

The Anniversary – Part 9 and 10

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PART 9.

Week 3.

You know when you think matters surely cannot get any worse, and they inevitably do? Well that pretty much summed up my daily life.

Week three was the week that I got to meet my true love, Joy, for the first time since our ‘abduction,’ and also the week of my first indelible art. Let me start with the second of these events, for, in truth, this did occur first.

In true Anna fashion, she arranged matters so that I apparently walked voluntarily into a situation that was very, very far from what I wanted for myself, but my personal preferences were not a matter of any concern these days.

That particular Monday, I finished my ‘lunch’ which comprised of Anna force feeding me her large dildo for twenty minutes or so, before ‘orgasming.’ This event comprised of her having a very real orgasm, and pushing the dildo as far down my throat as it could possibly go while squeezing a large bulb which was mounted beneath the dildo so as to look very much like a large pair of testicles. The testicles were pre-filled by Anna with some food stuff, fluid or other miscellaneous ‘stuff’ of Anna’s choosing. Unfortunately today, it was a large measure of semen that she had collected from goodness knows where.

“Go on, there’s a good little sissy bitch, swallow your load like a good little faggot.” She crooned as she forced the dildo’s length all the way down my upturned face and deep into my tightly constrictive throat. “There’s lot’s of protein there, just what a budding little transsexual like you needs to fill out in all the right places. If you’re a really good little sissy slut for mummy today, you might even get to meet the source of all this lovely jis’ later.”

As I tried to keep up with the large quantity of cool jis she was force feeding me, I did not have much time to consider her words, though the next ones inevitably caught my attention.

“there you go you pathetic little cock sucking fairy, drink down all the cum . you love it don’t you bitch, you really enjoy a good bellyful of some unknown man’s jism, you disgusting skank whore. Well today, there’s a good chance you’ll be able to get yourself a few more ‘cock meals’” she laughed at her own unfunny joke before pressing on “Oh yes my little sissy slut, for today we’re having a field trip!”

Unfortunately, this was Anna’s code phrase that meant I would be force to somehow humiliate myself in front of one or more persons unknown so that I might secure the all important fix.

Finally tiring of slapping my face with the enormous plastic cock, Anna retreated to her desk to recover a piece of paper on what was written an address. “Their expecting you within the hour, so don’t be late. You can wear the outfit I’ve laid out on your bed, but don’t bother with any makeup today, OK super-slag?”

This was such an unusual order as Anna liked me to look my very worst at all times, that I forgot to address her correctly when is answered ‘Yes, Okay Anna...’ too late I realized my mistake and Anna was on me in a flash.

“What did you call me you pathetic excuse for a cock sucking little faggot?”

“I’m sorry, I mean your pathetic little cock sucking sissy is sorry Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, I promised, I mean pathetic little cock sucking sissy promises it won’t ever happen again...” but I could see my pleading was having no effect, if anything, my repeated use of the forbidden word “I” (I was to refer to myself in the third person as pathetic little cock sucking sissy at all times) had made her even more mad.

“Right, that’s it” she screamed, her once pretty face mere inches from mine, “you’re going to regret that little mistake Miss Cocksucking Candy, I can assure you!”

With that she backed off ,ordering me “Go and get dressed, but put the red shoes on, not the black ones I left out for you. When you’re ready, wait in the hall as I have some extra work to do now in view of your inability to follows simple instructions, now go! Get out of my sight.”

I quickly retreated upstairs.

The clothes left out on the bed for me did not disappoint, or rather they did, as they were typical attire for Anna’s little sissy slave.

Once I was showered, and suitably shaved in the crotch area, I fussed about for the thirty odd minutes it took me these days to get my revolting platinum blond hair washed, dried, brushed and then lacquered into what ever ridiculous style Anna demanded of it. Today was a little easier than usual as all I had to do was tie it back into two pigtails high upon the crown of my head. Once secured there with the two red ribbons supplied, I tricked out my bangs in the correct manner and then applied the only cosmetics I would be wearing today; a bright red lipstick.

The obligatory excess of obviously cheap jewelry followed; three pairs of earrings, including one hideous pair that were made from gold wire fashioned into the unmistakable shape of a cock and balls, and two noisily jangling chandelier styles that were long enough to brush my shoulder at times. A heavy gold necklace bore an icon comprising of both the male and female insignia, with the female arrow pointing into my developing and untanned cleavage. A total of over twenty loudly jingling bracelets, followed by seven rings completed that part of my morning ritual, followed by an overdose of my usual cheap scent, I think it’s called Trollop or something similar, and I was ready to squeeze myself into the clothes provided.

For once the panties were fresh, not Anna’s cast offs from the previous day. Even more surprising was the fact that they were full coverage – as opposed to my more traditional attire of G-string or thong. Plus their color was unusual for me; no hideously bright pinks, greens or blues, just plain old white. Though I did notice as I made sure my small penis was held securely inside the cotton gusset, having carefully tucked my testicles back in to their cavity, that the rear of the panties were covered with white lace frills.

A very pretty white lace trimmed bra was a very pleasant change from my usual corset and I reveled in the freedom it provided as I secured its front clasp. Anna’s intent was soon revealed as I was appalled to see how the skimpy item served to push up my breasts, giving me an unmistakable feminine shape. Closer inspection revealed the brassier was the work of those talented folks over at the Wonder Bra Company. Worse still, the arrow on my heavy necklace served to draw attention to my cleavage.

The blouse was more traditional Anna, that is to say it was nigh on transparent and did next to nothing to hide the frothy lace of my brassiere. It was also missing the top three buttons, so there was no way I could attempt to hide my newly developed cleavage. The skirt was a very short pleated red tartan skirt made of the flimsiest material that rose up at every provocation. A red PVC blazer, really nothing more than something to keep my shoulder warm as it did not come down as far as my navel and could not meet in the middle if I tried.

Ankle socks, trimmed with yet more frilly white lace, completed the attire, except for the hideous red shoes I extracted from my closet in the ld spare room. The black ones Anna had originally left out for me were Mary Jane’s with nothing worse than a four inch heels, the red ones I was now to wear had three inch platform soles and seven inch heels, in all standard stripper slut clear plastic, while the body was shiny red PVC that culminated in a big gold buckle that secured the monsters around my ankles. Walking atop these buggers demanded a good deal of effort as to fall would surely result in a broken ankle if not worse.

Teetering atop the vile heels, I made my way downstairs for Anna’s inspection. The smirk on her face as I entered the room confirmed my fears; I was attired as a sexual parody of a school girl. “My, my, don’t we look the proper little cock teasing vixen?” she asked, laughing harder at my visible blushes.

“Here, I’ve packed your bag with everything you’ll need for the day; the address is in there.” Anna handed me the hated pink clear plastic box I was made to use as a handbag, it’s decadent contents, including at all times a sizeable collection of different

condoms, my large makeup collection, six tampons, a bottle of perfume, one large dildo, two butt plugs, a huge tube of KY Jelly, a spare pair of panties (small), my check book and loose money (no credit cards mind), and my ID, all unsorted loose within. Ignoring the loud jangling noise the multitude of bracelets upon my right wrist made as I reached up to take the purse from Anna, she continued "Red has your fluff and fix and will make sure you get it providing you do exactly as you're told. There's also an envelope in there that you're to give to Red when you get there. Now off you go."

Fully aware how ridiculous I look atop the stripper shoes, I wiggle my way out the house and down to the bus stop. I have a few minutes to find the address and manage to work out the best route there on public transport before the first bus I need arrives. Once on the bus, I stand as I am instructed to do, noticing that no one offers me a seat anyway.

The worst part of the trip down town occurs on the subway which is packed with commuters late for their day in the office. Someone manages to position themselves behind me and spends a very entertaining ten minutes, at least entertaining for them, fondling my bottom. As I stand there, holding on to the strap with one hand and my purse with the other, I am unable to prevent them from molesting me and arrive at my stop just in time to prevent them from working my panties down off my defenseless posterior!

Ignoring the hoots of derision that greet my furiously wiggling progress up and out on to the street, I make my way to the address Anna has provided, and stop, dumbfounded outside a shop front bearing a large sign proclaiming 'Red's Tattoo and Piercing Parlor.'

#### PART 10.

As I stood there, attempting to pull my white panties back to once more fully cover my buttocks, unaware of how this action, coupled with the breeze's effect on the inadequate hem of my skirt, was providing a couple of wino's lying in gutter a few meters behind me with an uninhibited view of my ass, I braced myself for this new offensive upon my person.

Knowing I had no option, I eventually pulled myself together as best as I was able and sashayed in through the front door, the old fashioned bell overhead ensuring every head was turned in my direction as entered.

The silence seems to stretch on forever as the three male faces just stared at me. Highly uncomfortable, I finally felt the silence too much and stammered "Um, hello... I'm Al... I mean I'm Candy, Candy Runt..." my face burnt crimson at having to utter this hideous epithet. Seeing no change in the blank stares that seemed to undress me as I stood in the still open doorway, I pressed on, "Ah, Anna sent, e, she said I was to meet someone called Red... ?"

"I'm Red." Finally, one of them gruffly announced. Not terribly surprisingly, it was the giant red head sitting back resting a pair of enormous black biker boots on a table as he sipped coffee from a paper cup. "What do you want down?"

A man of few words. I struggled to retrieve Anna's letter from my purse, inadvertently dropping four condoms on the floor, and then providing all and sundry a wonderful view of my frilly pantied bottom as I bent to retrieve them. Finally once more in possession of the full condom collection, I entered the store and handed Red Anna's letter and stood back to see what new defilement was in store for me.

A truly wicked grin lit up Red's face in a most unflattering way, I could see Anna had selected my new tormentor well. The few chuckles that escaped Red as labored through the several pages of text and diagrams Anna had provided him indicated he was a smoker, a fact borne out by the stale cigarette smell permeating every corner of the store. My silent inventory of my surroundings was interrupted by Red announcing "This is some fucked up shit, here Ray, you take a look."

He tossed the letter to his pot bellied associate before levering his considerable bulk from the chair he had been leaning back in. The greasy jeans and tattered leather waist coat over a Harley Davidson T-shirt confirmed that Anna had not selected this place based solely on their hygiene.

Looking at me as he spoke to his colleagues, Red announced "This here 'hot dish' is indeed Miss Candy Runt, sole property of her Mistress, Ms Anna Borne, isn't that right cunt?"

Wincing at his offensive tone, I dropped my eyes to the floor as I answered demurely, "Yes... yes Sir..."

"Sir? Oh I like that, though the letter states we are to decide upon our own fancy names that you are to refer to us, isn't that right cunt?"

Again with that dreadful term, "Yes Sir, I'll call you what ever you want me to..."

"And it seems that Candy is not how cunt is to refer to herself, or should I say, itself, for you're not quite the tasty little lady you appear to be, are you cunt?" Red was definitely enjoying himself as he walked slowly closer, "Why don't you tell me and the boys exactly what it is you are, and speak like the letter says you are meant to at all times?"

Blushing furiously, and this time without the benefit of a foundation cream disguise, I once more returned my eyes to furiously studying the cracked lino beneath my hideous shoes before answering "No Sir, um Candy, I mean this pathetic little cock sucking sissy..." I had to pause here to let the malicious laughter subside, "um, pathetic little cock sucking sissy is really a boy..." I was forbidden to ever refer to myself as having once been a man.

"And do tell us dear cunt, for that is what the letter suggests we should all refer to you as," he grins at this latest little demeaning jewel Anna has thrown at me, "so do tell us Cunt, exactly what happened to you."

I am amazed he could bear to stand mere feet from me, such was the incredible heat my cheeks were radiating as I explained exactly as I had been trained to explain "My ex-wife caught me dressing up in women's clothing and flirting with the mail man, so to punish me she has made me her little sissy slave."

Once the laughter had died down enough for him to be heard, Red continued "That's right, and It seems Cunt here has joined us today to have... shall we say a few little modifications made to it's appearance. What do you think Ray, can we accommodate it?"

This last comment was thrown to the guy who was the second to read Anna's letter, the third and still nameless man was now working slowly through its final page, pausing to turn one page sideways to better study the sketch Anna had drawn there.

As I stood there trembling with abject fear, the nameless guy finished reading the letter and chirped in, in a voice that under normal circumstances would have been funny "Hey, it says here Red that once we're down we can get it to blow us!"

What? My heart hit rock bottom at this wonderful piece of news, it was bad enough that I was to get tattooed and pierced, but now I would be expected to blow these ugly SOB's as well.

Apparently Red and Ray had missed this last gem, as they crowded around high-pitched to see. Suitably satisfied that sexual as well as monetary rewards awaited them, they quietly divided the workload between them. They finished with a quick game of Rock, Paper, Scissors that apparently Ray lost, judging by his sour demeanor.

"OK Cunt" barked Red "Strip!"

My surprised face caused him to once again crack up in cigarette roughened laughter, "You heard me, we got a lot of work to do, and we need you naked to do it, so get your clothes off Cunt, and get 'me off now!"

Not daring to think about what was in store of me, I obediently stripped off my little skirt, blouse, bra and panties, even my hideous shoes and socks were removed, until I stood before them, long nailed hands held demurely in front of my tiny pecker, sporting nothing but two red ribbons in my long blond hair.

"OK Cunt, now you come on over hear and get yourself comfortable." Ray gestured to a reclining chair much like a dentists chair.

As I settled in, he ordered to spread my legs, so that one garishly toe nailed foot was resting on a small table on either side of the lower part of my chair.

Settling down besides me, Ray informed me “Okay Cunt, listen up, I lost the game, so I get to decorate your pecker, while I am doing that, Whistler over there” he pointed to the one I referred to as high-pitched, “He’s is going to do your ankles, and Red here, your face.” Now we don’t really appreciate freaks of nature like you around here, so I suggest you keep it real quiet so we can just get on with the job, you understand?”

“Yes Sir, the pathetic little cock sucking sissy understands” I responded.

“That’s a point, we gotta decide upon important names for ourselves” laughed Red.

There then followed a lengthy discussions, the upshot of which was I had to call Red ‘King Cock’ while Ray was ‘Gorgeous Balls’ and Whistler was ‘Big Boy.’ Collectively, I was to refer to them as ‘Dinner’ and if anyone was to ask me why, explain ‘because they got all the meat this Cunt wants!’

The ‘niceties’ over, they went to work, for hour after hour I had to sit there in silence as my body was subjected to great pain. Red worked on my eyes, seeming to line them with black lines, then my lips received similar treatment in red, meanwhile Ray worked away on my freshly shaven pubic region, while Whistler did untold nastiness to my ankles.

After a while, Red switched to my left arm, and ray had me shift in my seat to afford him access to my left buttock. This was bad, after four hours I knew both my ankles were ringed, my lips and eyes lined, my crotch irrevocably altered, and now ray was working on my right buttock while Red and Whistler had switched their attention to my lower back.

It was well into the small hours of the next day before they pronounced themselves happy with their work for the day.

“OK Cunt, stand up and let’s have a look at the new you.” ordered Red.

Uncertain on my feet after so long spent lying down, I staggered to my feet and over to the floor length mirror opposite the door. I cannot claim their work was to my liking, for my eyes now bore a thick black line, with an exotic little tick at the far corners while my mouth was reshaped by the dark red liner they had applied in the most feminine of sexy lip shapes.

My left arm bore a red love heart and where a lover’s name might be expected, mine bore only four letters, albeit four hideous letters in vivid blue and yellow; COCK.

Seeing my revulsion at their work, Whistler squealed “Turn around, turn around!”

Dutifully, I turned around to survey the monstrosity they had started on in the middle of my lower back. There, the thick black outline of a hideous caricature of Fairy, surrounded by loads of flowers, sat atop the legend ‘Anna’s Sissy Bitch’ spelled out in letters four inches tall.

My mouth dropped at the wretched spectacle I was to be forever branded with, a fact which seemed to really delight Whistler, “So what do you think Cunt, do you like it?”

What choice did I have, for as much as I longed to tell them I absolutely and categorically hated, loathed and despised it, these men had my drugs, the one thing I needed more than food, sleep or anything. Swallowing my pride, I shyly answered “Oh yes Big Boy, this pathetic little cock sucking sissy really loves the work you boys have done.”

“Well we ain’t finished yet Cunt, not be a long way.” growled Red, “Get your cock hungry ass back here first thing and we’ll get on with it. But now, me and boys want a little payment if you know what I mean?”

Unfortunately, I was only to aware of exactly what they meant, but seeing no alternative, silently dropped to my knees in front of Red and undid his zipper. Before long I was kneeling with one cock in my mouth and another in each loudly jangling hand as I worked on bringing all three off as quickly as I could. Luckily, no one was of too massive a size, and pretty soon I sensed Ray getting ready to jettison his load. Before I could react he pulled my ace fully onto his cock and began shooting his cum deep into my belly.

Almost gagging for air, he finally let me up just as Whistler let loose a strong jet that caught me full frontal in the face. I was soaked in man-cum and still had one more to blow. Red proved a man of some stamina and my jaw was really aching when he finally pulled out to shot, but rather than adding to Whistler's jism already dripping off my chin, he grabbed something from the nearby table and shot his load into it.

I was quite pleased with this, until I realized he had deposited a sizeable load of cum into my frilly white panties.

"Thought I'd give you something to remember me by on your way home" he chuckled as he held out the soiled underwear for me to step into. As I pulled the damp and already cold panties fully up into place, Whistler moved to wipe his seed off my face and too late, I realized he was using my blouse to do so.

And so I got to go home, relying on the city's far from reliable bus and train service, in cum soaked panties and blouse. The only saving grace was that it was so late at night that there were not many passengers to see me in my newly tattooed and cum stained beauty.

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