

The Anniversary – Part 7

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

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Part Seven.

Chapter 9.

The rest of the afternoon passed in a blur of me being sexually abused, not that you would think so after reviewing the video recorded, by every man in what I was later to learn was Ty's whore house. The low point of the day had to be squatting upon one large cock whilst simultaneously sucking off one more and wanking two until all four jettisoned their not inconsiderable loads over my hair and face and up my distended ass, only to be immediately replaced by four more of a seemingly never ending supply of willing and very hard cocks.

By the time Anna led me, crawling on all fours through the front door and into the public parking lot, I was just dripping in the cum of more than ten different men, plus I had been royally ass fucked with strap-on dildo's by Anna, my darling Joy, and the old lady, Harriet, who tended the reception of the whore house. To commemorate the occasion, each participant had signed their name somewhere on my body in thick black Sharpee pen.

Anna then added a new series of injections to my daily regimen, these comprised of maybe as many as thirty small injections all over my breasts and ass. The injections to my breasts were only administered in the small black dots that covered the clear plastic cups of the now loathsome vacuum bra, and I realized these were purpose made to permit the skin to be punctured without loosing the vacuum that pulled the fleshy areas of my chest deep into the female tit shaped cups of the bra. Anna's only comment was "Don't worry my cum covered queer, you'll see soon enough."

Then, and only then, was I permitted to administer the much needed fluff and fix and so slip into sweet oblivion, oblivious even the stares I received as I dutifully followed Anna out to her car wearing nothing more than heels, stockings, my corset, vacuum bra and soaked panties, and a thick and glutinous coating of cum that was sliding slowly earthwards off my makeup streaked face.

Anna had me ride home in the trunk of her SUV, delighting in taking the busiest route home and even stopping at doughnut shop for my dinner, calling back, "Will a dozen doughnuts be sufficient Candy, I know you have enjoyed sufficient protein already?" naturally, I was mortified to have such attention drawn to me.

That evening back at Anna's home, after 'enjoying a strange dinner of twelve doughnuts, I was permitted an early night as I was assured of another big day with Red and Co.

The next morning, when I was finally permitted to remove the hated vacuum bra, I was appalled to see that my breasts had grown significantly, a fact Anna was eager to rub in, stating "You can go braless today, see how you enjoy the stares of the men when they see your pretty little titties unfettered!"

For breakfast Anna had me eat two fried egg sandwiches, most strange given that she had been almost fanatical over my diet before.

Anna had picked out a lurid pink pants suit for me to wear, not just any pants suit mind you, but one that could only have come from a strippers supply store. It had long flared sleeves with layer upon layer of ruffles around the wrists, and was cut off to show off my belly button piercing perfectly. But the worst part was the way it clung to my developing breasts. Now, they really weren't much to look at, but they were unmistakably feminine in shape and were capped by

two perky little nipples that poked definite nipple shaped protuberances in the pink nylon. The deep 'V' cleavage served to further draw attention their way, as did the heavy gold necklace with combined His/Her symbols.

The pants were no better, clinging in all the wrong places, and were I not securely tucked, my true gender would have been highly evident. As it was, the pants were very tight and barely came up over my hips, meaning both my thong panty, a vivid lime green number that clashed horribly with the pants, naturally, and my pale tan lines were clearly displayed above the low-cut waist band.

The two worst parts about the pants were the hideous fluffy and wildly flared legs, and the fact that they fit so darn snugly. Even I had to admit that I looked damn hot in them; my ass never having looked more fem.

A pair of pumps finished the ensemble, along with too much makeup and faux jewelry of course. These babies were six inches tall with a solid inch of platform sole. Patent black with a big leather bow right over my horribly compressed toes. I was set for the bus.

I don't know if you have ever tried this, but it is impossible to look anything other than one hundred percent slutty atop six inch heels while dressed in a flamboyant, to say the least, bright pink skin tight pants suit with massive flared cuffs and pants.

As per usual the bus and tram were packed to overflowing, and as per usual, some pervert got to feel me up, sliding his calloused hands up under my top and taking a long and leisurely grope of my newly developed bust, pulling long and painfully hard on my saw nipples while I cried soundlessly as he whispered into my ear "Oh you like this don't you sissy, you like it when I feel your little titties up?" under strict instructions from Anna I was left with no alternative but to stand obligingly still as some unseen pervert felt me up and rubbed his erection into my unprotected bottom; for the majority of the forty-five minutes I was captive.

Of course, this paled into insignificance when I had to enter Red's store for the second time. My welcome was warm, with Ray sliding over to plant a most uncomfortable French kiss on me, his tongue disappearing deep down my throat, much to the amusement of Red, Whistler and two customers; one male and one female.

"Here's our favorite little cock sucking customer, where were you yesterday Cunt?" he inquired once he had finally released his grip on my tonsils.

"My Mistress..." I began, only to be interrupted by Red.

"Whoa, whoa there little sissy, I think we both know that is not the way you are supposed to refer you yourself now is it?"

He had me there. "No Sir, um... King Cock, Well... the pathetic little cock sucking sissy's Mistress, My Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, had me..." how could I tell them the total degradation I had been forced to endure yesterday? "Well Mistress had other ideas for the pathetic little cock sucking sissy yesterday, sorry King Cock... Sir."

"Well not to worry Cunt, you're here now so we can finish off your artwork. What did your Mistress think of our efforts?"

"Uh Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles told the pathetic little cock sucking sissy to give you this" I handed him the envelop Anna had given to me before leaving home this morning. He settled down to read it, a huge grin spreading across his face as he read her letter and studies the fresh designs she had seemingly provided.

Finally finished reviewing Anna's latest instructions he turned back to me, the grin still pasted across his bearded face. "Well, well, it seems Cunt here had a busy day yesterday. Why don't you tell us all about it?"

With no option open other than complete compliance, I was forced to recount the terrible ordeal I had endured the day before.

“Looky here,” laughed Red as he passed Anna’s letter around the shop “seems Cunt’s Mistress has a couple of new tat’s for us to do!” fresh laughter greeted the letter’s contents. “OK Cunt, as hot as you look in your hot pink outfit, we need you stripped for action.”

And so once again I found myself stripped to nothing but my panties, held down in the old leather chair Red preferred to use while three tattoo artists went to work.

When they were down, seven hours later, my eyeliner had been considerably thickened, I had a beauty spot, in reality a small cock and balls just above and to the right of my mouth. The fairy tattoo in the small of my back had been finished, complete with Anna’s requested additional followers and hearts, along with the black liner around the tattooed love heart above my pecker, with the addition of some flames that would inevitably be visible above my panties. The butterfly with a phallic body upon my right buttock was even brighter, and I noticed, strategically positioned beneath my ‘panty line’ for maximum disclosure.

One horrendous new addition was located just beneath the fairy proclaiming me to be Anna’s Sissy Slut’ and, naturally, just above the waist band of hip hugger pants such as the pink lycra number I was wearing today. It comprised of a bright red cherry, about four inches in diameter, circled with a red circle with a line running diagonally through it, outlined in both black and white for maximum impact, but it was the text below that really depressed me for it comprised of what had to be Roger’s signature and yesterday’s date. Its message, in two inch bold black block capital letters was plain to read. Roger had taken my cherry yesterday.

Apparently Anna had also given the guys a freehand to come up with their own designs, which they had gleefully accepted. Red’s contribution was to tattoo my cell phone number, along with a promise of instant sexual gratification, behind both ears, while Ray and Whistler elected to save their contributions for a later date. A decision that had me deeply worried that they knew more about Anna’s future plans than I did... not a very surprising fact given that my ex-wife was constantly surprising me in her ability to find new ways to completely humiliate me.

Regardless, the work they had already completed ensured that I was branded forever as the sissy cunt Anna had made me.

There then just remained the simple task of me orally pleasuring the three ‘artists’, plus their two guests. I set about blowing the four men as quickly as I could, an art I was, unfortunately, getting more and more skilled in. within thirty minutes I had swallowed four loads of cum and had only the female guest to pleasure.

Unfortunately, the female, Sylvia, was by far the cruelest and delighted in viciously tweaking my already tender nipples as a means of directing my ministrations to her rancid smelling pussy. Not satisfied with this shameful treatment of me, she then turned over and had me perform a similar duty to her ass. Such was her review of my performance as an ass licker that Whistler had me ‘toss his salad’ also.

I was then permitted to dress, but there then followed what was referred to as a ‘circle jerk’ where I had to blow and masturbate all four men present until they shot or dripped their cum onto my upturned face. This was, alas, becoming an all too familiar tradition; Bukkake Candy.

Sylvia then permitted me to use my long finger nails to collect as much of the congealing cum from my face as I could achieve, without aid of a mirror, in one minute. Of course, I had to scoop this loathsome gel into my mouth, but at least I had somewhat of a chance to clean myself up a little, though had I seen the mess of ruined makeup and jism still in my hair, I would not have been so pleased.

Once more I had to head home, thankfully before public transport groaned under its heaviest crowds, with congealing semen in my hair and upon my clothing, to think nothing of the hideous billboard for sexual depravity I had become thanks to the efforts of Red and Co.

End of part seven, to be continued.

Please send your comments to [candy.runt@yahoo.com](mailto:candy.runt@yahoo.com)

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