family was being sandblasted away by a rising storm of sensation. The throbbing between her legs was becoming central, all-consuming. She could feel a tension coiling deep in her belly, a familiar, terrifying precursor.

“It can be,” the voice whispered, now tender, seductive. *“Just let go, Julie. Stop fighting the pleasure. It’s your body telling you the truth. You were made for this. To feel this good. To serve a man who is not weak. To be powerful, and cruel, and free.”*

Her hips gave a tiny, involuntary rock towards his foot, seeking more friction. A full-body shudder wracked her. She bit her lip hard, trying to anchor herself with pain, but the pain just sharpened the pleasure, made it more vivid.

“That’s it,” he coaxed. *“Your old self is just... circuitry. Wires that can be cut. The more you moan for me, the more of those wires melt away. And if you cum it will all come flooding back, and you’ll be like this... forever. And what emerges... will be perfect.”*

She looked at Peter’s silent, moving lips. *I love you*, she tried to think, pouring every remaining ounce of herself into the thought. But the words felt hollow. A script. The real feeling, the bone-deep certainty, was crumbling like ash.

What replaced it was a dark, slick warmth. A longing for the touch to continue, to *finish* her. A contempt for the man she’d called husband. *He’s pathetic*, a new, sharper voice hissed in the back of her mind. It sounded like her own, but colder. Hungrier.

The pleasure was a slow, building tide, pulling her further from the shore of herself with every heartbeat. Her lips were dry, and her tongue darted out to wet them, a subconscious gesture of growing need. Without conscious thought, her hips began to move. Tiny, almost imperceptible circles against the pressure of the man’s toe, grinding her swollen pussy against that single point of contact. Each rotation fed the heat, and the heat fed a fuzziness in her mind, a delicious unraveling of her will.

“Yes, let it happen.” Cliff’s voice, no longer spectral but solid and commanding in the dark void of her perception. *“So much easier just to give in, Julie.”*

She heard the soft scrape of a chair leg. In the narrowed reality of her senses, she could feel him stand, could *feel* him moving around the table, a dark presence circling her. The blackness around them seemed to pulse with his intention.

“There’s nothing left to live for here,” he said, his tone conversational, seductive. *“This sweet, boring, mundane life. These things and people that just hold you down. They clip your wings, Julie. They make you small. Free yourself. Become the woman you know you want to be. Free yourself from morality and goodness and kindness. Let yourself be pleased by your own depraved desires. You know you want to.”*

“No... wait,” she whispered, the protest a frail, dying thing. It was less a refusal and more a ghost of her former self, sighing out its last breath. As she spoke, she felt something tear loose inside her mind. Not a memory, but a foundational *truth*. The simple, bedrock certainty that *“I am a good person”* simply... evaporated. It didn’t fade; it popped like a soap bubble, leaving a cold, empty space where warmth and conviction had lived for decades.

“Oh no.”

Another piece eroded. Her academic diligence. She’d been a good student, right? A focused girl who enjoyed learning. But now, a hot, vivid flash seared through that placid memory. She saw herself—*no, felt herself*—strolling through high school hallways, not in modest skirts but in a tiny, rolled-up plaid number that showed her thighs. She wasn’t carrying books; she had a sneer on her painted lips. She saw a smaller girl with glasses pressed against a locker, her own hand, adorned with cheap rings, palm-up and demanding. The girl’s lunch money was transferred, then a fearful, tearful kiss was placed on her knuckles. The power of it, the *contemptuous thrill*, was intoxicating.

“Let all the boys take their little peeks,” Cliff murmured, as if reading the memory as it formed. *“Your lovely lady lumps. Your ass. Your tits were weapons that those weak little high school boys could not deny. Remember it. You loved the power.”*

She did. The memory felt more real, more *her*, than any vague recollection of good grades and kind hearted friends.

More memories, warmer, gentler: her mother, taking hikes together, going shopping, smiling, holding up a blouse in a department store. *“This would look lovely on you, sweetheart.”* The love in her eyes. Julie felt a pang, but it was immediately crushed under a heavier, more visceral scene. A different night. Sneaking into her mother’s room, the glow of a streetlight through the curtains. The clink of jewelry lifted from the velvet-lined drawer. The cold weight of sold gold in her palm, traded for a tight, black dress that made men stare. Her mother’s tear-streaked face, a hand raised not to strike but to plead. Her own voice, young and venomous: *“You mean nothing to me.”* Shoving the frail woman aside,

hearing the soft thud as she fell. Walking out, the click of her heels on the linoleum a sound of finality, going to meet a man—older, rich, smirking—who promised delicious, sexy, *cruel* things. Cliff.

“Yes,” Julie moaned, the sound torn from her. Then... “Wait,” she gasped, feeling physical pain. *“I don’t want...”*

“Of course you do,” Cliff interrupted, his voice echoing right beside her ear now. She could feel his breath. *“This is who you are. Don’t you remember? This is the natural progression of Julie. The real Julie.”*

Her heart hammered against her ribs, a frantic drum counting down the seconds of her old life. *Oh God.* Her gaze, blurry and desperate, found Peter again, next to her, yet so distant and silent. He was still talking, his face a mask of earnest concern, utterly oblivious to her annihilation happening inches away. That stupid, trusting face. He was losing her. He was *letting* himself lose her. He couldn’t even see the monster at his table.

He’s weak. He’s pathetic. He means nothing.

The thought didn’t feel foreign. It felt like a revelation, a truth finally acknowledged. Her love for him, that deep, weathered bond, didn’t just fade. It curdled. It transformed into a thick, oily condescension. *You fucking idiot.*

And with that final, internal sneer, the last tether snapped. Her body, which had been tensed in a war of resistance, surrendered completely. It wasn’t a collapse; it was an embrace. A low, hungry sound vibrated in her throat as she gave herself over to the new circuitry firing in her brain: a simple, brutal calculus of sex, cruelty, and pleasure.

Her hips, which had been making small circles, stilled for a fraction of a second. Then they drove forward, a deliberate, forceful thrust that took the invading toe deeper inside her.

Cliff let out a soft, approving hiss. *“That’s it.”*

The sensation was electric, a direct line to the pleasure center that was now in total control. She pulled back and slammed forward again, fucking herself onto him with a savage, growing rhythm. No more subtlety. No more shame. Just the raw, mechanical pursuit of climax, using his foot as her tool.

“Oh, it feels so good,” she panted, the words slurred with lust. *“This is... this is what I want. I want to be remade.”*

“Yes,” Cliff coaxed, his voice a steady, commanding rhythm over the wet sounds coming from under the table. *“This is it. This is it. Cum in this kitchen. Cum with my toe inside your pussy. Let everyone see what you really are.”*

His permission was the final key. Her thrusts became frenzied, her chair creaking in protest. She was no longer a woman being assaulted; she was an animal in heat, chasing her release with single-minded fury. The coiled tension in her cunt wound tighter, tighter, a spring about to explode.

“Yes,” Cliff growled, leaning closer in the dark. *“Come. Let your old self be ripped apart forever. Let the new, better, sexier version be imprinted on you. Forever and ever. Do it. Do it, you sexy, cruel bitch.”*

* * *

Back in the sunlit dining room, Peter continued to speak, oblivious, his eyes on Cliff’s attentive face. “...and I just don’t want this to be an ongoing thing. I only want the best for Julie. I just want her to be back to normal again.” He sighed, running a hand through his hair. “Is that... is that possible?”

His peripheral vision caught a movement. A jerking. He turned his head fully toward Julie. Her body was convulsing. Not a seizure of illness, but a violent, rhythmic *gyration*. Her lower body was pistoning back and forth in her chair, the muscles of her thighs standing out in stark relief under her dress. Her head was thrown back, tendons straining in her neck. Her mouth was open, her tongue lolling out, a thick string of saliva stretching from its tip down to her chin, and again down to her cleavage. Her eyes were wide, unseeing, the pupils blown black with an ecstasy that had nothing to do with him.

“Julie?” The name was a breath of disbelief.

He bent down, his mind refusing to connect the dots until he saw it with his own eyes. Under the shelter of the table, the scene was obscene. The other man’s right foot, was bare and extended. Its large toe was buried to the knuckle inside his wife’s pussy. Her slick, swollen flesh was stretched around it, glistening under the ambient light. And she was *moving*, grinding, *fucking* herself onto it with a brutal, desperate intensity.

A white-hot bolt of horror and fury shot through Peter’s veins. He jerked upright, his face flushing a mottled red.

“What the *hell* are you doing?” he roared, the sound tearing from his throat. He shoved his chair back, the legs screeching on the floor. “What the *fuck* is this? Get your fucking foot out of her! Get it out!”

He was about to lunge across the table, not at Julie but at Cliff, his hands aiming for the man's throat.

He was too late.

A sound erupted from Julie, a raw, guttural *scream* of release that was half agony, half transcendent bliss. Her entire body bowed upward, rigid, as if electrocuted. The convulsions became violent, uncontrollable tremors. Her hips jackhammered against Cliff's foot, a final, frantic series of thrusts. Saliva flew from her lips in a fine spray. And from between her legs, a jet of clear fluid erupted, not a gentle trickle but a forceful, pulsing *squirt* that audibly splattered against Cliff's instep, pattered onto the hardwood floor, and sprayed across Peter's own shoes and pant legs.

The smell, sweet and musky, hit Peter's nostrils. He froze mid-lunge, his brain short-circuiting at the sight. His wife. Squirting. All over this stranger's foot. In their dining room.

The horrific climax seemed to last an eternity. Julie's body shook with the force of it, her toes curling inside her sandals, her hands clawing at the table's edge. Then, as suddenly as it began, the violence subsided. The tremors softened into aftershocks, then stilled. Her body went limp, slumping forward. Her head drooped, chin to chest. Only the rapid, shallow rise and fall of her breasts betrayed any life at all. A final drop of her juices fell from her onto the puddle below with a soft *tap*.

Silence, deafening silence, filled the room.

Slowly, with a grotesque, wet *pop*, Cliff withdrew his toe from her tight pussy. He placed his bare foot calmly on the floor, amidst the mess. He didn't wipe it. He looked across the table at Peter, who stood frozen, his hands still poised in the air, his face a mask of shattered confusion and dawning, absolute horror.

Cliff's pleasant, professional facade was gone. In its place was a grin of such unadulterated, wicked triumph that it looked like a skull's smile. He raised his eyebrows, a parody of sheepishness.

"Uh-oh," he said, his voice light, teasing.

Peter couldn't speak. Couldn't move. His eyes darted from Cliff's smirking face to Julie's slumped, violated form. The bright yellow of her sundress was a cruel joke.

"Julie?" he whispered.

A long, slow shiver went through her. At the sound of her name, Julie stirred. Then she began to move. Not the frantic movements of before, but a languid, sensual uncoiling. She lifted her head.

The woman who looked back at Peter was not his wife.

Julie's eyes, once soft and warm, were now heavy-lidded, their gaze smoky and knowing. A slow, pink tongue slid out and collected the remaining saliva from her lower lip in a deliberate, salacious swipe. A sigh left her, a sound of deep, sated pleasure. Then, she smiled. It wasn't Julie's smile. It was a curve of the lips that promised mischief, cruelty, and boundless appetite.

She turned that smile first on Cliff, a look of pure, worshipful adoration. Then, slowly, she shifted her gaze to Peter.

Her husband took a stumbling step back. The love, the concern, the shared history—he searched for it in her face and found only a vacant, amused indifference. A predator looking at prey.

Petter, without taking his eyes off of Julie, yelled at the man, "You aren't from the Mental Mend Program! Julie... what... what did he do to you?" Peter stammered, his voice breaking.

She tilted her head, the movement fluid, alien. When she spoke, her voice was different. Lower. Husky. Laced with a lazy, contemptuous pleasure. "*Julie* is gone, sweetie," she said, drawing out the endearment into an insult. "She was so... *tedious*. All that *caring and kindness*. A waste of a good set of tits."

She uncrossed her legs and stood up in one smooth motion. The hem of her sundress was damp, clinging to her thighs. She didn't seem to notice, or if she did, she enjoyed it. She walked—no, *sauntered*—the few steps to Cliff's side of the table. Her hips swayed with an exaggerated, provocative rhythm that the original Julie would have found embarrassing.

She looked down at Cliff, who was still seated, watching her with possessive pride. "Master," she purred, the title falling from her lips with natural ease. "Thank you." She ran a hand through her hair, pushing it back from her face.

"My cruel slut," Cliff said, as a command and a caress.

Hearing it, the phrase—cruel slut—closed her eyes for a second, a shiver of pleasure passing through her. "*Mmm*, I love it when you call me that." She opened her eyes and looked back at Peter, who was gaping, a statue of despair. "He doesn't know what to do, look at him, with his little mouth all hanging open. Master, he's so fucking pathetic."

"What have you done?" Peter's voice was a raw scrape. He looked at Cliff. "What did you do to my wife?"

Cliff finally stood, brushing imaginary lint from his slacks. He stepped around the table, putting himself physically between Julie and Peter. "What have I done? I just... removed the

filters. The inhibitions. I gave her permission to be her *true* self.” He reached out and cupped Julie’s cheek. “At least... that’s what I tell her to think.” She nuzzled into his palm like a cat, a low hum of contentment in her throat. “Regardless, her true self is magnificent. Aren’t you, darling?”

“I live to please you, Master” Julie breathed, turning her head to press a hot, open-mouthed kiss to his palm.

Peter felt vomit rise in his throat. The intimacy of the gesture, the total submission in it, was a desecration of every memory he held. “She’s not herself! You’ve brainwashed her! Julie, fight it! *Please!*”

Julie laughed. The sound was bright, melodic, and utterly without warmth. “*Fight* it? Why would I fight the best thing that’s ever happened to me?” She slipped under Cliff’s arm, pressing her body along his side, pushing her full breasts into him. Her hand slid down his chest, then lower, grasping the growing bulge in his trousers with reverence. “He showed me who I really am. I’m his queen, his evil bitch, his *slut*.” She said the last word with pride, grinding her palm against his crotch. “And it feels so. Fucking. Good.”

She released Cliff and took a step toward Peter. He recoiled. She stopped, her smile turning cruel. “Look at you. The loving husband. The so called provider.” She snorted. “You know what you provided? A cage. A boring, limp dicked, little cage where I had to pretend to be satisfied with *you*.” Her eyes raked over him from head to toe, dismissing him. “You couldn’t make me cum like he does if you tried for a hundred years. And he did it with his *toe*.”

Peter’s world had shrunk to the dining room table, to the sight of his wife’s exposed, glistening sex, and to the hot, sour taste of bile in the back of his throat. His body refused the commands his mind screamed at it: *Move. Stop this. Fight.*

He just stood there, a man carved from stone and shame, as the woman who was once Julie finished sliding her damp, stained panties down her thighs, over her knees, and let them drop to the floor with a soft, wet sound. She kicked them aside, a dismissive flick of her foot that sent the sodden fabric skittering under the table.

She leaned back further, her back arching, presenting herself to him. The smell of her—musky, sweet, and now mingled with the scent of Cliff’s skin—hung in the air like a fog. Her eyes, heavy-lidded and gleaming with malice, never left his.

“Master,” she spoke, her voice a low, taunting purr.

From behind her, Cliff moved. He didn’t rush. His steps were measured, almost casual, as he came up behind the table. He stopped, his body just inches from Julie’s. He leaned in,

his lips so close they brushed the shell of her ear. Peter saw her shiver, a tremor of pure anticipation that rolled through her shoulders.

Cliff whispered something. Peter couldn't hear the words, but he saw their effect. A slow, subtle smirk curved Julie's lips. It wasn't a smile of happiness; it was a smile of shared, cruel conspiracy. Her eyes, still locked on Peter, seemed to glitter with a new, deeper contempt.

She gave a little nod, almost imperceptible.

Then she spoke, her voice carrying across the silent room with a chilling, conversational ease. "You could have saved me, Peter," she said, tilting her head. "So many times. You could have made it so that this never happened."

Peter's mouth worked. "I... I tried. The police, the program... I did everything..."

"You're a little dick little bitch," she cut him off, her tone flat, matter-of-fact, as if stating the weather. The vulgarity, delivered with such calm certainty, hit him like a physical blow.

Still facing Peter, she bent forward at the waist and hiked up her skirt revealing her thick bare booty. Then she placed her palms flat on the table in front of her. She arched her back deeply, presenting the full, round curves of her ass to the man behind her. The cheeks were faintly pink, the skin smooth and inviting. She gave a little wiggle, a jiggle of flesh that was both an invitation to Cliff and a mockery to Peter.

She looked over her shoulder at her master. Her expression was one of submissive hunger. "Even right now," she continued, speaking to Peter but gazing at Cliff, "you couldn't stop it. You couldn't stop him from coming up behind me..."

Cliff's hands settled on her hips, his grip firm, claiming. He held her there, posed and offered. With his other hand, he went to his own belt. Peter watched, his breath trapped in his lungs, as Cliff undid the buckle, the *click* obscenely loud. He unbuttoned his tailored slacks, pulled down the zipper with a slow, deliberate rasp. He pushed the fabric down over his hips, just enough.

He fished out his cock.

It was already fully erect, thick and long, much longer than Peter's, the head flushed a dark red. It stood out aggressively against the pale skin of Julie's buttocks. He slapped it against her, not hard, but with a possessive *pat-pat-pat* that made the flesh of her ass tremble. The sound was rhythmic, degrading.

Julie moaned, a low, hungry sound. “You couldn’t stop him,” she breathed, her voice hitching with excitement, “from taking his big, manly cock and claiming my juicy pussy. You couldn’t stop it.”

She looked back at Peter, her eyes wide and mocking. “And so, that’s exactly what he’s going to do.”

Cliff’s hands tightened on her hips. He used his grip to pull her back slightly, positioning her. The broad head of his cock nudged against her slick, exposed folds. Julie’s breath caught, her body tensing not in resistance, but in eager anticipation. She pushed back against him, a small, wanton movement.

“Yes,” she whispered.

And Cliff rammed himself into her.

It wasn’t a gentle penetration. It was a single, powerful thrust that buried him to the hilt inside her in one brutal motion.

Julie’s body jolted forward with the force. A sharp, guttural “*Oh, FUCK!*” tore from her throat. Her fingers scrabbled on the tabletop, her knuckles whitening.

Peter flinched as if he’d been struck. A choked sound escaped him.

Cliff didn’t pause. He pulled back, his glistening shaft sliding almost all the way out, and then plunged back in. Yes. The wet, meaty sound of their joining filled the room. In. Out. A steady, deep rhythm established itself.

Julie panted, her head hanging down, her hair falling around her face. “Oh fuck, yes,” she gasped, the words pushed out with each of Cliff’s thrusts. “This... this fucking real man’s cock.”

Each drive forward rocked her whole body. Peter could see the muscles in her back and shoulders tense and release. He could see the way her ass cheeks flattened and rippled with the impact, the soft flesh quivering. He could see the dark, thick length of Cliff’s cock disappear into her, then emerge, shiny with her wetness.

“You’re so weak, Peter,” she moaned, lifting her head to look at him. Her face was flushed, her lips parted, her eyes glazed with a pleasure so intense it seemed to border on pain. “You couldn’t do it. You couldn’t stop him.” A particularly hard thrust made her gasp, her eyes rolling back for a second before she refocused on him with renewed venom. “Look at you. Oh fuck, look at your face, your stupid fucking face.”

Cliff's pace increased. The slaps of his pelvis against her ass became faster, sharper, a rapid, punishing cadence. *Smack-smack-smack-smack*. Julie's moans escalated, becoming louder, less formed. "Oh God, yes... he's ramming his cock inside me, claiming me..."

She reached up with one trembling hand and grabbed the front of her own torn blouse. With a violent yank, she ripped it open. Buttons flew, pinging against the table and floor. Her full breasts spilled out, bare and heavy, the nipples hard and dark. She grabbed them with both hands, squeezing and kneading her own flesh as she was fucked from behind.

"I'm his forever, Peter!" she cried out, her voice rising to a shout over the noise of the fucking. Her body flailed with each collision, her tits bouncing and swaying in her own rough grasp. "I'll never be yours again! And it fucking turns me on!"

Cliff grunted, his own composure beginning to fray at the edges. His thrusts became harder, deeper, each one driving the breath from Julie's lungs in a sharp "*Unh!*"

"Look at you, your stupid fucking face!" she screamed, her voice raw. Spit flew from her lips. "I wanna rake your eyes out! I wanna slap your fucking face! God, it's so stupid! It pisses me off! Oh god, I wanna see you suffer!"

Peter was drowning. The horrific spectacle pinned him in place. His wife, naked from the waist down, breasts exposed, being violently taken by a stranger in their home. Her words, a torrent of hatred and ecstasy, washed over him, each one a physical stab. His brain tried to reject it, to categorize it as a nightmare, but the sensory assault was too real: the sound, the smell, the sight of her body so utterly given to another man. And beneath the horror, a traitorous, shameful heat stirred in his own groin. He felt the faint, aching pressure of an erection beginning to form in his pants. The betrayal of his own body was the final, crushing blow. He stood there, paralyzed by disgust at himself and the scene before him.

Julie's chant began, rhythmic and guttural, timed with Cliff's pounding. "His forever. His forever. *His forever.*"

Cliff's body was a machine of pure, selfish need now. He hammered into her, his own control slipping. His hands dug into the soft flesh of her hips, surely leaving bruises. The slapping of skin on skin was a continuous, wet thunder. Julie's hands left her breasts and braced herself fully on the table, her arms trembling as she took his onslaught. Her tongue lolled from her mouth, her eyes crossed slightly in overwhelming sensation. Her hair was a wild, sweaty tangle.

Peter watched, his face a mask of numb horror, his slight, shameful erection straining against his zipper.

Cliff's rhythm became erratic, frantic. He was chasing his end. With a guttural growl that was almost animal, he wrapped one arm around Julie's waist, hauling her back against him even as he drove forward. He lifted her slightly off her toes with the force of one final, massive thrust, burying himself as deep as he could possibly go.

He came.

Peter saw the man's body lock, every muscle rigid. A ragged shout was torn from Cliff's throat. Julie felt it. Her own eyes flew wide, her mouth forming a perfect 'O' of shocked bliss.

"He's filling me!" she shrieked, the sound half-sob, half-triumph. "Oh, this man is filling me like he deserves! He deserves everything, and Peter deserves nothing!"

Her own climax triggered by the feel of his release inside her. Her body convulsed around his, a series of violent, clenching spasms that milked him. She started to gyrate her hips in small, frantic circles even as he remained buried to the hilt, pumping his seed into her depths. "He's my master, and you're just a fucking worm!"

The volume of it was staggering. After a few seconds, as Cliff's spasms subsided and he began to soften, the evidence of his possession started to escape. Thick, white cum began to drip from her stretched, well-used pussy. It slid down her inner thighs in glistening trails. A heavy stream of it splashed directly onto the floorboards between her spread legs, adding to the earlier puddle of her squirt.

A great, satisfied smile spread across Julie's face. Her body twerked a few last, involuntary times as the rolling waves of her orgasm finally eased. Then she stilled, slumping forward, supported only by Cliff's arm around her waist and her own weak grip on the table. She took a few deep, shuddering breaths, the air sawing in and out of her lungs.

Slowly, with immense effort, she lifted her head. She looked over her shoulder, her gaze meeting Cliff's. She gave him a sated, adoring smile. Then, she turned her head, seeking Peter.

Her eyes found his. The horror in them. The defeat. The shame.

Her smile didn't fade. It became something colder, more final.

"This is me now," she said, her voice hoarse but clear. "You fucking little bitch."

The words were the last straw. Peter's legs gave out. He didn't fall so much as fold, collapsing bonelessly back into his dining chair. His arms hung limp at his sides. He felt hollowed out, scooped clean. Defeated. Hopeless. Helpless.

He watched, a spectator in his own annihilation, as Julie gently pushed herself off of Cliff's softening cock. A fresh rivulet of cum traced a path down her thigh. She seemed to revel in the mess. She reached down, her movements languid and spent, and picked up her discarded panties from the floor. Without a hint of embarrassment, she stepped into them and pulled them up. The white fabric was immediately stained, darkened by the mixture of her own juices and Cliff's semen that continued to seep from her. The damp patch bloomed prominently on the thin cotton.

She gathered up her torn sundress. She didn't try to fix it. She simply held the tattered front together over her bare breasts, a haphazard, insulting modesty. The act was one of finality, a grotesque punchline. She gave a little laugh—a dry, humorless sound—as she flattened the ruined fabric against her body.

Cliff, breathing heavily, tucked his spent cock back into his pants and did up his zipper and belt. The bulge was still noticeable. He stood tall, adjusting his shirt, the picture of a man who had just conclusively proven his dominance.

Julie took a step back and leaned, letting her backside press flat against his front. His arms came around her automatically. One hand cupped her breast through the torn dress, his thumb circling her nipple. The other settled low on her hip, his fingers splayed, pinning her against him. One final, subtle, undeniable act of ownership.

She sighed, a sound of deep contentment, and slowly rubbed herself up and down against him. Peter could see the shape of Cliff's semi-hard cock, still trapped in his trousers, pressing into the crack of her ass through the damp panties.

"*Mmm,*" she moaned, tilting her head back against Cliff's shoulder. She looked at Peter, her eyes heavy-lidded and smug. "I'm gonna go now, Peter. You'll never see me again."

She let that hang in the air for a moment, letting the finality of it sink into his broken spirit.

"And know this," she continued, her voice dropping to a venomous, conversational tone. "I fucking hate you. I hate our stupid little piece of shit son, Jake. Because he came from you."

The mention of their child's name was a fresh dagger. Peter's head jerked up. "Don't... don't you talk about him..."

"Why not?" she sneered. "You both are weak. Fucking stupid. I'm gonna give birth to real men." She ground her ass back against Cliff. "This man's gonna fucking pump my womb full of real men like him and real sluts like me. I'm gonna be his breeding bitch, and there's nothing you can do about it." Her eyes glittered with a wicked, evangelical light. "I'm gonna help him hypnotize so many more women to see what I see, to feel what I feel. And you're gonna do nothing about it."

Peter looked up at her, at the cruel, beautiful stranger wearing his wife's face. He didn't know if it was true. But a cold, leaden fear settled in his gut, whispering that it was. That this was just the beginning. That this monster and his creation would spread like a virus, and he was powerless.

He opened his mouth. To beg? To curse? To say anything. A dry click came from his throat. Nothing else. No words. No sound. Just the silent admission of total defeat.

Julie's laugh started low in her chest and bubbled up. It wasn't her old laugh. It was a hearty, full-bodied, *cruel* laugh that shook her shoulders and made her breasts jiggle against Cliff's hands and her ass cheeks quiver against his groin. It was a laugh of pure, unadulterated contempt and joy.

"Honestly, you should just kill yourself!" she managed between laughs, the words rich with amusement.

Still chuckling, she turned in Cliff's arms. He kissed her, deep and possessive, his hand tangling in her hair. She melted into it, moaning into his mouth. When they broke apart, she took his hand, lacing her fingers with his.

Without another glance at the broken man sitting at the table, they walked. Around the table, past Peter's chair, through the archway into the living room, and toward the front door. Peter's eyes followed them, a dull ache behind his ribs. He heard the soft *snick* of the latch as the front door opened. A slice of afternoon sunlight cut into the dim living room. Then the door closed.

Silence.

A deep, profound, screaming silence.

Peter sat in his chair, staring at the empty space where they had been. His eyes lowered. To the table, where Julie had been fucked. To the floor, where two distinct puddles had merged—one clear, one milky white—on the polished wood.