

The Anniversary – Parts 3, 4 and 5.

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PART 3.

Anyway, in many ways, that night set in motion a sequence of event that would eventually lead to Anna and I getting divorce, for coupled to my continuing friendship with Joy, things between Anna and I became stranger and stranger. For one thing, our love making took a decidedly strange twist. Now I have never been especially aggressive in bed, at five foot three and around one hundred and twenty pounds sopping wet I had never been one to 'Lord it over the ladies' and had always considered Anna's interest in me something of a mystery. She had always been the decision maker and tended to take the lead in bed, but this had changed quite dramatically of late.

For now Anna a typical love making session would begin with Anna insisting that I crawl on all fours over to our dirty laundry hamper to select a pair of her panties for me to wear. These I would force on up over my hips trapping my cock and balls tightly within. Then Anna would delight on choosing a 'suitable shade' of lipstick for her "little cock sucking sissy" to wear. I would have to sit still and silent while she decorated my lips with one garish color or another.

All of this was nothing compared to what was to follow. For once Anna was happy that I was suitably emasculated, she would commence her own preparations. Unfortunately these comprised of nothing more than her strapping on her double ended cock harness. This wretched device was designed to afford her maximum pleasure while providing me nothing but pain and discomfort. For once installed one end was positioned inside her pussy, providing constant stimulation to her clit, while the other end was forcibly inserted up my rectum.

Anna would then begin sliding it's not inconsiderable length and girth up and into my bottom in an ever increasing pace.

If she was not so given over to her own lust as to not notice that I lay silent and still below her, she would begin slapping my defenseless buttocks, insisting that I "get into the spirit of things" by moaning false words of encouragement or groans of poorly simulated pleasure, moaning such obviously fake exclamations as 'Oh yes baby, that feels so good, go on pound your meat in to my boy pussy!' or "Yes, yes, yes, Candy loves it when you fuck her little ass!"

This would continue until Anna lay sated and I lay exhausted, used and abused below her.

This unfortunate state of affairs continued for several month until the day Anna decided that the six inch dildo she had been using to anally rape me with was no longer up to the job. When one night she unveiled the new monster, a bright green, viciously nylon studded ten inch monster of a good five inches in girth, I announced enough was enough.

I was no easy task standing before the woman I had loved, dressed in nothing more than a pair of white seamed stockings and black thong panties, but there was no way she was going to force that thing up my ass.

There followed a blistering row, by far the worst we had ever had in our four years of tempestuous marriage, during which Anna called me every horrid name she could think of – and she had a very good imagination. But things got really ugly when Anna changed tack and rounded on my relationship with Joy.

"I bet you'd let that whore fuck you with this" she shouted, waving the monstrous dildo in my face.

"What?" I sputtered, "What are you talking about, which whore"

"Oh it's 'which whore' is it, so there's been more than one, you've been cheating on me with more than just Miss Big Tits Barbie!"

And that was it, that was about the last thing I can remember before Anna stormed out the house, calling over her shoulder “You’ll be sorry you fucking fairy, just you wait and see, I’ll make you pay for cheating on me!”

My cries of innocence – for I had never cheated on Anna, not once – fell on deaf ears as she stormed from our house before tearing out of the driveway in a cloud of blue tire smoke and noise.

PART 4.

The next communication I had with Anna came in the way of a letter from her solicitor stating she was filing for divorce on the grounds of my infidelity and was seeking pretty much everything we owned together by way of compensation.

Well there followed a vicious divorce, but one where I was able to prove successfully that I had not in fact ever cheated on Anna. Upon instruction from Anna, her solicitor then changed tack and accused me of being a homosexual. With the video of me seemingly confessing that I ‘wanted some cock’ at the Halloween party and would gladly submit to Raj’s manly ways it was a tough argument to counter, but I was determined not to cede any ground and advised my solicitor accordingly, and, as it turned out that was the correct thing to do. For though I may not have left the court with my image unsullied – the image of me dressed up like a slutty version of the gangster Bonnie agreeing with Anna that I was looking forward to trawling the party in search of a ‘good hard stiff cock for you to suck on’ would ensure I could never truly hold my head up high, at least I had gotten off Scot free, keeping the house and the majority of our combined assets.

Anna, on the other hand, had gotten a raw deal and left the courthouse with little more than her personal possessions and, after paying all my legal fees, just a few thousand dollars to her name. She refused to so much as look in my direction as she left the building, while I was circled by the few remaining friends who had stood by me throughout the ordeal, Joy among them.

PART 5.

As Joy and I wrapped up dinner, moving towards the ‘special’ dessert, we were interrupted by a sound, something akin to a metal object being drawn across a concrete paver, from outside the French doors leading to my yard. We paused to listen for a moment, but as the sound stopped, we soon returned to discussing the events of the week and thought nothing more of it, until it occurred again, this time louder and longer.

“That’s weird” I remarked, and getting up from the dining table, moved to the French doors to investigate. As I slid them open to poke my head out I was startled by the appearance of a man, a large black man moving rapidly out of the shadows towards me. Worse still was the fact that he appeared to be holding the unmistakable shape of a gun in his right hand. I moved to close the door but he reached me before I could and pushed me, forcibly, back inside and on to the ground.

Joy let out a scream, but I was held transfixed by the wicked looking gun he held, and now pointed in my direction.

“No!” I screamed, but he did not listen and instead fired a single shot aimed right at my chest.

Blackness.

I slowly awoke to too much light and the muffled sounds of someone seemingly gagging on something. Before my eyes adjusted to the lights, I became aware of someone gently stroking my forehead. As my eyes struggled to focus, an image of a smiling female face swam in and out until I was able to hold and concentrate my eyes.

“Anna?” I croaked.

“Yes, that’s right baby” she smiled, though I cannot describe the smile as containing any warmth.

A pained cry from my right caused me to try and turn in that direction, but I couldn't move. It was not as if there were any physical bonds preventing me from turning, rather my body refocused to respond to the commands my brain was sending it, I was completely paralyzed.

"Don't worry baby, it's the tranquilizer." Anna explained, not that it made any sense to my befuddled brain. Sensing this, Anna continued "Ty shot you with a tranq' dart, it really fucks you up for a while but then just leaves you immobilized, you can see, breathe, blink, and maybe even talk a little, but that's about it. Of course, you being the little sissy bitch you are, you fainted as soon as you saw him, Christ, you're pathetic"

As much as I wanted to listen to my hateful ex-wife insult me, I was finding the strange, wet noises emanating from my right very distracting, a fact Anna noticed by my frequency attempts to look in that direction.

Ever quick on the uptake, Anna commented "You wondering what's making all that noise there baby?"

My eyes conveyed the affirmative, so Anna barked out "Move the cunt closer and in front of him."

As I lay with Anna still stroking my long hair from out of my eyes, a large black man dragged something in front of me.

"Go on" ordered Anna, position her right over him, I want to see the look in his eyes when he sees you triple plug his precious Barbie."

With that, the man, aided by two other, equally large, black men dragged a sobbing Joy into my view. They positioned us so that I lay paralyzed beneath Joy's hips, and then the fun commenced – or at least it did for three men and Anna. For the three men set about my darling fiancé with vigor, forcing their unwanted attentions upon her in a most vile and degrading manner. Within a space of minutes she had an unbelievably large black cock in her ass, pussy, and deep within her throat.

No consideration was given to her well being as I thought she would surely pass out from lack of oxygen as the massive dong cut off all air from her, while the other two pounded mercilessly in and out of her, mere inches above my face.

Anna dropped down beside me, "Does it make you hot to see three real men pounding on your slut?"

I tried to tell her exactly what I thought of her and her friends, but she moved out of my line of sight commenting "Well let's see shall we, if you really love Barbie Big Tits I'm certain there's no way I'll ever be able to make you hard..."

And as my believe Joy was raped mere inches from my face, the smell and sounds of her defilement impossible for me to ignore, the bitch I had once asked to marry me, set about removing my pants and underwear.

As she slid what was unmistakable a pair of silken panties up my legs, she directed one of the men "Spread your legs a bit there Koby, that's it lower your package onto his face."

And so as Anna began stroking my flaccid cock and fondling my testicles, the assailant assaulting poor Joy's previously virgin ass lowered his testicles until they were bouncing all over my face. Paralyzed as I was I could do nothing to prevent his large sweaty balls from bouncing all over my face, and when he reached down to force open my mouth, I could do nothing to prevent him tea-bagging me as he dropped one large testicle right inside my mouth. And to make matters even worse, I could sense my turgid member slowly responding under Anna's skilled ministrations.

Anna, of course was quick to note my response too, remarking to Joy "You see cunt, he's enjoying watching you get royally fucked by three ex-pupils. See?" She pushed the man who had been feeding my beloved a good nine inches of solid black man meat aside, and taking a handful of Joy's lovely blond hair, pulled hard until Joy was confronted with the evil evidence of my betrayal.

By pulling still harder on Joy's hair, Anna was able to force my loves mouth upon my cock. "I'll bet he'll really get off having a whore like you suck his cock while your two friends pound your worn out ass and pussy."

Not surprisingly, this act did not serve to stimulate me, a fact Anna was quick to turn to her advantage.

“No, looks like you’re not such a skilled cock sucker after all, well never mind, Eric here’s not so fussy, and you seemed to be doing OK on his prong, maybe Alan’s tiny cock is too small to interest you.” Ignoring Joy’s sobs of anguish, she continued “how does it feel Miss Big Tits to have three ex-pupils fucking you so well? Did you ever think these three innocent boys you schemed to have expelled would come back and get even so wonderfully, filling your whore ass, cunt and mouth with such wonderful pricks?”

“Well never mind, ‘cause Tyron here runs a brothel down town, and guess what fat tits? Your gonna be the star attraction, I guess there’s a whole lot of brothers willing to pay a lot of cash for a fat piece of blonde ass like yours. Welcome to your new world Miss Barbie Big Tits!”

And with that, totally ignoring the pathetic moans of anguish escaping Joy’s cock stuffed mouth, Anna returned to the task of humiliating us both still further by bringing me to climax while my girlfriend was raped mere inches above me and an unknown black man forced his balls into my paralyzed mouth.

With perfect timing, Anna brought me to climax at the same time as the man abusing poor Joy’s ass pumped a sizeable load into her anus, enjoying farther tormenting me by pulling his still pumping cock nosily from her distended ass, permitting several large globs of his warm cum to drip onto my still upturned face and into my open mouth.

Never one to miss an opportunity to rub an opponents face in it, Anna once more pushed Eric the oral assailant aside to ensure Joy witnessed me cumming wildly. “See Miss Big Tits, that what a real girl does. Still, you’ll certainly get plenty of opportunities to improve your technique where you’re headed. OK, boys, take her skinny ass away, you’ve got her for the night, so make sure you don’t tire yourselves needlessly or too fast.”

With that, a canvas bag was forced over Joys sobbing and tear stained face, before she was bundled unceremoniously and still naked out of my front door.

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

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