

The Anniversary – Part 15

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Chapter 17

Of course Anna was delighted. She had me walk up and down the Dr. Shankar's reception area, delighting in the thoroughly lewd manner I swung my hips - regardless of how hard I tried to assume a less provocative, clumsier gait. Not wanting to limit my humiliation to just a few people in the doctor's office, we took opportunity to take 'the show' on the road and headed out to the local mall.

Dressed as I was in my usual total slut attire, this time comprising of a filthy pair of hooker's panties - this pair a once pale pink pair of stretchy lace low riders that were still coldly clammy from the assorted action they had undoubtedly seen – they're previous owners occupation, and by inference mine too, further highlighted by the judicious use of a thick black marker pen to scrawl the words 'CUM DUMP' across the gusset. This foul memo was only partially concealed by the terribly short pleated red tartan miniskirt I wore, perched atop my newly augmented hips, the light weight hem of which kept lifting above level described as decent through the lurid gyrations my hips produced with my every high heeled step.

Such had been the savage estrogen regime my body had been subjected to that even a damp pair of too small panties failed to reveal my greatly reduced manhood, while my ravaged testicles were jammed almost permanently back in to the cavities they had long ago descended from. With the thong of the panties pulled up tight in to my crack through the waistband being so tightly stretched around my hips, an inspection of my reflection displayed not the slightest evidence of my true gender, in fact my tiny wiener was forced back down between my legs and appeared present an even more 'feminine trait'; that of the infamous cameltoe.

White holdup stockings, complete with large satin bow in front and seam in rear, were in no way concealed and led down, down, down my coltish legs to a hideous pair of red open toed high heels that comprised of little more than a series of many thin red patent leather straps, including three securing my feet inside of them and to the two inch high clear acrylic soles and staggering six inch heels. If ever a pair of shoes cried 'hooker' these were they. My brilliant red toe nails were visible through the toe, with the stockings completing that white trash look.

But it was my chest that caused me the greatest discomfort. Forced to go braless, my enormous new mammarys wobbled, bounced and strained against the thin material of the thin pink cutoff sweatshirt I sported. The thin cotton material clung suggestively to my unfettered breasts, that despite their silicone contents moved and wobbled in an impressively natural manner, especially my horrendously prominent nipples, while in no way serving to limit their glorious movement, serve possibly providing the most minimal of support. The fact that the sweatshirt was at least one size too small and was cut off both above and beyond didn't help as it was incapable of covering both the top of my dark areolas and the lower part of my enormous tits at the same time, leaving me to constantly trying to pull the already tightly stretched fabric beyond its remaining dimensions.

Up and down the mall we sashayed, Anna just drinking in the looks of disgust the patrons shot my way, and the undisguised humiliation I suffered as I continuously struggled, unsuccessfully, to minimize the display I was providing while continuously finding my eyes lingering upon the crotches of the many men. One or two, catching the angle of my eyes, rubbed their groins in a thoroughly sexually aggressive manner while calling out lewd and disgusting propositions to me. Other than blushing a still deeper shade of red, my only visible response was to succumb to the Doctors programming and lick my candy red lips in a thoroughly wanton and luridly suggestive manner.

“We need to get you some new shoes Miss Candy” announced Anna in a seemingly innocent manner, though I knew her to be incapable of such an act.

‘Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles’ I dutifully responded as I teetered after her towards a previously unexplored and slightly less salubrious part of the mall.

Our destination turned out to be ‘Well Heeled’; a shoe shop seemingly specializing in footwear for hookers – it’s windows displaying all manner of towering heels, fetish boots and the sort of footwear rarely worn outside the bedroom, strip club or brothel.

Not surprisingly, the three men standing around idly as we entered also looked like they belonged in a strip club or brothel. Equally unsurprising was the way they immediately became eagerly attentive as I entered the prescribed five paces behind Anna.

Quick to humble me before a new audience, Anna piped up “My sissy, cock crazy husband...” and here she turned to make sure no one could miss that she was indeed talking about the seemingly ‘sex on legs’ blonde standing demurely behind her. “Yes, he’s amazing isn’t he? He finally gave up trying to ignore the ‘cock crazy slut’ trapped inside his pathetic excuse for a man’s body and is half way to realizing his dream of becoming a full time prostitute with all the right girly parts in all the right places. Isn’t that so love?”

An evil grin, unseen by the shoe store employees, was directed at me to ensure my suitable response to this malevolent lie which I dutifully supplied as expected ‘Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, this pathetic little cock sucking sissy dreams of the day she can become a real woman and peddle her sexy ass for you.’

The three men just stood there, mouths agape as they drank in the sick confession I was forced to supply.

“Anyway” continued Anna, “he needs some new shoes, nothing too modest, you know the sort of thing, shoes that just scream ‘look what a brazen whore I am.’ Word is they you’re the gentlemen to see about such accouterments!”

The skinny guy leaning against the counter was the quickest to respond, a grin every bit as evil as Anna’s lighting up his feral features as he man handled me in to a seat far away from the only exit.

“And what would...” he paused here to give me a slow once over, pausing long over my inadequately concealed chest, his tongue slipping lizard like across his thing lips, my face burning pink with shame as I sat there, thoroughly humiliated and yet unable to flee as I so desperately wanted to. “What would... Sir... like in the way of footwear today?”

As his two colleagues moved in front, the better to study the display I was providing as, through a combination of inexperience at being dressed in such a provocative manner and Doctor Shankar's hypnosis, I provided an impressive display of my assorted and spectacular charms as I wriggled and burned with shame under their combined glares.

Seeing I was incapable of answering, Anna interjected to ensure my humiliation continued apace. "Oh he's after some classic 'Come Fuck Me Pumps,' some sexy fetish boots and anything else you gentlemen can think of to help him realize his dream of becoming the ultimate wet dream" With that she turned to me and ordered "Well I need go run some errands Candy, so I'll leave you in the strong and capable... hands of these three gentlemen" her none to furtive glances at their burgeoning crotch areas made it abundantly clear just what part of their anatomy she expected them to utilize on me!

Laughing gaily at the predicament she was forcing me into she continued, lest there remain any misunderstanding "You be sure to do just what these fine men tell you to do and I'll pick you up here in an hour when I expect to see you with at least three new pairs of pretty new shoes, is that clear?"

Wishing I could stare at the floor I so wanted to swallow me whole, but conditioned instead to stare, almost longingly at the growing still trouser clad, for the time being, erections before me, I mumbled "yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, this pathetic little cock sucking sissy understands and will do as instructed."

Rising to her feet as the 'sharks' closed in for the kill, Anna tossed out a happy "You kids have fun and I'll see you back here in an hour" as she waltzed merrily out the door, pausing only to flip the stores 'OPEN's sign to 'CLOSED' as she pulled the door shut behind her.

They were on me like white on rice. "well, well, well, how does a pathetic fag like you end up looking like such a hot babe?" lisped the pale and most repugnant smelling of the three, while his buddy, 'pants too small' squeaked "And how does a freaking weirdo get such a smoking hot wife"

But it was 'thin lips' that topped them both. "Go on, prove you're really a man; show us your 'package'!"

And so I got to follow them back among the many boxes of overpriced Chinese import hooker's shoes. Here, with the three man forming a fascinated semicircle around me, I got to lift up the hem of my tartan miniskirt with one hand, while the other pulled down the front of the obviously filthy thong panties – the scrawled message proclaiming 'CUM DUMP' drawing childish giggles and promises to shortly put that claim to the test – to reveal my minuscule penis.

Burning with shame at the hoots of derision rained down upon me at the spectacle of my once proud, but now estrogen shrunken manhood, I was then made to try and stroke it to erection – a feat nigh on impossible in front of three of my peers, let alone with them hurling the worse types of insult at its much reduced stature.

It was once again thin lips who brought this fun to a stop by announcing "Times a wasting and I'd rather see the freak playing with my cock than that pathetic excuse for one!"

In next to no time I was laid out on my back 'accommodating' the three of them.

'Pants to small' was busy proving his pants were quite possibly too small for the monster he had hidden away inside them as he threw one of my ankles over each of his shoulders, pulled my already stained panties to one side before forcing his sizeable cock up my spit lubricated ass. Ignoring my squeals, or at least choosing to interpret them as squeals of delight Pants began a rhythmic raping of my ass.

Meanwhile, seeing me laid out upon my back, Stinky produced his long thin and indeed very unpleasant smelling cock and proceeded to force it between my shiny pink painted and freshly augmented lips. Grabbing a handful of my platinum locks, he began a rhythmic raping of my mouth.

With both my 'natural' orifices filled, Lips decided to avail himself of my plentiful cleavage. After working my pathetically inadequate top up over my breasts, to whistles of appreciation from his preoccupied colleagues, Lips hawked a logy in to my cleavage, and by pressing my pendulous tits together around his large cock, began to perform a totally debasing titty fuck on me.

I can honestly state I have never felt lower than lying there with three degenerate shoe salesman having their wicked way with me. As lips furiously thrust his hips backwards and forwards, all the time demanding that I maintained eye contact with him, Stinky delighted in jamming his dick as far down my throat as was possible, resulting in my nose being buried in his stinking pubic hair one second, the next gasping for fresh air as he withdrew until just his purple glans remained in contact with my lips, before once again thrusting forward to cut off my air supply.

Meanwhile, Pants was working away below at a furious pace, moving my ankles from one side to another as he sought either maximum penetration of my defenseless bottom, or maximum discomfort from me. Regardless, it was he I sensed nearing orgasm first. His grip upon my hips tightened as his strokes shortened until I felt the first of many spurts deep inside my tanned bottom. Pulling me as close as possible through a vice like grip upon my recently widened hips, I could detect no lessening of his eruptions within me.

My attention was drawn from my bottom to my top as Stinky grabbed a handful of my platinum locks, pulled his cock from my mouth and proceeded to masturbate himself to orgasm while holding my face mere inches from his glistening 'eye.' Ordered to stare directly at it, it was little surprise, but no less unpleasant, when his first eruption caught me straight in my left eye, immediately gumming it up through the combination of cum and glutinous black mascara running from my false eyelashes. He was definitely a spurter was our Stinky.

Spurt after spurt landed on my cheek, in my hair, across my nose and in my still open mouth, where I was forced to keep it on my tongue for a good three minutes before being permitted to swallow the foul load. Removing his cell phone from his discarded pants, he proceeded to snap photos of my artificially imposed saccharin smile as his jis slid slowly down my face, all the while I was forbidden to do anything about the ropes of cum lying thick upon my hair and face and gumming my left eye completely.

And all the while lips kept driving away between my tits, pausing every now and then to spit disgustingly once more upon his penis lying between my freshly enlarged breasts.

Finally sensing his own pinnacle approaching, he climbed off from atop me, and ordered me to stand in front of him. "Pull your panties back up Cunt" he ordered.

Puzzled but compliant, I worked my still damp thong panties back up my crack, securing my wiener between my ass cheeks, trying to ignore the unpleasant sensation of feeling Pants cum seeping from my distended sphincter.

“Pull your panties down in the front and wank me in there” barked Lips.

Not comprehending what he meant, I worked my panties down in the front once more, but then stood there unsure how to proceed.

“You dumb cunt wank me off so I come in your panties!”

Fighting back a sob of pure revulsion as I understood his order, I reluctantly reached for his still slick penis and began to masturbate him while aiming his glans at my crotch.

“Yeah, that’s it” he sighed as, now well experienced in the necessary ministrations of the male sexual organs, I gently masturbated him towards his release. “That’s it cunt, aim my dick at your pathetic little wiener, let’s give it a bath in a real mans cum, let’s soak it in what it once made by itself.”

Driving himself on through his abuse of me, his orgasm rushed upon him as he continued barking orders at me “That’s it cunt, don’t you spill a drop, make sure every last drip of my seed lands inside your panties or I’ll make you one fucking sorry faggot.”

Dutifully doing as bade, I pulled firmly upon his cock as it began spurting a furious stream of hot white cum into my panties. Sobbing with revulsion I held his cock carefully aimed as he shot spurt upon spurt of disgusting jism into the already full gusset of my tiny panties. Finally, after what seemed an age, his torrent slowed until it was spent.

“Go on, pull them tightly back up into place, give your little dickie a thorough basting in a real man’s cum.”

I cannot begin to describe the vile sensations of feeling his evil seed soaking my penis as a little inevitably leaked from aside the gusset to run down my tanned thighs. Seeing this, Lips sneered “Oh we can’t have a filthy cunt like you walking about our nice mall dripping cum now can we. Dave, fetch the filthy faggot a pair of Spice’s boots, pausing to look at my feet, he continued, “I think a size nine should do the pervert”

As Dave, better known to me as Pants, moved off among the boxes, Lips continued “Meanwhile Cunt, why don’t to start clearing up some of the jis Ian here (Stinky) so kindly spayed all over your face?”

Seeing me looking around expectantly for a rag of some sort he barked “No, you stupid cunt, use your hands to gather it up and rub it in to your cow sized tits!”

So as Dave removed an awful looking pair of silver thigh high boots from a box, I did my best to find, unaided by a mirror, the plentiful semen he had deposited all over my face and work it in to my décolletage as Ian and Stu (lips) recorded this latest act of debauchery on their camera phones, all the while instructing me how to pose and smile like the thoroughly wanton whore I seemingly willingly acted like.

Satisfied that I had recovered as much of the congealing man goo as I was going to, but no doubt delighted at how much I had unwittingly missed and left in my hair and right ear, they had me try on the toweringly heeled boots Dave held out to me.

There was no doubt that Stu knew feet, for they were a perfect fit, though I still teetered unsteadily atop their unfamiliar and repulsive seven inch heels and three inch clear plastic soles.

With my skirt and top recovered from the none to clean store room floor, and with Stu's cum sliding down my thighs, I was presented with three more boxes which I later learned contained a pair of white shiny PVC ankle boots with six inch heel, a pair of patent red leather CFMP's compete with three inch thick ankle strap with gold buckles and obligatory clear acrylic hells and soles, and a pair brilliant pink knee high fetish boots with what seemed like a hundred straps on each, as well as the now obligatory towering heels and soles in see through plastic.

"There you go cunt, three pairs of shoes for three pretty good fucks, seems like a fair swap to me" laughed smelly Ian, the fourth pair – the boots you've got on, you'll need pay for, them's \$200 booths you've got on there."

Needless to say Anna had left me without any money or credit cards, a fact they did not receive well. "Well, you'll have to pay for them somewhere, especially as you've gone and leaked jis all over them you stupid whore!" taunted Ian.

Assuming a placatory tone, Stu chipped in "Tell you what, give us your address and we'll pop by for a spot of... 'light relief' until you've paid for them.'

My protests were cut off by Anna returning and announcing "That sounds like an excellent idea Candy, why don't you give them one of your new cards I've just had printed, that way they'll be able to pop over anytime to receive payment in full. It's only fair you pay for those... those lovely boots you've got on!" This last bit was delivered with quite a laugh as she surveyed me, cum dripping down to soak the top of the hideous thigh boots that I struggled to maintain my balance upon as my still glistening cum soaked boobs threatened to spill out of my inadequate top from my drunken lurches atop the strange soaring heels.

Still laughing as she took notice of the cum ropes I'd failed to find in my hair, with my make up totally ruined, Anna barked orders for me hand out my new 'business cards' that clearly listed my name, well Candy Runt, my occupation 'Cum Drinking Whore' and address and phone numbers to each man, plus leave a few spares by the cash register. I then picked up my new acquisitions and staggered off after her out the store with ass winging as Stu's congealing jism continued to soak my crotch and the evil lust fueled laughter of my three new 'friends' ringing in my shame burning ears.

End of part fifteen, to be continued...

Please send your comments, suggestions and fantasies to candy.runt@yahoo.com I will answer them all.
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