

## The Anniversary

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### PART 1.

This was to be the evening; the one where I dropped to one knee and proposed to Joy, my girlfriend of exactly five years, that she agree to become my wife. I had, or at least I thought I had, everything planned. Joy was to arrive at around seven PM for a quiet dinner at my house – nothing unusual there as Joy was a teacher at an inner city high school employed to teach sophomore math, and I was reasonably successful in my self-owned web creation business that I ran from a small office at the back of my house. Anyway, Friday evenings were traditionally our stay-in evenings where we both started to unwind from the rigors of the week. But tonight there was something special awaiting Joy in here desert – a single carat engagement ring that I planned for to find, and hopefully not eat, as I made some excuse for being knelt at her side. As I said, tonight was the night, or at least it was until Anna showed up.

Let me give you a little background on Anna - my ex-wife. Anna was beautiful in every physical sense the word conveys, at five foot four inches she was one inch taller than me, but had a lithe athletic body men lust after. She was not terribly well endowed up top, but that was never an issues for me because I never figured a scrawny 5' 3" hippy like myself would never stand a chance with someone as pretty and attractive as Anna was. Yes, she was a looker, but mentally? Mentally she was a mess. A couple of years into our marriage it became obvious that Anna had some serious jealousy issues, if she even thought I was looking at another woman when we out shopping, then I would hear all about it for the next two days – how I preferred that woman because she had bigger breasts than Anna's perfectly adequate 34B's, or how I secretly wanted a blonde wife and not the brunette I was actually so happy to be with. On and on she would go. At first I argued that this was not that case, that this was absolute nonsense as I was perfectly content with her the way she was, but after month upon month of repeated behavior, I guess I just hushed up, let her have her rant and just tried to be the good, faithful, and quiet husband.

Well, it was around this time, three and a bit years into our marriage, that Joy came into the picture. I was contracted by the school Joy worked at to produce a website that would enable the parents of troubled children to go online and monitor their kid's progress. Joy, as the head of the mathematics department was involved as it was their department who provided the statistical analysis of the kid's grades each week. The program was a success and led to quite a bit of work within the school district, as well as one or two neighboring districts as well – not bad business for a one-man show operating from his house.

It also led Joy to contact me regarding the creation of a website for a charity she was involved with that sought to find good homes for the areas stray dog population. Nothing terribly clever about it, just an online database of the different dogs in need of families willing to take care of them.

It was during this work that Joy and I became good friends – nothing more than friends mind, no matter what Anna thought. We tried the couple's thing – Joy was dating some guy named Roger who I thought was a bit of a jerk, though I made sure I never voiced or displayed this opinion to anyone. But Anna took an immediate dislike to Joy for some reason and it quickly became apparent that the couples thing was not going to work for us. I continued to see Joy, much to Anna's chagrin – she took to calling Joy Barbie because of her blonde hair and voluptuous figure – but I was determined not to let Anna's jealousy destroy another innocent friendship. Looking back on things now, hindsight reveals this was not the wisest course of action, but I stood by my guns, let Anna have her rant and rave, and continued to meet Joy for the occasional lunch or after work drink. The fact that these meeting rarely if ever involved only the two of us, there were usually other friends or colleagues of Joy's present too, never made a difference to Anna, she just grew more and more incensed about my 'secret little meetings with my whore Barbie.'

## PART 2.

Well it was about this time that another seemingly innocent event took place that would later have a major impact upon my life took place. The event was Halloween and a friend of Anna's from the local Target store where Anna was employed as the manager of ladies wear department, was hosting their annual costume ball. This year Anna had determined that we would go as the famous gangster couple; Bonnie and Clyde – the twist being that I was to be Bonnie and Anna Clyde.

While helping me dress, Anna insisted I get into the part fully so had me shave my entire body, she noticed that the sensations of the silken underwear and nylon stockings were getting me visibly aroused.

“So you like dressing up in women's clothes do you Alan?” she sneered.

“Well... no, but they do feel wonderfully smooth against my skin. I guess it's the shaving that's made me more sensitive” I answered.

Anna, who was wearing little other than her suit pants, her pert little breasts jutting forth so wonderfully before she strapped them out of site with the ace bandage she held, responded “Nonsense, I think we've got ourselves a little sissy here, tell me 'wittle sissy' do you like the feel of the pretty panties upon your naked little tush?”

She had moved in on me and was pressing me back towards our bed in a very arousing, though decidedly predatory manner. Teetering atop the unfamiliar heels, I had no choice but to retreat before her. When my calves banged against the foot of the bed and I could retreat no farther, she pressed home her advantage and pushed me back upon our bed.

“I think our little sissy find it exciting to be all dressed up as a pretty lady, go on, admit it?” she had quickly followed me onto the bed and in no time had managed to climb atop of me, thus pinning me beneath her as she continued “So tell me 'wittle sissy' do you dress up in my clothes often?”

This question so surprised me that I was unable to immediately form an answer, a delay she took as a sign of confirmation, and as started to splutter an honest denial that I had never once worn her clothes, she surprised me further by announcing “Candice tells me she used to dress you up as a little girl when you were kids!”

The fact that one of my darkest secrets was known to anyone else came as a total surprise to me. Anna used my moment of stunned relaxation to wrench my hands up over my head before securing them to the headboard with the Ace bandage she still held.

With Anna straddling my chest and my hands securely bound above me, I was powerless beneath her, a fact she was well aware of and would utilize to maximum advantage.

Within twenty minutes she had gotten the whole sordid tale of how as a twelve year old my sister, Candice, four years my senior, had made me dress up in her clothes and wear her makeup. This was the least of it as Candice had then pushed me into the family's front room where our 97 year old aunt Dottie was waiting to talk with her niece. For the next three hours I was made to pretend to be Candice and engage our thankfully half-blind and senile aunty in trivial conversation while Candice, and two of her friends she had quickly summoned, laughed themselves silly outside the door.

When, at last, our aunt had left, quite convinced that she had passed the afternoon in the delightful company of her sixteen year old niece Candice, I was made to continue acting the young girl as Candice and her two friends – one of whom, Bernie, I had always had a major crush on – dragged me along OUTSIDE for ice cream and then some silly chick flick, all the while dressed and made-up like a sixteen year old girl. The only redeeming factor had been that as Candice knew of my infatuation with Bernie, she made certain that it was always Bernie who cuddled and chided me into each new act of potential humiliation.

As Anna now sat straddling my chest her questioning became more and more insistent, “Did I enjoy playing Candice? What did she make me wear? Did I carouse with any boys?” on and on it went, all the while she made sure to keep me aroused through a combination of rubbing the silken hem of my dress against my panty entrapped penis and by her breathing softly upon my ear, whispering all the things she would love to do with me as Candice, or Candy as she shortened her name to. On and on, until I

realized my only way to gain release, either sexual or physical, was to acquiesce to her demands and confess, albeit somewhat falsely, that yes, I did enjoy dressing as a woman.

Unfortunately, this confession, although undoubtedly extracted under duress, only served to open the flood gates for a new line of inquisition.

“Does it make you feel sexy wearing panties?” and “Will you be Candy for me, whenever I want you to be?” or “Just imagine the fun we could have as two sexy girls all dressed and out on the town looking for some real men!”

It was at this point that her administrations to my straining prick, she was now to all intents giving me a hand job with the dress' hemline clutched tightly around my panty encased cock, finally proved to much for me to endure a moment later and my cock began twitching uncontrollably in her hand.

Anna quickly released me so that my cock set about the task of emptying my swollen testicles seemingly all of it's own volition, remarking sarcastically “Well you really do like the prospect of getting yourself a real man I see, look, you've made a mess in your panties just thinking about getting all dressed up and trawling the clubs for a hard cock. What a fag.”

These last words really hit home to my already depleted confidence. Was I really some sort of homosexual? I mean, I did find the sensations of the feminine attire I was dressed in definitely erotic, as I had when Bernie had been beside me all those many years back

Leaving me still bound to the head board, my panties now a sodden mess of congealing cum, Anna used another bandage to strap her small breasts completely out of site and then finished dressing in the old style three piece suit she had rented for the occasion. Quick application of an eyeliner pencil provided her with an adequate moustache, and then it was my turn.

Bringing her complete make up case over to our bed, Anna causally remarked “You know, I was reading the other day that Bonnie was originally a prostitute and right up to her death continued to dress and act like one...”

I did not like the sound of this; either her voice or what she was saying.

“So I guess we had better make you up realistically then...”

For the next forty-five minutes Anna sat upon my chest, my head trapped between her powerful thighs, and applied all manner of weird and wonderful cosmetics to me, including a pair of very alien feeling false eyelashes.

Her next treat was to pad out my 'breasts' with several pairs of her panties, recovered from the dirty laundry box by the bathroom door, so her odor was always present, until I sported an unrealistically large bodice.

All the while this was going on Anna was telling me how much she loved having Candy as 'her sister' and the fun we would have tonight. At the same time she made certain to keep 'accidentally' brushing against my once again erect penis with some part or other of her masculine attired, but still unmistakable feminine, body.

When my make up was complete, and she had brushed out my shoulder length hair until it crackled and sparkled with static electricity, then used several colorful clips to secure it back in what I had little doubt would be very femme style, she made to climb off my augmented chest, but seeing my penis poking a very lady like bulge in the front of my panties and white dress, remarked “Wow, you really do get off on this sissy thing don't you Candy”

My objections were quickly overridden, in no small part by the evidence poking forth so noticeably. Regardless of the cause, Anna was determined to milk the situation for all it was worth. “If I had known what a little faggot you were we could have saved a lot of money on clothing, we could have shared a wardrobe – sure, you being so small (I was actually only one inch shorter but she knew this was a sore spot for me) not everything would fit, and you appear to like sluttier styles than I do, but we sure could have saved some money.”

My spluttered objections that she was being ridiculous were quickly muted as she took a painful grip upon my still visibly hard manhood before easing her grip to one infinitely more pleasurable as she continued "Tell me Candy, do you think you'll get lucky tonight?"

My concentration was lost as I fought to resist the wonderful sensations of her hand sliding up and down my silk clad penis.

"I bet you do" she went on uninterrupted "I bet you'll be out looking for a man with a good hard stiff cock for you to suck on tonight, go on, tell me that isn't true, do you want us to find you a nice hard cock to worship tonight?"

A simple 'no' would have saved me a lifetime of anguish, but I am afraid to confess I was too caught up in here administrations, and when she ceased rubbing my cock, I did the only thing I knew would make her recommence. I answered her with a weak "Yes... Oh God, please..."

That was undoubtedly what she wanted to hear, for she immediately took to once again providing me such wonderful pleasure with her hand as she went on unheeded "Well maybe we can do that tonight, maybe we'll be able to find Candy a man with a wonderfully hard cock for you to feast upon. Hey, maybe that guy Raj will be there, I heard he swings both ways and you know he has something of a 'thing' for you!"

If I had been paying the slightest attention I can assure you I would have most vociferously voiced my objections to that plan, as Raj was an obviously gay Indian gentlemen who worked menswear at Anna's store and who had on at least one occasion made obvious and unsubtle propositions my way. But once again, Anna had timed things to perfection, and rather than break loose spluttering my natural and well founded objections, I simply lay there, lost in the flood of emotions my fast approaching orgasm brought forth as I gasped "Yes, yes, oh please, yes!" before once again depositing a sizable load of sticky white cum in my already sodden panties.

With the sound of my heart thumping loudly in my ears as my orgasm overcame me, I did not pay the slightest attention to my wife as she cooed "Well then, we will just have to see if we can't make your dreams come true and perhaps organize a little action between Candy and Raj."

Then hopping off me fluidly, she announced, "One more addition and I think we're good to go!" and ignoring my repeated requests to be permitted to change my horribly gooey underwear, she disappeared into the bath room, returning with something held, not too secretively, behind her back.

"Let me see how bad those panties are, let me see what kind of mess you've made of them. Come on, up off the bed and turn around."

Not pausing for a moment to question her motives, I did as I was bade and stood once more upon my teetering heels beside the bed.

"Go on, bend over and lift up your skirt" she ordered in a voice that did not beg room for discussion. I did as she told me and bent over at the waist, at the same time lifting the flared hem of my white dress up over my bottom.

"They don't look so bad" she announced, and before I could make a move to stop her, she held me firmly in place with one hand while the other slid a condom up my unprotected rear.

I stifled a yelp at the sensation of the unfamiliar intruder as Anna quickly removed the inserter before none too gently yanking my frilly panties once more up into place. By genitals once more bathed in the horrid sensation of two deposits of cooled jism.

Once released, I span around to strenuously argue the point with my darling wife, only to be caught in a sickly cloud of her perfume as she drenched me, and I mean drenched me, in spray after spray of Coco perfume. I was still seeking to regain my breathe when Anna reached over to the book shelf and removed the video camera she had at some inopportune time placed, running of course, upon the middle from top shelf with an unhindered view of the debauchery she had just instigated.

"I will just go and put this somewhere safe, while you, my dearest Candy, gather up your purse and shawl, touch up your lip gloss and prepare for our departure. I was just to shocked to do anything other than comply, so while Anna stashed the evidence of my humiliation, I dimly touched up my hideous new visage, noting that I looked nothing like the famous gangster's moll, no, I looked more like a present day 'Gangsta's' who.'

Looking back on it now, the party was only moderately embarrassing as Raj was there with his new boyfriend, so Anna's threats to pair me off with him really came to little more than having him feel me up a few times, and then one slow dance where Anna gave me very strict instructions to hang off him, and while she skillfully distracted Raj's new beau to prevent him from watching us to closely on the dance floor, Raj was free to take liberties with me – which he clearly did, forcing his tongue halfway down my throat while squeezing my ass cheeks quite painfully.

Anna, of course, was delighted with the show I was forced to provide, hinging off Raj's shoulders as he slowly raised the hem of my dress until my stocking tops and nearly my cum soaked panties, were displayed for all to see. She was especially delighted with what the performance did to my already less than stellar reputation among her friends. Many openly sneering about what a little queer I was, and how they could never understand what poor Anna had seen in me in the first place.

Thankfully, Raj and his mate had to leave early, so I was spared any more humiliations at, quite literally, his hands

End of part two, to be continued. Please send your comments to [candy.runt@yahoo.com](mailto:candy.runt@yahoo.com)

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