

The Anniversary – Part 14

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Chapter 16

Ever since Anne walked out leaving me in the clutches of the evil Dr. Shankar, my life had spiraled to previously unimagined depths. For in addition to being a gifted, though unlicensed surgeon and twenty-four carat pervert, the Doctor was also a very accomplished hypnotist who took great delights in slowly instilling in my wounded psyche deep rooted 'habits' and 'instincts', unbeknownst to me, became a fundamental part of my make-up. Commands that I unknowingly implemented in much the same manner you would innocuous and innocent habits that you had developed naturally over a life time. But while your habits may be nothing more harmless than washing your face first upon stepping in to a shower, or always clapping your hands when your lover returns home, mine were of a far more 'sinister,' overtly sexual nature.

For example, unbeknownst to me, I now dressed and acted in an ever increasingly slutty manner the longer I went without being exposed to male cum. So as long as I was swallowing, 'bathing' or being anally injected with a regular supply of man juice, I was, in theory at least (I imagine Anna would intervene long before this became an issue!), free to dress as I pleased, but should I go more than a couple of days without receiving said prescribed amount, then I would unwittingly start to dress in ever more revealing clothing while flirting in ever more obvious (to everyone but me that is) fashion with every potential donor I happened upon.

Another example was the disgusting fashion in which I unwittingly now moved. While Anna had tried every threat and punishment her deranged mind could muster, with it has to be said only fairly limited success, to get me to walk, and generally just move in a feminine manner, the 'good' Doctor easily achieved through hypnosis. Totally unbeknownst to me, I now walked like sex on legs, small steps with each foot placed delicately and deliberately in front of the other, with the maximum ass rotation possible. When I had to bend down, I now did so from my hips only, usually providing anyone around me with a generous view of my now spectacular, and inevitably beautifully presented with gaping neck lines, cleavage or equally artificially enhanced and unconcealed, through the shortest (allegedly) legal hemlines, buttocks.

Gone was any reservations I recently harbored for physical contact. The doctor's painstaking hypnosis removed any qualms I may once have had regarding laying a hand on a strange man; now I seemed to physically need the contact of strangers and often found myself in much closer physical proximity to unknown men, and often women, than anyone could consider safe for such an obviously desirable 'woman.' As I was to later discover, it was now 'completely natural' for me to stand behind a man, looking over his shoulder, all the while deliberately, though unknowingly, grinding my ever stiff nipples into their back.

In fact the wretched Doctor made certain that the very maximum debasement and opportunity for further humiliation was wrung, at every opportunity, from my new pendulous bosom. For instance, whenever I was sat I would press my enormous titties together with the insides of my arms, ensuring they appeared even larger than their 'natural' preposterous size. I would also find myself unconsciously brushing invisible lint from whatever tightly stretched garment I was permitted to wear to, always inadequately cover them - this served

to both ensure attention was drawn to them, as well as serving to stimulate my impressively jutting nipples to still more prominence.

I had also apparently 'developed' what I could only consider (had I the faintest notion I was doing it) an unnatural interest in the groin area of any male of the species - be they pre-adolescent or ancient. While walking, Okay, sashaying, down a street I would unsuspectingly, but seemingly brazenly, stare at the crotch area of any passing male. Worse still, I was conditioned to lip my collagen pumped lips in a most suggestive manner if there was even the slightest evidence of a lurking beast within the said pants!

But by far the worst liberty had to be the subconscious planting of many deeply buried, but totally overpowering commands that were triggered by specific keywords or phrases. Although I would not find out about many of them for some time to come, included in this dastardly repertoire were commands that would immediately have me either manhandling the trigger phrase speakers crotch, regardless of their current state of dress, or possibly giving them a hand job, again, regardless of the current situation, or worse still, dropping to a crouch, knees spread akimbo, before extracting their manhood and giving them a most wonderful blowjob wherever we may happen to be at the time. And before you ask, I know it would be a 'most wonderful blow job' because the sick Dr. Shankar had me practice on himself and seven of his friends for hour after hour after hour!

Other secreted commands had me turn immediately mute, regardless of what horrors I was being subjected to, or drop to my knees and do my best canine bitch in heat impression, chasing around on all fours furiously trying to hump the legs of all and sundry around me. Another one had me do the complete opposite of what anyone was instructing me to do, while yet another reduced me to the mental capacities of a ten year old, albeit a highly promiscuous one.

Bit by bit, over the course of these seven days, Dr. Shankar slowly whittled away the real me and replaced it with a artificial, though apparently genuine one, every bit as skanky and seemingly cum starved as the giant titted and big assed thing of beauty he has made me.

On the last day of my internment with Shankar he raised the subject of the cost of my treatment. "Well Candy my dear, tomorrow Anna will come and to take you off to start your new life, now there just remains the small subject of the money I am owed for the work I've preformed transforming you into your dream girl"

Were I not already practically choking on his filthy cock as I furiously bobbed up and down it, forcing it in and out of my luscious red lips, I would have choked at his inference that the new me was in any way to my liking. Undeterred he continued "all told, by the time you factor in the surgery, materials, my staff, my time for both the surgery and your.. reprogramming" I could hear, if not see his sick smile, at this reference to the hypnotic commands he'd buried deep within my constantly befuddled brain. "yes, well, by my reckoning I think you owe me just under \$17,000 my dear."

This time I did choke, unfortunately timing it with Shankar's orgasm, resulting in an explosion of my spit and his jism, which I then, of course, had to lick up.

Seventeen thousand dollars - how the hell was I expected to pay him that, since this whole wretched affair had started, Anna had ensured I was never allowed more money than I needed for bus fares - it would take an awful long time to raise seventeen large through walking and saving my bus fare!

But not to worry, the good doctor had an idea how I could repay him, he'd personally arrange it through a friend of his that I would star in a series of forced sissyfication movies that would be peddled, worldwide no less, to porn shops and perverts everywhere. Wasn't I a lucky girl to have an nice uncle like him looking out for me?

And to prove my thanks to my bestest uncle I gently guided his ever stiff cock between my buttocks and slowly lowered myself upon his member, all the time smiling like the thoroughly wanton whore he had helped make me.

But then the good times ended and Anna collected me for the next stage of my defilement.

End of part fourteen, to be continued...

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

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