

The Anniversary – Part 10

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

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## Chapter 12.

After my second breakfast, the first being taken between Anna's thighs, of more terribly fatty foods, that I now realized were connected to the evil suction bra and injections I was being subjected to. The fat from the food somehow going directly to the site of the multiple injections with the result that I skipped up another cup size, there being no denying the womanly mounds on my chest, nor the increased girth of my buttocks. When I moved quickly now there was an awful sensation, what I can only describe as a sort of jiggling, from my chest where the fatty tissue bounced around in a most un-masculine manner.

Of course both Anna and Roger were quick to notice and so delighted in having me run all over the house wearing nothing other than a pair of five inch stiletto heels, delighting in the way my enlarged nipples danced and jiggled around as I moved quickly from room to room.

In preparation for my dig date night to Roger, I was dispatched for another torture session with Yvonne, with strict instructions that I was to receive 'the works' ahead of my 'big night with one of my men friends.'

Suitably attired in an incredibly form fitting leopard skin dress, the waist cinching and bust enhancing corset and the badly soiled tiny thong panty from Ty's hooker riding up my ass but still clearly discernible through the thin and elastic material of the tiny dress, which was so small it kept riding up my silken thighs and worse, down my newly formed bosoms. Of course my makeup was the usual full on slut effect, and way too much cheap jewelry made it impossible to miss me as I seemingly flounced and jangled my way towards my local bus stop, all too well aware of the way my breasts surged as I teetered atop my heels.

The journey upon public transport was, for once, not too bad. Due to several factors; the worst of my tattoos were concealed beneath the gossamer thin material of my dress, I looked passably feminine, and, thanks goodness, the worst of rush hour had passed as I stood self consciously at the back of the bus, hoping to minimize the curious stares I would receive from the few other travelers upon the bus.

Of course Yvonne was just delighted to see me, having me instantly strip naked and parade around her store so they could all admire the humiliating new ink and my feminine curves.

"So tell me Faggy darling," snarled Yvonne as she read the indelibly artwork on my back, "how does it feel to be made somebody's bitch?"

"Well Your Devine Majesty Her Highness, it is quite painful really" I honestly replied, but Yvonne was having none of that.

"Oh go on, tell the truth, I bet you just love having some big old nigger boy cock jammed up your filthy little asshole, I bet you beg them to ass fuck you hard and long. Isn't that the truth faggy?"

Knowing no alternative but compliance was open to me, I unquestioningly replied "Why, yes it is Your Devine Majesty Her Highness, you know this pathetic little cock sucking sissy too well, she loves riding big black cocks really."

"I knew it" she gloated, "I just knew a wretched little queer like you would be a slave to a real man's cock. Tell me, do you like to spit or swallow?"

Again, the answer was clearly preordained, “Pathetic little cock sucking sissy likes to swallow their cum Your Devine Majesty Her Highness.”

“See, I knew it again faggy, I know your sort, the pathetic little sissy queers who try to pretend they don’t really want to be ass fucked and orally raped, but secretly love every depraved minute of it.” Laughing openly as I squirmed, still naked before her, she pressed on, “Tell me faggy, are your little titties big enough for you to be titty fucked yet, or do you have to settle for your boyfriends just sucking hard upon your filthy little nipples while you gargle on their cum?”

Burning red with the shame of having to make such wretched and false confession in front of the five assembled women who hung on our every word, I responded as I was conditioned to “No, pathetic little cock sucking sissy’s breasts are not big enough for her to give titty fucks yet, but pathetic little cock sucking sissy does love it when they suck on her teats as she swallows all their lovely cum.”

“Go on faggy, why don’t you show us how your little titties bounce when you do some jumping jacks for us? Show us what a little sissy you’re becoming”

So I got to perform jumping jacks on the spot for about ten minutes while they all had a royal hoot and a holler at my expenses as I glowed red from a combination of shame and effort as I fought to keep balanced atop my five inch heels and by budding breasts and little peter clit jumped and jiggled with every leap. Yvonne had me throw my arms high into the air in a rotating fashion while I leapt as high as I could while thrusting my legs as wide apart as possible before landing atop the dangerously spiked heels in a flouncing mass of platinum curls and vigorously bouncing breasts.

Satisfied that she had wrung maximum humiliation from this situation, Yvonne had me put ‘my disgusting whore panties’ back on and take a seat at front of shop, ensuring my humiliation was maximized as anyone entering, or even passing, the store would be ‘treated’ to the sight of me sitting there in nothing more than a skimpy, and let’s not deny it, skanky, pale pink pair of panties who’s already odoriferous condition had not been improved by my recent strenuous workout.

To ensure I did not get to comfortable; never a realistic likelihood in Yvonne’s company, she affixed a large clothes pin to each of my now distended nipples. The pain was incredible as I had not realized how sensitive my newly engorged nipples had become. This ‘discomfiture’ was increased ten-fold by Yvonne’s liking for flicking or pulling upon them painfully from time to time. Just “To make sure I didn’t doze off dreaming of all the big cocks I was going to suck” as Yvonne so poetically put it.

For my big date out with Roger, Yvonne primped my hair to new heights, changing the highlight color from pink to what she described as ‘a more whorish’ look comprising of darker streaks mixed with a slightly ‘yellow,’ more traditional peroxide blonde. The only thing that didn’t change was the amount and volume of the curls. When she was finally done, I looked like a super-slutty version of Farah Fawcett’s Charlie’s Angles character.

To emphasize this look she made me up like a total whore. My already tattoo lined eyes were further emboldened by too much eye liner so that I looked more Panda than human, but this was nothing compared to the masses of eye shadow she troweled on.

When my false eyelashes were glued in place, top and bottom of course, and coated with layer after layer of glutinous black mascara, and was finally permitted to see the fruits of her labors, I was appalled to see the combination of pink, purple and sky blue cosmetics she had used to surround my naturally blue eyes.

This, along with too much ‘dusky pink’ blusher and a vivid red lipstick coated with coat after coat of frosty lip-gloss, to give me that “freshly face fucked” look completed the look of a thoroughly immoral young lady ready for a night of prowl for ‘fresh meat.’

My finger nails, now a minimum of a full three quarters of an inch beyond where my finger ended, were a foul combination of pink to about half way up the nail, where it ended with a bark red line running diagonally across, and were tipped with brilliant white in what Yvonne described as a 'French' style "very popular with the hookers and porn stars."

My toe nails were the exact shade or red as my lips so that' as Yvonne so lyrically put it, "they would compliment each other when I was bent double receiving a nice slow ass fucking!"

Satisfied with her morning's work, Yvonne roughly removed the clothes pins from my nipples. The pain as the blood returned to the stiff points was almost worse than when the pins were pinching them. She then forced me back into my corset, insisting on tightening it, with the aid of two of her employees, until I could barely breathe much less bend over. She then roughly grabbed my developing breasts and manhandled them to assure them maximum exposure, the very sore nipples featuring very prominently through the filmy fabric of the little leopard skin dress.

End of part ten, 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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