

© Copyright, Emanon_Pen, 2008-2012. All Rights Reserved.

The stories on this website are works of fiction. Any characters resemblance to persons living or dead is purely and entirely coincidental. Any actions taken by the characters or the portrait of such actions never occurred and if they mimic any form of reality, it is purely and entirely coincidental.

These stories contain explicit descriptions of sexual activity and may be perceived by some as being pornographic. If you feel that literary erotica is pornographic, then do not continue surfing this website or begin reading any of the stories posted here. If you inadvertently or with willful intent download a story to your computer or receive it as an e-mail attachment, then you should DELETE IT NOW AND LEAVE THE WEBSITE. The author assumes no responsibility if a minor downloads this story, is caught, and prosecuted by his parents or the federal, state, and/or local government.

This copyrighted material may not be freely distributed onto any website or newsgroup without the express written consent of the author.

Commercial websites that post this copyrighted material without the express written consent of the author and payment of royalties to the author will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

You may download this story for personal use. You may make no changes to the story and the copyright statement must not be removed. The author grants no other permissions to you or your successors.

The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 62

Friday Morning – Apollonia's Residence – 21 February 2003

Colin Cathcart awoke with a start at precisely 6:30AM to realize he was not in bed with Sonny, but on the floor at the foot of his wife's bed wrapped in an oversized wool comforter. He rose to his knees to see his wife sleeping totally naked on her back on top of the down comforter that usually covered her svelte body. Knowing his duty he eased himself onto the mammoth bed, slid up and between Apollonia's legs, and with the gentlest of kisses and licks began to stimulate her to her morning orgasm. It seemed to him that just moments earlier he was finishing licking and sucking her to her umpteenth orgasm of the night. True to her word, Apollonia made Colin lick her pussy nonstop until she collapsed and could only do one thing – fall asleep.

Feeling her sissy husband's tongue on her vagina was the perfect way to be awoken. Apollonia stretched making sure she kept her pussy planted against her sissy husband's mouth. When she relaxed she took hold of his head and forcibly used it to make herself orgasm. She didn't moan. She didn't sigh with pleasure when her body stiffened and relaxed as the wave of female orgasmic pleasure roiled throughout her body and her vaginal orifice released her bodily fluid into her sissy husband's sucking mouth. The only thing she said when she released Colin's head was '*that's how lesbians make love sissy boi*'. She then unceremoniously kicked her husband off the bed which was a signal enough to him to return to his room and get ready for the day.

Apollonia Moretti stood in the shower/sauna and luxuriated in the feeling of the hot water cascading over her body. She loved to stand under the deluge of hot water legs slightly apart feeling the pellets of water from either of the waist level jets pound against her vagina. Many a morning she would stand under the water and lose herself to her masturbatory fantasies before she realized she had spent more than sixty minutes pleasuring her sexual being to multiple orgasms. This morning she forced herself to shower, get dressed, and descend to the kitchen to start her day. Apollonia had to call Umberto's wife and prepare her for a life without him.

Walking into the kitchen dressed in a pair of Diesel jeans, a button down collar oxford shirt, and a pair of Weejun penny loafers Apollonia saw Colin standing in front of the stove waiting to prepare her breakfast. Before she could say anything to him, he brought a steaming hot mug of black coffee to her. Sitting next to the utensils was Friday's New York Times. Ten minutes after she sat down Colin brought two eggs over easy, link pork sausage and rye toast to the table. He did not say a word to his wife when he placed her food in front of her. He did see her smile

and that was enough to satisfy his need to be rewarded for a job well done. Nothing was said about the previous night or the morning's one sided sexual encounter between them.

After finishing her breakfast, Apollonia retired to her atelier to return to the work she left behind the day before so she could make herself known as the new leader to the other Moretti men. She uncovered the portrait of her Raffaella's family and spent the next hour putting the finishing touches on her masterpiece. Apollonia stood back to admire her work and was actually taken with how real Raffaella, Viviano, Antonio, and Carmen looked as she stared back from the portrait. She sat in front of the small table she used as a desk and began to formulate what would be needed for Sunday's cuckold wedding. Twenty minutes into her work on the upcoming cuckold wedding she was interrupted by her first phone call of the day.

On the other end of the phone was someone she hadn't spoken to since her college days. Ming Zheng's voice brought an immediate surge of sexual pleasure to Apollonia. She leaned back into her chair, relaxed her legs forcing them apart, and sighed quietly as she remembered the time they spent together seriously discussing the idea of living together for the rest of their lives. The surge of pleasure passed when she heard the fear in Ming's voice. She sat bolt upright and said, "Ming, what is wrong?"

"Please, Apollonia, I did not know who to call. I could not call my parents. Please..." and then she broke out in sobs and wheezing as if she was in the midst of a deep asthma attack.

Apollonia waited just a moment before she spoke. "Ming, calm down and tell me what is going on. I'm here for you."

Catching her breath, Ming Zheng, Apollonia's college lover said, "I'm on Riker's Island. I've been arrested for something my husband forced me to do. My sons... Oh, please Apollonia... I need to get out of here..." She started crying anew.

With a forceful tone to her voice, Apollonia said, "Ming, get control of yourself, I can't help you if you can't answer my questions. Take a deep breath, now."

Ming Zheng did as her former lover asked. She calmed herself down so she could help Apollonia help her. "What do you want to know?"

"When were you arrested?"

"Last night at 1:00AM," replied Ming."

"Where?" asked Apollonia.

"Lower Manhattan. You should know. Chinatown."

"Don't say anything else. I can find out which precinct processed you. Do you know when you're going to be arraigned?"

Ming calmer answered, "Yes, they said I would be arraigned in Superior Court this afternoon."

Apollonia began to turn over in her head the names of police personnel, court personnel, and attorneys she would contact to get this miscarriage of justice resolved. "Listen to me Ming and don't repeat what I'm about to say. The only thing you tell them at Riker's is you will be represented when you arrive at the arraignment. I am going to call a very good friend of mine. He is the best defense attorney in the metropolitan region or maybe the United States for that matter. He, through me, will post whatever bond is required. I promise you that you will not spend another night in jail. When you get out you are to call me and I will come to you. Ok, sweetie?"

With relief and a feeling of gratitude, Ming responded, "Thank you, Appy. Thank you..."

"Let me go and make my calls. Love you Ming."

Apollonia hung up the phone and immediately dialed the cell phone number of Howard M. Cohen, Esq. The call took exactly seven minutes to complete. Howard Cohen worked for the Moretti family and when he comprehended what was at stake committed to calling Ming, appearing at her arraignment, and posting whatever amount was required to secure her release. She also requested he get the arresting officers report and any other information that he could as soon as humanly possible. Apollonia knew once she had the arrest report she could make the calls she needed to quash the indictment or contact certain judicial personnel to make it all go away. She knew she would probably have to deal with Ming's husband, but that had to be ascertained when she spoke to her when she was free on bond.

No sooner than hanging up the phone it rang again. Shaking her head in amazement, she answered it, "Hello..."

"You bitch!!! You fuckin' bitch!!!” cried Teresa Moretti, the wife of Umberto Moretti. “You fuckin' cunt. If I was in front of you now, I'd cut your fuckin' tits off, you little bitch!!!”

As calm as a yoga student in the midst of a relaxation session, Apollonia replied, “Hello, Teresa. When you calm down, I'll talk to you. I was going to call you later this morning. How are you?”

“HOW AM I, YOU ASK? FUCK YOU, APOLLONIA!!! I'M JUST FUCKIN' PEACHY, YOU CUNT!!!”

“Now, now, Teresa... You don't want to open that can of worms. I suggest you calm down and tell me why you are cursing a blue streak at me. I don't know what has gotten into you. So, why don't you explain it to me,” said Apollonia.

“YOU FUCKIN' MUREDUM UMBERTO!!! THAT'S WHAT'S FUCKIN' GOT INTO ME!!! I'M GOING TO GO TO THE POLICE AND I'M GOING TO LAUGH AS THEY CART YOU AWAY. I WANT TO BE THERE WHEN THEY INSERT THE NEEDLE INTO YOUR ARM, YOU FUCKIN' PIECE-OF-DOG SHIT!!!”

“I see Teresa. Someone told you I murdered your husband. You are telling me someone broke the trust of the Moretti meeting to rat me out to you. I can't and won't believe that, Teresa. You're just grasping at straws and I suggest you calm yourself down before you end up creating something you can't control. Will you do that for me?”

Teresa Moretti could hear the calmness in Apollonia's voice and wondered if the unsubstantiated information was correct. She forced herself to calm down and answered, “Yes, I will. I need to know what happened to my husband.”

Feeling her anger and stress subside, Apollonia, in a controlled voice said, “Umberto had a major myocardial infarction, Teresa. He was dead before he hit the floor. I'm sorry for you loss, Teresa. I'm also very sorry that you will not be able to bury him where you live in Texas. What is important for you and your family is the continuation of the Moretti family and their traditions. I was going to fly down to Dallas/Fort Worth on Saturday to spend the day with you, but circumstances I cannot reveal to you make it impossible for me to be with you on Saturday. Sunday and Monday are consumed with personal obligations that I will explain to you when I come to see you. Would Wednesday be good for you and the family?”

Amazed that she was so calm, cool, and collected, Teresa Moretti could only reply that Wednesday was acceptable. She did ask, “Why do my children have to be there?”

“Because, Teresa, your son will have to assume the mantle of leader of the Moretti clan originally sired by Umberto Moretti. All of them will have to explain to me their level of Moretti knowledge. I will make the ultimate decision as to whether or not your family continues as the head of the family in the Dallas/Fort Worth area.”

“Why aren't Mario and Lucia coming?” asked Teresa.

Apollonia stifled her anger. She replied, "Mario is, but he is no longer in charge of the family. I am. Therefore, it is I who will make the decision about your family."

Inside her head, Teresa Moretti wanted to believe Apollonia, but something kept her from completely believing her. Her only recourse was to bend to Apollonia's wishes and wait for her arrival. "Wednesday then Apollonia. What time should I expect you?"

"When I have the flight information someone will call you and tell you what time we will arrive. No need to come to the airport. Just have the children there and if they have to miss school so be it. Bye, Teresa."

Apollonia did not wait for an answer from Umberto's wife. She broke the connection by pressing the flash key. When she had a dial tone she turned the handset off and replaced it in its charging cradle. Realizing that she would need someone to make all her travel arrangements and be able to follow up on things she needed done, Apollonia departed her atelier for the downstairs in search of her sissy husband. She found him vacuuming the hardwood floor in the great room.

"Colin," she yelled over the whine of the vacuum.

Looking up from his work he saw his wife and immediately turned the machine off. He didn't respond to her calling his name. Instead he stood looking at his feet waiting like a good submissive for her next command.

"Look at me Colin," said Apollonia.

He raised his head per her command, but did not utter a word or ask what she wanted of him. He was conscientiously doing his housework and couldn't fathom why she had left her atelier to seek him out. Colin looked into her eyes and waited.

"Colin, I need to talk to you, sweetie. Please come into the kitchen and sit with me."

Apollonia walked into the kitchen followed by Colin. She took her seat and watched as Colin retrieved a fresh mug of coffee not saying anything to her about where she left the original mug she had with breakfast. He placed the cup in front of her and sat where he knew she wanted him to. He hoped that she wasn't going to make him suck her off, but resigned himself to the fact that if she did ask him he would in a heartbeat.

"Colin, I need someone I can trust to do things for me without my worrying about the confidentiality and the details. You think you can be that person, Colin?"

Relieved that she didn't push her chair back, open her legs, and point to her panty covered crotch, Colin replied, "I've told you that I would die for you Apollonia. Your secrets are secure with me. No amount of torture would ever get me to speak about anything you confide in me or anything that pertains to the Moretti family."

Smiling at her sissy she prodded, "Even if your balls were being crushed?"

Colin groaned at the thought and said, "Yes, Apollonia even if my testicles were being ruthlessly crushed. Like I said, I will give my life to protect you."

She leaned forward and placed her right hand on his soft sissy cheek. Apollonia rubbed it gently. "Colin, I need someone to take care of my day-to-day operational business. It will mainly be secretarial work. Nothing like you're used to doing as a Chief Financial Officer, but who knows, maybe you could assume that role; especially if I can trust your commitment to keeping silent. How does that sound to you, sissy?"

Colin reached and removed her hand from his cheek but kept it in his when he replied, "I would be honored to serve you as your administrative assistant. Ask and it shall be done."

"Good girl Colin. First thing I need for you to do is make first class round trip plane reservations for Mario and me to travel to Dallas/Fort Worth. I want to leave early Wednesday and want to be back no later than 9:00PM Wednesday night. If you have to charter a private jet, then do so. I'll need a car, say a Mercedes, BMW, or a Ferrari. Ok?"

"You require two round trip, first class tickets to Dallas/Fort Worth and a luxury car. I do have one question," he said.

"Yes," replied Apollonia.

"How do I pay for the tickets and car?" asked Colin.

"Good question, because I need to separate these costs from my business and daily life expenses."

"If I may, Apollonia, understanding your new position, why don't I contact American Express and have them issue a Centurion card that would be used only for your Moretti family business. I don't think the annual fee of \$2500.00 should pose any problems," said Colin. "I know everything that American Express will need to issue the card."

Standing, Apollonia said, "Good girl, Colin. Get to it and then return to your housecleaning duties." Taking the second mug she walked out of the kitchen and back to her atelier. Just as she sat down to renew her work on the upcoming cuckold wedding the phone rang. She picked it up to hear the sound of Mario's voice asking if she would come to his house sometime in the afternoon. Apollonia acutely aware of the sound of his voice replied she would come over per his request.