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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 112

Tuesday – Columbus Place – 4 March 2003

Colin awoke to find he was still impaled onto the ten inch dildo Apollonia used plow his sissy pussy for a better part of the night. What surprised him most was the pressure of her breasts on the smooth skin of his back and the quiet respirations of a woman who was still sound asleep.

Raffaella opened her legs to allow the monster prick she loved to feel inside any of her orifices slip into her vagina. Viviano Rossi felt the warmth of his wife's vaginal canal surround his morning wood as he slipped his Italian sausage into the woman he loved unconditionally.

Ming Zheng stretched beneath the down comforter and moaned quietly as she missed the warmth of her lover's body next to hers. Her right hand slid down the soft skin of her tight abdomen to the space between her legs where she sought out and caressed her clitoris. Ming closed her eyes and fantasized about Apollonia hoping she would attain orgasm before her sons crashed through her bedroom door.

Mario Moretti's right hand extended from his shoulder in the same unconscious movement he made every morning since he first slept with Lucia the morning after their initial lovemaking. His unencumbered cock rose from between his legs filled with the blood of his morning wood. Moving his arm across the cotton sheet in disgust over not finding Lucia next to him, he couldn't help but place his right hand around his cock and begin to masturbate. He also knew that his crazy daughter would be placing his cock into a male chastity device sooner rather than later.

The only adult not pleasuring himself early Tuesday morning was the man who stood guard at the entrance to Columbus Place.

Colin moved ever so slightly so he could feel the bulbous head of the ersatz cock press against his prostate and send waves of pleasure throughout his hairless sissy body. Apollonia feigned sleep to see how far her cuckold husband would go to fuck himself in an attempt to feel his useless sperm exit around and through the tube that was

inserted into his sissy clit. Not wanting to spend an inordinate amount of time in bed with him, Apollonia decided she'd had enough of his morning effort to fuck himself to an orgasm.

"What in God's name are you doing?" she asked knowing full well he was trying to fuck himself to an orgasm.

"I thought you were still sleeping, Appy," replied Colin as he pressed his ass back and onto the dildo that had fucked him ceaselessly throughout the night.

"Well, bitch boi," she said in not a very pleasant voice, "I'm not. Quit trying to give yourself an orgasm."

Colin pressed back, wiggled his ass, and said, "Please Mistress Apollonia... One more time..."

Apollonia did not answer him nor did she give him his wish. Instead she slapped him on the back of his head before she grabbed his hips and pulled the ten inch dildo from his sissy pussy. Colin remained on the bed saddened that he would not get a good morning fuck from his wife and Mistress. He rolled over to see Apollonia roll onto her back and begin to use the bulb and base of the ersatz cock to masturbate herself to her morning orgasm. Colin attempted to kiss her, but was rebuffed by a quick slap to his cheek. He knew better than to interrupt her morning ritual.

He rose from the bed, empty, and frustrated. Although he had been used by his wife ceaselessly throughout the night, he did not experience a single orgasm. He stood for a moment and watched Apollonia pleasure her sex without regard to his presence in the room. A tear rolled down his cheek as he turned and quietly walked out to begin another frustrating day having to wear the nastiest male chastity device ever invented. By the time Colin entered the shower in his bathroom, he was openly crying. Constantly throughout the night he'd feel the beginnings of a prostate induced orgasm only to be denied by his cruel wife and Mistress. Apollonia would fuck him mercilessly as she rose to her orgasmic crescendo where she would press her harnessless dildo deep into his rectum and crest in a full body orgasm. Colin would lay beside or underneath her, flaccid, and frustrated.

Apollonia masturbated thinking about how sweet it would have been to have Ming harnessed and fucking her as she fucked her sissy bitch of a husband. After her first orgasm of the morning, she lay coated in sweat stinking of sex thinking about starting the day without having been eaten out by her lover. She glanced down to see the ersatz prick standing from the nexus of her thin thighs and wondered what she would have been like if she was born a male. With her body relaxed and her mind beginning to wonder what the day had in store, Apollonia gently pulled on the standing prick to remove the bulbous end that had spent the night inserted into her vagina. She sighed as a feeling of emptiness rose to her brain and her vagina closed around nothing. Apollonia rose, left the harnessless dildo on her bed, and padded into the bathroom to prepare for the day.

The smell of fresh coffee wafted up the stairs from the kitchen which was an odoriferous assault that Apollonia relished each morning as she descended the staircase after her morning masturbation, shower, and putting on her clothing. Her plan was to take her leisurely time to read The New York Times and The Wall Street Journal as she sipped numerous mugs of hot black coffee. Colin would wait to hear what she wanted for breakfast because he knew some mornings she would be famished while others she'd be satisfied with just several mugs of her favorite liquid sustenance. Apollonia saw the pile of morning newspapers in their appointed spot and knew her bitch boi was attentive to her needs as always.

The sound of her chair scraping against the hardwood floor was enough for Colin to turn away from the sink and pour his Mistress' first mug of hot black coffee. He approached her and just as he placed the mug in front of her the house phone rang. Both Apollonia and Colin looked towards the microwave to check the time and were a bit taken that it was only seven ten in the morning. They also knew that if the phone was not answered by the third ring the digital answering machine would pick up the call. Apollonia rose from her chair, reached for the phone, and picked up the receiver.

After saying hello, Apollonia listened, the look on her face belying her growing anger. Colin noticed she did not return to her seat nor did she move a single bone in her body. Apollonia was frozen where she stood. The call lasted about ten minutes. The entire time she held the handset next to her ear she did not speak until she said three words – Ok and good-bye. Her reaction to the content of the phone call was delayed until she calmly put the

handset back into its cradle. Apollonia's movements were quick and decisive. She picked up the full mug of hot black coffee and tossed it across the kitchen/breakfast room where it made contact with the front of the Sub Zero double wide refrigerator/freezer.

Apollonia screamed at the top of her lungs, "FUCK!!!"

Colin, frightened at his Mistress' reaction to the phone call, backed up and around the counter to retrieve some paper towels to clean the line of coffee that she created when she tossed one of her favorite coffee mugs in a very apparent burst of unbridled anger. The front of the Sub Zero had a minor dent and shards of the mug lay scattered on the floor before the double door refrigerator/freezer. His intuition told him to keep his mouth shut and not question the content of the telephone call. As he was bent over cleaning the coffee spill, he felt her brush past him on her way to the cabinet retrieve a mug to replenish her morning coffee.

Apollonia and Colin heard the back door open and both waited where they were to see who had just entered the house. It could only be one of four people – Ming, Raffaella, Viviano, or Mario which was the least likely person to enter unannounced. Ming Zheng strode into the kitchen wearing her winter coat all ready to embrace the love-of-her-life. Her face was aglow with desire. She strode with a purpose up to Apollonia, took the mug of coffee from her right hand, and pressed her body into Apollonia's.

"Kiss me now," ordered the small Oriental woman.

Apollonia could not refuse the woman who moved next door, forsook her family, and never denied any sexual need or request. She wrapped her arms around Ming and pressed her lips onto the waiting lips of her lesbian lover. The knowledge of the phone call still reverberated inside her head, but her need to give Ming what she asked for took precedence. Colin stood open-mouthed as he watched his wife push Ming's winter coat off her shoulders and onto the floor. Ming's need was apparent as she knelt in front of her Italian lover and placed her lips on Apollonia's mons pubis. Apollonia gently pressed her lover's head into her body, held it there for a moment, and then gently pulled her to her feet.

"Come upstairs," breathed Apollonia, "we need to talk."

Ming was flummoxed and disturbed by the sound of her lover's voice. She nodded and allowed Apollonia to guide her upstairs, but not her bedroom where Ming expected a morning of hot lesbian love. Instead, Apollonia took her Oriental lover into the atelier and guided her to the desk where Apollonia performed all her business management type work. Ming felt the edge of the desk press against her backside. She looked up and saw the concern in her lover's eyes.

"What?" is all Ming uttered.

Apollonia looked down at the floor, placed her hands on her lover's shoulders, and said, "I received a phone call this morning from my attorney. It has nothing to do with you or the children. It has to do with Colin and his family. I'm waiting for Howard to arrive here so we can talk about it face-to-face. He told me it was bad, but he wouldn't elaborate..."

"What can I do?" asked Ming, the concern in her voice thick with fear not for herself, but for her lover.

Their eyes met and held. Apollonia absentmindedly rubbed Ming's shoulders. She leaned in and placed a kiss on each of her cheeks and said, "Just be here for me."

"As I always will, my love," replied Ming. "Let's return to the kitchen and make like nothing is amiss between us. As much as I wanted to taste your love juices this morning, I'll settle for a Colin cooked breakfast."

The two women returned to the kitchen where they found Colin just completing the cleanup of the shattered coffee mug. He watched as they took their respective seats at the breakfast table. He wondered what transpired between them in such a short span of time. He knew they did not have sexual relations. Colin could see their calm

exteriors, but knew that inside Apollonia was either angry or concerned about the phone call. He decided to try and act nonchalant, but knew his effort would take quite a bit to maintain his calm attitude.

"Would either or both of you like something to eat?" he asked.

Ming replied, "Please make each of us an omelet with a minimum of three cheeses. Toast and of course, coffee."

Colin went about preparing the food. Every so often he would look at his Mistress and her lover hoping to see something that would give him a clue about the content of the phone call. After his third glance, he realized that Apollonia was not going to be forthcoming about what made her so angry. Twenty minutes later the food was prepared and served. He watched as both women consumed the meal without once complimenting him on his omelets. When Apollonia finished she pushed the plate away from her and returned to reading the newspaper. Ming sat quietly happy to be with her lover. Colin was frustrated and anxious.

"I can't take anymore," he moaned, "please tell me what was said to you this morning that made you so mad, Apollonia. Please???"

Apollonia looked to the digital clock on the microwave and saw that Howard Cohen was not expected for another hour. He cleared his schedule and made arrangements to be on Columbus Place no later than 10:00 AM. She had wanted to wait until he arrived and confirmed everything he alluded when he spoke to her on the unsecured phone line. Colin knew she was keeping something from him by her body language and the look in her eyes. He pleaded for some information.

"Please, Appy," he cried, "I can tell you know something and it concerns me. We've been together too long for me to not know when you're hiding or keeping something from me. Please, Appy!!!"

The look from Apollonia was hard and very pointed. Colin fell back against the kitchen counter and began to plead more forcefully that she was keeping something from him. Ming took Apollonia's hand into hers and gently squeezed it before she said, "It's time to relieve his emotional pain Apollonia." Apollonia heeded her lover's request. She rose from her place at the table and strode to where her sissy husband leaned against the stone countertop. Any other woman would have surrounded her husband with love and caring. Not Apollonia.

When she was in front of her sissy husband she grabbed his balls, but did not squeeze them. She held them tight enough to make him wince and begin to tear up. He believed she was intent on doing something extreme to him because he insisted on pleading for information about the early morning phone call. Apollonia could see Colin trying to maintain an air of superiority in the face of his total fear of the crazy woman who had him by the balls. She squeezed a bit harder and when she saw the tears of pain begin to course down his face she released his useless gonads.

"You want to know what the phone call was about?" she chided.

"Yes, please," he responded after taking a deep intake of air into his lungs.

"If you promise not to scream and yell, I'll tell you," she said.

Colin took another deep breath to steady his nerves and said, "I promise."

Apollonia grinned from ear-to-ear and then with completely serious face said, "Howard Cohen is coming to the house. He'll be here by ten. That is when I'll know the specifics behind the phone call this morning."

"Please..." moaned Colin. "I know something happened just by the way you reacted. You really can't hide anything from me Appy."

Colin flinched when he saw Apollonia make a move to retake a hold of his sissy gonads. Apollonia did not do as he thought she would. Instead she rested her hand on his banded sissy clit and said, "You're partially correct Colin, but you'll have to wait until I have all the facts. Think you can do that, bitch boi?"

"Yes, Mistress," he replied.

"Good," said Apollonia. She returned to her seat at the table, leaned to kiss Ming, and returned to reading The New York Times.

Raffaella watched as her husband left with Ming's children on his second trip off the private street to deliver the youngsters to the local public school. She knew he'd be returning to pick up her father because he had called to tell Mario not to drive to the office. Raffaella decided to take a quick shower and surprise her sister. Although she had a really good fucking by Viviano that morning, she had a strong desire to go down on her sister. Whatever she thought about an incestuous relationship before that morning Apollonia sucked her off on the couch, she was totally into sharing an incestuous sexual relationship with her for the rest of their natural life.

The shower was needed because if she got involved with Apollonia the moment Apollonia neared her privates, she would smell the results of her copulation. The insides of her thighs were still covered in a coating of Viviano's cum. Most mornings Raffaella would take a leisurely shower, but not today. She washed, rinsed, and made sure her pubic area was clean as the day she was born. She rushed to put on a pair of lace boy short panties and could feel her sex beginning to wet in expectation of a tryst with her younger sister. Raffaella wished it was summer because she'd forgo getting dressed and just walk to her sister's house naked. Instead she put on a pair of jeans and a simple t-shirt. Something easy to remove in expectation of a morning filled with the smell and taste of her sister's pussy.

Raffaella checked herself one last time in the small mirror as she passed the open door of the downstairs powder room. She made her way across Columbus Place to the side door, opened it, and noticed Ming's coat hanging in the mud room. The sight of her sister's lover's coat hanging on a hook deflated whatever desire she had to go down on her sister. She stifled the desire to moan in frustration, took a breath, and walked into the kitchen.

Raffaella saw her sissy brother-in-law standing where he always stood – in front of the kitchen sink. She didn't acknowledge him and made her way to where Apollonia and Ming sat at the oak breakfast table. Without saying a word of hello, she plopped herself down across from Ming, and said, "I'm such a fuckin' idiot."

Apollonia smiled, "No hello? Ok, I'll bite. What gives?"

"I got myself all worked up after my morning pounding by Viviano," she sighed, "and I thought I'd visit you and..."

Apollonia and Ming exchanged a knowing glance. Neither of them said anything in response to Raffaella. They sat waiting for Raffaella to continue which only added to Raffaella's frustration.

"Jesus, Appy!!!" cried Raffaella. "Can't your sister be horny for a little pussy??? Shit, you made me into a pussy eating harlot."

"So," said Ming, "you came here all hot and bothered to go down on your sister?" Her eyes twinkled because that was her reason for coming over earlier that morning.

Raffaella crossed her arms in front of her on the table and dropped her head into them. She couldn't look at either of them when she said, "Yes, I was hoping to spend some quiet time in bed with my sister eating her pussy."

Apollonia stood and moved to her sister's side. She gently rubbed the back of her head, leaned down, and whispered in her ear, "That is exactly why Ming came here this morning, but we're not in bed because I have some business to tend to and come to think of it, you can help."

Raffaella picked her head up, stared at her sister, and said, "Moretti business?"

"Yes," replied Apollonia, "and other business."

"What do you want me to do?" asked an in control Raffaella.

"I want you to call Viv and tell him to bring Mario here. No delay. Understand?" asked Apollonia.

"From here?" asked Raffaella.

"Sure, sweetie," answered Apollonia. Whereupon Apollonia pulled Raffaella from her chair, embraced her, and kissed her passionately.

Ming and Colin watched the two sisters kiss for a moment longer before Raffaella pushed Apollonia away. Her face was the picture of abject frustration, but she knew Moretti business took precedence over all things private, public, and sexual. She saw her sister point to the phone and realized that her call to Viviano was to be simple. Tell him to pick up Mario and come to Apollonia's. Don't go to the office which he knew meant he'd have to call one of the civil engineers to keep an eye on the place and the work. Raffaella's call was short, sweet, and to the point. She returned to her seat, raised her hand, and signaled Colin for a mug of coffee.

The three women sat and the sissy bitch stood quietly until the gatehouse phone rang just before 10:00AM. Colin saw Apollonia's nod, lifted the receiver, and heard the gatehouse guard advise him that two men, one named Howard Cohen, requested entrance to Columbus Place. He responded in the positive and returned the receiver to its cradle.

Five minutes later the front door bell sounded and before Colin went to answer it Apollonia said, "Take them to the conversation pit in the great room. Offer them coffee and something to eat. Use your best judgment and sissy male intuition to size up their demeanor. When you return here, I want to know what you think. Colin nodded his head and strode to into the great room to let the guests into Apollonia's house.

Standing on the front porch were Howard Cohen and Roger Whittingham. Colin opened the door and ushered them into the great room. He offered to take their topcoats and was politely told to please go and tell Miss Moretti, not Apollonia, they were there. He looked Howard in the eye and saw his derision and patently obvious disdain for the man that stood in front of him. Roger Whittingham stood like a good soldier next to his boss with no expression on his face. He knew Colin was aware of his folly the previous night. Both men walked to where Colin pointed, removed their topcoats, and sat. Colin turned and walked back into the kitchen.

"All business, Appy," said Colin. "Wouldn't give me their topcoats or let me offer them coffee."

"Who is with Howard?" she asked.

"Roger Whittingham," replied Colin.

Apollonia nodded knowingly. She still had his handgun in her room. She chuckled to herself and wondered how either of them was going to broach the subject of having her return his handgun. Apollonia did not get up from her seat. She ordered Colin to bring a carafe of coffee and some pastries out to the attorneys. Inside she knew once Colin returned to the great room without her in tow, Howard Cohen would be rising towards the ceiling his anger pushing him places he did not want to go. The three women watched Colin prepare the coffee and pastries.

"Appy," said Raffaella, 'what is going on?"

"You'll learn all about it when we go into the great room and talk to Howard," replied Apollonia.

"Sorry, but is Ming going also?" asked her sister.

"Not for the first part of the conversation," said Apollonia. The two lovers exchanged a glance that could only be between two people so in tune with one another that nothing needed to be explained. "You will come with me. You will not say anything unless I ask for your opinion."

Colin returned to the kitchen like a bat-out-of-hell. "Appy, they're not happy. That fucking asshole Whittingham called me a cock sucking faggot. I hate that prick!!!"

Apollonia did not respond to her sissy husband. She stood, smoothed her navy blue pinstripe wool pants, nodded to her sister, and strode into the great room. Howard Cohen and Roger Whittingham sat next to each other on the leather couch that faced the windows and fireplace on the side of the house towards Mario's house at the top of the cul d'sac. Apollonia Moretti walked directly over to Roger Whittingham and bitch slapped him. Howard Cohen fell away from the side of his junior attorney. Again, Roger did not have the speed to respond to Apollonia's next move. Before he knew it, his left ear was encased in her right hand and she was twisting it hard enough to make him wince and cry out in pain.

"YOU EVER CALL MY HUSBAND A COCK SUCKING FAGGOT AGAIN," growled Apollonia, "AND I SWEAR TO GOD THAT YOU WILL RUE THE DAY YOU DID. I SUGGEST YOU CALL MY HUSBAND IN HERE AND APOLOGIZE TO HIM. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO, THEN PREPARE YOURSELF TO BE EMASCULATED RIGHT HERE IN MY HOUSE."

Apollonia kept a death grip on Roger Whittingham's right ear. He gained control of his breathing and called out to Colin to please return to the great room. When the sissy husband of Apollonia Moretti stood across from the embarrassed attorney, Apollonia released his ear, but did not move from his side.

"Mr. Cathcart, please accept my apology for calling you a cock sucking faggot..." was all he got out of his mouth.

Apollonia Moretti stepped back and swung her right foot into the left side of Roger Whittingham's head. The attorney slumped to his right against his boss. Howard Cohen responded by jumping up from the couch and moving away from his employee backwards luckily not banging into and tumbling over any of her paintings. Apollonia moved quick and took hold of Roger's left hand by the thumb. She twisted his hand and arm against their normal rotation. Roger Whittingham could not do anything but move his body to try and relieve the pressure on his shoulder socket. Once he was in a forward leaning position, Apollonia used her left hand to strike his forearm breaking both the radius and ulna with a single blow. Roger Whittingham winced in extreme pain but did not pass out. He fell back against the rear of the couch and stared at the sprite of a woman who just broke both the bones in his forearm.

Howard Cohen was flabbergasted and blubbered, "What the fuck!!! You have to be the craziest bitch on the face of the Earth. You just fuckin' broke his arm, Apollonia."

"Lucky I didn't rip his balls from between his legs, Howard," growled Apollonia. "Let him sit there and stew just like he did last night when I disarmed him. Tell your boss how you lost your hand gun to me and almost had your useless little prick shot off." Apollonia sat on the couch opposite and pointed to where Howard should sit which he did. "Now, what is so important that you had to come here this morning?"

"What about Roger?" Howard asked.

"Fuck Roger," replied Apollonia. "You can take him to St. Joseph's in Far Rockaway and get the fuckin' bones set. He brought it all on himself. Again, Howard, what happened that you had come here and tell me in person."

Howard looked over Apollonia's shoulder to see that only Raffaella and her were in the room. He calmed himself when Roger moved and made it apparent that he would be able to sit quietly until he was taken to the hospital. Howard leaned forward as if he was confiding something quite private to the person he was speaking to and said, "Your brother-in-law murdered his wife yesterday. Brought her home from the hospital, got into with her, raped her anally, and snapped her neck when he kicked her because she threw up on his shoes. According to him she was paralyzed from mid-chest down so he used a pillow to smother her."

Apollonia did not flinch when she heard what her brother-in-law did to Colin's sister. "Has he been arrested?"

Howard pursed his lips, sat back, and said, "No. I took care of the little incident. She will be found by the end of the week upstate in a wreck that went off a rural road into a deep ditch."

"You took it upon yourself to clean up his mess without first speaking to me," said Apollonia.

"Yes," said Howard, "it was your father's understanding that if anything happened that needed to be quickly swept under the rug, the less he knew the better especially when it dealt with things like murder. I assumed you'd want that respect and lack-of-knowledge also."

Apollonia looked at her sister and saw that Raffaella agreed with Howard's assessment. "Where is Joshua?"

"He better be home," said Howard.

"The children?" asked Raffaella which did not get an angry response from Apollonia.

"With Elizabeth's parents," replied Howard. "They don't know anything more than Elizabeth decided to take a soul searching trip to upstate New York."

"I want him to meet me at the townhouse in the city. I have someone coming in from Texas today and I have to be there, so he might as well," said Apollonia. "He can also check out Sonny's recuperation. Guess I can use the time there to break the news to Colin that his sister is dead."

Howard shot forward and said forcefully, "No, don't do that. You'll create a furor because no one outside of this small circle knows that she is dead. She has to be found by the state police. I really don't need to explain that to you, do I?"

"Yes, I understand. Anything else?" asked Apollonia.

"I was hoping you'd return Roger's piece to him, but after your reaction to his asinine statement to Colin, I think I'll just let it rest for awhile. I was hoping that Jon Parks would be here in time to meet with us, but I think I need to take Roger to the hospital," said Howard.

"I'm ok, Howard," said Roger. "I can tolerate the subsiding pain and I'd rather go to the Hospital for Special Surgery in the city. If I may so bold, but you would have made one hell of a Navy Seal Miss Moretti."

"Have you finally learned your lesson?"

"Yes, I have, Miss Moretti," replied a broken and downtrodden Roger Whittingham.

Raffaella perked up when she heard the gatehouse phone ring. She nodded to Apollonia, rose, and went into the kitchen to find out who was at the gate. She returned and said, "Amazing timing, but Jon Parks will be here in a few minutes. I'll leave Colin with Ming. I'll answer the door."

Viviano Rossi and Mario Moretti entered the great room and were immediately scolded by Apollonia for not being naked in her presence. Both men grumbled, but quickly complied. Apollonia stood. Viviano knelt and kissed her shoes. Mario asked for and received permission to lower his daughter's pants and panties whereupon he leaned in

and kissed her anus. Knowing he was required to remain pressed into his daughter's behind, Mario continued to suckle her anus until she was satisfied. Apollonia stepped forward relieving him of his duty, bent over, and pulled up her clothing before returning to her seat. Howard Cohen and Roger Whittingham were both sitting mouth's agog after seeing both men doff their clothes and then submit willingly to their humiliation in front of the seated attorneys.

Viviano and Mario were told to return to the kitchen. Raffaella opened one of the front doors to allow Jon Parks to enter. She guided him to the couch where Howard and Roger sat. His first words, "What the fuck happened to you?"

Roger replied, "I learned not to fuck with Miss Moretti is what happened to me."

Jon Parks smiled at Apollonia, offered his hand which she took, and then he sat down on the love seat at the end of the couch perpendicular to where the two attorneys sat. He noticed the two unused mugs and politely asked, "Mind if I have some coffee?"

Apollonia eyed Roger, turned to Jon, and said, "Help yourself. Once you're settled, we can cover what you found out for me." She turned to her sister and said, "This needs to be discussed in front of Viviano and the man I have to call my father. Get them."

Raffaella returned with Viviano and Mario. They stood behind the couch where Apollonia sat and where Raffaella returned to sit a bit closer to her sister than she had before. Roger Whittingham controlled his pain, but could not bring to some form of internal acceptance that the one-time head of the Moretti family willingly sucked his youngest daughter's asshole. He did come to grips with his own meager manhood when he saw both men standing comfortably with their rather long cocks hanging across the front of their large scrotums. Howard Cohen had seen Mario naked before, but was duly impressed with the size and girth of his son-in-law.

Jon Parks took a deep draught of the coffee, put the mug down in front of him, looked directly at Apollonia, and said, "I've been working long and hard trying to find anything we could use to derail the Nassau County DA's effort to bring murder charges against Mario. Melanie Margolis is squeaky clean. I could not find one iota of an issue to begin to build a case that would derail her desire to indict Mario Moretti. All her family members are employed with nothing untoward in their past. She married a man with the same surname, but I could not find any connection that would make their marriage an incestuous one. His family is clean also."

Apollonia sat for a moment before she answered. She stared hard into Jon Parks face. His visage did not change which settled her indecision about whether or not he has bullshitting her. She absentmindedly rubbed her hands on her thighs, leaned forward, and said, "Do we have a problem here? Is this woman and her family so clean, that we're going to have to fall on our swords and offer her something she knows nothing about? I'm not willing to give up someone or something that will give her an opening to come back for more. Anyone have any thoughts?"

Amazingly, it was Roger Whittingham who spoke up, "I would look into her politics. If she is who I think she is, she wants to run for Governor of the State of New York. She had to run for the District Attorney's job. I would think she has to have some political skeletons in her closet. What does her husband do for work?"

Jon Parks responded, "He's a partner in a Wall Street Hedge Fund."

"Did you dig into his life?" asked Apollonia. She watched as Jon Parks shook his head in the negative. "Well, I think that is where you need to begin. That is the one area where I think we may find a chink in her armor. Roger hit the nail right on the head. Political gamesmanship and under the table donations are what political campaigns are made of."

Raffaella chimed in, "But, doesn't the government track all political donations. If the money was given to the campaign illegally where... Damn, a slush fund!!! The money has to be stashed somewhere, but not necessarily hidden."

"Hidden in plain sight," said Jon Parks, "like in an account at the hedge fund. Fuck, why didn't I think of that."

Apollonia could see that Roger Whittingham was starting to grimace from the pain of his broken arm. She turned to Viviano and Mario, "Get dressed. Both of you take Roger to the Hospital for Special Surgery. Mario, I believe we have an orthopedic contact there. Contact him on the way to the hospital. When you've made sure he's been taken care of, go to the townhouse. I have a bit more to handle with Howard and Jon and then I'll meet you there."

Both naked men departed for the kitchen where their clothes were neatly folded on the floor next to the counter that separated the breakfast area from the cooking area. Seven minutes later, both men returned. Viviano instructed Mario to help Roger into the back of the house and out to the car. Viviano stepped over to Raffaella, leaned over, and kissed her. He smiled at Apollonia and said, "Take Roger to the hospital and then go to the townhouse. Mario and I should just wait until you arrive. Correct?"

"That's what I said, Viv," replied Apollonia.

"Ok," was his reply as he exited the great room. Inside he seethed because he knew his brother would be there and he did not want to have to interact with him considering his surgical modification. He hadn't come to terms with Apollonia's decision to surgically modify him as well as his belief that he was part of the reason it happened to him.

Jon Parks and Howard Cohen waited for the next issue or topic to be brought up by Apollonia. They did not have to wait long.

"Gentlemen," she said, "this doesn't truly concern you Jon, but I have no problem with you being here. Howard, what is the status of the changes I requested for the family and the Texas Morettis?"

Howard Cohen reached into Roger's legal briefcase, pulled out a sheaf of papers, handed them to Apollonia, and said, "All the accounts, both national and foreign have been changed. There is a minor problem with the land owned by your uncle in Texas. Appears there is a lien against it for some business your aunt had..."

Apollonia groaned, "How much???"

"Unbelievably, only seven thousand five hundred dollars," said Howard.

"Just pay the fuckin' debt and finalize everything. Can it be done today?" asked Apollonia.

"I don't see why not but," Howard hesitated, "why today and not tomorrow."

Apollonia's eyes flew wide open and Raffaella immediately placed her hand on her sister's leg and pressed. "Appy, take a deep breath and relax. That's it sweetie." Raffaella removed her hand and said, "Mr. Cohen, I believe my sister told you she wanted it done today. Today is today. Not tomorrow. My parents put their total confidence in you and I'll bet you never once tried to pull with them what you just did with my sister. No matter how bad you feel for Mario, he did what he did to himself because of himself. I support my sister one hundred percent Mr. Cohen. I'll use reasoning while she'll use her physical abilities before she uses her gift for logical reasoning. So, what will it be Mr. Cohen?"

"I'll make sure it gets done today, Miss Moretti," said Howard.

Raffaella smiled, crinkled her eyes, and nodded her head with approval of Mr. Cohen's decision to get the final piece of the Texas problem resolved. Her intuition told her that both Apollonia and she had to be very wary of their attorney. She watched his face when Viviano and Mario did their required penance and surmised he was calculating his own break from the Moretti family. Raffaella knew she would have to have a private conversation with her sister and knew now was not the time.

Jon Parks asked the room, "I supposed everyone is in the loop concerning the good doctor."

"Yes, but it is imperative that Colin remains in the dark until the accident is found," said Apollonia. "I understand completely what would happen if word got out about his second unfortunate accident. What I need from you Jon is to go to his house and bring him to the townhouse in the city. He knows where it is located. In fact you can leave now. I don't think I have anything else for you right now."

Jon Parks knew when he was dismissed. He stood, gathered his coat, shook hand with everyone, and made his way to the front door. Apollonia guided him there and whispered in his ear that she expected him to keep whatever he's heard and or seen totally to himself. Jon nodded and assured her that his allegiance was totally and completely with her. They shook hands one more time just before he stepped outside and Apollonia closed the door behind him.

Colin entered the great room and approached his wife, "Appy, there is another guest at the front gate. Mrs. Rheingold and her husband are here. She told you she'd be back with the money today. Do we have to worry about our guest?"

"No, you silly twit," said Apollonia. "Mr. Cohen is our attorney and he is encumbered by the law to keep even our little illicit business quite under the attorney/client privilege. In fact, I'll let them in, but I want you to go to your room and change into something extremely sexy."

"Why?" asked Colin.

"For two reasons," replied Apollonia not giving into her anger at his questioning her command. "First, for Mr. Rheingold, so he can see how he's going to end up once his cunt of a wife gets fucked by Viviano. Second, because you're coming with me to the city to visit our guests at the townhouse. I want the young man who is arriving from Texas to be sure he will be telling me the truth."

"Yes, Mistress," replied Colin as he departed for the back of the house.

Apollonia turned to her sister, "Raffy, I need you to stay home and when the kids get out of school you need to come to the city. Take a limo, don't drive."

"You want me to bring just Alessa, right?" asked Raffaella.

"No," replied Apollonia, the edge to her voice enough to make Raffaella nod her head in acknowledgment that she understood Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa would be taken into the city.

Raffaella walked over to her sister, kissed her on the cheek, turned, and made her way to the back of the house. Apollonia knew she was headed home to lick her wounds after being told with a one word response to bring all the children to the townhouse. Just as she was about to return to the couch, the front door bell sounded. She'd hoped that Colin would have returned, but she knew her expectations were not well founded in his ability to get dressed quickly. Apollonia opened the door and allowed Mrs. Regina Rheingold and then Mr. Gregory Rheingold to enter the house.

"Welcome to my house, Regina and Gregory," said Apollonia. "Please make yourself comfortable on the couch. Introduce yourselves to Mr. Howard Cohen, Esquire. I have to go to the back of the house for a moment. Be just a second."

"Thank you, Miss Moretti," replied Regina. The couple made their way to the couches and sat opposite Howard. They introduced themselves and instead of making small talk, the Rheingolds receded into their own space. The couple seemed a bit put off by Howard's presence in the great room. The three adults sat silently trying not to stare at each other so they made lame attempts to look around the great room at Apollonia's art.

Ten minutes later Colin entered the room. He was naked except for a pair of dark navy thigh high stockings, navy blue leather six inch pumps, fingerless lace gloves that ran up his arm to his bicep, and a navy blue lace choker that had 'Sissy' embroidered on it in pink. His skin was smooth and flawless as he strode over to the conversation pit. His breasts were pert and the nipples were hard and extended. The first person to make any sort of acknowledgement

of his arrival and his state of dress was Regina Rheingold. Her right hand went to her mouth when she saw the size of Colin's sissy clit and the stainless steel metal tube that emanated out from the tip of his piss slit and then wrapped around the length of sissyness. Howard having seen naked sissy bois before just smiled and looked down at the paperwork on his lap. Gregory Rheingold closed his eyes and released his breath as if he was just punched in the stomach.

"Mistress Apollonia wanted to know if either of you would like something to drink," asked Colin. "I'd be happy to prepare anything you'd like."

Regina closed her eyes, shook her head, opened them, and replied, "No thank you."

Colin did as he was instructed, "Are you sure? I mean it shouldn't take me long to prepare something if you or your husband is hungry." He made point of standing so the Rheingolds would be obligated to look at his chastity encased sissy clit.

Apollonia stood in the hallway between the kitchen and the great room and listened. She had her arm around Ming's shoulders holding her close. What she was waiting for was the anticipated explosion from Mrs. Rheingold caused by Colin's insistence on standing in front of her with his encumbered sissy clit in her face. She wasn't wrong that it would happen, the time was a bit shorter than she expected.

"Please, whatever your name is," cried Regina Rheingold, "do you have to stand there dressed as you are showing me your chastised cock? Go away!!!"

"*Bingo!!!*" thought Apollonia to herself. She smiled at Ming, waited another minute, and then strode hand-in-hand with her into the great room. "Excuse me, Mrs. Rheingold, is there a problem?"

"Would you please have this, this, thing remove himself from my presence," cried Regina. "I'm not fond or turned on by feminized men."

Apollonia walked with Ming over to the couches. Colin remained where Apollonia told him to. She ignored the Rheingolds when she approached them. "Howard, I think maybe you should take your things and return to the city. Remember, I need to see you at the townhouse this afternoon. I'm thinking I should be there no later than two so, please arrive there before I do."

Howard Cohen stood up, put his top coat on, placed the papers he was holding into the legal briefcase that was on the floor, offered his hand to Apollonia, and said, "Thank you. I'll take care of everything and I'll see you on 84th Street." Howard Cohen allowed Ming to guide him to the door and let him out. He didn't know where the scene was headed in Apollonia's house, but he wanted to be as far away from it as possible. Howard knew he was going to be part of something that bad at the townhouse, but he's seen and been part of a lot of Moretti incidents.

Ming returned to see Apollonia sitting across from the Rheingolds. She made her way past Colin and sat next to the love-of-her-life. Both women watched as Gregory tried to keep his eyes from staring at Colin's stainless steel encased sissy clit and Regina's disgust creep over her face every time she caught him looking. Apollonia made it a point to sit holding hands with Ming. Colin was cool as a cucumber and both women could see a twinkle in his eye as his presence frustrated and angered each member of the Rheingold couple.

Relaxed on the couch, Apollonia asked, "Did you bring the balance of the money?"

"Please Miss Moretti," cried Regina, "does he have to stand there? I'm disgusted by him."

Apollonia released Ming's hand, leaned forward, and said, "Isn't that what you wanted to do to Gregory? Turn him into a sissy bitch like Colin? Encumber his cock and make him beg you for release? Make him dress like a girl, live his life as a woman, and serve your dominant sexual needs? Isn't that why you're really here, Regina? You're here just to get some big Italian cock to make your husband into a cuckold. Or would you rather stare at my lover's pussy?"

The look on Regina's face questioned Apollonia's reason for making her into something she thought, no, knew she wasn't. "I'm not into women. I've never once had a relationship with another female even for an hour. I love men and I want what I want, Miss Moretti. Please, I ask you again to have him move from my space."

"No, I won't move him from invading your space," retorted Apollonia. "You want this agreement to happen you have to make a choice. Sit there and sign the papers while Colin stands with his encumbered sissy cock in your face. Or, ask me nicely to let you show me what a wanton slut you want to be with a Moretti man. I know you don't give two shits about getting pregnant. "

"Noooo!!!" cried Regina. "I swear by all that's holy."

"I don't believe you, Regina," said Apollonia. "When you were here last night you were all hard and tough-as-nails. Now, you're afraid of a sexily dressed naked sissy? Please do me a favor, take your cunt, and get the fuck out of my house."

Regina Rheingold remained seated. She picked up the case that held the remaining payment for the Moretti service and placed it on the coffee table. Gregory moved closer to her in an effort to bolster her broken ego. She did not push him away. "Please Miss Moretti I'm just not comfortable with him standing next to me. I know I came off as a hard ass business woman last night, but it was just an air. I was trying to present a tough face to see if I could negotiate with you about the cost of this endeavor. I have the money and I want to get pregnant."

"Admit it Regina, you want nothing to do with getting pregnant," said Apollonia. "All you want to do is fuck another man in the privacy of your own home in front of your wimp of a husband. You want to make him watch and frustrate him hoping he'd leave the marriage."

Gregory interjected, "Yes, Miss Moretti, I want to watch. I want to see her sexually satisfied. I'm willing to do whatever is necessary for her to feel totally sexually satisfied. Is that too much to ask?" He turned to look at his wife and said, "I don't care about not being able to inseminate you, Regina. I just want to be with you. I love you and I won't divorce you no matter how bad you treat me."

"It is too much to ask, when it is predicated on the false assumption that she wants to get pregnant," replied Apollonia. "We're not in the business of cuckolding husbands and the whims of their wives."

Regina fell back into the couch frustrated. She looked across to see Apollonia holding Ming's hand and knew from their closeness they were lesbian lovers. Regina wondered if Apollonia ever was straight considering how close she was to the beautiful Oriental woman. The tact she took to flesh out Apollonia's true sexual identity would be a gamble, but she took it. "Your sissy husband is standing in my face showing me his ample cock encased in a stainless steel chastity device. You sit opposite me holding the hand of your lesbian lover. For all I know you were never heterosexual and take out your frustrations on your husband because you don't have a cock."

Apollonia, Ming, and Colin all laughed out loud at Regina's incredulous accusation that Apollonia was never heterosexual. After she got control of herself, Apollonia whispered something into Ming's ear and the beautiful Oriental woman rose from her seat and headed to the staircase closest to Apollonia's room. She then looked at Regina Rheingold and said, "Sorry bitch, but, the cock that is encased in the stainless steel chastity device used to use me on a regular basis. In fact, I'm going to give him his one true desire. Now, I suggest both of you stand up and remove all your clothing or you can get the fuck out of my house."

Regina and Gregory sat stunned at Apollonia's statement. They looked at one another in an attempt to use ESP to decide whether or not both of them were going to get undressed. The bulge in Gregory's pants was the answer to his desire. What Apollonia and Colin could not see was the wet spot forming on the small patch of nylon that covered Regina's pussy. For a reason he couldn't put his finger on, Gregory Rheingold stood, pulled down his pants, and revealed the fact he was wearing a pair of lace boy short panties. Regina Rheingold groaned in disgust, but put her hand between her legs because she knew he wore them without her telling him to and she was titillated by the sight of him wearing them.

Apollonia leaned forward and commanded, "Get undressed now Regina. I want you to leave your stocking and shoes on. Remove everything else."

She watched as Regina stood and began to remove her clothing. There was one sight that disgusted Apollonia. The thatch of hair that resided between Regina's legs was something that she didn't expect to see. When she was completely naked, except for her thigh high stockings and heels, Regina Rheingold made an unconscious attempt to cover her womanhood. Apollonia did not want her to gain any level of control. She struck out at the woman's hands. Regina got the message and returned her hands to her side. Gregory stood next to his wife. His meager offering was hard and just long enough to allow the head to pass under the top edge of his lace panties. The sad part of it all was his balls were so small they made no impression against the small patch of material that covered his genitals.

Ming returned, leaned in to Apollonia, kissed her, and placed something no one could see into her right hand. She then sat down, opened her legs, and displayed to Regina and Gregory her shaved womanhood. Again they stared at each other and their faces showed their wonderment at where this little meeting was headed. They soon found out.

Apollonia returned to her more relaxed state of affairs, took Ming's hand in hers, and said to Regina, "Do you know what this is, Mrs. Rheingold?"

Regina saw the key in her hand. The light bulb of knowledge went on in her head a moment later. "Is that the key to the lock that holds that cruel chastity device on your husband's cock?"

Apollonia chuckled, "First, it isn't a cock. It's a sissy clit. Second, yes it is the key to the small master lock that holds his sissy clit into that wonderfully mean methodology of keeping him chaste. I think you should remove the device from his sissy clit." Apollonia held out the key.

Regina's knees weakened and she fell back against the couch. She caught herself, regained her composure, and said, "I can't. I don't want to touch him."

"Don't want to or your desire to be fucked by a sissy is so overwhelming you can't control your muscles," said Apollonia. She waited a moment before she added, "I know that is what you want."

"Please, Miss Moretti..." begged Regina.

"Please, what, Regina," said Apollonia. "Don't you think it's time to come out to your husband. You fuckin' married a wimp hoping he'd have the goods to fuck you while you turned him into a panty wearing sissy. Correct me if I'm wrong. The failure of your plan can be plainly seen. Gregory is willing to be feminized, but his sissy clit is too small for you."

Regina Rheingold could no longer keep her feet. She fell back onto the couch, her legs akimbo, and began to sob at being outed by a woman who had just two short meeting with her. Gregory remained standing. His eyes were going back and forth like the pendulum on a grandfather clock. He couldn't stop looking at Colin's sissy clit and Ming's shaved womanhood. His cock did what no one expected. Two small ropes of his cum rose from the tip of his cock. They did not have enough force to rise above and over the edge of his boy short panties. Instead, the cum dribbled over and onto the front of his panties. Gregory Rheingold was taken, embarrassed, and desirous of sucking his first cock or sissy clit in front of his wife. He fell back onto the couch next to his wife.

Gregory moaned, "I'm so sorry, Regina."

"What..." was all she said before she saw he had ejaculated without any help from his hand. She knew that Apollonia was correct. She leaned forward and took the proffered key. She turned to Colin and reached for the lock that rested in front of his encased sissy clit. With a look of disgust and need, Regina Rheingold, inserted the small key into the keyhole on the lock, turned it, and released the catch. She pulled the lock open and slipped it from the small ring that held the stainless steel chastity device around Colin's sissy clit.

When she reached for Colin's sissy clit, he said, "Please be gentle when you pull it out and off my sissy clit."

Regina looked at Apollonia as if to ask if it was ok to remove the chastity device. Apollonia nodded her head and said, "Just be careful when you pull it out of his clitoris. It can be very painful and I know you don't want to hurt the sissy clit that is going to fuck you now."

Gregory groaned. He leaned forward to watch his wife gently pull the insanely cruel chastity device from Colin's cock. He unconsciously licked his lips as he watched the stainless steel tube slide out of the tip of Colin's larger and better formed sissy clit. Ming saw what he did and squeezed Apollonia's hand to which Apollonia turned and winked at her. Both women knew he wanted to be on his knees, dressed as Colin was, sucking Colin's cock. Once Regina had removed the chastity device, Apollonia reached out and took it from her. The relief was plainly visible on Regina's face as Apollonia handed it to Ming and Ming took the device and lock into the kitchen.

Before anyone could do or say anything, Apollonia said, "It's ok Gregory. Go ahead and suck your first cock and make it ready to fuck your sissy hag of a wife."

Regina watched as her husband rose from the couch, knelt in front of the lingerie dressed sissy, and took his unencumbered sissy clit into his mouth. Her breath left her body as her right hand sought her clitoris. The sight of her husband sucking another man's cock was a lot more sexier than she ever thought it would be. The idea of having the hard cock of a sexily dressed sissy was making her wetter and wetter by the minute. Gregory's first attempt at sucking a cock was a total success, but the fact that Colin's sissy clit was encumbered for more than a few days only helped the matter. In a matter of minutes, Colin's sissy clit reached its maximum length of seven inches. Gregory tried and failed several times to get the full length of Colin's sissy clit down his throat.

Colin watched for a few moments. He moved his hands to the cocksucker's head and held it in place. He did not force his cock down Gregory's throat. Instead, he gently fucked the virgin mouth of the husband of the woman he was about to fuck dressed as a sissy. Gregory Rheingold did not fight having his head held and his mouth used as a pussy. He only wished he could use his tongue more to pleasure the sissy who was using his mouth as it had never been before. He audibly moaned when Colin removed his erect sissy clit from his mouth and he watched as his wife moved so he could take her as he couldn't.

Apollonia and Ming sat together holding hands. Neither of them made a move to engage in anything sexual. They watched as Regina moved her body towards the edge of the couch preparing herself to be fucked by a sissy. She opened and raised her legs exposing her thatch covered pussy for use by Apollonia's sissy husband. Colin moved between Regina's open legs, rubbed the head of his sissy clit between the lips of her very wet vagina, and when he found the opening he pushed inside her. Regina moaned and pressed her hips upwards signaling her desire to be filled with a sissy's cock. Colin feeling the warmth of a pussy around his erection for the first time in months leaned forward, rested his hand on the back of the couch, and began fucking Regina with a stroke that made her cry out for more.

Apollonia noticed Gregory staring at his wife and Colin as they copulated on the couch. She snapped her fingers at him to get his attention and said, "Don't just sit there staring, Georgina, go suck the balls of the sissy that is going to make your wife pregnant."

Through her sexual haze, Regina heard what Apollonia said to her husband and she responded by moving her hips harder in response to Colin's slamming his hard sissy clit into and out of her hot love box. Gregory moved behind Colin and timed his licking of Colin's balls with his copulation movement. The soft skin of his balls felt wonderful against this tongue. Gregory did not care that he was now nothing more than a lowly cocksucker because his cock was harder than it's ever been. He realized quite quickly that he could suckle the sissy's balls easier when he was pressed into his wife's body. He rubbed the outside of Colin's legs to try to signal him that he was pleased that he could be of service to the sissy that was fucking his wife.

Neither Colin nor Regina spoke as they copulated on the leather couch in the great room. The only sound was that of two people copulating and another sucking the gonads of the sissy. Much to Apollonia's surprise and enjoyment, Colin lasted for fifteen minutes before he pressed his sissy clit as far as it could go into the sissy hag's pussy and dumped his sissy milk into her body. Regina felt Colin empty himself into her body and she cried out that

she loved the way he fucked her. Gregory Rheingold pulled away from sucking Colin's balls, fell on to his back, and jerked himself spewing his cum all over his stomach and hand.

Regina held Colin inside her until she felt his cock begin to shrink and without any feelings of gratitude used her feet to push the sissy from between her legs. She moved on the couch in a way to keep the sperm that was swimming in her womb from sliding out her well fucked pussy. When she was comfortable she looked down at her husband and saw the result of his masturbation lying all over his stomach. The next person she looked at was the woman who in a few short hours figured out her sexual desires and gave them to her. Regina smiled at Apollonia and made the universal sign of satisfaction with her hand.

Apollonia nodded, moved forward on the couch, and said, "From this point forward, Colin will be the sissy that fucks you until his sissy milk joins with a sissy hag egg and produces what can only be called a sissy hag baby. When you get pregnant you and your useless wimp will come here for a pregnancy party where you will provide sexual pleasure to any and all Moretti men in attendance." Apollonia looked at her watch and continued, "Now, I need both of you to get dressed and leave my house because I have to go to the city. In the future, both of you will have time to relax and enjoy several hours of being used by Colin and whomever else he deems proper to the situation."

Regina Rheingold did not argue, but she did ask, "Would it be possible to get a towel or something to clean ourselves up?"

Apollonia laughed, "No sissy hag. If you want to be clean, then ask your wimp to lick you clean. I suggest you go home feeling dirty so you'll know what your life will be like considering how you've accepted your decision to be what you really are – a sissy hag."

Regina and Gregory Rheingold did not say a word. They found their clothing, got dressed, and allowed Colin to guide them to the door. Just as they were preparing to leave, Regina asked, "What about signing the documents?"

"Not an issue, sissy hag," replied Apollonia, "you only have to sign if a real Moretti man is used to make you pregnant. Colin is just a sissy bitch and his sperm may not do the job, which I believe is what you truly want. So, I'll just let you know that from this point forward, I would not negate anything I tell you to do. Understood?"

Regina's eyes opened wide and she knew that somehow she was now under the control of the family Moretti. She resigned herself to becoming what she knew she really wanted – a fag hag. "Yes, Miss Moretti."

Apollonia stood after Colin closed the door. She walked over to her sissy, grabbed his balls, and asked, "Did you enjoy fucking a fag hag? Bet all you could think about was how you were dressed!!!"

"Mistress," cooed Colin, "I couldn't believe I lasted for as long as I did considering how long I was locked up for. Are you serious about having me impregnate her?"

"I don't know yet, bitch boi, but I was impressed," replied Apollonia. "You need to go into your room, clean up, make sure your pussy is clean, and put on something sexy and easy to get off, because we're headed to the city."

"Yes, Mistress," replied Colin as he backed away before turning to go to his room.

Apollonia smiled at Ming before walking over to her and guiding her towards the staircase closest to her room. "No sex sweetie, but I want you to help me get ready for my afternoon in the city."

Ming did not reply verbally. She squinted her eyes and licked her lips as she allowed her lover to guide her across the great room and up the staircase. Once in her room, Apollonia removed all her clothing and went into her closet. Seven minutes later she walked out wearing a skin tight latex cat suit. Prominently displayed between her legs was a twelve inch dildo which was an integral part of the latex suit. Ming eyed the dildo and smiled. She wanted more than anything for Apollonia to take her without asking, but she knew her lover was dressed for something special that was going to take place at the townhouse.

"You're beautiful, Appy," said Ming, "Where have you been hiding that wonderful suit?"

"I guess you were too drunk in college when I used it on you for a whole night and the next day," said Apollonia with a chirp in her voice.

"I am going to assume that I will be home with the boys this afternoon," said Ming.

"I would love for you to be there, but," said Apollonia, "then the boys would have to also. I don't think it would be good for them. If you're interested, we can talk when I get home and put together a schedule."

Surprisingly, Colin entered Apollonia's room without knocking. He stood for a moment eyeing the black latex cat suit and the prominent dildo that rose straight out from his wife and Mistress' crotch. He felt his unencumbered sissy clit twitch as the thought of him being butt fucked by his Mistress as she wore that sexy cat suit made its way from his brain to his crotch. Both women saw him nod approvingly. Colin was dressed per his Mistress' instructions. He was wearing a red voile lace see-through shirt that was tied just below his unencumbered sissy breasts. Around his narrow girlish hips was a short pleated red miniskirt that just covered the lace tops of the red striped thigh high stockings that encased his thin womanly legs. On his feet were a pair of red patent leather six inch platform *'fuck me I'm a whore'* heels. What the two women didn't see was the small thin film red thong panties that just covered his sissy clit and kept exposed the guardian of his smooth sissy pussy.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ, Colina," cried Apollonia in feigned shock, "you are one fuckin' hot girly boi."

"Thank you, Mistress," replied Colin not adding anything about how she was dressed.

Ming added, "Appy, why don't you find something more elegant to wear and if you need to change into your, 'I'm going to rape your ass cat suit', you can. I think you've made your point for whatever is going to happen at the townhouse rather evident. Just look at the sissy whore. His outfit says it all, sweetheart."

"Fuckin' A," replied Apollonia.

She returned to her closet and exited totally naked a few minutes later. She walked to her bureau, opened the top drawer, and pulled out a pair of fire engine red lace boy shorts. Both Ming and Colin watched as she shimmed them up her legs and around her hips. Apollonia then opened the bottom drawer and retrieved a pair of red lace thigh highs that for all the money in the world neither Ming nor Colin thought would match the panties she was wearing. Boy where they surprised. Returning to her other closet, Apollonia exited carrying two pieces of clothing while on her feet were a pair of red patent leather heels. The spike at the back of her shoe had to be seven inches. The fire engine dress she put on was a one piece spaghetti strap tube that hung from her shoulders down to the tops of the thigh highs. The last piece of her ensemble was a lace scarf she tied around her waist, cinching the just above her hips, and permitting just a small amount of skin to show below the hem of the dress.

"So, people," she chortled, "What do you think?"

Ming looked at her and said, "I was thinking more along the lines of a business woman not a floozy out for an evening of making men ogle and spill their drinks. But, if you want everyone at the townhouse to look at you strictly from a sexual standpoint, then you've accomplished your goal, Appy."

"Point well made, sweet pea, but I need to exude sex," she said, "because the nineteen year old that is arriving today will have to tell the truth of lose his manhood. I'm going to make sure he knows his place. Colin, go downstairs, call the car service, and get my stuff ready to leave. I'll be along in a minute,"

Apollonia watched Colin leave the room and close the door behind him. She walked over to Ming, placed her arms around the shorter woman, leaned in, and kissed her open mouthed. Ming felt her body tense and then relax as their tongues played between their open mouths. Their bodies closed together and each woman felt the other's breasts press against their own. Apollonia slid her hands down to Ming's derriere and pressed her hips into her own.

They did not hump against each other. Ming followed Apollonia's lead and just pressed her body into her lover's. The frustration began to build in both women which was the point of Apollonia's deep kiss.

It finally came to the point where both women would have fallen to the floor, onto the couch, or onto the bed to begin undressing for a sexual encounter. Apollonia could feel Ming's excitement as well as her own. She broke the kiss, stepped back, and said, "Remember what you're feeling. Stay horny and hot for me sweetheart. When I return I want to sixty-nine with you all night. Love you."

Ming's pussy juice soaked her panties. Her body wanted release, but her lover wanted her frustrated so she would beg her to fuck her instead of licking her to multiple orgasms. She opened the box and did not allow Pandora to satisfy her needs. Ming Zheng knew for the umpteenth time why she gave up her marriage and men for the woman she loved unconditionally.

"Go, my love," she said breathlessly, "I'll be waiting."