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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 109

Monday Late Afternoon / Evening / Night – Apollonia's Residence – 3 March 2003

The first phone call Apollonia made upon returning home was to Jon Parks. She advised him of an issue that would necessitate their meeting face-to-face. Parks agreed to come to Columbus Place early Tuesday morning to discuss the issue. It would also give him the opportunity to put into perspective all he heard about the Moretti family. The second phone call was to her sister Raffaella who decided it would be better if she came to Apollonia's house to discuss Alessa. The last call was not in response to a received call. Apollonia dialed the cell phone of Marco Marinelli. The surprised young man was speechless when he heard who was calling him. Apollonia offered a free first class plane ticket to New York City if he would consider leaving on Tuesday. She advised him that her personal administrative assistant would finalize the plans for his travel to New York City.

Raffaella entered the house through the side door. She placed her everyday winter coat on a hook in the mud room and made her way into the kitchen. Colin was busy preparing dinner and did not notice her enter the room. Apollonia was nowhere to be seen. Raffaella figured she was in her atelier working on her latest creation for a client or herself. Colin finally heard that someone other than he was in the kitchen. He turned to see Raffaella's back disappear down the hall.

Apollonia was standing dressed in her painting clothes working on the humongous canvas that was so big it had to be suspended from the ceiling. She had two different sized ladders stationed near the canvas so she could use them to work on the topmost part of the canvas. Raffaella entered to see her working furiously with a pencil in one corner of the canvas. She knew that her sister was laying out her primary thoughts as to what the painting should look like but not necessary finish as. Raffaella waited for the proper moment to break into her sister's thoughts. Apollonia stopped her motions, stepped back, and pondered what she had just drawn on the canvas.

"That is one hell of a big canvas, Appy," said Raffaella.

Apollonia turned to see her sister standing just behind her and knew that her concentration had blinded her to her sister's arrival. She smiled, held out her arms, and invited the one person who she shared blood with into an embrace. Raffaella took the invite and stepped close. The sisters embraced and kissed. Their love for each other brought them closer together as they grew older and wiser. The kiss was long but not long enough to start something they wouldn't want to end. They separated and Raffaella took a small step back not really wanting to do anything but fall to her knees.

"And hopefully, one big payday," said Apollonia in response to her sister's statement. "It is a commissioned piece for one of my clients. They have a house near Jackson Hole and a wall that needs something to fill it. They left it up to me, but I'm having trouble because I really don't know what will fit in the space."

Raffaella smiled, went to her toes, and chortled, "Road trip!!! You have to see the space, don't you? I've never been to Jackson Hole, Wyoming. I heard it is a beautiful place!!! What do you think?"

The smile on Raffaella's face was infectious. Apollonia's eyes opened wide in response to the idea of a road trip. It was summarily overridden when reality broke through the thought and Apollonia realized she had Moretti business that precluded an immediate trip to Jackson Hole. The thought of a road trip intrigued Apollonia because what her sister had just said was very true. She could use the time there to scope out her customer's house and get an idea of what would fit in the space.

"I'd love to go, but there are pressing issues here that I must attend to," replied Apollonia. "Where is everybody?"

"Home," replied Raffaella. "I want to talk to you about Alessa."

"Ok," was Apollonia's simple response to her sister. She placed the pencil she was holding onto her work table and leaned against her work desk waiting for the conversation to begin.

"I don't think we have to worry about Alessa," said Raffaella. "I'm of the opinion that she was not the instigator of anything sexual."

Apollonia did not let on that she interrogated the Morettis being held in the city, "What is your basis for the opinion?"

"Viviano came home from taking Antonio and Carmen to school before he picked up Mario to go to the office," said Raffy. "As he likes to do and I do too, he came up behind me to enjoy my Moretti charms. Just as he was about to enter my dripping womanhood a little voice says, '*Look at the size of that cock*' or some derivative of the statement. But, you get the idea. It was Alessa who was supposed to be in Carmen's room waiting for me to call her downstairs."

"Sorry Raffy," said Apollonia. She knew her sister loved to get fucked in the morning by Viviano as if she was some twenty dollar whore.

"Not an issue," said Raffy, "but it did set the tone for the day. Anyway, I made Alessa stand in front of me and pushed her face against my crotch. I asked her if she wanted to kiss me down there and she began to cry. The long and short of it, Appy, she didn't want to. She was reacting like some Pavlovian trained dog. She saw Viv's cock and did what was expected of her. That son-of-a-bitch Umberto and his fucked up family made her into some robotic sex fiend."

Apollonia stood, picked up a pencil, and said, "I know. I had to go to the city to talk to Howard Cohen and pick up some paperwork for Ming. I stopped at the townhouse. I'd rather not go into the details of my encounter with the Texas Morettis, but, suffice it to say, Teresa finally admitted that Umberto used a weekend alone with Alessa to rape and abuse her."

"What are you going to do?" asked Raffaella.

"There is another party that has to be taken care of along with the Texas Morettis," replied Apollonia. "A young man from Texas will arrive here tomorrow and he will be taken to East 84<sup>th</sup> Street. This weekend I plan to emasculate him in front of his girlfriend and homosexual lover. Then I will do the same to Adolfo Moretti. The three of them will watch as I disembowel Teresa. Then I will send them to live out the rest of their lives as I have already decided."

"Jesus, Appy," said Raffy, "how the hell are you going to get away with murder?"

"The same way Lucia did," replied Apollonia. "Giuseppe Moretti knows how to dismember a body and reduce it to its smallest possible size. The two emasculated boys are going to be shipped to Africa to service AIDS infected niggers. Adelina has been chosen to become a whore to the elite of the Catholic Church in Italy. I'm expecting that the good Cardinal here in New York will like to taste the fruits of her sex before she is boxed and carted to Italy."

Raffaella didn't protest or say anything against her sister's decision concerning the Texas Morettis. She was well aware of the dark side of her family's activities. She did have another concern which she brought up to her sister.

"Appy, one more thing," said Raffaella, "Viviano is down to one couple. I don't mean to be insolent, but do you have anyone coming to discuss starting a family?"

Apollonia turned to her sister, nodded her head in agreement, and said, "You're one hundred percent correct, Raffy. I have not been doing my duty as the head of the family. But, Colin made appointments with four couples. One every night until Thursday and based upon his take I think we'll have one couple for Antonio and three more for Viv. Don't ever feel like you can't talk to me about Moretti business and family."

The space between the sisters grew smaller. Raffaella took Apollonia into her arms. They kissed. Raffaella stepped back and said, "If I had the time, I'd be between your legs in a flash, but I have to go home to make dinner. I envy Ming. Love you, Appy."

"Bitch," said Apollonia in a loving voice. "I love you too,"

Raffaella departed her sister's atelier for home. Apollonia returned to her painting where she immediately scratched out what she had started, stood back, and thought about the much needed trip to Jackson Hole. Frustrated with her start at the painting commissioned by one of her best customers, Apollonia walked out of her atelier and downstairs to the breakfast area of the kitchen.

"What are you making for dinner?" she asked as she went to the coffeemaker to pour a mug of hot black coffee.

"I assumed it was just you for dinner," replied Colin, "so I made a small vegetable lasagna. No side dishes and a bottle of Moretti red."

"Did you think to call Ming and ask.."

Colin grew enraged at his Mistress, "Please don't fuckin' think I'm that stupid, Apollonia. I called Ming and she wanted to cook for the boys especially since they started school today. Don't ever ask me that ever. I know..."

Apollonia did not get mad at her sissy husband, "You're right. Fuck, we have a couple coming over tonight?"

"Yes," replied Colin, "that is why I am preparing pastries for the coffee table. I also took the time to find on the computer the standard documents, made the necessary changes, and printed them for tonight. They are on your night table in a folder."

Apollonia walked to the breakfast table, sat down, and broke the news to Colin, "Ah, we have a small problem. I invited an attorney from Howard's office over tonight to sign some documents. He's expected here around seven, well, I told him to arrive exactly at seven twelve. What time are we expecting the couple to arrive?"

Colin did not have to check a calendar, "Mr. and Mrs. Rheingold are supposed to arrive at eight."

"Hmm, seems we may have a problem," said Apollonia. "Guess we'll go with the flow. I was going to ask you to babysit Lian and Shen while Ming signs the documents."

"What documents?" asked Colin.

"I've set her up and I've also set up her sons," replied Apollonia.

"How much" asked Colin.

"Ten million for each," said Apollonia. "Naturally, the boy's money is in a trust until they're twenty-five. Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five only Ming or I can give them principle. Interest will be automatically transferred to an interest bearing savings account."

"That is a wonderful gift, Apollonia," said Colin, "but what if she picks up and leaves?"

"I'm out thirty million," answered Apollonia, "but, she'd never leave me. She knows which side her bread is buttered on and she loves the taste of my vaginal fluids."

"Who doesn't," laughed Colin. "Are you ready for dinner?"

"Yes," said Apollonia. "Why don't you make yourself a plate and eat with me. We need to talk about you getting your sissy ass into the city for a haircut and we could go shopping for some clothing."

"That would be so sweet," said Colin.

He prepared two plates of vegetable lasagna which he brought to the table with two wine glasses. In the cabinet by the table were several bottles of Moretti white and red wine. Colin chose a red, uncorked it, and brought it to the table. He poured a small amount into Apollonia's glass and offered it to her. She took the glass swirled the wine around to see the color and the amount of alcohol that adhered to the side of the glass. Apollonia smelled the wine for its bouquet before she took a sip which she swirled over her tongue before she swallowed.

"Wine is perfect, Colin," said Apollonia.

The wine was poured and for the first time since Sonny's arrival and departure, Colin and Apollonia ate dinner together. They did not discuss Colin's work day because he no longer worked as an executive in a software development company. Apollonia did not discuss her day either not because she wouldn't but because she did not want to bring up Sonny and ruin the quiet dinner they were eating. If anything, she would have gladly discussed his desire to be her girlfriend instead of her feminized husband. Dinner turned out to be a quick affair that was not filled with a lot of talk or banter. When Apollonia was done with her after dinner mug of coffee she rose and went up to her room to get ready for her guests.

Colin cleaned up the kitchen before he went to his room to prepare for the couple and the additional guest invited by Apollonia. He wanted to talk to Apollonia about the chastity device, but could not find an appropriate opening to bring up the topic. He was extremely uncomfortable and had difficult urinating. Colin was more than willing to wear any other form of chastity device as long as it did not involve a tube being inserted down his urethra. Time would either ease the pain or he would be unlucky enough to get an infection which would make matters worse. The thought of having to explain to his doctor or to Joshua how he contracted a penile infection would be humiliating.

Apollonia came downstairs to the great room to find Colin setting up the coffee table for the guests that were expected to arrive at eight. She noticed that he had changed into a rather nice little black dress rather than some form of sissy maid's uniform. He face and hair were done perfectly. Colin was becoming quite adept at putting on his makeup and dressing like the woman he yearns to be. He looked up from placing the plates and glasses on the table to catch Apollonia staring at him. Their eyes met and they connected not as husband and wife, but as two female friends getting ready to cater to a couple of visitors.

"You look very nice, Colin," said Apollonia.

"As do you, Mistress Apollonia," replied Colin. "If you're wondering why the Mistress, I know that I will be required to address you that way when the guests are here."

"Smart ass," replied Apollonia.

The front door bell rang and both Colin and Apollonia wondered who was at the front door. The attorney was not expected for another thirty minutes. They frowned at each other as the door bell sounded a second time. Colin walked to door and saw Ming standing on the front porch with her two boys. He opened the door for them and closed it behind them after they entered the great room. The one thing any person opening either one or both of the front doors to Apollonia's house had to be careful of was the wind. An abrupt gust of wind could wreak havoc on the paintings on easels that were situated around the room so Colin made sure he closed the door as fast as he could.

Apollonia was perplexed as to why Ming rang the front door bell instead of just coming in through the back door which was unlocked. "Colin, take their coats and hang them up in the mud room. I'm a bit confused Ming. You didn't have to ring the front doorbell."

Ming Zheng helped her sons with their coats before she removed her own and handed all three to Colin. She did not walk over to Apollonia to kiss her hello. Instead she guided her sons towards the back of the house. Apollonia followed immediately wondering what precipitated Ming's standoffish attitude. Ming didn't ask Apollonia's permission to move one chair to the side of the oak breakfast table, she just did so the boys could sit together. She took out two books, pencils, and paper which she placed in front of them.

"Shen Zheng and Lian Zheng, you perform your punishment while I have a conversation with Apollonia. Not one word is to be spoken between you two. I am so mad that I'm tempted to move you back to the apartment in Chinatown," said Ming.

Apollonia did not interject verbally at her lover's statement to her children. Instead she stared lovingly at Ming in hopes she'd come to her and kiss her the way she wanted to kiss Ming. Her wish was half satisfied. Ming came to her but did not kiss her. She guided Apollonia back into the great room where she touched her face but did not kiss her.

"We have a problem Appy," said Ming. She put a finger to her lover's lips to keep Apollonia from saying anything until she said her piece. "I caught the boys together trying to have sex. I've been very careful about the introduction of sex and sexual activity to them. I think they got the idea from our sleeping together in front, well, in the same house as them. We've always kept our love life separate and apart from their world. I don't know what to do or how to explain to them that what we're doing is fine, but what they want to do is not good only because of their age. Am I explaining myself clearly or what?"

Apollonia kissed her lover's finger. "I thought you were so mad at me that you wanted to give up on us and move back to Chinatown. I know you're confused about how to explain our relationship to the boys. What you walked in on may just be childish curiosity and nothing more. The first thing you have to do is not make a big deal out of what you saw. That is the worst thing you could do because it will make them afraid of what they're feeling. I know you want them to be heterosexual men, but they're bound sometime in life to experiment with homosexuality or bisexuality. You need to talk to them. Not punish them. Why don't we go inside and take the boys up to my atelier where they can make a mess painting?"

"You aren't hearing me, Apollonia," said Ming her voice filled with anger and anguish. "They were together sucking on each other's penises. They're only six years old. They're too young to be thinking about sex especially homosexual sex. We're to blame, Appy. I'm not going to reward their behavior."

"I understand," said Apollonia, "but, you're doing more harm than good stifling and punishing their normal curiosity. You mean to tell me you don't remember thinking about sex when you were their age. Don't you dare deny that you never touched yourself when you were six. It is normal for youngsters to explore and inquire about sex. I don't want them going out an seeking sex at their age, but you have to admit that they're just two normal inquisitive youngsters. Give it a break Ming and let them relax and have fun upstairs while you sign the documents that give you all the more reason to care for them."

"I'm just afraid," continued Ming. "I heard them talking about Antonio and how he has sex with that girl all weekend. They're not old enough..."

"Enough," interjected Apollonia. "Enough already. I'm not going to stand here and make you do something you don't want to, but I'm not going to listen to you prattle on about something that is as normal as eating. If you're uncomfortable with us sleeping together in your house, then I'll send Colin over to sleep there and you can sleep here. Shen and Lian will see you alone in bed when they wake up in the morning. Truthfully, it isn't going to change a fuckin' thing, Ming. Unless you're telling me you want to move back into the city."

Decision time thought Ming. She knew that Apollonia was correct about the boy's sexual inquisitiveness because she did remember her own attempts at masturbation when she was their age. Ming knew in her heart their sleeping together was not the issue, "You're right, Apollonia. I'm just trying to be a good mother to Shen and Lian. Let's take them upstairs. You can show me how you set up for them so I would be able to do it without you. Ok?"

Apollonia pulled Ming into an embrace and they kissed as only two lovers could. Three minutes later Ming was guiding the boys upstairs and into Apollonia's atelier. The shock of the boys seeing the humongous canvas was something that neither woman missed and it brought joy to their hearts. Apollonia showed Ming where she kept some of Colin's old Ralph Lauren white oxford shirts that were used as smocks by the children. She then pulled out two full drawing tablets, brushes, and water soluble paints. Ming listened as Apollonia explained to the boys that it was a privilege to be sitting at the work bench in her atelier. She gently and lovingly explained that they were to only paint on pages in the tablets. If they had a problem, they were to stop painting and one of them was to come to the balcony and call for help. Lian and Shen were bursting with desire to start painting instead of performing the penmanship drills their mother had ordered them to do as punishment.

Apollonia and Ming descended into the great room holding hands. Colin watched as the two beautiful women descended the steps and he realized that they were meant to be together. Their faces shone with a love that could only be consummated by being close to one another physically, emotionally, and sexually. He only wished he looked like either of them because he knew he'd never be able to make love to either of them like a man. The size of his manhood was not in question. The ability to use it like a man was.

The gate phone rang at nine minutes past seven. Colin answered it and told the gate guard to allow the gentleman through to Apollonia's house. The black Audi sedan came to a stop in front of the house after it made its way around the cul-de-sac. Colin watched a tall man exit the vehicle carrying the standard lawyer's document briefcase. Colin moved back from the door because he knew Apollonia wanted to hear the doorbell ring precisely at seven twelve.

Roger Whittingham strode up the walk, mounted the steps to the porch, and rang the front doorbell at seven thirteen. He was one minute late. Colin opened the door to allow the tall attorney to enter Apollonia's house. He stopped cold when he saw Colin and was gently moved forward enough by the cross-dressed man to allow him to close the door. Colin guided the attorney to the back of the house where Apollonia wanted to sit to allow Ming to sign the documents in comfort. After Roger put his case down, Colin helped him remove his topcoat and disappeared into the great room.

Apollonia stood, "You're late."

Roger Whittingham was stunned and at a loss for words. The six foot four inch man was dumbfounded that he would be castigated for arriving one minute late. His first mistake was shrugging his shoulders in response to Apollonia's statement. His second mistake was attempting to sit at the table without being told it was ok by Apollonia.

"What the fuck," said Apollonia. "You fuckin' work for Howard. Howard works for me. Therefore, you work for me. Do I need to expound on how you are to act around me? Who fuckin' told you to pull that chair away from the table and sit? Let's return to my first statement. You're late."

Roger Whittingham was moments away from turning and walking out of Apollonia's house. He weighed his options and decided that it would be better to put his tail between his legs than to lose his very high six figure salary.

"I'm sorry for being late, Miss Moretti," said Roger. "It won't happen again. Where would you like me to sit?"

"Before you sit," said Apollonia, "please explain to me why you are wearing a firearm in my house?"

Unconsciously Roger reached for his sidearm proving that he was wearing one. "I'm never without my sidearm, Miss Moretti. In the future when I visit your house, I will leave it in my vehicle. If you wish, I will do that now."

"In the future, Roger," said Apollonia, "I expect you to know everything you need to know before you have any form of involvement with me. Sit opposite Mrs. Zheng. Prepare what you need to prepare so we can get the show on the road."

Roger Whittingham sat opposite Ming, opened the briefcase, and pulled out sheaves of paper. He laid them out in an orderly fashion so their signing would take no more than twenty minutes. Naturally, that time was a guess as it really depended on the client's speed and delay due to questions. He was surprised to see Apollonia sitting next to Ming but made no comment about their closeness. He was pleasantly surprised to see each had a pen in front of them.

"The first set of documents establishes the funding of Mrs. Zheng's accounts both domestic and foreign," said Roger. "There is an arrow sticky next to each signature line. Each paragraph and page has to be initialed by either or both parties. I have established a savings and checking account in Mrs. Zheng's name. The bank paperwork and signature cards will be the last set of documents that relate to Mrs. Zheng."

Roger pushed the documents across the table. He watched as both women signed and initialed the documents. He was stunned when they stopped for a moment, kissed, and then returned to the signing. Roger Whittingham, Esquire popped a humongous boner when he thought how sweet it would be to have both women at the same time. He shifted in his seat to make himself more comfortable with his erection pressing against his leg. Apollonia's knee pushed against Ming's to signal her that Roger was uncomfortably hard.

When both women were finished, Roger took the documents, reviewed them, and when he was satisfied placed them back into his case. The next set of documents appeared on the table. "These documents fund the revocable trusts for Lian Zheng and Shen Zheng. The monies were divided into domestic and foreign accounts. The investments are conservative to protect the principle. Mrs. Zheng is the trustee and has full rights to invest the money as she sees fit. I'm sorry to say that there are two sets that require signatures and initials. Thankfully, you don't have to initial every paragraph."

"How did you divide the money?" asked Apollonia.

"Mrs. Zheng's was divided 60% domestic and 40% foreign. The trusts were invested 20% domestic and 80% foreign," replied Roger. "We believe the money invested for the boys would do better in the foreign markets over the life of the trust or until they're old enough to take control."

"Are you uncomfortable?" asked Apollonia.

"Excuse me?" replied Roger.

Apollonia smiled, crinkled her eyes, and licked her lips, "I think you've got something in your pant that is making you uncomfortable. Are you a married man?"

Roger blushed. His face turned a bright red at Apollonia's crude remark. "I'm single Miss Moretti. Never been married or engaged..."

"Fuck me," acted Apollonia, "you're a flippin' faggot. Why is it all great looking men are fags? Didn't I tell you Ming!!! I thought, fuck no, I knew he was a cocksucker the minute I laid eyes on him."

The attorney did not like being called a faggot, but he knew better than explode at the beautiful woman who just intimidated he was one. What Mr. Whittingham did not know about Apollonia Moretti could fill an encyclopedia. His base instinct was to react negatively with force. He was used to using his size and strength to subdue ninety percent of his opponents. Roger thought that it would be pretty funny to see the small thin Italian woman fly across the room and slam into the wall before she slid to the floor. Roger controlled his breathing to keep from standing and smacking Apollonia Moretti across the face.

Smiling and hating having to do so, Roger replied, "Sorry Miss Moretti, but I'm as heterosexual as they come. I've put my education and my law practice before my private life and physical needs. I will admit to sexual thoughts the minute I met you and again tonight especially when you kissed Mrs. Zheng."

Ming continued to sign the documents but she stopped after a few signatures to let her hand rest. She did not say anything the entire time she was working with the legal documents. Her mind went to her sons as she signed the trust documents that made them very wealthy young boys. Apollonia placed her hand on her lover's shoulder just to make some form of physical contact. Roger Whittingham sat again wondering what a night between the sheets with either or both women would be like. He was also very curious about Columbus Place.

"Excuse me Miss Moretti," said Roger, "may I inquire about Columbus Place?"

"What would you like to know?" responded Apollonia.

"Jesus, where does one begin," said Roger out loud, but it was meant more for himself. "The houses are all the same except for the one at the top of the cul-de-sac. You have a private entrance with a guard who I'll presume is armed or has arms available in the guard house."

Apollonia really didn't want to get into the family history, but she thought better of telling the attorney to pound sand and mind his own business. "Columbus Place has been in my family since the establishment of the United States. The houses were built by my ancestors. The large house at the top of the cul-de-sac is where my father resides. We own the road and the surrounding land."

"How far back can you trace your family's lineage?" asked the very curious attorney.

"We can trace through documents, some of which are worth more money than the original Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, the history of the Moretti family back to before the Middle Ages. We are Sicilian by heritage, Mr. Whittingham. We have relatives all over the world," said Apollonia.

Apollonia's and Roger's conversation was broken by the sound of the gate house phone. Apollonia made no effort to answer. Colin walked in, picked up the phone, and listened for a moment. He nodded his head before advising the gate house that the couple in the car were approved for entrance onto Columbus Place. He hung the phone up and returned to the great room. Roger watched Colin leave the room wondering who the transsexual man was in relation to Apollonia and what he knew was her lover.

Apollonia chuckled as she watched Roger watch Colin leave the kitchen/breakfast room. "You were never introduced to Colin. He's my sissy husband, Roger. He's so in love with me, he decided to become a sissy cuckold rather than divorce me. He gives one hell of a blowjob."

"That's your husband?" asked Roger not knowing whether he should laugh or cry.

"What's the matter big boy? Never saw a sissy cross dresser before? I bet he's better looking than some of the women you did date when you thought about getting laid," said Apollonia.

Colin returned to the kitchen/breakfast room to announce that Mr. and Mrs. Rheingold had arrived and were sitting in the great room. Roger eyeballed Colin and returned his gaze to Apollonia who smiled sweetly at the tall man. Ming continued to sign her name and groaned when she saw the number of pages that still needed her signature.



Apollonia stood, interrupted Ming's signing long enough to kiss her, and nodded to Colin for him to return to the great room.

"Roger," said Apollonia, "I have to tend to my guests. If you're amenable, I wouldn't mind your remaining here after Ming has finished signing the documents. She is a great conversationalist and I'm sure she'll entertain you quite nicely. Please excuse me. You are free to go when you want to."

As was her style, Apollonia did not wait for a response from Roger Whittingham. She strode with a purpose out of the breakfast area, down the hall, and into the great room. Standing in front of one of her favorite paintings Apollonia saw a couple that was typical of the couples that came to Morettis for help. She approached them and offered her hand to the wife first. Regina Rheingold took Apollonia's hand and pumped it twice before releasing it. Her husband stood by quietly waiting which told Apollonia who was the dominant partner in their relationship. Apollonia stepped to the couches and love seats that made up the great room's conversation pit. She offered one couch to the Rheingolds and sat on the one opposite.

"Welcome to my home," said Apollonia. "Would you like something to drink other than what I have put on the coffee table?"

Regina Rheingold replied, "No thank you Miss or is it Mrs. Moretti?"

"Miss Moretti," replied Apollonia. "As you get to know the family, certain things will become obvious to you. For now, please call me Apollonia. May I address you as Regina?"

The dance of two strangers getting to know one another had begun in earnest. Regina Rheingold was a woman with a strong personality. According to the information supplied by Colin, she was thirty years old and married for four years to a man three years her junior. Regina was employed as a human resources executive at one of New York's major advertising agencies. She was five foot eight inches tall. Her hair was dyed a deep auburn and she cut it to surround her face which brought out the oval shape of her face. Regina had a beautiful body. Her stomach was flat, her breasts were in proportion to her body, and her legs were legs to die for.

"Yes," replied Regina, "a first name basis makes it easier to get to know one another. I'm not sure how you approach the reason why I've come to meet with you Apollonia."

Apollonia reached for and poured herself a mug of black coffee. She took a sip and returned to leaning back into the couch. She crossed her legs exposing the lace top of her thigh high stocking. Apollonia moved her gaze from Regina to her husband who sat stone still waiting as if he was told to be seen and not heard. She decided not to engage Mr. Rheingold in conversation.

"First, I need to know the basis of your relationship with Gregory," said Apollonia. "Until then I will not be able to help you with your reason for seeking our assistance. I know you spoke to Colin, but I need to hear it from both of you or this engagement will not turn out to be beneficial."

"Gregory Rheingold is one of the remaining heirs to the Rheingold Brewery fortune," said Regina. "I met him at a private party that was held by one of my college sorority sisters. We dated for six months before we got engaged. We were married a year later."

"Gregory," said Apollonia, "are you in agreement?"

Apollonia watched as the younger man looked over to his wife for permission to speak. She nodded her head in the affirmative. Gregory Rheingold was a total wimp. He was shorter than his wife. He stood five feet four inches. He had to weigh no more than 120 pounds soaking wet. His body was thin and it was painfully obvious that he did not go to the gym to workout. His fear of his wife was shown when he absentmindedly began to run his hand up and down his thighs. Apollonia could see that the motion was an unconscious reaction to his station in their relationship.

He finally responded to Apollonia's question, "Yes, Miss Moretti."

Regina Rheingold had total control of her husband. Gregory Rheingold tried in the beginning to be the man but failed when he could not make his wife happy sexually. Money was not an object within their marriage. At first, Regina was accepting of his inability to maintain an erection. She worked hard with him to train him to think and act like a man with a huge cock. It worked for a short period of time before he succumbed to his true sexual inability. He was a college graduate and also had his MBA in finance. Gregory Rheingold was a very intelligent human being. He just didn't have the stuff to be a real man.

"Gregory, I need to hear in your own words what brought you here tonight," said Apollonia.

Again Regina nodded her assent. Gregory flushed and took a moment to regain whatever masculinity he had left after being broken by his wife, "I love my wife, Miss Moretti. She is a wonderful woman. I have tried to keep her satisfied, but I am unable to. We did what all couples do when one partner has a..." He paused and a light patina of sweat formed on his forehead. He reached into his pocket, retrieved a white linen handkerchief, and wiped his face. He held it in his right hand as he resumed his narrative, "I have a problem keeping erect. I cannot remain hard enough to complete the act. Regina has become frustrated and her anger at my inability to satisfy her has increased over the years."

Apollonia sipped her coffee purposely waiting to see if Regina would interject her thoughts about what Gregory just said. Their silence was telling. Apollonia had to flesh out the true reason they were visiting, because she felt that Regina was not looking to become pregnant. Her gut was telling her that Regina Rheingold was seeking a man to satisfy her sexual desire and cuckold her husband.

"I have to be blunt, Regina," said Apollonia. "I sense that you are not here to engage my family so you can start your own family. My gut tells me that you're seeking a well hung stud to fuck you so you can realize your dream of having a man inside you. You are here to cuckold your wimp of a husband. My intuitions about why couples come to this family are always on the mark. You're not here to get pregnant."

Regina Rheingold was mortified. Gregory Rheingold sank deeper into the couch and his submissive demeanor. Colin stood quietly listening to the conversation wondering if the Rheingolds were going to depart or counter Apollonia's argument. Regina's mind worked to formulate a counter argument to Apollonia's statement that she was here only to cuckold her husband. Mrs. Rheingold knew her biological clock was ticking and nearing the end of the time period when she could bear a healthy child. Her problem was the thought of not recovering from the pregnancy with the body she now had. Her older sister had three children and her body looked every bit of a woman who gained and did not lose the weight associated with each pregnancy.

"That is part of the reason, Miss Moretti," said Regina in calm and steady voice. "Yes, I want to see my husband's face when I scream out in the throes of a full body orgasm. I haven't had one since my college days. I want that wimp to understand his place in our relationship. I'm having a problem with the idea of gaining and losing weight through the course of a pregnancy. My older sister looks like she went through hell to have her children. To be blunt, I'm scared of what I will look like after I give birth."

Again Apollonia waited before answering. "I understand your predicament, Regina. How you deal with your pregnancy, the weight gain, and the weight loss is your conundrum. The Moretti family is not here to cuckold your husband simply because you want to have sexual relations with a well hung stud. We don't mind if one of the byproducts of your desire to start a family is the cuckolding of your husband. That is your decision as a couple. The Moretti man assigned to have relations with you is there for one primary reason – to make you pregnant. Anything else is gravy you decide to give him."

"Do we need to decide tonight?" asked Regina.

"We prefer it that way," replied Apollonia. "Couples who leave without a firm commitment usually never return. If you both want to start a family, then the time to commit is now."

"How much are we talking about?" inquired Regina.

"Depends upon your husband's level of involvement," said Apollonia, "but I'm going to guess that you are definitely going to turn him into a sniveling sissy bitch. The documents detail the costs, but to go where you want to will cost you one-hundred fifty thousand dollars. We expect payment in full upon signing."

"Do we get to pick who the Moretti man?" she asked without hesitation about the price of doing business.

"No," said Apollonia. "My brother-in-law, Viviano Rossi, will be the man you will have relations with. I am sure that when you meet him you'll be more than satisfied. Do we have a deal?"

"The price is a bit steep, Miss Moretti," said Regina. "Do you think we could..."

Apollonia stood up, her eyes darkened which frightened both Gregory and Regina. Colin held his breath hoping she would not render useless the one thing that made the family oodles of money.

"Excuse me," said Apollonia, "you're not here to buy a fuckin' car. The cost of doing business the way you want is one-hundred fifty thousand dollars. Take it or leave it. The Moretti family does not negotiate."

Gregory got a modicum of balls and said, "Will you take a personal check?"

"No." was Apollonia's response.

Regina Rheingold knew her husband had made his decision to move forward because he wanted children more than she. Her faced showed her thought process. When the decision was made she said, "We did not bring that amount of cash with us. We have fifty thousand in a briefcase in the trunk of our car. We can get the rest tomorrow and I can deliver it here before noon. Is that acceptable?"

Apollonia smiled knowing that Viviano would be banging the shit out of both of them within the week. "Yes, that is acceptable. My husband, Colin, will help you sign the paperwork. You can give him the partial payment. You'll excuse me, but I have to return to the back of the house for some personal business. I'll see you before you leave. You won't be disappointed. I promise you that."

Apollonia returned to the breakfast room to find Ming and Roger Whittingham engaged in quiet conversation. She was surprised that Roger stayed as long as he did. Ming heard her enter and smiled happily that she had returned quicker than she thought. Apollonia returned to her seat, kissed Ming, and sat back in her chair happy and relaxed.

"So, what did you two discuss while I was in the great room?" asked Apollonia.

Roger looked at her and said, "You really call that beautiful entry room the great room?"

"Yes," replied Apollonia. "That is all anyone in the extended Moretti family has ever called that room. Every house on the street is an exact copy of the house that is at the top of the cul-de-sac. I believe my great, great grandfather designed and built the original house."

"I'm a bit of an architecture aficionado," said Roger, "I only wish I could see the rest of the house and more so to see the exterior in the daylight. I'd also love to see the paintings and sculptures that are in the great room."

Apollonia smiled at his desire to see the rest of the house. She bet to herself he was probably more interested in the two vaginas that were sitting around the table with him. Ming could see Apollonia's mind working and knew she was interested in seeing if the tall man was packing something worth taking into her body. She too, would love to know what he was packing but her primary concern was getting Shen and Lian home because they had school in the morning.

"Appy, time for me to return home," said Ming. "I'll go upstairs and get the boys. Is there anything I need to do?"

"Other than kiss me good-night," said Apollonia. "No, just leave everything where it is. I'll take care of it later or in the morning. Any pictures the boys want to keep put them aside. There is a large garbage can for the ones that you want to toss."

Ming stood and left the room.

"Her children are in the house?" asked Roger.

"Yes, they're upstairs in my atelier painting," replied Apollonia. "All the children love to go up there to paint and basically make a mess. I have a section that I designated as the children's fun place."

"I don't mean to be impertinent, but, I noticed you don't have any children of your own. Was that a conscious decision on your part?" asked Roger.

"I haven't really decided if I want to start a family," replied Apollonia fudging the question because she knew she'd love to have a house full of children.

Ming returned with Shen and Lian. She introduced the boys to Roger. He was surprised when each of her sons came up to him and offered their hand for a handshake. He smiled at how well behaved they were considering they were just pulled away from their painting fun. Roger stood to say good-bye to Ming. He watched as she guided her boys to the back door with Apollonia in tow. Two or three minutes later Roger sat back down when he saw Apollonia return.

"I have to go back into the great room for a moment," said Apollonia. "If you care to stay, I'd love to show you my artistry and the rest of the house."

"That would be nice," said Roger.

Apollonia returned to the great room just as the Rheingolds were putting on their winter coats preparing to depart. She walked up to Regina and offered her hand. They shook hands and from the look on their faces, Apollonia knew she would be back tomorrow with the rest of the agreed upon fee. Colin ushered them out of the house and went with them to their car to bid them a good-night. He returned to find Apollonia nowhere in sight. He went to the coffee table and began to clean up. He placed the unused cups, plates, and utensils in one pile. The only used piece was Apollonia's coffee mug which was three quarters empty, so Colin decided to make two trips to the kitchen. He stood up holding the pile of clean plates, cups, and utensils to witness Apollonia and Roger walking into the great room engaged in what could only be thought as more than business conversation.

Colin watched for a moment as his wife guided the tall, muscular attorney around the great room explaining the genesis for each piece that was displayed. He stood a moment too long.

"Colin," said Apollonia, "don't you have something to take care of?"

"Yes Mistress," he replied.

"Then get your ass in gear, sissy boi," said Apollonia making no bones about humiliating him in front of the attorney.

Roger and Apollonia stopped in front of a painting that was small by comparison to the rest of the paintings in the great room. The canvass was no larger than an eight by ten piece of writing paper. The painting depicted a woman standing in front of a window looking out to a lake. On the lake was a row boat, that had two people in it sitting side-by-side enjoying the beauty of being alone in the middle of a placid lake. The beauty of the painting was the

ingeniousness of having the central character of the work facing away from the admirer of the work. Coupled with that was the intricacy and detail of the work because of its size.

Roger admired the painting for a bit and then said, "Amazing how you make the viewer think about what the woman is thinking as she gazes upon the two people in the rowboat. Coupled with the size and the amazing detail of what you put into the picture. It is ridiculous how fine the painting is and how you actually can see the expressions on the faces of the two people in the rowboat. Do people stand for a long time in front of this beauty?"

"Only those taken by what is going on in the mind of the woman looking out through the window considering she can see the faces of the people in the rowboat," replied Apollonia.

"Is this something you've lived or did it come from someplace deep inside you?" asked Roger.

Apollonia smiled and said, "I'll never tell. Would you like something to drink or something to nibble on?"

"Hmmm, nibble on," said Roger.

Colin walked into the room and approached Apollonia and the attorney, "Excuse me, Mistress, is there anything else you'll need from me this evening?"

"You can ask Roger if he's going to need your oral services," replied Apollonia.

"Excuse me," said Roger Whittingham a bit taken by what he had just heard.

"Ask him Colina," commanded Apollonia.

"Excuse me, Mr. Whittingham," said Colin in a small voice while looking directly at the man Apollonia wanted to bed that night, "Mistress Apollonia wants me to ask you if you would like me to help you get an erection in preparation for a sexual interlude with my wife."

"What the fuck," cried Roger. "You're married to Apollonia?"

Apollonia remained quiet. Colin responded, "Yes, I've been married to Apollonia for several years."

"Jesus," said Roger, "why are you dressed like a fuckin' woman?"

Apollonia interjected, "Roger, do you know what a cuckold is?"

"I think so," said Roger.

"It is simple," continued Colin. "I don't have an unfaithful wife as the definition states. I'm not small where it counts either. My problem stems from a desire to be feminine and an inner feeling of being more of a female than a male. I cannot consummate a sexual relationship with my wife, but I love her unconditionally, therefore, I have accepted a subservient role in our relationship."

"Damn," said Roger, "I'm not into homosexual activities even if it means I'm the recipient of the world's greatest blowjob. Not my thing at all."

Apollonia looked at him with eyes of a harlot and said, "Even if it means you're not going to get to fuck me tonight with the piece of meat that made you uncomfortable earlier this evening?"

"I'll be just as blunt as you are Miss Moretti," said Roger. "I would have given anything to be with you and Mrs. Zheng tonight. That would have been a very sexually fulfilling night. But, if my choice is allowing Colin to take part in our sexual liaison, I'd rather go home and jerk off."

"Finish cleaning up and close the first floor Colin," said Apollonia, "Roger and I are going upstairs to see the atelier and then who knows what from there. You're dismissed bitch boy."

"Yes Mistress Apollonia," said Colin sorry that he wasn't going to see the interaction between his wife and Roger the attorney. Roger Whittingham would be the first man outside the Moretti family to have a sexual liaison with Apollonia. Colin Cathcart stifled his desire to cry but allowed the tears of shame roll down his face when he turned and walked to the back of the house.

Apollonia did not take Roger to the atelier. Instead they migrated directly to her bedroom. Once inside the door, she allowed him to take her into his arms and place his lips on hers. Apollonia allowed Roger to pull her body into his as his hands pressed upon her upper and lower back. He parted his lips and began to probe her mouth with his tongue. He felt Apollonia open her lips and allow his tongue to enter and seek out hers. They began the tongue dance of their first French kiss. Roger's hands began to roam around Apollonia's back. He felt her unencumbered breasts press against his body. His sexual stimulation began to cause his cock to rise.

Apollonia felt Roger begin to react to their kissing. She rubbed her body against his, but did not allow him access to her charms. Although it was after hours, Roger was still wearing his business suit which means he came to Apollonia's house directly from the office. Apollonia let her right hand drop from the small of his back. They continued to kiss and use their tongues to explore each other's mouth. Every so often they would part and Roger would place small kisses on Apollonia's face. He was gentle and very considerate of her size considering his. Apollonia felt him begin to move his hips trying to press his lower body against hers.

Apollonia moved her right hand from his hip to the front of his body. She flattened her hand and pressed her palm against the front of his suit pants. She moved her hand from left to right and then down between Roger's legs. She felt for the side he dressed his cock on and was taken with surprise when she finally found his manhood. The six foot four man disappointed her hope for a nicely sized appendage. Instead, her hand pressed against what could only be described as a very small wiener. It did not have the length of a kielbasa or the girth of a knockwurst frankfurter.

Apollonia broke the kiss, fell backwards, and then to the floor laughing so hard she began to cry. When she regained her composure, she pointed at the stunned attorney, and said, "You're fuckin' tiny!!! My sissy bitch has a bigger piece between his sissy legs than you do Roger. What a fuckin' disappointment. Ain't no way I'm givin' you what you thought you'd get."

Roger Whittingham was totally flabbergasted and ashamed of what just happened between Apollonia and him. He never had a woman fall over laughing at the size of his penis. His mind raced with a snappy retort, but as the seconds passed he knew his chance of getting between her legs was diminishing. He watched as the beautiful Italian woman of extraordinary intelligence and artistic ability sat on the floor with a shit eating grin on her face all because he was not endowed by his creator with an overly large set of male genitalia. Out of the blue, his mind resolved the issue at hand.

"Laugh all you want, Miss Moretti," chided Roger, "this is what you're missing." Whereupon Roger Whittingham stuck his tongue out and with its tips touched halfway up the front of his nose.

Apollonia's mouth dropped as she got to her knees, her eyes still plastered on Roger's face. Roger continued to move his tongue in a way that could only be interpreted as his performing the act of cunnilingus. Apollonia rose from her position on the floor, maintained her distance, and said, "Nice tongue Roger, but I need a man that is all man. I have all the tongue I need and want. Follow me."

Roger Whittingham stood his ground. He was not going to be dictated to by some frail woman more than half his size and weight. The position of his body made it plainly obvious to Apollonia that he was not going to listen to her and follow her downstairs. She saw the idiot was braced to either fend off an attack or try to force her to bend to his desires. Apollonia licked her lips and moved her hands to distract the taller and heavier opponent. She slipped out of her high heels which elicited no reaction from Roger.

"Fair warning Mr. Whittingham," said Apollonia in a calm steady voice, "you have a size and weight advantage over me, but I have the speed and martial arts training. Oh, and don't even try to pull your revolver from

your holster. You do that and I promise the four inch barrel will be in your ear before you can say Jackie Robinson. Stand down or find yourself waking up in the local hospital. Your choice Mr. Whittingham."

"Yeah, sure, like I'm afraid of a ninety-eight pounder," Roger retorted. "I'm a trained Navy Seal. I've continued to keep my abilities especially since I do some very special operations for Mr. Cohen. Go for it, bitch."

Apollonia broke out laughing and used the break in the tension to judge what she needed to do to make her first move count. She knew she had no chance in hell to make contact with his meager manhood. Her only avenue was surprise and using something of value that would stun the big man which would then give her enough time to attack his soft spot. No matter how big and muscular a man is his genitals were the only part of his body that will break his ability to defend himself. Apollonia needed to get Roger Whittingham to cease and desist or she had to make him forget his training so she could get the advantage.

The door to the master bedroom was behind him and it was partially open. She continued to keep eye-to-eye contact with Roger as she used her memory of the room to figure which way she was going to move so she could get her advantage and use something in the room as a weapon. Time was on her side because Roger had no idea of her strengths and weaknesses, while she knew he had basic hand-to-hand combat training. Her intuition pointed to his preference for taking a combatant from behind rather than face-to-face. Apollonia made her decision and reacted immediately.

Her movement was unexpected by Roger. She launched her body left and towards her dressing table. She was after the tall can of Revlon hairspray which she used very rarely but always kept on her dressing table. Apollonia wished she smoked because a lighter would have enabled her to light the contents of the hairspray canister to create a small blowtorch. Roger Whittingham watched as his client launched her small yet muscular body backwards from where he stood. He did not move towards his prey, instead he remained planted on the spot where he stood. His mistake was not reacting to Apollonia's movement away from him.

The fluidity of her movements made it almost impossible to intercede from a physical standpoint which kept Roger off balance. In a matter of moments, Apollonia was coming towards the six foot four inch man spraying the contents of the canister into his eyes. The moment the contents may contact with Roger's eyes his hands flew to his face to try and mitigate the burning sensation he felt. Apollonia stopped her forward momentum just in front of the stunned Roger Whittingham. She eyed the space between his thighs and took her chance that he would not clear his eyes in time to stop her assault on his genitals.

She positioned her body for a sidekick that would make direct contact with his pelvic bone just above his rather meager genitals. Apollonia would have preferred to launch her right foot to make contact with his genitals but she knew if she broke his pelvic bone he would have no recourse but to fall to the floor in excruciating pain. Roger moved his hands from his eyes just as Apollonia's foot began its ascent to his crotch. He did not have enough time to react to the kick completely and he felt the ball of Apollonia's foot make contact with his pubic bone. The pressure was just enough to make him react by pulling away from the kick. He did not have the speed to catch Apollonia's foot. She brought her leg down, rotated to her right, and used her momentum to place a perfect kick with the heel of her left foot directly onto Roger's genitals.

The kick hit its mark and Roger stumbled backwards. His hands went to his crotch to protect his family jewels. Apollonia's momentum rotated her back to a position facing the tall man who was in more pain than she expected. She took the opportunity to place a solid punch into Roger's solar plexus. Apollonia watched his face change as the air left his lungs. He fell against the edge of the master bedroom door and then to the floor with a thud. Roger Whittingham, attorney, former Navy Seal, lay on the floor holding his genitals trying to regain his breath after being taken down by a woman one tenth his size and weight.

Apollonia knew she had to take control of the situation once and for all. She saw his exposed holster and much to her surprise it did not have a thumb lock thus giving her the opportunity to pull the weapon. The Smith and Wesson .38 caliber revolver slipped from Roger's holster and was now pressed against his right temple. Apollonia's breathing returned to a semblance of normalcy as did Roger's. The pain from the kick and the punch was beginning to lessen, but he knew she had his revolver pressed against his temple.

"So asshole," said Apollonia, "how are you going to explain this to your boss?"

"You don't have the balls to pull the trigger," said Roger testing Apollonia's mettle.

"Yeah right," she said and before he could react, Apollonia moved the revolver from his temple and placed it on his hands which were still covering his genitals. She pulled the trigger. The bullet did not enter his body. She moved the barrel just as she pulled the trigger so the bullet grazed the skin of his right hand. "Want to challenge me again, Roger?"

Colin came running up to Apollonia's room and pushed his way in. He had heard the sound of the gunshot and knew Roger was carrying. Although he didn't know what he would have done if he found his wife lying on the floor bleeding, Colin's love for Apollonia was the adrenaline to get him out of bed upon hearing the echo of the gunshot. His relief was immediate when he saw Apollonia move the barrel from between Roger's legs back to the side of his head.

"You ok, Appy?" asked a breathless Colin.

She didn't look up at her husband, "Yeah, but I think Roger the ex-Navy Seal is embarrassed to be taken down by a ninety-eight pound waif of an Italian girl. Do I have to shoot you to end this stupidity Roger?"

"No, Miss Moretti," he said having just lived through almost having his prick shot off. "Please don't tell Howard what happened here tonight."

Apollonia looked into his eyes and saw not fear but the sign of a man who would do anything to have this night's little incident kept from his employer. Apollonia looked up at Colin, back down to Roger, and said, "What is it worth to you, Roger?"

"Anything," he replied. "Well almost anything."

Apollonia stood, pushed the small slide that allowed her to flip open the cylinder, and empty it. She tossed the gun across the room and onto her bed. Apollonia offered a hand to the relieved attorney. Roger Whittingham gathered his wits about him and by his body language assured Apollonia that he was done trying to prove his masculinity through physical activity. Without anything being said between the three, they left Apollonia's bedroom and descended into the kitchen. Roger Whittingham's revolver remained behind on Apollonia's bed.

"Mrs. Moretti, I'm at a loss for words, but I'd like to thank you for not actually shooting me," said Roger. "If it is amenable, I'd like to take my leave."

"You owe me, Mr. Whittingham," said Apollonia. "I don't take lightly what just occurred between us and you have to remember that you are the one who succumbed to a superior force. Do I make myself clear?"

Roger Whittingham was no dope. The first thing he would do upon returning home that night would be a private search to find everything he could on one Apollonia Moretti. For now, he replied, "Perfectly clear."

"Oh" said Apollonia, "if you decide to use any of your law firm's connections to find out more about me than you already know – you'll find that what occurred here this evening is nothing compared to watching me stuff your useless little cock and balls down your throat. Don't fuck with me – ever – Roger. Now, Colin will see you to the door. Get the fuck out of my house."

Colin returned to the kitchen to find Apollonia sitting at the breakfast table drinking a mug of hot black coffee. He had a quizzical look on his face because before he went into his bedroom he had cleaned the coffeemaker. There was no way in hell she could have made a pot of coffee in the time it took him to walk the shaken attorney to the front door.

"Where did you get that mug of coffee?" he asked.



"Duh!!! I took some cold coffee and zapped it in the microwave," said Apollonia.

"Oh, may I sit?" asked Colin.

"Sure," she replied. "Make a mental note to call Viv about getting the bullet hole in my room fixed."

Colin sat in his assigned seat, folded his hands, and placed them on the oak table, "May I ask what the fuck happened upstairs?"

Apollonia could not help but laughing. When she stopped long enough to answer, "From the minute he walked into Howard's office, he was taken with me. I could see it on his face. Then he comes here and sits at this table trying to keep his erection from interrupting the signing of the transfer and trust documents. He was eyeing both Ming and me. The fuckin' guy is six foot four inches tall and I wanted to know if he was a good lay."

"I am going to assume you found out differently," said Colin.

"Shit Colin," said Apollonia, "we were kissing. I went to massage his cock and was dutifully surprised not by his size but by his lack thereof. The fuckin' guy is tiny."

"But," said Colin, "what precipitated your attempt to shoot off his cock?"

"Let's see how intuitive you are about me," said Apollonia. "We're just two girlfriends talking aren't we..."

It was Colin's turn to chuckle, "I'm guessing you embarrassed him. The only thing that comes to mind is you doing something ridiculous like pointing at his crotch and laughing."

"Not bad for an amateur," laughed Apollonia, "I stepped back from our embrace and fell onto the floor laughing. His body became rigid and he tried to show me that his lack of manliness was not an issue..."

"How?" chimed in Colin.

"I'm exaggerating, but, that fuckin' guy licked his own fuckin' eyebrows," said Apollonia. "I mean, Roger was given a tongue any lesbian would love to have, but I was in the mood for some real cock. He tried to strong arm me and he lost. Told me I didn't have the balls to shoot him."

"Wrong fuckin' thing to say to you Appy," said Colin. "What is going to happen considering he works for Howard?"

"I'm not worried," said Apollonia. "Time for some shut eye."

Colin looked like a sad puppy dog when he said, "Are you going next door?"

"Why are you asking?" replied Apollonia.

"Would you consider spending the night with me?" asked Colin. "I wouldn't mind serving you and..."

"You'd like me to take the chastity device off of your sissy clit," said Apollonia.

"You don't have to, Appy," continued Colin, "but I wouldn't mind feeling one of your beautiful dildos sliding in and out of my sissy pussy. You know I'll spend as much time as you want between your, oh so beautiful legs."

Apollonia looked at her sissy husband and knew he was heartbroken that the opportunity to be with her while she had sex with a new partner did not come to fruition. She stood, offered her hand to her sissy, and said, "Come, let's have some fun in my bed tonight. It's been awhile since I got to fuck your sweet sissy pussy because I love you and not because I was mad at you."

Ming Zheng alone in bed for the first time since she moved to Columbus Place sought out her clitoris so she could relieve her anxiety over her lover's desire to have sex with a man instead of her. She knew the only reason she wasn't invited to join the tryst with the tall attorney was her sons. It was important for her to get over her stupidity because she knew that Apollonia would never deny her an opportunity to sleep with and have sex with a man. She closed her eyes and began to massage her clitoris. Ming's legs parted as the climb to her self-induced orgasm began. Nights like tonight would end when she diddled herself to three or four orgasms. She took a deep breath, relaxed, and thought of Apollonia on her back getting righteously fucked as she began to masturbate in earnest.