

The Anniversary – Part 8

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PART 8.

Week 2.

The next few weeks signaled the start of an extremely painful electrolysis program where every last hair was electronically singed from my body, so that all that remained was the hair on my head, my eye brows and lashes, plus my pubic region which Anna had, correctly (as always), determined should not be denuded as my having to keep it shaved, waxed and otherwise perfectly trimmed would be far more demeaning than having a one time electrolysis program, no matter how painful it might be. Every other inch of my body, including my chin, chest, and underarms was denuded of hair and baby smooth.

I also was subjected to hours and hours under Yvonne's UV lamps until I sported a golden tan everywhere, except the very pale, clearly defined areas that were protected throughout by the minuscule thong bikini I was forced to wear, plus the two UV proof stickers; one a love heart upon my left hip, the other a Play Boy bunny across my right buttock.

Yvonne ensured I was well educated in just about all the arts of makeup application and hair maintenance, so no excuse was ever accepted for a single strand being out of place or the slightest smudge of imperfect makeup. Eventually, when I was finished of a morning's preparation, I looked every bit the high class hooker Anna intended me to be.

Anna also began a serious regime of corset training whereby each morning I was forced into a rigidly boned corset that was laced in an ever decreasing diameter, gradually forcing my midsection into an ever smaller size. The goal, Anna delighted in telling me, was to reduce my waist from its initial thirty inches, to a mind boggling twenty one inches!

Week two was the week I got my first close up and for real introduction to another man's cock. It was Thursday, and Anna and I were at what was now her home, me having 'gladly' signed over all my worldly possessions in return for a regular supply of my all important fix and fluff.

Anyway, I had just finished cleaning up the dinner things, having spent a pretty exhausting day cleaning the house, doing laundry, cooking, etc. I appreciate that doesn't sound anything to strenuous, but that is providing you are not forced to wear six inch heeled thigh boots. Mine were pale pink patent leather with obligatory stripper fare clear plastic heels and soles and were tightly chained together by a chain measuring no more than eight inches in length, forcing me to hobble, with a most 'delicious little wiggle' as Anna delighted in informing me.

The rest of my attire was just your common or garden sissy sex slave attire; you know the usual ridiculously tight corset, this one a vile lime green number edged in cream frothy lace, with six similarly bedecked suspenders hanging from the bottom to secure my super silky seamed stockings. The top of the corset somehow served to push and pinch my unmistakably flat and, I guess, still masculine (well definitely not feminine) chest so that the merest semblance of a cleavage was visible. Could it possibly be that the hormones I was forced to inject twice a day were already reshaping me? I sincerely hoped not.

To ensure maximum exposure and resultant shame, Anna had not permitted me to wear any underwear, so my denuded penis and testicles were exposed beneath the frilly petticoats and too short hem line of the shiny pink plastic French maid's uniform I sported so inelegantly. Likewise, the bodice of the cheap PVC uniform was low enough to let the top of the corset be seen, it's lime green starkly in contrast with the uniforms pale pink, and my forced bust equally on display.

To complete the picture my hideous platinum tresses were pinned back and secured in a lacey cap, while the now usual excess of makeup and inexpensive jewelry clanged, banged and chimed upon my wrists and from my ears. Lastly, a sickening cloud of inferior perfume had been applied in excess to complete the inescapable impression of cheap slut that Anna so loved upon me.

Well I was just putting the dishes in the dishwasher, careful to assume the correct posture, i.e., ass stuck out as far as I could while making sure to bend only from the hips, never the knees, making sure my ass and stocking tops were clearly on display for Anna's amusement and occasional malicious flick of her handy crop when the door bell rang.

"Get that will you faggot" ordered Anna from her comfortable location in the sitting room.

Bracing myself for the prospect of meeting a stranger dressed as I was, I hobbled/sashayed my way over to the door and, pausing just for a second to steel myself, I undid the lock and swung it inwards.

There, wearing an evil grin is Roger.

Now Roger, you might recall, was Joy's boyfriend when Joy and I first became friends and this whole evil plan to sissify me was hatched by my 'darling' ex-wife. Well it turns out that after Anna and I split up, Roger had approached Anna with some cockamamie story about how I had always been secretly scheming to dump Anna and steal Joy away from him. None of this I knew at the time, not that it would have made much difference to the outcome as Anna was especially eager to listen to what she called 'my lies.'

Now here he stands before me, an inch shorter than me atop my preposterous heels, his thinning blond hair 'styled', inevitably, into a laughable comb-over style in a futile attempt to cover the growing bald spot on top of his flaking head.

So there I stand, dressed in a pink frilly French maid's uniform, the hem forced up and out by the billowing petticoats that serve to ensure my pantyless bottom and beribboned genitalia are clearly displayed for all to see, while my ankles are hobbled together to make sure I can take no more than the smallest of steps of escape, not that was an option anymore.

"Well hello there Candy, you're looking every fetching tonight I must say" smarms the evil bastard, making no move to enter, ensuring I must stand in front of the open door for as long as possible. I see at least one man out walking his dog giving me the shocked stare my unusual attire demands.

"Oh hello Roger." I eventually reply, realizing he is quite comfortable standing there where I am obviously not. "Won't you please come in?"

"Well since you asked so nicely Candy, I think I will" and in he strolls, pausing to remove his 'Member Only' jacket (I kid you not!) which he throws to me to hang up like any coat check girl would do. Only when I turn to place his jacket in the closet, he lands a loud and painful smack upon my exposed buttock. The resounding clap, followed by my surprised yelp of pain, brings Anna from the sitting room.

"Oh hello Roger, so nice of you to come over. Isn't it nice to see Roger again Candy?" She welcomes him.

Knowing exactly what sort of response is required, I dutifully react "Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, it is nice to see Roger." This brings the expected guffaw of laughter from Roger, and a rejoinder from Anna.

"Oh I don't think we can have you referring to Roger like he was just a member of the common public, no, that won't do at all, we must think up a more honorific title for him don't you think Candy?"

"Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, your pathetic little cock sucking sissy agrees we must decide upon a more suitable title for Roger." I respectfully respond.

So while I fix cocktails for them both, they retire to the sitting room to decide upon Roger's new name that I will be forced to call him, both at home and in public, for that fact has been made abundantly clear to me. As I serve the martinis my anticipation is sated when Anna informs me "Anna, from now on you are to refer to Roger as 'Master Love Bone', is that clear?"

"Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles" I reply, "from now on pathetic little cock sucking sissy will always refer to Roger as Master Love Bone."

"Good girl" she replies, "Now come on over here and sit between us.

With no choice bar open rebellion, a course I have learnt brings nothing but pain and further ignominy, I unquestioningly shuffle over and drop down into the small space between them on our, I mean Anna's sofa. Naturally, the hem of my dress is pushed up by the stiff PVC material and the multitude of stiff petticoats beneath it. So limited is the room on the sofa with Anna and Roger on either side of me, that I have nowhere to place my hands as the dress' hem is forced up to occupy my lap.

Seeing both this and an opportunity to further demean me, Anna orders me to "Put your hand in Roger's lap, go no, give him a stroke."

Such is my dependence on this evil woman, that I hardly hesitate before slowly moving my left hand into his groin. I immediately feel something twitch in the polyester slacks beneath my hand.

Naturally, Anna is not satisfied, "Go on you stupid cunt, give his dick a good slow loving squeeze."

Fighting back a sob, I do as I am bid and slide my offensively manicured hand across the growing bulge that has inevitably begun to make a tent in his lap. Roger sits there just grinning lewdly at me, enjoying my visible humiliation as my face burns crimson beneath the copious foundation and blusher as I slowly slide my hand up and down his not inconsiderable penis.

"I bet a little cock sucking fairy like you would love to suck on a nice hard cock like Roger's," maliciously jibes Anna, "isn't that right Candy?"

Despite the fact that nothing could possibly be further from the truth, I know I have no alternative other than to answer in the affirmative, "Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, this pathetic little cock sucking sissy would love to suck upon Master Love Bone's great big cock."

Delighted with the anticipated response, Anna raises the stakes still further by ordering me "Well you beg Roger here to permit you to suck him off while I go get the cameras set up. We wouldn't want to miss recording any of the action for prosperity now, would we?"

So while Anna sets about setting up an expensive looking pair of videos camera, purchased with my money I have no doubt, I have to sit there, still rubbing Roger's foul cock through his tan slacks, begging him to let me go down upon his cock. Worse still is the fact that the sick bastard extracts several promises from me, such as promising to let him take me to give him head when ever he requests it and promising to let him take me out on several dates, including bowling, an evening at the movies, and several dinner dates. All this so that I can be permitted to perform an act of total degradation that I have absolutely no wish to commit.

Finally Anna has the cameras set up to her liking, and after recording several minutes of me earnestly negotiating to be permitted access to Roger's cock, he makes a big deal of recounting the terms I have been left with no choice but to agree to, and sits back to afford me access to his crotch.

Before I begin, Anna gives me some final instructions, "Make sure you keep your face turned towards at least one camera at all times, and make damn sure you look and sound delighted to be sucking on his cock at all times. Now I know you no doubt have a lot of experience sucking cocks, but this time I want you to squat between his legs, keeping your knees wide apart so that you can fondle on your own pathetic little peter clit, which had damn well better be hard throughout, as you deep throat Roger just like we've been practicing with my dildo."

This last comment bought a chuckle of malicious delight from Roger who had repositioned himself in such a way so as to provide me maximum access to his crotch, while also ensuring I was perfectly positioned for the two tripod mounted cameras to capture every nuance of the lewd act I was about to commit.

Ignoring Roger's apparent delight, Anna goes on "Now I want lots of lip licking and moaning, and make sure you pay good attention to cradling his balls as you deep throat him. Be sure to compliment him on the size of his manhood and smile at the cameras as you tell us just how much the sissy slut Candy loves to suck on big cocks. Now it will be up to Roger as to when and how he comes, so make sure you play along, smiling all the time, got it cunt?"

Once I had grudgingly acquiesced, it was time for the dreaded act to occur. Anna insisted I had a few dry runs of extracting Roger's cock from his pants, which was just as well as I surprised myself by breaking down in a girly fit of tears the first time we tried, and only threats of infinitely worse punishment from Anna and a ten minute break enabled me to try again. But finally, we were ready to roll.

I can still recall every little detail of that wretched event, though events since then have reduced it to almost inconsequential, I can still recall my very first openly gay, and seemingly willing act.

I remember smiling lewdly at the cameras as I ran my tongue around my glossed lips while cooing at Roger how big he felt inside his pants, and how much I wanted to suck his cock until he came all over my face. Anna had produced a third, handheld camera that she used to move around the spectacle I was providing.

Upon an off screen signal from Anna, I slowly lowered his zipper, all the while smiling naughtily at either Roger's hideously grinning face, or the camera's all seeing eye. As my hideous metallic blue fingernails encircled his hot manhood, I made sure to comment "Oh, what a lovely big cock, Candy just loves to suck upon a big hard cock, thanks you Master Love Bone for letting this pathetic little cock sucking sissy go down on your gorgeous cock."

As Roger's cock came to life in my hand, I did as Anna signaled for me to do and ran one hand slowly up down his still increasing length, while the other cupped his sweaty testicles to gently squeeze and fondle them.

When Anna was happy with the amount of foreplay the three cameras had captured, it was time for me to get really intimate with Roger's cock. Slowly, still smiling my saccharin smile, I lowered my head and planted the lightest of kisses upon Roger's glans. As I moved back to commence licking his shaft, tickling his length with my pierced tongue, I was surprised to see the butterfly impression my candy red lipstick had left upon the very tip of his penis.

Anna was moving carefully around the room, ensuring she captured close ups of me showering bright red kissed all over Roger's balls and dick, then leaving a glistening trail of saliva as I licked the quivering shaft I held so gingerly in my bejeweled hand, and then the final ignominy of my still smiling mouth slowly enveloping his hot pink glans before sliding all the way down his seven inch shaft until my lips were tightly stretched around his girth and buried in his sandy blonde pubes.

Placing his hands on the back of my highly coiffured head, Roger held me firmly impaled upon his meat, commenting, "Oh yes, that's great Candy, you were definitely born to suck cock, your throat feels so good stretched around my cock."

He released me just before I brought up the pitiful salad Anna had permitted me to eat only an hour before. Gasping for air, I made sure to still smile vapidly before quickly recommencing deep throating his vile tasting cock before Anna had cause to inflict some real misery upon me. Suitably mollified, Anna returned to moving in close for full color footage of my lips sliding up and down his now saliva slickened pole, all the time whispering instructions such as "Go on bitch, slip your finger up his asshole, keep[your eyes locked on his, don't you dare look away, but go on, that's it, sink your finger in to tickle his prostate" or "that's it, such his testicle right into your mouth, don't worry about slurping; the noisier the better, that's it."

On and on it went, my tightly stretched jaw aching terribly from having to be forced open for so long, while my throat was red raw from having to repeatedly accommodate his sizable cock all the way past my tonsils.

Al last, Roger began to stiffen in anticipation of his fast approaching climax. He was ready for me and as soon as I attempted to pull up and off his dick, he grabbed my head and smiled malevolently at me as he began to forcibly face fuck me, forcing my mouth down upon his cock again and again, faster and faster until his orgasm was upon him. Then he pulled me up and off his cock until only gland was inside my mouth, "That's it cunt" he groaned "keep your mouth open and don't you swallow a drop."

With that he withdrew further to begin gushing hot jism into my wide open mouth. I do not know if it was poor aim or intentional, though I suspect the latter, but his spunk flew all over my face as jet after jet of viscous semen rained down upon my still smiling visage.

"Go on, wank him off, and keep smiling and telling us how much you love it" ordered Anna quietly as she closed in upon my semen covered face, mouth still help obediently open to display the jism.

Struggling to maintain the mouthful of Roger's evil tasting semen, I said "Oh yes baby, give Candy your full load, coat her slutty face with your glorious man-cream, cover this whore with your jism, you know I love it lover, give it all to me" while I simultaneously reached up and gently took hold of his still throbbing erection and commenced to stroke it's length in my hideously long nailed and bracelet hand, seeming to try and milk every last drop of his cum on to my upturned smiling face.

Such was the magnitude of his orgasm that his viscous semen dripped from my fringe, completely gumming up my left eye, and dripping down to stain the bodice of my slutty maids' uniform.

Upon an instruction from Anna, I turned to face her and one of the mounted cameras before making a big show of slowly swallowing the congealing mass in my mouth, before remarking in my tongue piercing induced lisp "Oh I just love a mouthful of cum, I love how it tastes, almost as much as I love sucking cocks" and then licking my lips longingly.

With fresh direction from Anna, I made a big show of using my inch long nails to scoop up as much of Roger's semen from my face as I could, before feeding it between my lipstick smudged lips to feed upon the coagulating mess in evident delight as I smiled and purred continuously, making certain to never once show my true feeling of absolute debasement and disgust.

Anna made sure to record the fact that several strings of Roger's cum were still stuck to my ridiculous coiffure, and then panned back to capture the sight of my lovingly kissing Roger's now deflated organ before tucking it gently back in his pants while remarking "Hopefully it won't be too long before I get to see you again Big Boy" before turning and winking suggestively to Anna's camera.

"And that's a wrap" called Anna as she backed away from the close-up of my still cum smeared visage. "That was great Candy, there's no doubt, you are a natural born cock sucker, wouldn't you say Roger?"

Of course Roger was in complete agreement, though, naturally, found a few areas that he thought I needed practice in. Anna then had me go fetch a pad to make some notes that, based on this idiots comments, I would endeavor to improve my cock sucking technique.

All the while, I just burned with the deep, deep longing that only a true drug addict could know, the shame of being so violated was a distant second to my overriding desire to get my fix. Seeing my obvious edginess, Anna laughed and disappeared to fetch the all important leather case containing my fluff and fix, but not before she had me sit beside Roger once more and recommence rubbing his cock through his cheapo pants while gushing to him how 'sexy' I thought he was and how I just loved his 'big fat juicy cock'.

When Anna returned, she had me strip completely naked except for the ever-present restrictive corset binding my waist ever tighter, being sure to point out to Roger my feminine tan lines, before having me self administer the three injections; one into each nipple and the third, the larger volume of the three and by far the most painful, into my testicles. Immediately a wonderful sense of ease settled upon me and I could not care less about the congealing semen in my hair and on my face, or Anna still circling with the video camera, or Roger's inane laughter at my expense, I was happy.

End of part eight, to be continued. Please send your comments to candy.runt@yahoo.com

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