

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

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## Chapter 18

'Concerned' that I stay in shape, along with herself, Anna enrolled me at a local gym. Of course I soon realized that, as with everything she did, it was just to enable further humiliation of yours truly. This time it occurred through my having to use the ladies changing room.

The class was run by her niece, Emily; an angelic she-devil with a mean streak easily as long as her aunts. Together they devised a set of 'class participation rules' and had me wear an appalling leotard made of a shiny seemingly translucent white material, clearly at least two sizes too small, so that its thong back was forced permanently up between my ass cheeks, my tiny cock and balls painfully restrained. Thankfully my much reduced privates were secured from sight by the very tight pale pink footless tights I wore. But it was Emily's insistence that I go braless for her classes that caused me the most consternation, and the most merriment for the other ladies of the class joining in with her public mocking of me as I struggled to keep up with a series of exercises that seemed to focus more and more on ensuring my plentiful cleavage was endlessly was continuously bouncing up and down or heaving furiously from side to side.

Worse still was the fact that word of the entertainment I was providing soon spread and soon the class was no longer 'Ladies Aerobics 201' but 'Mixed Gender Aerobics 101' ensuring that I was surrounded by a horde of overly sexed male 'participants' as I struggled to keep up with Emily's furiously barked commands leading the class in an ever more frenetic manner.

On the inevitable occasions that one or more of my hugely silicone engorged breasts did pop out, I was under strict instructions to continue as if nothing was amiss, pretending that it was in some way possible to miss the large mammary swinging around quite violently mere inches from my face, until someone was kind enough to point it out as if I was in some way retarded. I was then to sweetly ask for their assistance in re-securing the errant breast within the silky confines to my too small leotard. A task I am sure you can imagine I had no shortage of all too willing volunteers lining up to perform.

Once this public show was completed, I was permitted to wash myself clean of sweat and cool off my aching breasts in an ice cold shower for twenty minutes, before Anna had me reapply my over done makeup and then squat beside a toilet in the ladies shower room to orally service she and her friends before having me leave, my face all a glisten with their assorted love juices.

On this particular Wednesday, Anna's niece, Emily was leaning against the door to the restroom as I struggled to bring one rather rotund lady to a very loud orgasm, my aching tongue sore from the three other ladies who had already availed themselves of my not inconsiderable oral talents.

"Fancy a go Em?" inquired Anna.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see the gorgeous trim blond giving careful thought to the proposition before apparently reaching her decision to the negative. "Nah, thanks Aunt A, but I'm not sure I fancy that filthy trollop's tongue contaminating my box."

"Fair enough my darling, but if you ever change your mind, you know the little cunt is yours whenever you fancy?" remarked my ex-wife.

This seemed to give the luscious Emily food for thought as she eyed me, my head almost disappearing between the fat thighs of the now furiously wriggling recipient of my attention as she broached the point of no return and let loose a quite loud orgasm, seemingly attempting to force my whole head up her sweaty snatch by grabbing handfuls of my blond locks and riding my abused face for all she was worth.

"You know what Aunt A, I have a friend who's quite something in the 'specialty adult film industry,' if you know what I mean, and I think your sissy here could prove quite a good little earner if you're interested?"

You will not be surprised to learn that through the mention of my entering the porn industry she immediately had my attention! And as you would also expect, Anna was definitely interested. "Do pray tell me more dear niece?"

Raising herself from the door jamb upon which she had been leaning Emily warmed to the task, "Well my friend has worked on several movies that young... Candy is it?" Anna nodded as she listened eager to 'earn more "Well apparently there's quite a market for adult movies specializing in just about every sick and perverted subject you can imagine. I'll check with Sarah, but I'll just bet she'll know someone interested in investing in the type of movies I'd just bet you'd love your sick little sex slave to star in!"

And so it was. Two and a half weeks later, Anna, Emily (now referred to by me at all times by the quite wordy title of 'Princess Emily My Divine Feminatrix and Owner of my Ladyboy Backdoor Love Canal'), Joy and me, now dressed in a wretched ensemble comprising of a miniscule little garishly neon pink spandex mini dress the obligatory two sizes too small, it was so tight around my enlarged butt that you could clearly discern the black PVC thong panties I had been squeezed into. As ever the panties were disgustingly used, the evidence of dried semen quite clear in the gusset and fishnet live heart through which my tanned ass was displayed, the pink marabou fur around the edges looked matted from the action the previous wearer had subjected them to. A badly pair of scuffed black wet look PVC thigh high boots atop hideous six-inch gold heels completed the look my excessively tricked out platinum locks and excessive makeup and cheap jewelry established: W-H-O-R-E.

The 'studio', in reality little more than a dingy industrial unit, comprised of a small reception area and a large open area out back where several people were milling around awaiting the main attraction - yours truly.

I could see that my appearance was better than they had expected as everyone immediately descended on our small party armed with relieved smiles and nervous chatter.

Anna ordered Joy and I to wait beside the door of the single toilet. Seeing how her aunt never missed an opportunity to humiliate either one of us, Emily smirked as she barked orders to us "Dog Slut, why don't you get down on all fours like the good little doggy bitch you are, and Candy, you use her as a bench and take the weight off your feet. You're going to need to conserve your energy tonight."

As long as they held the keys to our chemical oblivion, neither Joy or I had the ability to fight them, no matter how they debased us. Joy dropped to her hands and knees, ignoring the spectacle she provided with her tiny skirt riding up clear of her obviously abused bottom; the pink stripes indicative of a recent thrashing she had endured. With no choice but to comply, I settled my weight upon her, careful to rest close to her weight bearing hips to enable her to better bear my weight - not that I think she noticed such was her new found loathing of me.

Neither of us was able to make the small talk we'd once found so natural - Joy because Anna had convinced her that this was what I had always wanted, and Joy's downfall from happy teacher to miserable whore was a side effect that I was not bothered about, me because Anna has made it abundantly clear what would happen to me if I did ever try and

convince Joy, or 'Dog Slut' as I was made to call her whenever we did have cause to converse, of any other possible scenario.

After about thirty minutes of Anna and Emily discussing Lord knows what, Anna beckoned us over to join them. As I stood up from sitting on Joy Emily called across "No, don't get up Candy, ride the stupid whore over here, but do it side saddle like the 'lady' you so obviously want to become! And use the... its, yes, use its hair as a bridle to steer her stupid ass."

So I settled my weight once more upon Joy and used her lank blond hair to direct her over towards them, trying to be as gentle as I could given the circumstances, but with my full weight firmly upon her back it was an uncomfortable trip for my one time love, her pendulous breasts swaying free within the loose confines of her tank top, but with a fair bit of grunting Joy crawled over to join our tormentors.

As I struggled to get up from Joy's back, my the hem of my ridiculous pink mini dress riding clear up over my newly expanded hips, Emily's so pretty face took on the sneer I was beginning to recognize as being bad news for someone as she loudly instructed Joy "Thank Candy for being the only one of the no doubt countless many who have ridden your worthless ass today not to deposit a sizeable load in one of your filthy holes."

Looking up from her still prone position by my feet, there could be no misunderstanding the look of pure loathing Joy gave me as she hissed "Thank you for riding me and not filling my disgusting holes with your seed Candy."

Before I could voice any sort of denial Emily ordered me over to her side to meet a attractive brunette who was looking at my undignified entrance in a decidedly sneering manner.

"Candy," instructed Emily, "meet Sarah, though I think you should refer to her as Goddess Sarah, is that clear?"

"Yes Princess Emily My Divine... Divine Feminatrix and Owner of my Ladyboy Backdoor Love Canal" I dutifully answered, struggling a little to remember Emily's full title, and turning to face the still sneering Sarah, I respectfully continued in my sexiest lisp "I am very pleased to meet you Goddess Sarah"

"Yes I bet you are" she laughed back at me "Christ, you really are pathetic, even more so than Em described you! We're going to have a blast with you Candy, you and I are going to have a whole lot of fun together." Somehow I seriously doubted it would be me having much fun, and Emily's words confirmed this for me.

"Sarah here is going to be directing your big screen debut Candy. Just think, pretty soon you are going to be a famous porn star! Isn't it exciting?"

Feeling sick to my stomach, I never the less answered "Yes Princess Emily My Divine Feminatrix and Owner of my Ladyboy Backdoor Love Canal, it is very exciting, Pathetic Little Cock Sucking Sissy is very excited to become a porn star."

"Good!" stated Sarah brightly, "let's get started on making our little 'Cock Gobbler' movie shall we then?"

Seeing Joy still waiting pathetically on all fours behind us Anna asked Emily "Why did you want Dog Slut here Em?"

Once more Emily's angelic face transformed to one better described as pure evil as she cast a disparaging glance back at my one time sweet heart, "Oh, I thought she could fluff for Candy"

Although Anna and I had no idea as to what this meant, it was obvious from Joy's reaction that she did, though Emily felt compelled to enlighten Anna and I as joy resigned herself to yet more degradation. "A fluffer's job is to keep the male members of the cast suitably, shall we say, prepared, throughout the performance." Seeing no sign of comprehension she continued "Dog Slut's job will be to keep our male cast 'members' erect and ready for action!"

Anna's face lit with this new shame she could enjoy over the woman she once viewed as a rival for my attention. Sarah instructed me to go sit on the sofa facing two expensive looking video cameras and a whole bank of lights. "When you hear someone knocking at the door, act perplexed..." enjoying casting me in the role of airheaded bimbo she expanded "that means look puzzled dummy! So look puzzled as you wiggle your sexy little tush over the open the door. As you open it, make it clear you don't know who it could be calling at this hour, so open it slowly and try to peer around it so see who's there. Got it?"

"Yes... Goddess Sarah, this Pathetic Little Cock Sucking Sissy understands" I obediently responded.

"Good, now go sit visit Anton to get your makeup touched up, then take your place on the sofa and, if you can get your stupid head around it, pretend you can understand the magazine I've left there for you to pretend you can read" This Sarah was quite the bitch, no wonder she was such good friends with Emily!

Without protest I teetered over to the 'makeup department', in reality no more than a chair in front of a mirror. Here, an outrageously gay man proceeded to primp my bouffant to yet new heights through the application of copious quantities of hair spray. Then, all the while making totally disparaging remarks about what a dirty trollop I was, he set about ensuring my makeup was as sluttish as it could possibly be. Finally satisfied he could make me look no worse, he remarked "Go on then cunt, go do your slut thang!" and rudely shoved me back towards the set.

Staggering atop my six inch heels, I ended up nigh on running in an attempt to regain my balance, a site that Anna inevitably turned to her advantage "Just look at the whore, the slightest opportunity to get intimate with some cock and she just can't wait!" Several people had a good laugh at my expenses as I took my seat on the sofa, my face burning red with embarrassment as Anna quizzed me "You'll just have to wait a little while longer Candy, but don't worry, Sarah assures me there will be plenty of cock for you to feed upon, isn't that good news, aren't you the lucky cock hungry sissy?"

"Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, this Pathetic Little Cock Sucking Sissy is a very lucky little cock hungry sissy."

With Anna and Emily positioned out of sight of the cameras, Sarah called everyone to order before my screen debut began with a gently uttered 'and... action!'

*With special tanks to Princess Emily My Divine Feminatrix and Owner of my Ladyboy Backdoor Love Canal & Goddess Sarah for their invaluable guidance.*

End of part sixteen, to be continued...

Please send your comments, suggestions and fantasies to [candy.runt@yahoo.com](mailto:candy.runt@yahoo.com) I will answer them all.  
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