

The Anniversary – Part 8

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Part Eight:

Chapter 10.

It goes without saying that Anna was of course delighted with the terribly liberties taken with my skin, and insisted on having me walk around the house wearing nothing more than a pair of red patent six inch heels and three large pink bows; two in my hair securing very 'girly' pigtails, and a third tied around my pecker in another big flouncey bow.

Of course she still had me perform all the chores, including opening the door when the bell rang.

Mortified as to who might be out there (Anna refused to permit me to use the convenient peephole, correctly reasoning it would be far worse for me to open the door with no clue as to who was on the other side of it) I steeled myself for the worse as I swung the door in.

I was quite relieved to see it was Koby, the large African-American (not that I knew I would be permitted to refer to him either by that term or his given name) from the brothel with a large canvas bag in one big meaty hand. Acting as Anna expected, I welcomed him appropriately "Oh hello, come on in" before calling to Anna "It's the Nigger from the brothel!"

As usual, I could sense his anger at my use of such a derogatory term, especially given my current predicament.

He followed me into the sitting room, his eyes no doubt enjoying the sight of my new tattoos.

"Oh hello Koby" smirked Anna "Please ignore Candy's foul mouth, I have had words with her about her language, but she refuses to listen and I am at a loss as to what to do next with her... do you have any ideas dear?"

Koby's brown eyes flashed in my direction and left me in little doubt he had more than a few ideas as to what he would like to do with me. I involuntarily shivered with fear at the thought.

Satisfied with his reaction to me, for now, Anna continued all saccharin sweet "Well then dear, what do you have for us there?"

Koby grunted something about 'laundry' and made his excuses to get out just as soon as he could politely do so.

Once he had left Anna had me empty the bag upon the kitchen floor. As expected, it contained the panties of the twenty or so girls Ty had working for him in the brothel. As none of the girls were permitted to wear a bra whilst working.

Anna had me hold up each pair for her inspection, finally selecting a pale pink thong with the thickest gusset imaginable. Either this girl masturbated men off directly into her panties, or had endured such a royal gang bang that she could not retain all the semen. Either way, Anna delighted in informing me, "OK Cunt, those will be the panties you wear until the next load of laundry arrives. You can start wearing them tomorrow morning."

After that, I had to hand wash close to fifty pairs of panties in the laundry room sink, all the while wearing nothing other than a pair of heels that were beginning to pinch my feet really badly, and the three large pink ribbons.

With the last pair hung out to dry on the line in the back yard, a deeply humiliating experience to have to endure dressed as I was, I was permitted to return inside.

You can imagine my delight to find Roger, the now immortalized thief of my cherry, sitting comfortably in what was once my reclining arm chair, chatting easily with Anna.

His face bore the usual humorless smile when he spotted me, clearly taking great delight in my inappropriate attire. Anna, of course, took great delight in having me show off my new tattoo.

“It is so nice to be appreciated” smirked Roger as Anna had me sashay around the room, bending over in front of them both to better display my tattoos.

Finally satisfied there was no more fun to be had at my expense, the conversation turned to the matter at hand, with Anna instructing “We’re expecting a guest here tonight Candy, but rather than be your usual pathetically humble self towards them, you are to go out of your way to be as rude and as nasty as possible.”

Oh no, I thought, was I to piss off Koby even more?

Anna pressed on “To make sure you are as nasty as possible, we are taking two steps. Firstly, you are to wear this.”

She held up a small earpiece with a nigh on invisible coil of wire hanging down from it.

“Through this, Roger will transmit you instructions as to what, exactly, you are to say and do.” Once more, Anna’s words caused Roger’s face to light up without a hint of fun. “Now, to ensure your complete compliance, we will withhold your usual afternoon fix until our guest has left. Now is that perfectly clear?”

Of course it was; I was to be so rude to someone so as to ensure they would exact some sort of retribution upon me at some later date – I thought on the inside, while obediently answering “Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles and Master Love Bone, the pathetic little cock sucking sissy Candy is to do exactly as Master Love Bone directs her to over the earpiece she will be wearing, no matter how rude or offensive it may be.”

“Good little sissy cock sucker” praised Anna, as only she could.

End of part eight, to be continued.

Please send your comments to candy.runt@yahoo.com

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