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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 17

Saturday – Apollonia/Raffaella/Colin – New York City - 15 February 2003

The first stop for Apollonia, Raffaella, and Colin was a special shop on the second floor of a five story building on Madison Avenue just north of 57th Street. The limousine driver told them to call his cell phone when they needed him and to give him at a minimum five minutes to return to where they were. Apollonia nodded her assent, but Raffaella looked askance at the driver but did not verbalize her dislike for the man. Apollonia pushed the button next to the name of the store and when the buzzer sounded to unlock the door, the three of them entered and walked up the stairs to Madame Yvette's Boudoir for Sissies.

Madame Yvette specialized in grooming men to become women or sissies. She worked with a large transgender population of men who believed they were women trapped in men's bodies. She also worked with a small number of men who were forcibly feminized by their wives as punishment for some sexual indiscretion. Colin was the first male she would help attain femininity because of his inability to impregnate his wife. Her shop was multifaceted. She had a hair salon, nail salon, and an area for permanent hair removal through either electrolysis or lasers. The shop also contained a complete haberdashery for women. Lingerie, clothing both formal and casual, shoes, and fetish wear could be found at Madame Yvette's. Tucked away in the back was a tattoo parlor for the transgendered women who wanted something special to commemorate their change or for those women who wanted to humiliate their sissy husband's with a permanent mark declaring the relinquishment of their male status.

The two sisters were impressed with the ambiance of Madame Yvette's establishment. Besides catering to the feminized male, she did have a nice selection of sexually titillating women's clothing plus the ever important dominatrix attire. What made them truly amazed was the nice area created by Madame Yvette for her clients to enjoy some coffee, espresso, cappuccino, and some delicate handmade petit fours. Apollonia knew from the moment she walked in that one of her best friends from college had steered her to what had to be the premier boutique of its kind.

Madame Yvette strode up to the women, offered her hand, and said, "Good morning ladies. Since I do not know which one of you is Apollonia..."

Apollonia offered her hand in response to Madame Yvette's unanswered question. "It is a pleasure to meet you. I'm Apollonia Moretti. This is my sister Raffaella Rossi. Standing behind us is my husband Colin. I have to compliment you on your store. I did not expect such an upscale environment."

Smiling, with eyes a twinkle, Madame Yvette responded, "Why thank you, my dear. I get tingly all over when I hear compliments about my place of business. Considering I was born a man and some twenty-two years ago I went through gender transformation, this place is and will always be part of my soul. I could have opened a boutique someplace in the village and catered to the fags and closeted men, but I wanted something more."

Raffaella chimed in, "Something more. You've certainly done that Madame Yvette. I compliment you, because I'm standing here thinking to myself what a beautiful woman she is. I'm duly impressed."

Again, all a titter, Madame Yvette responded, "Why thank you, darling. To be complimented by two beautiful women, sisters I hope, at my age is wonderful. I try very hard to keep myself beautiful." She looked at the two women and continued, "I can see on your faces the inevitable question. I'm forty-seven."

Simultaneously, the girls responded, "Really!!!"

Looking between them, Madame Yvette turned the small love fest from herself and her business to the real reason the girls had asked and received access to her boutique. "And, who, pray tell is that sweet looking thing standing behind you?"

Apollonia didn't remark that she had already introduced Colin, "That is my husband. Colin Cathcart. He is the reason we are here today."

Madame Yvette looked at Apollonia with a quizzical look on her face. "You introduced him as a Cathcart, yet you introduced yourself as a Moretti. Are you married, but you didn't take his name?"

"No, Madame Yvette that is not the issue at all." She had a decision to make and Apollonia decided she was going to be honest even if it hurt Colin. "I introduced myself using my maiden name, because within a few days, hopefully not weeks, I will be willingly tied to another man, but not in holy matrimony as I am with Colin. Mr. Cathcart had twenty-four months, two years, to place his seed within my womb and begin a family. He failed. This failure was confirmed last night when he had a choice to make. Signing an annulment agreement or consenting to his cuckolding and feminization. We're here..."

Madame Yvette interrupted, "Damn, girl!!! I've heard stories, but never met anyone associated with a family like yours. So, he decided he loves you too much to walk away from you. He is so in love with you that he is willing to bear the daily humiliation of being a sissy and more importantly suffer seeing you emotionally and physically tied to another man. Damn, that's hot!!!"

"I guess you could say that, but I'm more interested in feeling a life grow inside me and that loser standing behind me couldn't do it. He couldn't do it because he couldn't keep it up when he wasn't in panties. Believe it or not, Madame Yvette, he hid it from me during our courtship and our marriage until last night. Well, I knew something was up, but didn't confront him till last night. Mother fucker isn't huge, but that didn't matter to me. Last night as he knelt in front of me sucking on a silicone strap-on dildo, his cock was straining beneath his panties. Now, he's going to live his fantasy, but also he's going to live with, like you said, the daily humiliation of being a sissy."

Clapping her hands with glee, Madame Yvette said, "Well, then, let's get started. We'll start by having him get undressed to his underwear..."

Raffaella interrupted, "Not underwear Madame, lingerie. He's already in panties and thigh highs."

Madame Yvette looked at Colin and saw him blush. "The sissy is embarrassed. Too bad sissy, now before we go into the salon, take off your man's denims, shirt, and shoes because when you leave here you'll be oh so pretty in a nice dress."

The three women watched Colin remove his shoes, shirt, and jeans. He stood in the middle of the reception area in a pair of black lace boy short panties and a pair of lace topped striped thigh high stockings. What he couldn't hide from them was his accident. The front of his panties had a round whitish wet spot which he couldn't hide. He

looked down trying to see it and when he looked up he saw the sniggering smiles of the two natural women and one surgically created woman. All he could say was, "Oops!!!"

"Follow me," said Madame Yvette.

Apollonia, Raffaella, and the half-naked Colin followed the five foot nine inch transgendered beauty into the salon where an overtly homosexual Puerto Rican male waited by a chair near the front window. He pointed to the chair and chuckled when he saw the cum stain on the front of Colin's panties. Colin sat not knowing what was going to happen, but understood in a moment when he heard Madame Yvette say, "Ladies, why don't we go and get ourselves something to drink. Diego is going to cut his hair, shape his eyebrows, and find the right combination of makeup for your little sissy. Diego will call us when he's ready for his fittings. Come let's enjoy some girl talk."

For the next half hour the girls sat around drinking coffee and chatting. Madame Yvette was interested in the girl's family especially the idea of their notoriety as providers of sperm for women whose husbands were incapable of impregnating them. The girls were conversely interested in her psychological and emotional issues growing up male wanting to be female and how she coped until the final surgery of her transformation.

"Apollonia, did you girls know growing up that your father was impregnating women for money?" asked Mistress Yvette.

The sister's looked at each other just with their eyes knowing that certain information about the family was kept close to the vest. Since Madame Yvette asked Apollonia, she answered, "Yes and no. We didn't really learn of my father's activities until we were going through puberty, but there were signs. Signs that we can't really speak about because they're private and only family members know and understand them."

Madame Yvette nodded understanding he need for privacy. "Still, it must have been a shock. You have half brothers and sisters that you've never met. Aren't you in the least bit curious?"

Again Apollonia answered, "No, we understand the reasoning behind our family's activities. It is something we don't really discuss openly especially the knowledge of your question about the existence of half brothers and sisters. I have a question for you Madame."

"Of course," the lady of the salon replied.

"When did you know you were a female tapped in a male's body? I know you must get asked that question all the time."

"I knew from early childhood believe it or not. I didn't want to play with the other boys. I preferred playing with the girls and doing all things girly. My parents didn't want to accept me and tried to normalize me as a male. I finally got my way when I ran away from home at the tender age of eleven."

Raffaella, "I have to ask. How old were you the first time you had sex?"

Laughing, Madame Yvette replied, "I was seven. I had this crush on a neighbor. He was fifteen and just so handsome. The girls were lining up and I wanted to be one of them. Oh, my God, the memories are just flooding back."

Apollonia, "So, how does a man who isn't caught like you were feeling as a girl trapped in a man's physical body, and I respect your feelings, get caught up sexually with a fetish like my husband? I'm not a size queen..."

"Yeah, sure, Apollonia," interjected her sister.

"Girls, please!!! Go on Apollonia," said Madame Yvette.

"You saw him. He's not huge, but he is adequate. He admitted to me that he can't keep himself erect if he isn't thinking about being dressed in women's lingerie or having sex like one. He told me it became a lot more difficult as our relationship deepened and he couldn't do, what we Moretti's expect of a husband, impregnate me."

"I really don't know how to answer that question, because I see all types. Men who come here with their wives, without their wives, homosexuals, and men who have had long term marriages but their age and possibly lack of testosterone brings out their femininity. I think your husband just got caught up in his masturbation fantasy and let take over his emotional being and sexuality."

Before Apollonia could respond Diego swished into the area where they were sitting to announce that he was finished with his portion of Colin's appointment. He did announce to the ladies that he took it upon himself to size him for shoes because he felt Colin shouldn't walk around in his stockings. The girls returned to the salon and found Colin standing by the chair looking at himself in the mirror. The change they witnessed was astounding.

Colin's hair was reconfigured from a man's left side part to a wonderful short bob that framed his face bringing out his feminine features. As it grew in, the girls could see how pretty his face would be. Diego had thinned and arched his eyebrows. The crowning achievement was the perfect application of makeup. The foundation matched his skin color perfectly, the color on his cheeks gave him a rosy complexion, and the ruby red lipstick accented his thin lips. His eyes were made to look wider with the application of eyeliner and mascara. All in all, the girls saw a beautiful girl standing next to the chair and not Apollonia's husband.

Madame Yvette stood beside Colin and asked, "Like what you see?"

"Answer her," commanded Apollonia.

"I'm a bit amazed at how I look. I never thought I'd like what I would turn into. I've fantasized about being a girl, but actually seeing myself as I do, I'm just amazed. Simply, amazed."

"Good," replied Madame Yvette. "I see Diego has put you into a nice pair of heels. You comfortable in them?"

"Yes, Miss Apollonia, taught me to stand in heels last night, Ma'am."

"Good for Apollonia. Now let's see how you walk in them. Follow Diego and we'll follow you."

Diego took off, followed by Colin, and the three women. Madame Yvette watched Colin walk and knew immediately that he would need something to help him swish his hips and appear more feminine. She also saw that his body shape would lend itself to women's clothing. He was thin at the hips, had a flat stomach, and very shapely legs. The stockings brought out their shape and the heels accented their length. Madame Yvette liked what she saw.

Upon entering the small room near the rear of the establishment, Diego excused himself to return to the salon and his next hair appointment. No one said a word when they saw all the sexual implements arrayed around the room. Dildos, vibrators, harnesses, S&M and B&D implements, anal probes, and all forms of xxx-rated pornography. Madame Yvette strode to the area that had several sizes of anal probes hung on the wall. She looked at Colin, turned, and decided on a medium sized black probe.

"I don't know what I should call you, because you're not a man anymore and your Mistress hasn't told me if she's given you a girly name," said Madame Yvette.

The sister's laughed, but Apollonia answered, "Just call him Colin. When we get home we'll be going onto the Internet so see if there is a feminine counterpart to his name."

"Ok," replied Madame Yvette. "Colin, there is a small dressing area to your right. Please go in there and remove your panties." She handed him the black anal probe. She didn't say anything else to him. Her assumption was he'd know what to do with it.

He looked at his wife and asked, "Apollonia, Ma'am, would you please accompany me? I think it would be easier if you helped me."

Apollonia looked at Madame Yvette and she pointed to the narrow door. Colin and his wife entered the small room together. Not saying one word to each other, Colin removed his panties and bent over. Apollonia saw a small shelf that had several bottles of vaginal and anal lube on it. She picked up one called Easy Anal. She dribbled a small amount on the narrow head of the anal probe and applied some to the exterior of Colin's exposed asshole. Instead of using a finger or two to relax his anal sphincter she placed the head of the probe on his asshole and pushed. She could feel Colin trying to stop the insertion of the probe, so she slapped his ass to get him to relax. It didn't really work, so she just forced the probe into his rectum resulting in his crying out in pain as the thickest part of the slipped past his anal sphincter.

"There you go, Colin. It wouldn't have hurt so much if you allowed it to enter your pussy," said Apollonia. "Now, pull up your panties and walk into the room."

Walking with an anal probe inserted into his rectum was a new sensation for Colin. It only took a few steps for him to realize that the design of the probe was perfect for keeping it in place as the wearer moved around. He also found that he moved a bit more swishy as the broad area of the probe pressed against his prostate sending small waves of pleasure from his rectum to his brain. He exited the small dressing room and it was impossible for him to walk anyway but sexily feminine.

Madame Yvette erupted into applause and giggled as she said in a loud voice, "Am I good or what!!! A perfect choice!!! Look at him sway like a twenty dollar whore!!!"

Apollonia agreed and asked, "How long before he walks like that without the plug? And, how many do I need to make sure he always has one in his pussy?"

"If he's a good girl and keeps himself clean, three should do the trick," replied Madame Yvette.

"Good. Now, we need something to keep him until we get downtown to buy him his wardrobe. Do you have something that isn't so obviously slutty?"

Madame Yvette was playfully shocked at what Apollonia asked, but pointed to a doorway that led into the clothing area of her boutique. She walked over to a rack of dresses, picked out an ecru shift type dress and handed it to Colin. "You won't need help with this. Slip it over your head and let's see what you look like."

Colin took the cotton twill dress and slipped it over his head. He tried to zip the dress, but was having a bit of trouble because it was located in the back. Raffaella decided to give him some help which he thanked her for. Although his stockings and shoes did not compliment the simple dress, the fact that his body was so small it fell on his frame just right and the falsies he was wearing filled out the front perfectly. Everyone knew that Madam Yvette had done the perfect job on Colin. You could not tell he was a man underneath the feminine makeup and attire.

Apollonia pulled Madam Yvette to the side and they had a quiet conversation. Raffaella and Colin could see both of them nodding in the affirmative as they spoke about what neither of them knew. The two women chatted for about seven minutes and when all was said and done they didn't shake hands, but kissed each other on the cheeks a sign that they connected. Madam Yvette walked them to the front door of the boutique, bid them adieu, and knew that she would see Colin and Apollonia again.

Having forgotten to call the driver, Apollonia did so as she exited the building onto Madison Avenue. "Sorry, I forgot to call the driver. He said he'll be here in five minutes and then it is downtown to the SOHO boutiques."

"I have to ask, Appy. What were you and Madame Yvette talking about before we left?" inquired Raffaella.

"I wanted to make sure that I had enough makeup, hair stuff, the anal probes, and whatever else he needed delivered to the house. I asked her about payment and she said she didn't take credit cards, so I asked her if I could pay her when the goods were delivered. That's all Raffy. She agreed and that was that."

Just as she finished, the limousine pulled up, the driver exited, opened the doors for them, and eyed the difference in Colin. He was about to say or do something lewd, but caught the look in the real girl's eyes and thought better. Apollonia told him where they were headed and without another word he returned to the driver's side got behind the wheel and pulled the limo into traffic and headed downtown.