

The Anniversary – Parts 17

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Chapter 19.

Doing my best to ignore the cameras, lights and seven people looking on, I took my place upon the not to clean sofa, trying valiantly, but without notable success, to pull the hem of the tiny dress I was wearing to a more respectable position on my silken thighs. Picking up the provided magazine, I was not terribly surprised to see that it was a fetish magazine entitled 'She-Male Cock Whores'

With Anna and Emily freely providing instructions as to how I should act, and Sarah directing the on-set action, I did my best to pretend to be engrossed in looking at the disgusting pictures of men who had apparently willingly submitted to the abuse I was forced to endure as a cameraman with a handheld unit moved soundlessly around me, capturing close-ups of me smiling inanely as I perused the filthy magazine.

Suddenly I let out a gasp of horror as I came to the picture panel entitled 'Candy Runt's Cherry Popping Pleasure!' I was appalled to see over twenty four high quality photos taken the night that Roger had taken my anal virginity. Such was my shock at seeing the wretched photos of me seemingly all too willingly guiding Roger's foul cock up my ass while I sucked so longingly on Kobe's enormous pecker that I was reduced to a blabbering mess for nigh on ten minutes.

Emily, who had never seen the photos before took great delight in sitting down beside me, for all the world appearing to provide me with a consoling shoulder to cry on, whereas in reality she insisted we study each photo in turn, providing such comments "Wow, he's huge! I bet you loved sucking on that big black cock didn't you Candy?"

To which I was of course forced to answer in the affirmative "Yes Princess Emily My Divine Feminatrix and Owner of my Ladyboy Backdoor Love Canal, Pathetic Little Cock Sucking Sissy loved being able to feast upon his enormous cock."

"And look here" she remarked as she pointed to the still captured the very second I was forced to impale myself upon Roger's prick, "you can see you were just born to fuck well hung studs can't you Candy? Did you ever really consider yourself a man? I bet you've always longed for someone like Aunty Anna to set the real you free, free to feast upon real men's cocks, isn't that so Candy? Why look here, you look positively enraptured as you lower yourself down upon his pole. Go no, you can tell Princess Emily how much you love riding big hard cocks."

Again, I was left with no alternative other than to spill lie after lie in response to her wretched vitriolic questions "Why yes Princess Emily My Divine Feminatrix and Owner of my Ladyboy Backdoor Love Canal, this Pathetic Little Cock Sucking Sissy spent her whole wretched life just waiting for someone like Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles to see the real me and set me free upon the road to sissydom. And now, thanks to her efforts, I am finally free to worship at the altar of cock, sucking and fucking real studs to this little sissy's heart's content."

"So which do you prefer Candy-kins, white or dark meat?"

I was unsure how to answer this, especially given Emily's predilection for humiliating me, but one look in to her pretty blue eyes convinced me that an answer had better be forthcoming. Given Roger's sadistic bent I answered "Um, I guess I prefer dark meat Princess Emily My Divine Feminatrix and Owner of my Ladyboy Backdoor Love Canal."

Her face a picture of innocence, she sought expansion "What, exactly do you mean by that my dear?"

I was puzzled by her question until I noticed a camera recording every nuance of our conversation and realized she wanted to record every second of my ignominy. With zero options, I dutifully obliged her "Oh... I... I mean Pathetic Little Cock Sucking Sissy prefers big black cocks over white ones Princess Emily My Divine Feminatrix and Owner of my Ladyboy Backdoor Love Canal."

"Well not to worry" she replied with a smile so angelic it almost melted my loathing of her, "I'm sure you'll get to enjoy plenty of every color today!" remembering the reason we were here I began blubbling like a little school girl all over again.

It was only the threat of untold violence from Anna, Emily, and the seemingly equally evil Sarah, that forced me to regain my composure so that nearly half an hour later we were ready to proceed with my first professional pornographic production.

Upon a signal from Sarah there was an unnaturally loud knock on the other side of the door set into the flimsy set wall. With Emily directing my every facial expression, I placed the magazine beside me, and with an exaggerated look of puzzlement - as in 'who on earth could that be at this hour?' - I rose from the sofa in a most lady like manner, knees clamped firmly together, before sliding seductively over to the door.

Obediently following Sarah's directions, I stood behind the door as I opened it slightly so as to peer around it. I was totally unprepared when it was thrust, quite violently open into the room, knocking me off my ever precarious balance upon my teetering heels so that I landed, in a thoroughly un-ladylike manner on the floor.

Such was the force of my landing that unbeknown to me, my right silicone enlarged breast sprung free from the inadequate confines of my tiny neon pink dress, the hem of which sprang up clear of my hips as I landed upon my silicone enlarged derriere, providing all cameras with a lovely shot of my panties.

If surprise was the desired response, then they got it in spades, a fact confirmed by the muted giggles from the peanut gallery comprising Emily, Anna and a few other hangers on gathered to enjoy the how I was being obliged to provide.

My assailants, Roger and Kobe (I was not terribly surprised to learn the identity of my would be assailants) did well to suppress their smirks as they took in the sight of me, sprawled upon the threadbare carpet, one tit hanging out and with my dress hiked up past my hips.

Roger was the first to recover, "Well look what we got here, looks like we struck it rich Bro, look at this twenty four carat piece of ass, and with one of her tits already for us!"

I sought to regain my feet, simultaneously attempting to get some ground between them and me, while at the same time trying to recover a little modesty - a fact made nigh on impossible by the pathetically inadequate nature of the tiny dress I was wearing.

Moving with a speed that belied his considerable size, Kobe was on me in a flash, his large brown hands effortlessly scooping me up off my feet and then pinning me down on the sofa. I was still caught up in the adrenalin fueled rush of being so unexpectedly dumped on my ass that there could be little mistaken my genuine show of emotions as I struggled furiously against my assailants.

But all I achieved was to further humiliate myself in front of the cameras as my skirt rode clear of my hips and the neckline split to permit my heaving breasts to spill totally free. Roger was quick to join Kobe in pinning me down on the sofa, enabling the cameras to roam over my splendidly displayed and perspiration dampened body.

"That's it Candy, make sure you show the viewers back home all of your plentiful charms" encouraged a visibly excited Emily from the sidelines. As if I had any say in the matter.

Within minutes Roger and Kobe were each sucking on my perfectly proffered nipples, though in Roger's case it would be more correct to say that he was biting; and quite painfully at that. I kept struggling to get out from under them, but

might as well have been pushing back against a tank, such was their combined strength compared to my hormone ravaged muscles.

Making a great show of it, Roger slid his hand slowly up my defenseless thigh until it was brushing against the gusset of my black PVC panties. Pretending to stroke any womanly charms that might have been expected to lurk below, he muttered, though clearly loud enough for the camera's microphones to pick up, "Oh I think you like this baby don't you?"

My virulent denial was cut off by Kobe clamping his mount upon mine, his tongue quickly sliding inside the depths of my mouth while he carried on a very public mauling of my breasts.

Roger's rubbing of my groin eventually ended as everyone present knew it would. "Hang on a minute, what have we here?" he called in obviously staged outrage as he worked my panties over my wide hips. "Hang on a minute Bro, this ain't no lady, this freaks a fucking queer!"

There then preceded an almost comical revealing of my true gender, with Kobe holding my arms pinned behind my back as Roger, none to gently, ripped the dress from my body leaving me clad in only my panties just above knee height and my towering heels.

Then Roger got to move inside his comfort zone in being sexually sadistic towards yours truly. First he produced some duct tape and proceeded to bind my wrists behind my back, working the tape quite tightly up my arms until my elbows were constrained almost touching, serving to thrust my bountiful chest out even still further. Then ripping my panties, though truth be told their soiled nature left little doubt as to who their previous owner was, ripping them from my knees, he stuffed them between my ruby red lips before taping them firmly in place with an additional length of tape.

Satisfied I was defenseless before him, he set about exploring the small set for items with which to torture me. Not surprisingly the set proved a regular treasure trove of household items which someone as sadistically imaginative as Roger could put to good use. First off he delighted in affixing two wicked looking Bulldog clips to my permanently inflated nipples, pausing to ensure multiple cameras were on hand to capture every gradation of my pain as he deliberately let the clips snap shut upon my exposed buds. I did not disappoint as I squirmed against Kobe's strong arms trying furiously to get away from the source of my pain.

Seeing I was helpless, Kobe released his grip on me, picked up a handy ruler and began swatting my naked bottom, sensing me hopping around the room, at least as best as I was able atop my perilous six inch stiletto CFMP's. My Bulldog clipped breasts gyrating furiously as I tried in vain to get away from Kobe, and now a similarly armed and intent Roger. My very real squeals of pain were muffled by the foul tasting panty gag taped firmly in place with the silver duct tape.

Not content with the striping of my vulnerable bottom, Sarah mean heartedly suggested Roger switch his attention to my unprotected bosom; which he was only happy to do, moving in front of me and swiping viciously at the plentifully proffered titty flesh. I redoubled my efforts to voice my vehement protests, not that it would have done any good, past Joy's rank panties as I hopped all over the set in a desperate, but obviously futile, attempt to escape the twin slashing rulers.

Deciding I was too mobile to enable the cameras to zoom in on my discomfort to her satisfaction, Sarah called on my assailants to find a way to slow me down. Ever eager to assist, Emily called (Tie that bowling ball to his... I mean it's..."

Looking to her aunt for guidance, Anna was only too happy to provide the preferred term, "I think you mean 'it's' peter clit honey."

"Yes" smirked Emily, "tie that big bowling ball to its peter clit."

And so a length of paracord was used to tie the five pound bowling ball to my diminutive testicles. With my arms bound so tightly straight out behind me, I am now totally unable to get away, a fact both Roger and Kobe underscore by

whipping my defenseless ass, driving me around in circles on the dragging the impossibly heavy ball behind me as I ceaselessly try to flee.

When I am finally able to crawl no more, Roger positions me over the back of a chair with my glowing pink ass uppermost as the three cameras circulate capturing multiple close-ups of my assorted tattoos and ensuring every nuance of my pathetic state reflected in too many close-ups of my sweaty, eyeliner run face is captured for prosperity. Once they have ensured I am very securely bound to all four chair legs, Roger instructs Kobe to secure weights to the bulldog clips on my nipples while he 'makes a few calls.'

Given the wonders of modern cinema it is a matter of minutes before his call results in a knock on the set's front door, though with half a pound now swinging painfully from each of my hideously distended nipples and a five pound bowling ball playing taunt on my sorry excuse for testicles, it seemed a good deal longer to me. Especially given Emily's penchant for setting the nipple weights swinging during the downtime of the cameras, lights and boom mike being repositioned.

"You look soooo sexy all trussed up and available Candy, I think I might just have to sample a little of your delights myself" she teases as I grimace from the discomfort she is causing me, so helplessly bound over the back of the chair, as she sets the weights swinging beneath me like some sick version of Newton's cradle., delighting in having them bang together directly below my enormous tits

Parting with a particularly vicious smack across my defenseless and already brilliant pink tush, she calls across to Anna "You don't mind if I join in the fun do you Aunty A?"

Smiling her truest evil smile, Anna responds "Not at all my dear, after all, what is the point of having a sissy sex slave if you can't enjoy their pathetic charms yourself?"

With the assorted filming paraphernalia suitably repositioned to Sarah's exacting demands, filming recommences with the loud knocking. Kobe goes across to open it and welcomes Stu (the semen soaker from the shoe shop) and Ty (Joy's pimp), neither of whom appear too happy to be out in front of the camera, but both brighten when they see me secured over the back of the chair, my butt aglow.

Taking the lead, Roger welcomes them both to 'the party' whereupon the resume Emily's distraction of playing 'conkers' with the weights suspended from my nipples. Taking great delight in banging them noisily together, totally ignoring my screams of agony muffled through Joy's fetid panties.

Upon instruction from Sarah Stu experiments with shortening the twine securing the bowling ball to my nut sac until it too is swinging just above the ground, y poor denuded testicles stretched horrifically as they support the swinging weight.

Deciding he needs a little light relief, Kobe moves in front of me, rips the duct tape gag from my face, pulls Joy's panties from between my collagen filled lips before replacing them, none too gently, with his giant sized cock. With cameras moving in for close-ups either side, he proceeds to use my bouffant to force my mouth up and down upon his cock.

As Roger moves behind to commence an unlubricated pillaging of my defenseless ass, a knock at the set door indicates yet more participants in the debauchery have arrived. Out of the corner of my eye I am a little surprised to see Emily enter the set with an almost deliciously evil smile in my direction. I note she is carrying a small hold all that I have little doubt I will not enjoy the contents of.

I am now being worked quite hard from both ends, Kobe grabbing large handfuls of my peroxide locks to force his cock deep down my throat, while Roger is enjoying the additional leverage my augmented hips are providing him as he synchronized his thrusts to with Kobe's. the result is a quite impressive display of swinging weights as the two breast weights and bowling ball settle in to a steady rhythm. Tears decimate my extremely heavily applied eye makeup such that it appears to be a black river running down each of my overly rouged cheeks.

Unhappy with being left out of the mix, Ty produced a wicked looking switchblade and cuts the duct tape binding my arms behind me. My relief at having them free is short-lived as they are unceremoniously placed over his and Stu's erect cocks, which after they apply the necessary spit lubrication I am made to masturbate.

As a total of four camera circulate around the spectacle of me getting simultaneously ass and face fucked, all the while jerking off two more cocks, Emily moves down to almost affectionately stroke my hair while whispering, loud enough for a lowered boom mike to hear, "Oh you look so sexy Candy, I just love the way this man's huge black cock is stretching your throat so" she pauses to run her hand up against my throat as Kobe continues to pound it in and out of my mouth and I struggle to time my breathing around his in and out strokes.

An increase in the furious thrusting in my posterior indicated Roger was nearing his zenith, but a barked command from Sarah ordering him to 'save it' had him slowing his pounding between my artificially enlarged ass cheeks.

"God, I'm getting so wet just watching these men pound their solid cock meat into you," well I was pleased to hear someone was getting something out of it, personally, I was less than enamored! Unaware, and uninterested, in my thoughts on the subject, pretty young Emily continued "you make me so how Candy, I think I'm going to have to sample your delicious wares myself..."

Any confusion I might have had as to her meaning were quickly dispelled as she stood up in front of me to reveal the largest strap on cock I had ever seen. There could be no mistaking my groan of consternation as I clapped eyes on the monstrous vivid green appendage swinging so lifelike between her gorgeous thighs. Enjoying my eye popping dismay at the sight of it, Emily's pretty face twisted in to what I was becoming to view as her more usual look; a thoroughly sadistic smile of pleasure. "Oh yes sweet Candy-kins, 'Mr. Knobbly here" she was no doubt referring to the wicked looking quarter inch long rubber protrusions that covered the outside of the nine inch long, three inch diameter plastic cock that swung between her luscious legs, " he's going to get real intimate with your most private of places." Again, the thoroughly evil grin as she lowered her head once more besides mine "tell me Candy, do you think you can take Mr. Knobbly up your little boy-cunt unlubricated, or would you rather I apply some of natures lubrication to him first?"

Was she serious, did I want to be quite possibly torn physically apart, or have her, this gorgeous blonde goddess, apply some of her juices to it first? Well that was a non-brainer of ever there was!

As the cameras circled, one capturing the disgusting sight of Roger's large cock forcing it's way in and out of my distended sphincter, another ensuring none of the action of the two hand jobs I was administering to Stu and Ty was lost, the other two moved in closer as Emily softly cooed into my bejeweled ear, my head still swinging from Kobe's unrelenting pounding of my face, "If you want me to rape you without lubricant, nod your head now Candy?"

I did my best to convey the notion that any movement of my head was of Kobe's doing and not mine, and she appeared to understand, "OK, if you want me to lubricate Mr Knobbly first, nod your head now."

I furiously worked my head up and down, or at least as much as being impaled upon Kobe's enormous black cock would permit. Emily, god bless her, understood.

"OK, lubrication it is then." She nodded to Sarah who was standing close by, behind one of the mobile cameras being employed to catch the close-up action.

"OK boys, positions please" barked Sarah, whereupon my four assailants all withdrew from me, leaving just Emily crouched besides me.

"I knew you'd agree with me" she breather in my finally still ear. "Now be sure to give the cameras your most sexy smile when the boys bukkake you!" What?!

And so I was released from the chair back, the weights removed from my poor testes and horribly stretched nipples, before I got to kneel, surrounded by four very obviously aroused men, and while grinning inanely throughout as Emily knelt behind me supplying the vile epithets I called sluttily to them, such jewels as "Come on, plaster this sissy with your

lovely man goo" and "Give it to me, splatter this whore's face with jiss" or "That's it, come on give it to me, I want you to drench this cock gobbling whore with your man juice!" as I masturbated and sucked them all to orgasm.

Ty was the first to break, his gasp preceding a regular torrent of thick white spunk that missed my right ear at first, happily catching an unprepared Emily on her shoulder before she could jump clear. Bringing his large black hose under control, the next four spurts were both copious and accurate as he blasted my face with cum. I was immediately blinded as it served to gum up my already ruined false lashes.

With an almost girlish squeal Stu joined in the fun and drenched me with an impressive amount of jism that he directed at my hair, ensuring it dripped slowly down into my face for quite some time to come. Roger quickly joining in and, whether through skilful aim or pure luck, caught me squarely in the mount as I squealed in indignation. His next spurts worked in unison with Stu to thoroughly coat my ruined face with a thick and glutinous later of hot spunk.

Showing the stamina for which I was beginning to associate him, Kobe waited for the others to finish before hosing my already glued tightly shut eyes with another impressive load, his five powerful spurts all landing squarely on my face as I turned it this way and that - seemingly seeking to cover every inch with glutinous white jism, but in reality blindly trying to find some direction that spunk did not appear to be coming from.

Kneeling defenseless and blind in a pool of cum as it dripped from my smattered face to my pendulous breasts below, I was unaware of Emily's proximity, and even further unaware of the fantastic fetish attire she was now resplendent in a purple latex mini dress and heels towering to rival those still strapped to my sore feet. Only when I later saw the footage was I aware of how close I had been to a true goddess, for she looked truly amazing in the figure hugging outfit - only the hideous green cock jutting from the dresses short hemline spoiling the wonderful sight she presented.

I was not even aware of her proximity, the thickening spunk serving to dull both my senses of sight and sound, until I felt her sliding her evil strap-on around my face, gathering as much of the foul fluid as the wicked rubber spikes could hold. Seeing how defenseless I was before her, she could not sweetly instructing me to "open wide sweet Candy, see all this delicious sticky protein rich alpha male jizz you're wasting, open wide bitch!"

Knowing my options were worse than nil, I unseeingly did as I was bade and opened my luscious lips wide to let her feed me the congealing cum with her fingers, before coating my red lips with the cum covered dildo strapped to her gorgeous body. Sliding only the first four inches, less than half I realized with a sinking sensation, between my crimson lips, she kept up and endless degrading commentary for the benefit of both the cameras and myself

"Oh you look so good coated with jizz Candy, there's no doubt you were born to fulfill this role. Your place should always be knelt before some superior being with your artificially engorged lips wrapped around a big cock or eating out a cum filled puss, or even better tossing some guys salad! Yes, I think it safe to say Alan Borne is dead..." she let the realization that she had used my real identity in front of multiple cameras recording every second of my dreadful degradation hang there a second before continuing "Yes, Alan Borne is dead, long live Candy BJ Runt; busty shemale cum junkie extraordinaire!"

As she slowly, almost languidly slipped the monster cock between my distended lips, she used her long pink finger nails to move the coagulating semen around my upturned face, ensuring not a single millimeter of it was left uncovered, with special attention being made to ensure my eyes were completely glued shut.

Satisfied she could wreak no more harm to my cum covered features, she slid the monster dildo once more through the abundant cum and sighed as if reluctantly "Well, I promised you a good arse reaming and I'm a girl who's true to her word! Now stand up here, that is bend over, atta girl.

Carefully positioning us so the back of her legs were directly up against the front of the sofa, Emily gently instructed "Now move slowly back, that's it..." such was the gently tone of her voice, it was not until I could feel the tip of her evil strap on pressing right against my poor sphincter that I remembered her true intent. Pulling slowly but firmly upon my newly expanded hips, she eased the very tip of the monster inside of me.

I was totally unprepared for what followed. Seeming to begin rocking me slowly, and I hoped gently, upon her plastic phallus strapped to her silken thighs, but suddenly she made no attempt to arrest the backwards motion of our combined bodies, with gathering speed she rocked back to the sofa seat below. The result was that I was forcibly impaled upon the monster cock in one sickening motion by my own not inconsiderable weight.

The scream I unleashed as the full nine inches shot up my defenseless ass was enough to waken the dead, I could feel everyone of the wretched knobs on the over seven inch circumference as the immediately loathed Mr. Knobbly was forced fully up my bottom.

Impaled upon her lap, Emily delighted in chewing quite hard on my ear as she whispered "Oh that's it sweet Candy, ride my hard cock, come on you pathetic excuse for a sissy, don't just sit there, work your filthy ass up and down Mr. Knobbly. Let's see you for the transgender whore you are, go no , get that boy-cunt working on my cock, don't make me beat the crap out of you."

And so, fighting back fresh tears, I unseeingly climbed up the monsters length before easing myself once more down upon it, using the sofa's arms for support.

"that's it cunt, fuck yourself good, and be sure to mile for the cameras. Don't worry if you can't see them, they can see you and I want you to make absolutely certain they see a sissy whore enjoying a damn good ass pounding, or there will be real pain on your horizon Miss Candy" she whispered only for my hearing, "now get fucking and make sure there's plenty of good moaning and groaning so everyone can see what a total slut whore you are!"

And so, fighting back the pain, I eased myself up and down the vile green mile, all the while doing my best to fake the sight and sound of unfelt pleasure. "Oh yes, that feels so good, oh yeah, fuck this sissy whore's ass with your lovely lock Princess Emily My Divine Feminatrix and Owner of my Ladyboy Backdoor Love Canal. Fuck me, fuck this Pathetic Little Cock Sucking Sissy good!"

Apparently there was another part of the strap-on serving Mistress Emily, as before long she was calling out her own encouragement? "That's it you pathetic piece of white trash, hump your little boy cunt on my great big cock, go no, go on you tramp, fuck your little ass good

Seeing how I was now trying to hold my much abused breasts to stop them from bouncing up and down to violently, Anna called across for me to release them and in fact redouble my efforts. So, knowing there was really no option other than compliance, I did just that, forcing my tired leg muscles to increase the pace off my furiously sore ass up and down the viciously ribbed plastic cock in young Emily's lap.

As my silicone engorged breasts slammed up and down and I cried out lies about how good it felt, "Oh yes, yes, fuck this Pathetic Little Cock Sucking Sissy's boy-pussy good Princess Emily My Divine Feminatrix and Owner of my Ladyboy Backdoor Love Canal, fuck me good, it feel so, so good, give me the fucking my sissy whore ass deserves."

Just the heat I could feel emanating from Emily below me left me no doubt that she was indeed as het up as her passionate crises indicated. As Sarah quietly ordered the four cameramen to focus on one aspect or another, inevitably involving some hitherto unnoticed aspect of my debasement, such as how despite the pain, Emily's evil prong was serving to stimulate my prostrate so that my tiny penis was engorged to it's now maximum two inch erect length, looking more like the enlarged clitoris Sarah insisted on referring to it as she directed one or more cameraman to capture the site of my still seemingly willingly bouncing up and down in Emily's lap.

Sensing her own orgasms rapid encroachment, Emily reached down between us and squeezed her monster cock's rubber balls, sending a huge and quite hot jet of fake jizz up my sorely abused ass just as she erupted in a most vociferous orgasm "Oh yes, Candy take that, take it all, take my full load up your pathetic little boy cunt, go on you pathetic excuse for a he-whore, take the ass fucking I know you so love and long for!"

Finally sated, she pushed me from her lap, leaving me in a cum drenched heap upon the dirty set floor as first Sarah, then every other person present started applauding, though whether it was for me, Emily or anyone else I knew or cared not as I lay there silently crying at how far out of control my life had spiraled.

Looking up through badly gummed false eyelashes, I was further hurt by the site of my one time true love, Joy, smiling in satisfaction at my ruin, even blowing a sarcastic kiss in my ruined direction as she savored the demise of the person she wrongly blamed for her own devastated life.

And so concluded my 'large screen' debut. Two months later I was shown the 'fruits of our labor' a DVD which cover bore a hideous montage of still imaged lifted from the forty-five minutes of debauchery within. But it was the cover that truly compounded my misery, for there in big red letters, highlighted in fluorescent yellow was the title 'Cum Guzzlers 4: Busty Shemale Cum Junkie' and immediately below that, in day-glow green letters on less conspicuous was the legend 'Starring Lusty Busty Shemale Porn Sensation Candy Runt (the blowjob queen)'

I was now officially a TG porn star and I had never felt more wretched.

End of part seventeen, to be continued...

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

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