

The Anniversary – Parts 6 and 7.

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PART 6.

Still paralyzed, I could only lie helpless, as Anna outline exactly what she had planned for me. She pulled a cushion from the couch and made herself comfortable beside me. Pausing to use her finger nail to drag the cum still laying on my face all over my unprotected visage, Anna started as if nothing had just happened, “We have some history between us, don’t we Alan?” Given that I was paralyzed and so unable to answer, the question was obviously rhetorical and she pressed on regardless, spinning her weird version of the truth as she saw it. “You know, you never should have divorced me, that made me really mad. And taking my house and all my money, well that was just plain unfair. But now we have an opportunity to level the score. Don’t we Alan?”

Again, I could only use my eyes to plead for her to stop this madness, but, not surprisingly, she pushed on regardless. “Yes, indeed we do. So, my pathetic little faggot of an ex-husband, I have decided that I cannot trust Alan, no, you’ve hurt me too badly in the past. But the good news is I think I can trust Candy.”

As she paused to let this latest bit of nonsense sink in, she removed a tube from her purse and, making a great show of opening right before my frozen eyes, opened a tube of candy apple red lipstick. Bending carefully to avoid the cum spattered all around me, Anna expertly applied the vile wax to my lips before continuing. “So I have decided that Alan will have to go, and in his place, will be my own little sissy slave Candy. So as from today, you will no longer be Alan Borne, but will become Candy B. J. Runt...”

Once again, she paused, this time to make sure I appreciated the Spoonerism; Candy Runt become, by the simple feat of swapping the first letters from each name Randy Cunt. There was no need to explain the significance of the ‘B. J.’

She stood at this point and moved from my field of view. Still talking as she did so “Yes indeed, Miss Candy B.J. Runt, we have a great future planned for you. We’re going to completely transform you from the pathetic cock sucking man you currently are, to an even more pathetic cock sucking sissy.

“But first, you and I have some unfinished business” and with that she moved back into my view sporting the wretched lime green dildo that had finally driven me to refuse to be her pussy whipped husband any longer.

“Oh yes indeed, it’s time for Candy to become intimately familiar with the first of a great many cocks.”

And without further ado she flipped me over, pulled my panties aside and none too gently, eased the monster dildo, un-lubricated, inch by painful inch up my defenseless ass, all the while telling me how good it was to have her sissy bitch back.

PART 7.

Week 1

It turns out that the first stage in both Joy’s and my new life was to be turned in to degenerate drug addicts. This was, so they could guarantee our complete compliance and ensure we did not stray far from our prisons – mine was my house, whereas Joy’s was somewhere much worse.

But bit by bit, they broke us both until neither could imagine going anywhere else, or doing anything other than obeying their every depraved whim.

Surprisingly, other than the occasional ass fucking with the 'vile green mile,' as I called Anna's strap-on, I was left unchanged. I was not stupid enough to think this was through any form of compassion, no, I knew Anna had something more evil planned for me, and soon enough, one morning as I was presenting my abused ass to Anna for her to fuck, so that I could earn my all important fix, I learned what it was.

As she mounted me, Anna casually remarked, "You know, I think it's time for us to step up your sissyfication program."

Wincing from the discomfort – it was no longer so much painful as uncomfortable to have my ex-wife ream my ass with a large studded dildo – I did not answer as I had been left in no doubt what was in store for me, this was inevitable.

Lunging hard behind me, Anna continued "Yes, today's the day. But I thought I would make it interesting for us. So what we have done is combine some powerful pharmaceuticals – a combination of strong female hormones, testosterone blockers and other nice stuff - with your fix. As well as making you a compliant little ass-slave, you are already well on your way to becoming the perfect little sissy slut. But to make it really interesting, I have decided to make you work for your fix and fluff – get it, drugs and feminization drugs makes fix and fluff!"

Still grimacing through the humiliating ass pounding she was so enjoying administering to me, I was determined not to give her the satisfaction of any answer.

Anna pressed on regardless. "So this morning, to earn your fix and fluff, you have to take the first stage of the fluff."

Despite my determination not to answer, there could be no denying the importance of me getting my fix. I had to know where it was, I had to know what she was talking about. "Wha... ugh... what do you mean?"

Building momentum as she enjoyed both the sexual stimulation her end of the dildo was providing her as she maintained a steady pace upon my poor ass, plus the knowledge of the complete power she had over me now, she delightfully announced "Oh yes, my darling little ass bandit, today you get to visit my good friend Yvonne's salon for a full make over. Only once Yvonne is satisfied with her work, will your fix be given to you to give to yourself."

This was not good news; firstly, Yvonne had never liked me as she thought I was not good enough for her 'darling Anna,' and secondly, I knew exactly what her salon was; it was a high priced beauty salon specializing in the more wild hair and cosmetic fashions.

"Now I know it's going to be a long day for you sweet cakes, so mommies going to give you a little something to tide you over" she cooed, "but this time, you get to learn to do it all by yourself like a big girl."

And so I got to learn how to tie myself off before injecting all sorts of shit into my arm. My tears were very real, though you would never have guessed so from Anna's response. "Oh, does the poor little cock sucker feel sorry for herself? Well maybe you should have thought about such things before you changed in to such a cock craving fag!"

There was no point in trying to argue the point with her, I had tried and failed countless times before, and after each attempt, she seemed to get a little bit meaner.

And so I got to travel by bus, still wearing Anna's dirty panties, though thankfully sans lipstick, to Yvonne's West Side salon. For once, Yvonne was happy to see me, though the same could definitely not be said for me.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't our precious little princess" she crowed as the receptionist took me back to a private room where Yvonne soon joined me. "Darling Anna has told me all about you, about how I get to do pretty much anything I please with your pathetic faggot ass, and how you'll be a good little sissy just so long as you get your precious fix of drugs. Well guess what your pathetic piece of shit? You're going to have to work damn hard to please me, otherwise guess which little cock sucking queer's going to be going cold turkey? You understand me bitch?"

This last part was spat with such venom that I had no cause to doubt the sincerity of her threats and so answered docilely while staring at my feet "Yes Yvonne."

"Yvonne? What makes you think you have the right to answer me as an equal, no, no, no. from now on you can call me... let me see, yes, that will do nicely, you can call me 'Your Devine Majesty Her Highness Yvonne'! Got it faggot?"

"Yes... OK" I meekly stammered.

Yvonne was on me in a flash, her right hand lashing out to catch me hard across my cheek. I needed no mirror to know such a blow would leave a vivid red imprint of her hand.

"Don't you get it you piece of shit? If you want your precious drugs, you're gonna have to kowtow to me. You're gonna have to obey my every whim. Now let's try that again, do you understand my new name?"

I had no choice, "Yes Your Devine Majesty Her Highness Yvonne, I understand."

Her face lit with a cruel smile, "And that's another thing, from now on, I want you to refer to yourself in the third party, no more 'me' or 'I', you're to refer to yourself as... 'the pathetic little cock sucking sissy' do you understand? Go on, let's hear you give it a try."

Biting back on my tongue because I knew as long as Yvonne had my drugs, she held all the cards, I quietly responded "Yes Your Devine Majesty Her Highness Yvonne, the pathetic little cock sucking sissy understands."

Relishing her new found power, Yvonne responded "I'm sorry faggot, I didn't quite catch that, please be sure to speak loudly and clearly at all times, and make sure you are never looking at me when you address me. Now let's try that again shall we."

Staring at my feet I repeated in a louder voice that no doubt could be heard in the adjacent rooms "Yes Your Devine Majesty Her Highness Yvonne, the pathetic little cock sucking sissy understands."

Clearly delighted with the humiliation she was unloading upon me, she then ordered me to strip off all my clothes, though changed her mind when Anna's yellow panties were revealed, "Oh, aren't they so precious. Tell you what faggy, why don't you go and get both of us a nice glass of wine so we can get working on the new you!"

Clearly, this last instruction was nothing more than a means to get me traipsing around the salon dressed in nothing more than a pathetically inadequate yellow thong. And as such, it was a huge success as Yvonne refused to tell me where the wine was kept, requiring me to enter each room and request of the occupants "Excuse me, but could you please tell this pathetic little cock sucking sissy if there is any wine here?" You will notice the question I was instructed to ask only permitted a yes or no answer, and not one that might quickly steer me to my goal. So I ended up pretty much humiliating myself in every room before finally locating the small refrigerator and pouring two glasses of Chablis.

I returned to the private room and handed one glass to Yvonne, who was perusing a large glossy book of hair designs.

"Here you go faggy," she handed me the book, "I need to get a few things ready, and while I do, you check out the hair styles I've marked with a Post-it note and choose which one you'd prefer."

"Thank you Your Devine Majesty Her Highness Yvonne" I obediently answered taking the book from her.

I was not overly surprised to see that the four selections available to me were the most girly coiffures imaginable, but I duly studied all six, preparing my justification for selecting what was, by the slimmest of margins, the least 'frou-frou' style available to me.

When Yvonne returned carrying all sorts of beautician's paraphernalia, I showed her my selection, remarking "Pathetic little cock sucking sissy thinks this would be the best style for him Your Devine Majesty Her Highness Yvonne."

Yvonne studies my selection before remarking, "Mmm, good choice faggy, but to be honest, I think I prefer this one."

Taking the book from me she, not surprisingly, showed me the choice that was my least favorite. It comprised of large bangs in front, with the length finely feathered into a cascade of frills, and the past shoulder length curled in a truly feminine fashion. Not

content with the carnage to my masculinity she was set to wrought, Yvonne remarked, "I think we'll add a few tight little ringlets to frame your face, and we're all set to go. Oh, except what about color? What does a little cock sucking sissy like you deserve for hair color."

Recognizing this for the rhetorical question it was, I sat quietly in the styling chair, waiting Yvonne's proclamation as to what my new hair color would be.

"I know!" she presently announced, "Why don't we surprise you. I'm sure little faggots love surprises, don't they faggy?"

"Yes Your Devine Majesty Her Highness Yvonne, the pathetic little cock sucking sissy loves surprises."

"Good, then let's get started."

And so I got to sit there while Yvonne worked furiously on my long brown hair. With the mirror covered and me blindfolded for much of the time, I was unable to see what atrocities she was performing, but knowing the look she was striving to recreate, knew I would not approve. But, if it meant me getting the drugs my wretched body so craved, then so be it.

We were presently joined by two associates of Yvonne; neither was introduced to me, so I said nothing. One commenced work on my fingernails, the other my toes.

For nigh on five hours I sat meekly in the chair as all manner of evil smelling chemicals were applied to my hair, followed by painful curlers – made deliberately as tight and as painful as possible I am sure. The associates completed their work on my nails and left without saying a word to me. While the drier performed its task, Yvonne took great satisfaction from painfully plucking my eyebrows, and even more than piercing my ears countless times before roughly inserting studs. But all this was nothing to her delight at having me stick out my tongue before making a real meal of piercing it without the benefit of any anesthetic and then repeating a similarly painful process on my belly button.

At last, the drier was removed for the final time, and, after much primping and fussing with my hair, Yvonne was satisfied with the result. I was led over, still clad in nothing more than Anna's yellow thong, to a full length mirror and the blindfold removed.

I cannot say what, exactly, I was expecting, but it certainly was not the sight that I now behold. For my previously bland brown hair, who's only concession to styling was to be pulled back into a mannish ponytail, secured by a rubber band, was now a shimmering mass of platinum tresses, with interwoven strands of dark pink to almost reddish orange. Bit the real art, where Yvonne had really exceeded herself was in the way the hair was feathered, with layer upon layer of light fluffy, almost silver hair shimmering around my still unmistakable manly face. Every movement of my head resulted in a shimmering cascade of my perfectly colored and styled mane of pinkish platinum hair.

I hated, no, that's too weaker word, I loathed it.

Yvonne could not be happier with the results, especially as my disdain was so evidently written all over my face. "And don't forget your nails" she laughed.

She was right, such was my disgust with my new curls, I had forgotten all about my finger and toe nails. Now I got to see them for the first time, and did not disappoint Yvonne with my reaction. For my finger nails were now at least a full inch longer than before, plus they were now a horrid looking light blue metallic finish.

"I wanted to make sure no one missed them" laughed Yvonne, and in that she had been one hundred and ten percent successful, for they were so long, and such a hideous color, there was no way anyone could possibly fail to notice them, especially as they were on the hands of what was still a very male looking individual.

"We thought we'd keep your toes more conventionally feminine though" commented Yvonne, making certain no nuance of my humiliation was left unnoticed. Sure enough, my toenails had been in the 'traditional' French fashion, with the nail itself a delicate shade of translucent pink, while the tip was painted white.

“All in all, a most productive day, don’t you think faggy?” There was no doubt Yvonne was thoroughly enjoying herself.

“Yes Your Devine Majesty Her Highness Yvonne, your pathetic little cock sucking sissy agrees it was a most productive day.”

“Tell me cock sucker, do you like the changes we’ve made today?”

What could I say. To tell the truth would somehow lead to further trouble, so I meekly agreed “Yes Your Devine Majesty Her Highness Yvonne, this pathetic little cock sucking sissy really likes her new hair and nails.”

“And don’t forget your lovely piercings; I hear Anna has something special planned for your trim little belly button!”

There could be no missing the multiple ear piercings, I counted four in my left ear and five in the right, and of course both my belly and tongue were far too sore from me to forget about. Talking of sore, my eyes looked back at me, but now they were framed by the unmistakably feminine arches of my newly reshaped eyebrows.

“Here you go faggy, time for you to give yourself some nice curves” this last comment was thrown my way, along with a small leather pouch that I had grown to love – my fix.

Of course I had not anticipated how difficult life with my ghastly new talons would be. I fumbled the catch and the pouch skittered across the floor. Even picking the damn thing up was a chore with the dreadful appendages. They, coupled with the first tremors of my pending addiction, did not make my second ever self medicating experience a smooth one, that plus Yvonne delighting in tying two incredibly girly pink ribbons into my ‘new do.’

“Here you go poof, a quick application of some lipstick and you can be on your way back home. Be sure to tell Anna I send kisses, now be a good faggot and pucker up.”

As the first effects of the drugs – the addictive part that is, I tried not to think about the feminizing agents already coursing through my blood stream – began to settle me, I gladly complied in an act that had become pretty much natural to me, such was the depraved world I was forced to exist in. I puckered my mouth so as to make it easy for Yvonne to apply the dusky pink lipstick, followed by a much darker lip liner – after all, she did have her reputation as a master beautician to think about. When she was finished, I was a mockery. A wretched combination of beauty and the beast, for while the hair, nails, lipstick multiple piercings and high arching eyebrows were unmistakably feminine in the extreme, the rest of my face and body were equally unmistakably, if not especially masculine, then still very definitely male in shape and form.

And so, ignoring the hoots of derision from my fellow passengers, and finding myself inadvertently performing that most feminine of gestures; the hair flick, I rode home on the bus to show Anna ‘the new me.’

Needless to say, she was thoroughly delighted and insisted that I compete the look by wearing one of her old dresses – an awful leopard print number – and a pair of her panty hose and red high heels for dinner that night, remarking “There’s no point giving you a bra to wear as you’ve got nothing up top, but don’t worry my little cock sucking princess, mommies going to take care of that all right. It won’t be long before you’re more than taken care of in that department, don’t you worry, you’ll soon enough be the envy of the cock sucking faggot community. Now do tell me again everything that happened today.”

And so, for the third or fourth time that evening I got to recount the ‘fun’ I had had with Yvonne. Anna thought my having to refer to myself in the third person as “the pathetic little cock sucking sissy a splendid idea and so insisted I did so at home all the time. She also liked the idea of my having to call her by a special title, and after much consideration settled upon ‘Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles.’ Both women having, correctly, identified that having you use such lengthy titles would be definitely more humiliating than a simple ‘Mistress’ title, while my having to constantly refer to myself in such a shameful manner speaks for itself.

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

