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Chapter 11.

And so I came to be dressed up in what I have to say was a fairly conservative number comprising of a red satin push up bra and matching thong panty (the only good thing about my apparel was that I was not made to wear a much hated corset!), my testicles fully retracted as per usual while my pecker was held securely between my legs by the too tight panties. A matching red satin suspender belt secured tan stocking in place, while a white mini skirt and dark blue satin blouse completed my attire, along with an almost comfortable pair of blue pumps with only three inch heels. Even my makeup and jewelry were minimal by my standards.

With the ear piece securely hidden in place, and Roger quietly telling me how pathetic I was from his unseen location upstairs, I was ushered forward when the door bell rang.

I was surprised, to say the least, to see Joy, dressed in the unmistakable fashion of a down town streetwalker standing there. Her reaction at seeing me was not the happy one I might have hoped for, I guess not very surprising really given my 'normal' one might almost say, comfortable mode of attire compared to her fetish garb. And her disposition towards me was not improved when I repeated Roger's introduction "Oh, it's you Dog Slut. Well you'd better come in before someone tells the cops we're employing street trash for cheap thrills."

I hated saying such horrible things to my love, but there was just too much riding on my complying implicitly with Roger's unheard commands. Ignoring her hurt look as best I could, and strode into the sitting room where Anna was waiting.

Roger instructed me to sit next to Anna, where upon my ex-wife showed me the first signs of affection she had demonstrated since forcing her way back into my life only a few weeks back.

"Oh hello Dog Slut" she sighed with disdain as she put her arm around me and I snuggled up as silently ordered. "I am afraid your cum stained smalls are not ready for collection yet, so you've had a wasted journey."

So this was the pretence by which they had brought Joy back to the scene of her original abduction. Doing exactly as I was told to do by Roger, I sat quietly smiling there beside Anna as she ran her fingers through my platinum curls and Anna continued.

"It's handy you sluts providing us with such a selection, as I like to make my little toy here" she smiled and simpered at me as if I was a willing accomplice in this depraved situation "I make her wear the filthiest pair of panties in the bag. You like to wear the dirty whores dirty panties don't you pet"

"Yes darling" I repeated from Roger's instructions, "it makes me feel so sexy to wear the panties they are forced to serve all the big strapping men in."

"Even thought" oozed Anna, "I must say the pair I have selected have to be the grungiest pair imaginable, don't you think darling?"

The instructions in my ear left me no choice but to answer "Oh yes my darling wife, even I have to admit that those were a bit nasty, I do hope we don't get any more pairs like that as I found the smell quite repugnant."

I could see where Anna was taking this; she was hoping that Joy would go out of her way to make sure hers were the filthiest pair of panties we received each day, knowing I would be made to wear them later. A quick look at my 'nearly fiancé' conformed Anna's plan was working. Great.

Anna could obviously see this also as she changed tack, "Well while you're here Dog Slut, you can help me give my baby here a present."

Oh, oh I thought, where was this heading?

Anna produced an all too familiar looking jewelry box. She had found the engagement ring I had intended to give to Joy the night our lives changed so drastically. Anna handed it to Joy with the instruction, "Help my pet put it on, there's a good Dog Slut."

Joy was shooting me daggers as she wordlessly accepted the box from Anna and moved to me as I stood up also. I was expecting the same ring, but Anna did not disappoint in her cunning, for she had the one caret diamond reset in a brilliant belly ring which Joy fitted, with as much force as she could muster for the simple act.

I made to put the blouse back on, but Anna ordered, "No leave it off darling, there's a good pet."

I could see Joy looking enviously as I was presented with a ten thousand dollar belly ring, while her life was such complete shit; all through her association with me. I so wanted to take her in my arms and tell her it was not my fault, but drug dependency is a powerful motivator, so instead I said "Thank you Dog Slut, it is good to see you have some uses other than as a cum receptacle!" and forced a laugh at her pathetic look of hurt, just as Roger ordered me to.

But then events took a turn for the worse as Anna appeared to blow up at me for failing to thank her enthusiastically enough, and before very long Joy had sided with Anna in preparing 'to take me down a peg or two.'

At this point, the door bell rang again, and as ordered by Anna, I dutifully answered it to find Koby standing there, obviously less than thrilled to see me again. Upon an unheard instruction from Roger, I shouted over my shoulder "It's that dumb Nigger again, shall I let him in?"

Anna, logically, appeared mortified with my practiced response. "Candy! How dare you be so rude to our guests?" Conveniently once again underscoring Joy's reduced status. "Invite Koby in immediately. We're going to have to do something about your attitude my girl.' She added, with a tone that I know did not bode well for your's truly.

And so it proved, for somehow it was soon agreed that we should play a little game. Unfortunately, this game could have been named 'Candy Sandwich' for that is what I soon became; the meat in a sandwich.

To cut a lengthy story short, (and for this crime, I do so hope you will forgive me gentle reader?) before I could do anything about it I was stripped naked with a very restrictive ring forced over the base of my penis to ensure I maintained the Viagra induced erection without the smallest possibility of my enjoying the pleasures of a long forgotten orgasm, while worst of all, my for once functioning penis was forced into a way too narrow hollow eight inch dildo, with hundreds of truly vicious latex studs lining it's internal walls. The net result was that I had the world's longest and most painful erection.

On my head I wore a latex face mask that covered my entire head except my nose and eyes, and had the added 'benefit' of sporting an eight inch dildo sticking out externally from the mouth piece, while a five inch rubber cock protruded internally to keep my mouth more than full. Handcuffs were used to secure my hands behind my back, making sure I was powerless to prevent any of the abuse that was about to unfold.

I was then forced on to Koby's viciously erect ten inch cock. Once firmly impaled upon his root, I was positioned so that my latex imprisoned cock was permitted slow and gentle access to Anna's most precious cleft. Once the eight inch black dildo was embedded in my one time love, Koby used the handle built on to the back of my helmet to guide my face mounted cock between the splayed legs of my true love.

He then held my head and began a furious pounding into my defenseless ass, the net result of which was that I began earnestly fucking my ex-wife with my surrogate cock, all the while suffering a thousand agonies as my Viagra fueled hard-on was forced against the unforgiving studs inside the latex cock.

At the same time Koby, driven by the idea that I was a racist white trash cross dresser, forced the latex cock in my mouth deeper and deeper, and harder and harder into the obviously wet, and I hate to say, evil smelling cunt, of my fiancée.

For close to an hour I was abused so, Anna taking one or two short rest breaks, where upon Joy would be made to replace her under my latex shielded cock which throbbed so painfully under its chemical induced rigidity, as Koby continued to thrust so violently into my defenseless ass, forcing my artificially dysfunctional cock to slam in her much maligned pussy, ensuring Koby was the only one of us three to derive any enjoyment from our coupling.

When Koby was finally permitted to rest, and did he have some stamina, Anna replaced him with her vicious strap-on, picking up the pace on my exposed ass, forcing my face harder and deeper into her cunt as Koby held her, splayed wide open before me.

Never one to miss an opportunity, Anna commenced a barrage of abuse aimed at as both as she rode me hard and fast, "So tell me pet, does Dog Sluts stinking cunt smell as bad as I think it does? Hardly surprising given the amount of cum she's taken up it the last few days. But then you've had quite a bit of fun yourself haven't you darling? Yes, you've been quite the little whore yourself, of course nothing as bad as big titted Dog Slut here, but then of course she's a real whore, a paid to fuck strangers in any orifice kind of whore, you just like sharing the love don't you poppet? Why, how many men is it you've fucked or blown recently, it's two or three isn't it pet?"

This of course was a gross underestimate, but given how many Joy had been forced to endure, and given she was continuing to be ravaged by the dildo projecting from my face, there was no way these comments could not serve to drive the wedge a little firmer between us, exactly as Anna intended.

Finally the abuse of Joy and myself was brought to a close by Anna kicking Joy out of our front door, sans underwear of any sort, with instructions to 'work' her way back to Tyrone's brothel. Like me, her drug dependency would ensure her complete compliance, that coupled to the fact that two of Ty's goons were shadowing her every move as she sought to persuade motorists to give her a ride to the worst part of town in exchange for her sexual favor. I'm told she was finally successful, but at great expenses as the only ones willing to risk the journey were five freshmen from the local Uni who took their time in enjoying my dear fiancées every pleasure over several hours before kicking her out, completely naked, two blocks from the brothel.

For my part, I was finally permitted release in the form of the drugs I so craved every waking minute. Then I was fitted once more into a too restrictive corset, complete with 'vacuum' bra cups, my tits and ass once more shot up with chemicals unknown before being sent to bed, still wearing the awful smelling mask and handcuffs. Any hopes I had of finally drifting off into a drug and exhaustion fuelled sleep were short lived when I entered my room, mere weeks ago my spare room, were dashed when I found Koby's massive frame occupying the vast majority of the tiny bed. That night Koby got to show me his distaste of the racist epithets I had seemingly been so free with earlier, slowly reaming out my tired and physically abused ass as he told me exactly what he thought of "white trash, cross dressing homo queers who let there women boss them around so". Twice more that night I was made to squat over him and ride his monster cock as he showered me with abuse and saliva, powerless to offer the simplest defense while the cock gag/mask silenced me.

Once more again in the morning he raped me before he shoved me into Anna's room, I had already stopped thinking of it as my room, before he departed.

A still half asleep Anna lay beside Roger, clearly delighted in my obviously exhausted state. "Well what a lovely surprise to see you up so early Candy, I thought you'd want a lie in after your fun last night. But since you're here, why don't you come use that cock gag on me. Be sure to be nice and gentle now, I don't like it as rough as the filthy slack titted whore Dog Slut does.'

So once more I found myself bent over between a woman's thighs as I this time gently eased the freshly washed phallus between Anna's supple thighs. Of course, bent at the waist as I was, I presented an irresistible target to the brute Roger who soon forced his member between my unprotected ass cheeks, enjoying, immeasurably, the disgusting tattoo bearing his signature and proclaiming he as the taker of my cherry.

With my head between Anna's thighs I thank fully missed much of his abuse, but still heard him reminding me about our date night that evening and how much he was looking forward to introducing me to all his buddies. Not the sort of news a girl wants to hear first thing in the morning!

End of part nine, to be continued...

Please send your comments to candy.runt@yahoo.com I will continue to answer them all.

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