

The Anniversary – Part 6

By Candy B.J. Runt – candy.runt@yahoo.com

Please feel free to use, copy and distribute as you wish, but please be sure to give us appropriate credit.

Chapter 6

(sorry for the confusion in parts/chapter, I will try harder ;-) CR.

Any hopes I had of sliding silently, if painfully into bed upon my return, disappeared as I staggered up the path to my, no now Anna's house, several lights still brunt brightly within. As I fair fell through the door, Anna's malicious grin told me it was time for our usual humiliating reminiscence.

Tears rolled down Anna's face, a face I had once considered the prettiest of all, but now loathed completely, as I told her the events of the day. I then, inevitably got to show off the complete loathsome collection of fresh body art for her to comment, criticize and make suggestions for 'improvements' (her word, not mine I can assure you).

She loved the red love heart with the words 'COCK' emblazoned upon my left bicep, and though Red and friends had down here 'Tramp Stamp' design in the small of my back suitable justice, but was a little critical of the red love heart that lay where my pubic hair once had. "Have them outline that in black or something, it doesn't stand out enough for my tastes" she commented, to which I dutifully replied.

"Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, pathetic little cock sucking sissy will tell them to improve it when I go back tomorrow."

"Oh no" said Anna, I have other plans for you tomorrow; you'll just have to reschedule."

The tattoos encircling both ankles, basically a list of lewd and disgusting sexual acts I was apparently willing to perform for anyone, met with approval, but I was instructed to tell Red to thicken up the eyeliner as Anna did not consider it "whorish enough.'

When I got the end of the tale, the bit where I had to describe blowing all three of them, Anna collapsed in a gale of laughter "You silly Cunt, I gave no such instructions, they tricked you!" My depression grew worse and worse still when Anna decided I should finish each visit to Red's shop with a similar treat for everyone present, and yes, that did include any customers or onlookers 'fortunate' enough to be there at the time.

When there was no more shame to wrung from the days event, I was permitted to shower before changing into my familiar flimsy nylon pink baby doll nightie and then crawl into bed for a few hours deadened sleep before the alarm awoke me at six o'clock to begin another day.

Early next morning found me waking Anna in the fashion she preferred, i.e., crawling up under her covers to eat her out until she orgasmed noisily upon my face. She would then eat the breakfast I had prepared for her, while I disappeared into the shower to begin preparations for another day of fun. Once Anna had broken her fast and got dressed herself, she would select my outfit, cosmetics and jewelry for the day, and once I was attired to her liking, only then would she provide me with the materials for me to administer the first of my daily 'fluff and fixes.'

Today I was 'dressed' in a ridiculous ensemble comprising of a black leather corset that squeezes my waist so incredibly tightly, complete with matching G-string and black leather suspenders with large chrome garter tabs secure sheer black seamed stocking with curious red stitching around my painted toes. A red hobble skirt, made from visibly cheap spandex forces my knees tightly together while black patent leather pumps, atop towering five inch spiked heels do nothing to make my movement any easier. But it is around my bust that Anna reserves the worst, for she too has noticed my hormone induced bust increase and delights in showing off a contraption designed to further emphasis this newly acquired disgustingly feminine trait of mine.

First off two small tubular cups are fitted over my freshly greases nipples, before a small, almost silent vacuum pump is switched on. This immediately sucks upon my nipples, drawing them deeper into the tube. The pipes from my nipple 'cups' are fed through tow

much larger cups, these, fashioned from clear plastic with small black dots positioned all over the cups, are unmistakably shaped like a full, though small, female breast. Two more pipes connect centrally to the soundless pump, the pipes disappearing under my right 'breast' as slowly my flesh is drawn out until it fills the breast shaped cups.

Anna tucks the pump into the back of the waist band of my shockingly tight hobble skirt, and secures a single strap connecting the two fairly heavy plastic cups behind my back.

An incredibly soft and, I have to admit, strangely sensual feeling pale blue cashmere sweater, falling to mid-hip, completes my attire, along with the inevitable makeup, sufficiently thickly applied to make an east end street walker cry shame, and my usual hideously noisy collection of cheap costume jewelry. The pipes connecting the 'suction bra' to the pump are quite visible through the stretched wool, but look more like some weird nipple chain than

Anna stands back, arms crossed, to survey this latest version of Candy she has created. "There, the suction of the pump and the weight of the cups, combined with the massive doses of female hormones you're applying twice a day, should help fill out your girlish figure quite nicely."

"Here!" She tosses me my hated clear pink plastic purse, the loose money, condoms, cosmetics and sex toys making almost as much noise as my loudly jangling bracelets "we've got an appointment to talk about your new job."

And with that, she turns and walks out the door, leaving me to hobble after her, the weight of the suction bra pulling heavily upon my chest and my nipples already feeling a little sore from the vacuum.

Chapter 7.

Anna drives for a good forty minutes, all the time the neighborhoods we pass thorough grow steadily poorer and seedier until, at last, we arrive out back of what appears to be a defunct liquor store.

"OK my dear little cock sucking fag, it's time to go meet your new employer. One new rule for you to try and take onboard your pathetically air headed memory, is, no matter what anyone tells you to the contrary, you are to refer to all black men and women as Niggers, is that perfectly clear cunt?"

The implications of my being ordered to use such a racially provocative epithet are not lost on me, but to push her point fully home, Anna slaps me around the face with the black leather pouch containing the all important fix. I will comply and tell her so.

"There's a good little cock sucker, this should be fun." And with that, Anna is striding across the car park, leaving me, still struggling to get my seat belt off from around the unfamiliar breast forms. Finally free, I follow after her as quickly as I can, the strong elasticity of the hobble skirt forcing me to take a myriad of small mincing steps, my high heels sounding loudly across the scarily deserted lot. My unfamiliar gait sets the heavy breasts forms swaying in a most uncomfortable fashion and I stick my hands out in an unknowingly feminine gesture as I teeter to the rapidly closing door.

The entrance room has a nice homely look to it, as does the silver haired lady who rises from her desk to greet me, "Oh hello dear, are you here for a job?"

I am temporarily taken aback by this greeting, "Um, no, my... pathetic little cock... I mean, um, well my Mistress just came in here and I'm trying to find her..." I stammer like a complete imbecile.

"Oh, you mean Anna? Why you must be her little faggot slave I've heard so much about" any hope for compassion disappears with her next words "You are as pathetic as they said, fancy a grown man being happy to dress and act worse than one of our tarts, pathetic! Anna's in room four down the corridor, but what she sees in a fag like you is completely beyond me."

She turns her back on me as I wobble along in the direction indicated.

Once my eyes adjust to the lowered lighting in room four, I am completely aghast at the spectacle that greets them.

Strung out naked before me, her hands secured by ropes leading to hooks on a ceiling beam, while her legs are secured spread in similar fashion, is my once-to-be-fiancé; Joy. As awful as this site may seem, far worse is the site of two men, one of them Roger, the other an unknown black guy, slamming in to her defenseless flesh; The black guy, I recall from our first encounter, many weeks ago, is named Koby, is fucking her hard from the front, while Roger pounds her just as viciously from behind.

Joy's face reflects an all too familiar look of drug induced need, as if her current abuse will somehow be made worthwhile when her fix is applied.

I choke back a sob as Anna moves silently to my side and comments "Isn't it good to see someone so happy in a role they were so obviously born to fulfill. Does it make you happy Candy, happy to see your big titted slut so content as she get's double teamed by Koby and Roger?"

As miserable as I was, knowing full well Joy's utter despair at being treated so, I knew there was only one answer I could give, "Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, it makes your pathetic little cock sucking sissy very happy to see Joy so."

Ignoring the chortle of laughter my pathetic answer drew from the two men pounding away at Joy, plus the other five or six I could now discern in the darkened corners of the room, Anna said, "Oh we don't call her Joy anymore, oh on, now she goes by the name of 'Dog Slut'. Hang on a minute and you'll see why."

Then Anna did a most remarkable thing, she worked the front of the oh-so tight red skirt down at my front, eased the front of my panties aside and began stroking my long dormant cock! Moving so that her mouth was just inches from my ears, she started a monolog "Just look at the way her big tits flap as Roger pounds into her juicy ass, doesn't it make you so hot to see her being fucked so Candy? And don't you just love the look of Koby's monster black cock stretching her whorish cunt so wide, doesn't it make you long for such a cock up your unbelievably tight boy-pussy Candy, don't you wish you were Dog Slut Candy, don't you secretly want to switch places with her, have those two big cocks pounding away inside of you?"

Resist as best as I could, even aided by the foul mistruths she hissed so insidiously in my ear, I could still not prevent her ministrations to my penis from having the inevitable effect.

Louder now, Anna continued "Oh that's it Candy, I see you like the site of your ex-girlfriend being double plugged by two big cocks, do you like the thought of the big titted slut getting her just desserts from lots of sex hungry men who just fuck and forget her, is that what you want for her Candy, is that how you want to see Dog Slut treated for the rest of her life?"

I could see Joy looking at us now, the site of Anna slowly stroking my erect cock as she spewed out her vile lies. But of course Joy did not know I thought Anna such a vile villain, nor that I still loved Joy so, all Joy knew was that she had been turned from a successful school teacher into a drug addles whore, and the people responsible included Anna and, apparently, as she saw me being slowly milked towards orgasm, myself.

At this point the contact between Joy and me was broken by Roger announcing "OK Dog Slut, I'm ready to come, bark for me Dog Slut, show lovely little Candy here how you got your pretty new name."

And with that, Joy commenced to howl, yip and bark like a little Beagle puppy!

At the same time Anna, commenced furiously wanking me off, almost shouting "Oh yes Candy, you love it, you love the sight of the big titted whore being fucked in her stinking cunt and asshole by two big cocks, show us how much you love the sight of being treated like this, show me Candy!"

And at that point, with Joy's attention once more focused on me as she did her best doggy impression, I came. And I came, and I came and I came. I had not been permitted orgasm for nigh on four weeks now, so despite the terrible feeling of loathing I felt, and the awful sense of betrayal I am sure Joy felt, I let forth like a geyser, shooting my seed in a two foot arc to fall mere inches from where my once to be betrothed is being forcibly raped by two men.

Happy that wedges have been irrevocably driven between Joy and me, Anna drags me out of the room and back deeper into the building. We enter an office, one occupied by another vaguely familiar face.

As Anna takes the only vacant seat she tosses an introduction "Candy, you remember Tyrone here?" not pausing for an answer; the questions obviously rhetorical, she presses on "Like Koby out there, he was the one reaming your ex-whore's ass in case you forget. Anyway, like Koby, Ty here was an ex-pupil of the Big Titted Whore's, but seems she got them expelled on some trumped up charge involving some little tramp who begged them for a portion, but then cried rape."

I could imagine the truth was a long way from this version but stood impassively was Anna went on "isn't it good to see a little justice and retribution finally being administered Candy, aren't you pleased to see such an evil liar getting her comeuppance?"

Her pause indicated that I was to humiliate myself again, an act I quickly provided to avoid later punishment "Oh yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, it makes me very happy to see her..."

Anna held up a hand as she interjected, "Please make sure to use her correct title Candy..."

"Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, it makes pathetic little cock sucking sissy very happy to see the Dog Slut getting her just desserts."

"Good, good little sissy fag. Anyway, where was I, I do hate it when you keep interrupting me Candy. Oh yes, I know, well Koby and Ty were forced to find employment once that big titted whore had ruined their fine names, so they opened this little establishment catering to the needs of the gentlemen of the neighborhood."

Ty let out a deep and throaty laugh at this term, but let Anna continue.

"But you see Candy; they have a problem, a problem I think you might be able to help them with." She turned to Ty, "Tell you what Ty, why don't you... um, interview Candy and tell her all about the opportunity?

An evil smile suggested that I would not like this interview process too much, and sure enough, soon found myself between Ty's knees, his monstrously large cock penetrating the depths of my throat as he told me that from now on I would be responsible for doing his whores laundry.

Apparently it would be dropped off at my... I mean Anna's house each evening for me to wash, iron and fold as required, before being collected when the next load was dropped off the same time the following day.

Delighting in taking close up photographs of my face being steadily fucked by Ty's ten inch cock, Anna added "And the good news is that you'll get to share the hookers clothes too Candy, especially their soiled panties, I plan on personally picking out the nastiest pair for you to wear the next day, just imaging getting to spend a whole day traipsing around in sum drenched panties. Aren't you a lucky little cock sucking faggot you've got Ty and I looking out for you?

My answer, suitably subservient, was lost around Ty's monster pole.

It was at this point that Joy and Roger joined the party.

"Oh hello Dog Slut" cooed Anna 'I must say you are looking particularly sluttish today."

Joy made no answer, but unseen by me, dropped her gaze to the sight of my platinum head bobbing furiously away in Tyrone's lap. Anna of course missed nothing.

"You know Dog Slut, when you think about it, none of this is your fault really, you just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Why I bet you really loathe Candy don't you, the way she set it all up so that you'd be forced to prostitute yourself for your ex-students, while she gets to Lord it around and even get's to date your pimp and master."

Ty had worked his large fingers tightly into my blonde curls so that I was unable to lift up and tell them all what a crock of shit this was and that I love Joy and would do anything to protect her. But all Joy saw was me seemingly willingly sucking off Tyrone.

"You know, if I were you," whispered Anna computationally, "I think I'd want a little retribution. Why don't you take it out on her sorry little ass there?"

The first I knew of this was the sensation of someone working the elastic waist of my skirt down over my hips and bottom, followed next by my panties.

And then it started. It seems Joy had a lot of rage built up inside of her, and the first opportunity she had to vent it turned out to be on my defenseless derriere. For she laid into me like a hurricane through a grass field.

I nearly leapt two feet in the air, no mean feat when you consider I was kneeling with my face in Ty's lap at the time. Luckily he could see what was coming and pulled my face off his cock as the first blow landed on my right buttock, for I may just have bitten him off at the root, such was my surprise and pain.

After the first two or three had landed, he forced my face back over his cock and continued to face fuck me as Joy used both hands to spank my ass bright red. Blow after blow reigned down upon me as Ty fucked his cock down my throat faster and faster until he came in a torrent of cum and pain as Joy spent her last energy upon my still defenseless ass. As I furiously swallowed wave after wave of hot cum, the tears flowed freely down my face, ruining my eyeliner and mascara.

Chapter 8.

As I sat lapping up every last trace of Ty's jism and my saliva from his now flaccid cock, Roger came in and announced "OK, we're all set up next door."

And with that I was led into yet another room, this one unmistakable set up for filming. There were three stationary cameras mounted atop very professional looking tripods, a plethora of lighting, four microphones on booms and sex people standing around in obvious anticipation of my arrival.

Anna pushed me in to the room as I hesitated by the door, ""Oh no you don't faggot, we've gone to a whole lot of trouble and you WILL cooperate." Once more, the all important leather pouch was waved in front of my face to emphasize the fact that I had no choice in the matter. Seeing my resignation, Anna explained "You see we wanted to capture this historic moment for prosperity."

Both Roger and Koby had moved to join us in the room, both still naked from the waist down, and both once more aroused. A fact that did nothing to calm my nerves.

Seeing that I had noticed their partial nudity, Anna teased, "See, you can't keep your eyes off their cocks! Why Candy, you are such a cock hungry slut. Well, this time it's OK, because you now get to choose which of these studs is going to take your cherry..."

What? My bemusement was apparent as Anna explained, "God, you're so stupid. We're going to make a movie of you getting ass fucked for the first time. At least I assume it's the first time, or have you had your little boy pussy reamed before Candy, it wouldn't surprise me to learn you're a regular ass slut, are you?"

My face burned bright pink as I stammered my innocence.

"Well good" continued my ex-wife, then we'll get to film it happening." Seeing that I was getting ready to plead for her clemency, she skillfully diverted my attention by saying "So tell me Candy, which of these studs do you want to be your first? You are going to have to go over and persuade them that you are sincere and really want them to be the first to take your cherry."

So that was it, not only was I to be ass fucked against my will, but I would have to choose who it was who would rape me, and worse still, persuade them that I really wanted them to do it."

With no other choice, I turned towards the two men, both leaning back against the wall with big grins and bigger boners. Both men were of similar stature, so seeing no choice, I moved closer to inspect their penises; after all, if one of them was going to fuck me, I wanted it to be the more... shall we say comfortable.

With the cameras already rolling, Anna began a commentary "And here goes the cock starved slut Candy Runt" this was the first time I had ever heard my full new name, and grimly appreciated the Spoonerism; Candy Runt equals Randy Cunt when you swap the first letters of each name. "Yes folks" continued Anna "here she goes running an experienced eye over the two cocks available to her today. We're sorry it's only two cocks Candy, we know how you like more, why only last night she voluntarily blew the three responsible for her lovely tattoos. So go on Candy, get down on your knees and give these lovely cocks a proper inspection, tell us which one tastes better, feels nicer and tell us which of these lovely cocks will be busting your cherry here today?"

I meekly dropped to my knees in front of the two candidates and began an infinitely more intimate inspection of their meat than I can assure you I wanted to. It did not take me long to select Roger, his cock was both shorter and thinner than Koby's.

"I want Master Love Bone's cock" I mildly announced.

"Pardon?" responded Anna.

Louder, I repeated "I want Master Love Bone's cock!"

"What do you want it for" she responded.

Realizing what was required of me I replied "I want to be fucked by Master Love Bone's cock" but Anna was having none of it.

"Look you stupid cunt, we're going nowhere until you start acting like you're really into this. Now I want you to look Roger longingly in the eye and tell him how much you want him to take your cherry, tell him how lovely his cock is and how you can't wait for him to start pounding it into your pathetic little boy pussy. Now do you get the idea or should we bring Dog Slut in here to help?"

The fear of further abuse from and to my ex-fiancé was enough to goad me in to action. Swallowing any pride remaining, I held Roger's cock in my bejeweled and hideously nailed hand, looked him long in the eye and proclaimed in a loud voice "Please Master Love Bone, please use your gorgeous cock to take this pathetic little cock sucking sissy's ass cherry. Please stick your glorious cock up my dirty little boy-pussy and pound away on the pathetic little cock sucking sissy's ass until I scream for mercy, please Master Love Bone, please take my cherry."

And still Anna was not satisfied that she had wrung every last drop of humiliation from the situation, "Tell Koby why you didn't choose him, and be sure to use the correct terms..."

This last comment puzzled me until I realized she was referring to this last instruction she had given me prior to entering this awful place.

Dropping my eyes to the floor in shame, I said "The Nigger's cock is too large for the pathetic little cock sucking sissy's little boy pussy."

A gasp ran around the room at my slur. Anna was not slow to capitalize upon it "Candy! That is no way to talk to Koby you racist fag. I think to make up for it you had better blow Koby while Roger's fucks you in the ass."

And so it was that my first anal experience, was also my first double team experience.

Anna continued to direct my shame, having me 'fluff' Roger to make sure he was properly hard and lubricated with my saliva, for I was to be permitted on additional lubricant save my spit on his dick and any more I could force up my ass. I then had to look back lovingly over my shoulder as my foully painted hand gently guided his dick between my tanned and tattooed buttocks, and then, just prior to deep throating Koby, gently push, or should I say force, my ass back upon his cock, so that anyone watching the resultant video would be left with the lasting impression that I was an eager and willing participant.

Once Roger had forced his cock all the way up my still tightly stretched sphincter, both he and the seemingly maligned Koby began a fierce pounding from their respective ends.

Anna was everywhere making sure no vestige of my pride was left unspoiled, having me moan and groan like I was having the time of my life, and then having me pull upon my own penis until it was hard and then, upon threat of never getting another fix, actually cum as two men forcibly fucked me as if their very lives depended upon it.

I would pull up off Koby's monster cock, look back at Roger and demand, "That's it, Master Love Bone, fuck this dirty little cock sucking sissy's virgin ass, fuck it harder, go on fuck me harder. God, it feels so good, your cock feels so good in my pussy."

And then I'd have to look up at Koby, taking his horrible cock in my hand and stroking his length noisily as my bracelets crashed together before announcing "God, I just love Nigger cock, it tastes so good, go on give me a real face full of your giant Nigger cock, this sissy loves Nigger cock." This would naturally infuriate Koby so that he would roughly grab two handfuls of my blond mane and proceed to royally face fuck me.

All the time the awful vacuum bra was sucking my tit flesh into the hideous plastic cups that were swinging away below me.

I feel Roger's pace increasing still faster and recognize I am about to receive my first ever ass full of another man's cum. His grip upon my hips increases as I feel him force himself as deep as possible before grunting "Oh that's good Candy, you are a natural, your ass feels so good and tight, I just love shooting my seed deep into your colon."

A look from Anna tells me I had better respond accordingly, I pull my face from Koby's cock, maintaining a rhythmic pumping of his black shaft and say "Oh that's it baby, shoot your cum deep in the pathetic little cock sucking sissy's ass, fuck me like a real man would."

Seeing Roger has finished, Koby wastes no time, as he drops to the floor on his back. "OK bitch, how's about you give me a royal ass fucking now?"

I have no choice but to position myself over his hips, and as he lays back with his hands behind his head, I have to position his huge cock at the entrance to my freshly defiled ass and slowly bend my legs to self-impale myself upon his tool. Then I must begin a rhythmic squatting as I lower myself up and down his enormous length. I can feel him penetrating much deeper than Roger, who has now presented himself at my mouth for me to clean.

And so I stand atop my wretched five inch heels, raising and lowering myself upon a massive black schlong while another cock impresses me with its powers of recuperation as I feel it hardening under the ministrations of my tongue, and is soon being forced over my tonsils at a frenetic pace.

Seeing how I only needed one hand to balance myself against Roger's body, Anna had me recommence playing with myself to complete the look of the wanton whore thoroughly enjoying herself as she is raped from tow ends.

End of part six, to be continued.

Please send your comments to candy.runt@yahoo.com

Copyright the Scallywags 2008