

The Anniversary – Part 11

By Candy B.J. Runt – [candy.runt@yahoo.com](mailto:candy.runt@yahoo.com)

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### Chapter 13.

Anna had taken the afternoon off work and so was waiting for me when I walked back in the front door; both my feet and breasts sore, the former from my having to walk quarter of a mile atop the high heels, my toes still not used to being compressed so in the pointed shoes. My breasts were sore from a combination of Yvonne's ministrations and from the unwanted attention of three school boys who, apparently playing hooky for the day, had cornered me on the bus.

They had quickly recognized my submissiveness and had steered me to the empty back of the bus where they had taken such terribly liberties with me. Finally having me suck one off while the other attempted to see what weird and wonderful lengths they could pull and stretch my now bright red and horribly swollen nipples to.

Once both had been sated by my now quite skilled mouth, they had me 'toss their salads'; by far the most grotesque act imaginable, or so I still naively thought, where I was made to stick my tongue as far up their foul rectums as they could force me to.

They then forced the wretched dildo Anna had me carry at all times up my bottom, remarking loud enough for even the driver to hear, about the disgusting state of my panties, before escorting me from the bus and walking me home, all the while taking painful swats at my painful ass, ensuring I pretty much jogged atop the painful heels all the way home.

Anna, of course, insisted the boys come in where she took each of their names, had me give them all a long and particularly vile deep throated French kiss and then thank them for ensuring I got home safely. She then had me add "If you are ever in the neighborhood, please to be sure to look me up." This last part was accompanied by an unmistakably intimate squeezing of their crotches through their school uniform pants.

The boys left promising to return for more of the fun they had so enjoyed, at my expense, on the bus. Anna was delighted. "You just can't help yourself can you Candy, you see a male, regardless of their age, and all you see is another cock for you to service. You're an incorrigible slut Candy, I can't believe how long you denied your obvious tendencies, aren't you so glad I was on hand to set you free?"

Blushing, despite the knowledge that none of this was even remotely true, I mumbled "Yes thank you Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, this pathetic little cock sucking sissy thanks you for setting her free."

"Good girl" smiled Anna in her most patronizing tone, "Now go strip off and get into your bikini, I see the workmen are cutting the trees at the end of the garden, I think it only fair you provide them with a nice little show while you top up your tan. I think you're looking a little pasty." And so I got to lie out in the full heat of the afternoon sun while wearing nothing but the most miniscule thong bikini. As per Anna's instructions, I made sure to provide a show for the poor men, with lots of bending over, application of sun lotion all over my already tanned golden skin, and a particular favorite of Anna's where I bent over and made a big show of ensuring my bikini bottom was worked fully up my ass. This was achieved by sliding my taloned fingers under the rear of the waist band, and then simultaneously working my hands up and forward, ensuring the thin strip of Day-Glo green elastic was worked tightly into my golden ass cheeks, at the same time forcing my trapped pecker tighter against my crotch, producing the amazing impression of my having considerable 'camel toe'!

With the visibly frustrated workmen moving off down the street, Anna had me come in to do that days laundry before beginning preparations for 'my big night out.' Before commencing hand washing the assorted panties, Anna had me pick

out the three worst pairs for her inspection. This was actually a futile exercise as the pair she would inevitably select me for me to wear tomorrow was so obvious. The thong was once pale yellow in color with delicate white lace scalloped around the edges and a tiny white bow in front. Now they were almost see through from the cum deposited in them both in front and rear, plus someone, and I think both Anna and I knew full well who, had written 'TOTAL WHORE' on the front of them with a thick black marker pen. Still Anna had me inspect the three pairs I selected, enjoying immensely having me sniff each pair while commenting on what I thought had led them to becoming so stained. When we had, inevitably, narrowed it down to the yellow pair, Anna had me sniff the gusset, and even taste the deposits left inside, to try and establish if they had been worn "by that floppy titted whore you used to fancy."

Careful not to smudge my makeup any worse than the forced face fucking by three adolescent school boys had already done so, Anna had me shower, paying particular attention to the only area of my body not devoid of hair through electrolysis. I carefully shave my crotch, thankful yet sorry that my small testicles had been already painfully denuded. This time Anna had me shave every hair from my crotch, leaving my small cock and balls looking even more pathetic than usual. Anyone looking at my naked form would find their eyes drawn to my crotch by the spectacle of a large red love heart, outlined in thick black ink directly above my shrunken penis.

For my evening with Roger Anna had me done a dark red satin Wonderbra, at 36B it was obviously a size too small, but Anna just loved the way it forced my still sore breasts up and together, creating a dramatic cleavage in such an obviously feminine manner. My much maligned nipples jutting through the shiny red material in a provocative manner as a result of the serious abuse they had endured today.

The usual matching red satin thong, fitted tightly against my crotch to ensure any evidence of my masculinity remained carefully tucked out of sight, followed the pale flesh of my tan line; the result of many hours under Yvonne's UV lamps or in Anna's garden.

A very minimal thin white cotton top, with a picture of a skip with the word 'CUM' in bold black letters beside it clearly spelling out the message 'cum dump' to anyone not totally entranced by my pert little breasts, tightly secured my décolletage. The shirt was in fact little more than a cut off T-shirt so minimal in size that it barely covered the bra, and in no way concealed my 'pumped up' chest and left my very expensive belly button piercing clearly displayed. Alas, the same was true of my multiple tattoos, all of which were left uncovered by the top or the pathetic excuse for a skirt Anna had me force over my newly enlarged ass.

This 'masterpiece' of satirical elegance comprised of little more than a twelve inch wide strip of cloth made up of two different pieces; the first and top most piece was crocheted from vivid turquoise material, the lower strip was white pleated cotton. The end result was that the top piece was to all intents see-through, while the lower portion was so light it rode up when ever I turned slightly. The skirt was so short as to barely conceal my ass cheeks when I stood perfectly still, while the slightest motion would send its hem swinging and twirling in such a way as to afford anyone close by an uninhibited view of my tanned and unprotected buttocks.

Anna had me balance atop a pair of bright red shoes, complete with gold ankle strap buckles and clear plastic heels six inches tall with two inch soles while she completed the ensemble with a whole truck load of cheap costume jewelry. A large red plastic love heart dangled atop my impressively deep cleavage, while an obviously paste diamond choker encircled my neck and fifty, yes fifty; I counted them, fifty metal bracelets, twenty-five on each wrist, jangled noisily every time I moved my hideously manicured hand the slightest. The jangling of my bracelets was, alas, drowned out by the cacophony emanating from my earrings.

Two giant gold hoops easily eight inches in diameter were secured through the top holes in each ear. Immediately below those were two massive chandelier affairs comprising of paste diamonds that hung low enough to rest on each shoulder. Beneath these were two pairs of loose hanging bells set up in such a way so as to bang and clang together with just

about the slightest movement of my heavily coiffured head. In the last, odd , piercing in my left ear was a bright pink love hearts made from thick plastic emblazoned with the words "I LOVE TO SUCK COCK!"

After drenching me in what was obviously a cheap knockoff of 'Lovely Sarah Jessica Parker' perfume, so that I literally stunk like the cheap whore I was obviously dressed as.

Satisfied I was ready for my date, Anna had me pack some supplies in my wretched purse. These consisted of all the usual accrements, namely twenty assorted condoms, a large tube of KY jelly, the large black vibrator, four tampons, more cosmetics, the pair of panties we had selected from that day's washing from the whore house – no doubt a pair of Joy's judging by the slimy deposits barely contained by the gusset and from the words 'TOTAL WHORE' written in black marker on the front – to be carried as my spare pair in case my current pair got 'ruined somehow.' My driver license, but no credit cards or money completed the contents of the ugly little clear pink plastic purse I would drag around with me all night.

With nothing further to do, Anna had me lick her out for the fifty minute before Roger arrived to find me with my head buried between her thighs as she rode me like a bucking bronco, delighted in the carnage she wrought on my heavily made up face.

Pausing only long enough to give my a very thorough tonsil examination, Roger pushed me out the front door where i was appalled to find his motorbike standing there ready to whisk me off to begin that nights depravity.

End of part eleven, to be continued...

Please send your comments to [candy.runt@yahoo.com](mailto:candy.runt@yahoo.com) I will continue to answer them all.

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