

## The Anniversary – Parts 19

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### Part 19

Fast forward two months after my movie debut. Anna now has me churning out movies like there is no tomorrow, and when I am not being forcibly anally raped in front of several cameras for the 'silver screen', then I all too frequently doing so for the still cameras of one or more several 'specialty magazines' appealing to the same sick perverts.

I am dog tired from just such a day, having spent it at a photo shoot for [www.trannysurprise.com](http://www.trannysurprise.com) where I had been 'honored' as April 2011's 'Shemale of the Month.' I am exhausted from a day being forced to perform degrading acts in unnatural positions. My makeup is too heavily applied, and unbeknownst to me there's definitely still some cum in my hair and I have forgotten to remove the fake diamante tiara proclaiming me to be the 'Porn Princess'.

As ever, Anna refuses to let me use a car or taxi, so I've endured a humiliating cross town bus trip where, dressed as a total whore in a skintight purple spandex catsuit that leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination, save my true gender which has been further reduced by Emily adding chemical castration pills to my fix - which I am seriously 'Jonesing' for. My ridiculously augmented breasts are unfettered by the very low cut catsuit and so swing wildly with every wide swing my enlarged hips as I involuntarily assume the hooker gait Dr. Shankar's deep seated hypnosis has implanted in my subconscious. My large nipples are even more distended from the stimulation their constant friction against the tightly stretched spandex has induced.

My feet are killing me from the half mile walk from the bus depot in a pair of shocking, too tight white PVC thigh boots atop the usual towering heels and platforms, plus the added 'benefit' of Anna having attached fifteen little bells to the zipper in rear ensuring a cacophony of loud jingling with every slutty step I take. To add to this noise, the obviously fake gold chain slung low around my much reduced waist atop my much enlarged hips has a string of bells who's loud chiming ensure no one misses my sensational display of wanton femininity. My collagen boosted lips are feeling sore from having had to administer four blow jobs at the photo shoot, one at the bus depot to a disgusting old pervert who had taken some serious liberties with me as I stood holding on to the overhead handles the whole twenty minute journey as the 'darling' young Emily had forbidden me from ever sitting while using public transit – a fact guaranteed to draw yet more unwanted attention to me when, like this evening, the bus was less than half full. Plus the constant licking of my lips whenever a male crotch is in sight.

My hated, hated, hated, wretched plastic purse, it's embarrassing contents all too visible for everyone to see, is hard to hold on to as I struggle with the red elbow length gloves, the four gold buttons above my elbows keep snagging on the cat suit's tightly stretched spandex, with the thumb and forefinger sewn together in the unmistakable male masturbatory position.

Half exhausted I arrive at Anna's house - now legally all hers thank to my dependency on the delicious drugs she has me totally addicted to, though she would claim the only drug I am addicted to is dispensed from a man's cock. I cannot help but groan as I see the many cars parked outside and recall that tonight Anna is hosting a party to celebrate the release of my latest pornographic blockbuster; 'Truck Stop Tranny Cum Queen' - another masterpiece from the very sick mind of Ms. Sarah Jones, or Goddess Sarah as I am required to call her. This was our fourth collaboration, the others three being 'Cum Guzzlers 4: Busty Shemale Cum Junkie' (even my debut was not an original!), followed by 'Shemale Butt Fuck Queen' and my name debut 'Candy Runt's Cum Guzzlin' Marathon'

As I enter the front door Anna wastes no time in announcing my presence to the assorted sycophants, sadists and hanger-on who's company she seems to so enjoy these days "Well look what the cat's dragged in, if it isn't my little cock sucking sissy cash cow of an ex-husband! How are you dear, tough day at the office was it?"

The hoots of all too familiar derision rain on me as I stand there looking at the many familiar faces gathered for the launch. Anna is there of course, as is her sadistic bitch of a niece, Emily. Her friend and my director, the mean spirited Sarah sits alongside Ty, Joy's pimp, with Roger and Kobe.

My heart goes out to the site of Joy, naked with large weights hanging from her distended nipples and pathetically enlarged pussy lips, as she crawls around the room on all fours as she is forced to act as a roving drinks trolley, a table with tumblers of beer strapped to her back as she struggles valiantly not to spill any, despite the attention of young Emily as she takes vicious swipes at Joy's unprotected buttocks with a bamboo switch.

The thought occurs to me that Joy is looking considerably older, her skin pale and sallow from too little time outside and too much time on her back. Worse still, if I am not very much mistaken she may very well be pregnant from the looks of her mildly swollen belly as she struggles to stay ahead of Emily's evil swipes while trying hard, but ultimately unsuccessfully, to not spill the drinks on her back. Despite the undisguised loathing with which Joy now beholds me, thanks to Anna, and now Emily and Susan, going out of their way to convince her that her demise was planned with my cooperation all along and that I was now living it large from her "paltry whore earnings," I feel abject sorrow at the pain and humiliation which I unintentionally have caused her.

Anna moves to my side and whispers in my ear "I can't believe you still fancy that cunt Alan, not after all she's done to you" When she sees my look of bewilderment, she continues, "Look at the fat whore, can't you see she's pregnant?" So I was right. "Of course she's whored it around with so many men, I'm sure she has no idea who the father is, probably give birth to some black bastard..."

Seeing my look of shock at hearing Joy will be forced to go full term with the child, Anna's face lights up with evil devilment, "Oh yes, we're going to make the cunt deliver the little bastard, Ty says there's a pretty penny to be made through selling babies, especially if it has any of its whore mothers genes. Plus I get to see the cunt suffer the pains of child birth, get all stretched out and saggy, then see her kid ripped from her teat! Perfect!"

There really is no end to her evil and once again I am appalled that I ever once cared about her enough to marry her.

Unconcerned by look of absolute loathing, Anna continues "That should take care of any feelings you might still harbor for her, once she's all bloated and stretched and her tits hang down to her knees. Of course we have more plans for old Dog Slut before she drops the kid..."

My ability to question her as to what those plans might entail is cut short by her looking up and saying "Looky here, if it isn't my two favorite girls..."

And at that point the devilish duo of Sarah and Emily walk up.

"Hello Sissycakes" greets Emily, her face angelic as ever, completely concealing the heart of pure evil it conceals "How's are favorite dick chugging transgender movie star today? I must say, the tiara really suits you, especially with your hair so gummed up. Tell me, what type of mousse is it you use?"

My hand flies to my head to find I am indeed still wearing the ridiculous tiara and my hair is gelled solid from the semen it was covered in at the earlier photo shoot."

"Oh I think we know what Candy uses in her hair don't we Em?" smiles Sarah, "But do tell us anyway sweet Candy"

"Yes Goddess Sarah, Pathetic Little Cock Sucking Sissy uses spunk to keep her lovely locks so pretty" I dutifully answer.

For some reason my answer angers Sarah. "Christ, you're so pathetic; I am surprised Anna doesn't have you completely neutered!"

Emily leaps upon this idea to further torment me "Oh that's a great idea Sarah, we should suggest to Anna that she has his tiny balls cut off, then bronzed and made in to a pair of earrings she can wear on special occasions. She can even get Candy to take them out and polish them for her!"

My pleas to stop this line of torment inevitably attract the attention of my ex-wife who was standing close-by “What are you girls talking about?” she inquires.

“Oh nothi...” my attempt to steer the conversation away from this, potentially very, sore subject are cut off by Sarah. “Oh we were just suggesting that you might one day want to have Candy here castrated, and then have her little nuts bronzed and made in to earrings for you to wear!”

Of course Anna immediately embraces this idea “What an excellent idea that is Sarah, don’t you agree Candy?”

Naturally, I know I have no alternative but to agree, “Yes Your Supreme Majesty and Keeper of my Testicles, this Pathetic Little Cock Sucking Sissy thinks it would be an excellent idea if you were to have this sissy’s testicles cut off and made in to earrings for you to wear...”

“Good girl” says Anna as she moves off to mingle once more, casually remarking as she departs “Remind me of this discussion later Candy, I think it could be an excellent idea.”

To her credit, Anna is concerned that my poor boy-pussy is getting too much action and will soon we too slack to tempt anyone to defile it, so ‘kindly’ insists a one pound chrome plated butt plug is forced up – complete with the legend ‘Sissy Faggot’ in diamante letters on tis base – my ass, ensuring I spend all evening tightly clenching my sphincter muscles to prevent it from falling out. Worse still is the point I discover that a goodly part of the hated plugs weight is from the remote controlled electricity generator built into it. Emily takes enormous delight in causing me to leap to my feet, breasts and ass bouncing all over the place as I squeal out loud in very real anguish as she triggers the device to send several hundred volts pulsating through my butt whenever the mood takes her or she feels I am not paying enough attention to my on screen performance.

The rest of the evening goes pretty much just as I expected; badly. The movie screening is wretched, with everyone but me enjoying it immensely, especially the scene where two enormously overweight truckers have me in a ‘69 sandwich’ where one pounds my ass while the other has his cock buried deep in my throat. The memory of having to perform with these two fat pigs is too fresh in my mind – the smell of their sweaty bodies as they delighted in squeezing me between them before they covered in me in an amazing amount of jiz before tying me (upon Sarah’s suggestion of course) to the front of their truck and driving me, stark naked, around the truck stop, all the while blasting on the air horns to ensure maximum attention – is still too painful to remember.

Anna never misses an opportunity to threaten what is left of my manhood, suggesting that maybe she’ll only take one of my testicles to start with. Emily delights in sending me leaping in to the air at the most inopportune of times with the wretched heavily weighted butt plug. Sarah decides I should dance with every eligible male in the house, of which there are about fifteen, so each one gets to feel up my plentiful charms while I sleaze up against them, regardless of the song playing at the time.

But it is Anna’s suggestion that we hold ‘a little competition’ that really sets the tone for my evening. Her idea is that Dog Slut and Sissy (Joy and I) hold a ‘Blow-Off’ whereby the last one to successfully administer blow jobs to five men, spitting the resultant jiz in to a brandy snifter, will be punished by missing our all-important fix!

The threat of such terrible punishment ensures that both Joy and I fall upon the task with gusto. I am almost immediately on my knees with Ty’s considerable length flashing in and out of my lips as I cradle his large testicles in one hand, the other clutches his buttock to better move his cock in and out of my warm throat. In next to no time I feel him stiffen, so move up until just it glans is in my mouth whereupon he shoots hot spunk like a geyser. I do my best to hold of much of his seed in my mouth as I possibly can, but some inevitably spills down on to my breasts.

As he finally ceases spurting so I can spit his load in to the glass, I see Joy is still working on Roger who is twisting upon her nipples quite viciously, making it next to impossible for her to concentrate on administering the best possible blow job – bless him.

In an effort to speed up the process and so increase my own efficiency, I pull down my top to release my massive jugs as I fall upon Kobe's massive tool, struggling to get his entire length down my tightly restricted throat while fighting back my gag reflex. The threat of not receiving the chemical release from this hell is such that both Joy and I totally debase ourselves without a second thought – I can see Joy is now free of Roger and has moved onto her second cock, I need speed up.

The assorted bells I wear jingle loudly as I force my head up and down upon Kobe's large ebony pole, ignoring Sarah as she closes in with a small handheld camera to capture my wanton display. Up and down, up and down I furiously work, cradling Kobe's testicles in an effort to speed up his release.

I am dismayed to see Joy spit her second load in to the snifter and take Kobe's warm nuts in my mouth in an effort to get him to cum. Back on to his cock, I swirl my pierced tongue gently around the sensitive underside of his cock head and finally feel him buttock clench with the approach of his orgasm. Using my hand to slide up and down his dick, I milk his precious seed in to the hot confines of my mouth before quickly releasing him, spitting it in to the impressively already half full glass and move on to my third victim, one of the camera men from my last film whose name I cannot remember.

I pause a few seconds to let him molest my huge tits, before I fall upon his groin, quickly releasing his pole from the hot confines of his tighty-whites. I quickly see I've chosen well as within a few minutes he grabs me by the back of my head and forces me hard down upon his six inch cock, and with a cry of 'Take it you cunt!' proceeds to jet his spunk down my throat. Thankfully I am able to force my mouth up off his length sufficiently to gather a sufficient quantity of his semen to spit in the brandy glass.

And so I move on to my fourth cock while Joy works feverishly away on her third. My next 'donor' is another of the cameramen – well I 'enjoyed' a good result with the last! But I soon find this one has staying power and as I see Joy move on to her fourth, I decide desperate needs require desperate measures. Without breaking rhythm upon his cock, I unbuckle his pants and drop them, along with his garish boxers to the floor, thus affording me unencumbered access to his cock, balls, and more importantly, his prostate. Pausing only long enough to lubricate my right hand index finger by sucking on it while looking longingly in to my victims eyes, I then proceed to slide my digit up his filthy asshole, sliding it in and out in time with my red painted lips progress up and down his cockmeat. In next to no time I hear him groan and recognize the now all too familiar symptoms of another man's approaching orgasm. My lips form a Tupperware like seal atop his glans as his hips relax with the onset of his cum. It is an impressive load and once more I am unable to prevent some from leaking out from the corners of my mouth (so much for Tupperware!) to drop on to my silicone engorged breasts below.

Four down; one to go.

With Joy looking in panic at me from the corner of her eye as she works her head up and down her man's cock, I look around to select my fifth and final semen donor.

Having had such success with the white men working on my movies, I quickly crawl on all fours, with my pendent breasts swaying beneath me, towards a guy I recognize as one of the crew. Licking my lips in faked wanton lust, I swiftly unbuckle and clear his pants over his hips as he sits upon what was once my sofa with a very satisfied smile upon his face.

Once more I fall upon the task at hand and in next to no time have one hand working a finger in and out of his ass, while the other pumps up and down his impressive length and my mass of blonde hair flying up and down as I frenetically throw myself upon his manhood. In and out, up and down, pump, pump, pump, under such an onslaught, the poor guy stood little change and all too soon he starts to fill my moaning mouth with the final dose of precious man juice.

I hear Joy let out a pained sob as I proudly spit the last of my five mouthfuls of jiz into the snifter.

Anna chuckles as she congratulates me “Well done Candy, we all knew you were a natural born cock sucker, and tonight you’ve proved it beyond a shadow of a doubt. Come on crawl over here and receive your fix.”

As I head over towards her, a self-satisfied grin upon my face, I cannot help but feel a pang of compassion for Joy as she is led out to the backyard to be chained beside the old dog house out there to suffer a cold and damp night, bereft of any chemical release.

As I reach Anna I see Emily powdering my pills in the usual manner, before she sadistically pours the fine powder into semen filled glass besides her and hands it to me with a “Here you go slut, we thought you’d enjoy taking your medicine with a little chaser this evening!”

Such is my wanton dependency on the drugs I am force fed, I barely pause before taking the proffered glass, tilting it back and letting the foul congealed mess of spit, jism and narcotics slide hungrily down my throat. After all, it’s just another day in my sorry, sorry life.

End of part nineteen, to be continued...

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

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