

The Anniversary – Part 12

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Chapter 14.

The ride to Roger's house was the usual trip of humiliation and degradation. After having me make sure that my tiny skirt wasn't trapped under my ass cheeks – some hope of that given it's inadequate length – he had me hold on to him with my manicured hands permanently positioned in his crotch, with strict instructions that I was to unmistakably fondle him whenever we slowed or were stopped.

When we moved fast, which thankfully we did for the majority of the fifteen minute journey, my skirt rode up so as to provide a perfect view of my red thong panties.

When I climbed off Roger's bike outside his house, an anonymous looking 'cookie-cutter' among many identical houses, he laughed uproariously at my appearance, "Christ Candy, you look a right mess!"

Using the wing mirror of one of the several cars parked in his driveway, I studied my reflection to see he was telling the truth. The damage done by having my head trapped between Anna's thighs for nigh on an hour had been compounded by the ride over here during which I had not been given a helmet to wear. My once carefully coiffure hair was a freakish mess of distended curls with many parts sticking straight up and out in the weirdest directions.

"You'll need to get yourself straightened out before we begin" chuckled Roger, careful not to let me in on what was in store for me.

Pulling out a compact I fussed and tricked my hideous locks roughly back into some semblance of order.

We entered his house to the inevitable hoots and hollers aimed in my direction.

"You weren't kidding Rog. She's... I mean it's fucking gorgeous! You sure it's really a guy?" this comment made me blush, though whether it was through the backhanded compliment, or the fact that Roger had me lift up my tiny skirt, pull my panties aside to show the assembled gathering of ten rough, and very horny looking men, that yes, "it" was indeed once male. Once proof had been given I was instructed to make sure I kept 'that useless fucking excuse for a cock hidden' but 'reassured' that I was not worry as I would "be getting plenty of cock" to "keep a fucking sissy slut like me plenty happy!"

And so the evening progressed pretty much as I had feared. While Roger and his buddies played cards, I was forced to traipse in and out of his kitchen serving beers and snacks, all the while being the butt of their incredibly offensive and humiliating jokes, as well as the attention of their ever wandering hands.

I was 'invited' to play a game of strip poker that, given I was not allowed to hold my own hand, being forced to crawl under the table and suck 'longingly on Rogers' cock, I quickly lost and had to perform a sexy striptease in the lap of who ever had the highest hand as I removed each article of my clothing as slowly and sexily as possible. Eventually I had lost every article of clothing, but as no one wanted to see my tiny 'peter clit' so denuded of hair, I was left to parade around the rest of the night dressed only in my red thong and towering heels.

This faded into insignificance once I was tied over the back of Roger's sofa, my arse proffered high, and forced to service them all, frequently two at a time with one hammering away from each end before the ultimate humiliation where I became a two ended toilet for them to use.

Once they were full of beer, they'd saunter over, one at a time or in pairs, and either force their cock into my mouth to unleash a stream of evil smelling warm piss down my throat. But this was still preferable to the treatment of at least four of them who forcibly ass fucked me, but instead of withdrawing their flaccid cocks for me to orally clean, kept them tightly positioned up my ass, until they'd deflated enough for them to piss. Then I was forced to endure the utterly degrading sensation of my bowels being filled with the seemingly scalding fluid. For nigh on one hour I was forced to lie there, sphincter clamped tightly shut while my stomach gurgled and cramped, until Roger finally relented, more out of fear for his living room carpet than for any concerns over my well being, and was permitted to shuffle off to his bathroom and finally evacuate the evil mixture from my bowels.

Once I had cleaned up and reapplied the whorish make up to my tear streaked face, I was then forced to give "Horsey rides" to each man. This entailed them climbing on to my back, steering my around Roger's house through a pair of reins attached, via evil rubber edged clamps to my nipples, while a ten inch vibrator, with 'real horse hair' protruded from my butt like a real horse tail. Added to this the humiliation of having my whinny like a horse as they took a riding crop to my defenseless backside in an attempt to speed up my progress around the ground floor of the house; all in all I was completely exhausted by the time I knelt besides Roger's front door and sucked and masturbated each of them in turn as they left, carefully following Roger's instruction to ensure each of them came on my face or tits. The rules were that if I was able to catch their jism in my mouth I could swallow it, or if it landed on my tits I could massage it in, in as sexy manner as possible while commenting "Thank you Master, this will help this pathetic little cock sucking sissy grow a proper pair of tities."

As the last man left, I was exhausted and barely able to move around the house tidying up the mess left by the vile men.

Finally, barely able to crawl, I was led by Roger to his bedroom, but not for the restful sleep my body craved. Instead I was given a freezing cold shower to 'get rid of all that filthy cum dripping off you' before he shot me high with the dreaded, but lusted after, combination of narcotic and powerful hormones. He then mercilessly forced me to crawl backwards in to a dog's cage positioned at the foot of his bed. The cage was tiny and it took many threats and physical force to shoe horn my tired body inside it until he was able to close and lock the door, forcing my head up at an angle so that it was jammed in to the top right corner.

He then secured fast the door with the click of a padlock, before moving to the rear of the cage where my bottom was pushed up hard to the cage's railings. Roger snickered in his mean manner as he dropped his pants and began forcing his un-lubricated cock between the three inch spaced bars and up my poor unprotected ass. I struggled to move to relieve the burning sensations of his cock as he ground it up my already sore and much abused chute, but was unable to move away an inch as by derriere was pushed up hard against the cage's bars.

Satisfied he was buried to the hilt, Roger withdrew to commence ramming his hips forward with all his might. Again and again and again his cock slammed home into my perfectly presented and defenseless buttocks. He kept up this unmerciful abuse, all the while shouting the vilest epithets and abuse down upon me, "There you go you filthy cock sucking whore, here's some cock to keep your dirty ass filled", "How do you like these apples you sick little sissy faggot, getting enough cock tonight are you? and "Go on take it, take it like the sick faggot whore you are. You know you live for a good ass fucking, well here you go you cunt. You're not the Mr. high and mighty Mr. Alan Jones are you now you bitch> Oh no, now you're some sick and twisted little faggot she-male with my name tattooed on you proclaiming I was the first, the first of many I might add, to stick his manly cock up your sick little sissy ass!"

On and on he raved as he slammed his hips up hard against the steel bars holding me still beneath his onslaught, before he slowly withdrew until just his glans remained inside of me, then he'd slam home again with as much force as he could muster, delighting in the little yelps of pain I involuntarily emitted as my whole body was moved within the tight confines of the canine cage he had me prisoner in.

On and on it went until, finally he jettisoned his load deep in my bowels, this was certainly no 'quickie, not given he'd already come on or in me four times that night. Finally slated, he withdrew from my poor sore ass before moving to the front to pries open my mouth and slide his filthy cock in to my mouth for a cleansing bath. Satisfied all evidence from my ass had been tongue cleansed, he lent forward to spit straight in to my still open mouth. "There you go Candy Cunt, one more fluid for you to enjoy." Knowing there was no alternative; I dutifully closed my mouth and swallowed his spit.

Smiling that evil smirk, he slowly moved back to my rear end, and with much malignant delight, forced some large device, connected to a small black box that was plugged in to the nearest wall power socket, up my distended ass. With the flick of a switch I felt the device inside me begin to slowly vibrate and worse, expand. As Roger reached in and secured a large ball gag into my mouth he commented "There you go Candy cunt, just the thing a cock hungry whore like you needs to keep her nymphomaniac puss entertained during the night. That little beauty is set to swell and vibrate on and off at random times all night. Sweet dreams slag! That ought to keep you busy 'til I can fuck you again in the morning"

With a laugh of pure malice, he climbed in to bed, switching off the light and proceeding to fall sound asleep in a matter of minutes while I soundlessly wept in near total discomfort at the foot of his bed as my ass felt like it was about to explode from the enormous inflated cock humming away deep inside.

End of part Twelve, to be continued...

Please send your comments to candy.runt@yahoo.com I will try to answer them all.

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