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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 19

Sunday Afternoon – Apollonia/Raffaella/Colin - Lower Manhattan – 15 February 2003

The ride to lower Manhattan took thirty minutes even with the reduced weekend traffic. The limousine pulled in front of a store called Sissy's. Upon exiting the limousine, Raffaella and Colin immediately started laughing, but Apollonia put it to a quick stop when she explained that the boutique was an upscale seller of one-of-a-kind women's clothing manufactured by the owners. The three walked down the short steps and entered the store and were greeted by a man in his sixties.

"Good afternoon, how may I assist you?" he inquired.

Apollonia answered, "I'm looking for some clothing for myself and my husband."

The gentleman frowned, "Excuse me ma'am, but this is a women's clothing establishment."

"Yes, I know, but I also know that you supply some very elegant clothing for men who prefer to be women. I am correct, aren't I?"

Nodding knowingly, he turned and walked to the back of the store and through a curtain of beads. He held them aside to allow Apollonia, Raffaella, and Colin to pass through. When the three of them were in rear of the small basement store the mature gentleman said, "The store is now my daughter's and her husband's. My wife passed away a few years ago and to keep myself busy I come here three days a week. Let me get Alison and she'll be glad to help you."

Two minutes later as petite auburn haired beauty appeared from the circular steps that were located at the very rear of the store. Apollonia was immediately taken with her beauty. Raffaella nodded knowingly when she saw her sister try to surreptitiously lick her lips that Apollonia would have no problem going down on her. Alison Susan Swanson strode over to where Apollonia stood, offered her hand, and said, "Welcome to Sissy's. How may I help you?"

While still holding her soft hand, Apollonia replied, "A good friend from college told me about your establishment. I am looking for two very special dresses for my husband and myself. Colin, step over here so Miss???"

The girl smiled, "Alison."

"Step over here so Miss Alison can see you and determine what size you'll need, but I'm putting the cart before the horse. First, we need to see your selection of mini dresses in white satin, lace, or any combination of those or other textiles. It must be white and it must be a mini, the shorter the better."

Alison looked at Colin and knew immediately he would probably wear a size six or eight. Her take on Apollonia was a zero or a two. "This is impertinent, but your husband doesn't look very happy standing there dressed as he is. Trying on and having us tailor the dresses may be something he doesn't want to experience. I'm just being polite."

Apollonia looked at the almond shaped eyes, the thin narrow nose, the perfectly shaped lips, and the smooth line of her jaw and said, "Would it be impertinent of me to say that I'd have no problem taking your face and rubbing my crotch all over it. The bottom line is my husband is going to be a full-fledged sissy. He's going to be cuckolded and made to live the rest of his life as a lowly sissy cocksucker. The dresses have to match because we are having a ceremony where my sissy will give me to the lover of my choice. The ring you see on his left hand will be placed on my lover's hand. So, was I impertinent or will the fact that I'll be spending somewhere in the neighborhood of twelve thousand five hundred dollars per dress give you impetus to complete the sale without asking questions that should not and do not concern you."

Alison Swanson was flabbergasted, but knew the moment Apollonia spoke she would accept her offer of a sexual liaison. "No, Apollonia, we don't have any issues. Please, all of you take a seat on the couch and I'll bring out some of our more precious offerings in white mini dresses."

For the next forty-five minutes, Alison Swanson brought out dresses for Apollonia and Raffaella to look at, drool, and finally make a decision. They decided on a white satin, sleeveless, standup Mao type collar that zipped up the side. When Apollonia came out wearing the sample dress which happened to be her size her sister knew they had made the right choice. The only request they had made Alison shake her head but she agreed to shorten the length by another two inches. She found a similar dress for Colin to try on and when he returned she very professionally measured him for his version of the dress.

"Excuse me, Apollonia, but will Colin be wearing a gaff when he is in the dress?" asked Alison.

"Good question, Alison. I don't really know, but I'd suspect he won't be because he'll be wearing his wedding trousseau."

"Thank you. It makes a difference how I sew the dress because there could be the possibility of his, well, you know, popping a woodie."

Apollonia smiled at the woman who had her feeling a need to kiss her pussy and said, "I don't think that is going to be an issue. Prior to the ceremony, he'll be milked to the point he'll be begging have the milking implement removed from his male pussy. I'm sure you'll do a wonderful job on the dresses. When will they be available for pick-up?"

"Is Wednesday, next week too late?" asked Alison.

"Do both of us have to be here for a fitting?"

"That would be optimal, but if you insist I could come to your place..."

That was all Apollonia needed to hear from the mouth of the petite bombshell that was going to sew her and her cuckold's wedding dress. "That would be marvelous. I'll leave you my card. I work from home so all you have to do is call to set up a time. Naturally, it will be in the evening."

"Oh, yes. I can't leave the store during business hours. You wouldn't mind if my husband joined us?"

Apollonia thought for a moment, "No, not at all."

"Good, I'll call you sometime Monday afternoon. I should have a handle on the dresses by then. I will need a deposit to secure the work."

"Do you take credit cards? I didn't see a sign on the door," said Apollonia.

"Sorry, we don't. We're a cash-and-carry business. If that is a problem, I can direct you to a store in the West Village that will satisfy your needs and they take all forms of credit cards."

"Ok, not a problem." Apollonia turned to her sister, "Raffy, would you go to the nearest ATM and retrieve the maximum for each of our cards, please."

Raffaella turned without saying a word and went to retrieve the maximum amount each card would allow from the nearest ATM. Colin sat just taking in the surroundings feeling the anal plug resting against his prostate gland causing him to squirm every so often trying to stem the pleasure rising from his rectum. He watched as Alison Swanson guided his wife to the very rear of the store. He was intrigued by their closeness in such a short period of time.

Alison placed her hand on Apollonia's shoulder, leaned in, and kissed her on her lips. "I can't do anything more than that, but I want you to know. I would love to be naked with you, in bed, making passionate lesbian love to and with you. I'm hoping we can arrange that in the very near future."

"I can't wait," was all Apollonia said.

Raffaella returned with just one thousand dollars. Alison Swanson gladly took the small deposit secure in the knowledge Apollonia would have the remainder of the money when she came to her house for the fitting. Apollonia, Raffaella, and Colin departed the store. They had no need for the limousine as they were going to walk the street stopping in stores they liked to make purchases for any of them. They knew by the end of the day Colin would have enough feminine clothing to keep him for a few weeks. They were a sight to see as two beautiful women and one feminized sissy strode into and out of the nicest women's boutiques in SOHO.

The final embarrassment for Colin came when they entered a high end women's lingerie store. Apollonia and Raffaella could have taken him to a Victoria's Secret or a Fredrick's of Hollywood, but not them. Instead he stood in the middle of a high end shop that did not cater to anything but real women. The sales women were not very accommodating when Apollonia told him to tell them he needed to be fitted for a bra and that he needed to try on several pairs of panties to make sure of his size for future purchases. Raffaella walked around the store looking at the different panties, bras, camisoles, stockings, bustiers, and corsets thinking how she could spend thousands of dollars on herself.

The limousine pulled up to Apollonia's house just shy of eight PM. Apollonia paid the limousine driver and tipped him handsomely. As they carried the bags into the house, Raffaella turned to look at her house and saw the lights were burning in the great room. She thought she saw shadows, but didn't stop to truly check it out. Instead she followed her sister and her sissy into the house dumping the bags in the middle of the kitchen where she knew Apollonia would make Colin take them into his room. She sat at the kitchen table, perused The New York Post as she waited for her sister to return from Colin's room. All she could think about was how tired she was and what if anything had gone on with her son.

Apollonia returned telling Colin to pick up the rest of the bags and to put all his new clothing away. "Did you call home Raffy?" asked Apollonia.

Looking up from paper, Raffaella replied, "No, I haven't. I'm sort of scared yet intrigued, if you know what I mean."

"We could just walk over there. It's not like we're not family. What's the worst that could happen?"

Raffaella replied, "We walk in on my husband and our father using my son as a fuck toy. That's all."

"You bothered by something that we both know dad experienced."

"Yes and no. Fuck, Appy, let's just go, but leave Colin here. Ok?"

"Yes, not a problem."