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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 132

Columbus Place - Friday Evening/Night- 7 March 2003

On the ride home from the Moretti Construction offices the conversation was spotty and inane, so Viviano decided to ask Mario to the house for dinner to maintain their ever changing relationship. When he accepted, Viviano called home to tell Raffaella. The commute from Astoria to Lawrence was not without an accident or two. The drive took about forty-five minutes longer than usual which put the men at the gate to Columbus Place at seven forty-five. To their mutual amazement, the limo with Apollonia in it pulled in right behind. When the gate was finally open, both cars entered the street going to their passenger's respective homes.

Viviano parked Mario's Mercedes Benz in his driveway, nodded to his father-in-law, and walked to his house. While strolling across the lawn he watched as Apollonia's Town Car entered her driveway and pulled to the rear. He stopped and watched as the tall nigger opened her door. He was still amazed that she hired him to be her permanent driver, but as he was finding out, she was a very strange bird indeed. When she entered her house he continued to his own wondering how much longer he had to do one of three things – fuck her, be killed by her, or try to get everything back to the way it was when Mario was in charge of the family. The good feeling he had all day dissipated upon seeing her walk into her house. He trod up his driveway to the backdoor, entered, and found Raffaella in the kitchen preparing dinner.

"Where are the children?" he asked without first greeting his wife with a kiss, a hello, and saying I love you.

"Upstairs doing their homework since dinner is late. How was your day?" asked Raffaella not caring that he did not kiss her hello upon entering the house.

"Pretty good until I saw your sister when I walked home from your father's," he replied. "We are going to hire this young man just out of the Army to see if your sister makes a move on him. He seems to have the intelligence, physical form, and hopefully a package that will make her want him between her legs."

"Interesting idea Viv. Who came up with it?"

"Actually I did," he replied. "Your father and I were in the midst of a private conversation about Apollonia when we were interrupted by your dad's administrative assistant. This guy was so gracious and obnoxious at the same time she was worn down by him enough that she interrupted the meeting. Your dad invited him in, interviewed him, made some comments that had him shitting in his pants, and then had me take him to Human Resources to fill out

an application for employment at a rate less than required by state and federal law. When I returned we spoke about him and I brought up his physical stature, intelligence, and apparent nicely sized Italian cock. So, we agreed to hire him and see if Apollonia does a swan dive for him."

Raffaella continued to heat and reheat the dinner she had prepared as they spoke, but she had something more on her mind, "Viv, I need to know what or how you want to handle or not handle our relationship. I love you more than words can express."

Viviano Rossi decided to make amends with his wife. He did so by unzipping the zipper on his jeans, pulling out his cock, and saying, "Blow me."

"What about the kids?"

"Fuck the kids. . . It's not like they've never seen a man getting a blowjob."

Viviano did not move. Raffaella smiled as she dried her hands in preparation to giving her husband a blow job. She moved in front of him, sank to her knees, and took the head of his magnificent cock into her mouth. Just as she began to slide the nine-and-a-half inch length into her mouth, Apollonia barged into the kitchen.

"Fuck me!!!" cried Apollonia. "Every time I come in unannounced I find you two in the throes of some sexual activity. Don't stop account of me. I need to talk to Viv so Raffy just suck him off as we chat."

Raffaella did not do as her sister suggested. She released Viviano's cock from her mouth and stood up. Viv reached for a paper towel to dry his cock before he put it back into his pants. Apollonia nodded and said, "Since you're not going to suck him off while we speak, don't you think it would be proper to greet the head of the family the way you're supposed to." Apollonia stood waiting, put on a stern face, and then said in a deadpan voice, "But, I'm not in a mood to take down my panties, so I'll forego the greeting."

Simultaneously, the Vivian and Raffaella said, "Thank you."

Apollonia stepped over to her sister and offered her cheeks for the traditional two kiss Italian greeting. She turned to Viviano and when he leaned in she grabbed him by his crotch. He froze for a moment before he moved forward the remaining distance and placed a kiss on each of her cheeks. When he completed the greeting she released his gonads. "So, did you get a chance to retrieve any messages, Raffy?"

"I didn't know you wanted me to, Appy," she replied beginning to get frightened that she had done something wrong.

"That's ok," a clam Apollonia continued, "Other than seven couple wanting to engage our men, we seem to have a problem with the Rheingolds. I have a feeling they are going to be at the gate sometime after nine tonight. Is Antonio's slut here?"

"She should be here any minute considering how close it is to eight-thirty. What does Antonio have to do with the Rheingolds?" asked Raffaella.

Viviano knew they were the couple that agreed to let Colin impregnate her because she liked fairly well endowed sissies to fuck her. He looked at Apollonia with a knowledgeable eye before he spoke, "Are you going to explain to her that Colin is in the hospital?"

"Yes," Apollonia replied, "but, I'm going to offer her your son. He'll look just lovely in his sister's panties, thigh highs, heels and a dress."

"You can't do that to him," cried Raffaella. "He's just a boy!!!"

Viviano answered before Apollonia could because the rising ire in her eyes was definitely beginning to cloud her thoughts. "He is a Moretti man. He will do as he is told, Raffy. You should know better."

Mario came in unannounced and unheard by the three. "Know better about what?" he asked not knowing a thing about what they were discussing.

Again Viviano responded, "That a Moretti man performs as his customer desires according to the signed agreement."

"Who are we speaking about?" Mario asked.

Apollonia began to unconsciously clench and unclench her hands into and out of fists. The sight of her father since the uncovering of the sexual craziness at the family townhouse in the city was always a catalyst to her becoming enraged. The thought that she was the product of his loins and her mother's fucked up egg farm made her cringe. She started to respond but the look on her sister's face was enough to stem the tide of anger rising to the forefront of her emotions. The only way to calm her nerves was to remove the irritant from her space and there were only two options. Make Mario leave or return to her domicile. She would not go to Ming's house until she knew her sons were both sound asleep out of respect for her lover wishes. The decision was easy.

"Raffy," commanded Apollonia, "I have to make sure this woman is satisfied. Therefore, I am going to have the gate guard send her here. Have your son ready to perform. This isn't a request."

Raffaella was about to answer when she saw her younger sister turn and walk towards the backdoor. Raffaella, Viviano, and Mario heard the backdoor slam shut. Silence reigned until Mario said, "What has her cunt in a tizzy?"

Viviano and Raffaella exchanged glances. Raffaella knew it was not Viviano's place to answer and matter-of-factly said, "You." She paused and waited for a reaction and when none immediately came she continued, "You know she's not enamored with you at all. I'd be careful because your life as you know it is in her hands."

"Don't remind me," stated Mario as he nodded his head in agreement with his older daughter's statement. "So, what does Antonio have to do tonight?"

Raffaella sighed, shook her head in disdain, and said, "He as to dress in his sister's clothing so a client can get off on having a real man dressed as a sissy impregnate her. Her husband is such a faggot he cannot even get and maintain an erection when having intercourse with her."

"Who signed this deal?" asked Mario.

"Appy did because it would give Colin a chance to perform for the family, but, since he's recovering in the hospital, she decided to make Antonio dress and service the bitch," stated Raffaella.

Mario didn't chuckle. He laughed out loud. The thought of his grandson dressed in his younger sister's clothing was something he'd like to see, but he knew better than express his wonton desire borne of his wife's desire to sexually abuse young sissy boys. Changing the subject was the appropriate thing to do, "What is for dinner and when are we eating?"

"Viv," said Raffaella, "call the children down." To her father she said, "It isn't a formal dinner. Just some meat lasagna and salad. We'll eat buffet style."

Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa came into the kitchen and when they saw their father and grandfather they became animated and laughed with glee at seeing them. Antonio first, Carmen second, and Alessa third as each approached their father and kissed him on his cheeks. Then each of them did the same with their grandfather. The only issue the adults knew was the fact that Mario was Alessa's biological father and not her grandfather. Thankfully, no one made an issue of it.

Once there were seated, Viviano called Antonio to the table where he sat with his wife and his father-in-law. He pulled a chair next to his and pointed where he wanted his son to sit. Once Antonio was comfortable considering his face showed a great amount of questioning emotion as to why he was called from the children's table. Viviano smiled at his son, tussled the hair on his head, and patted him on the cheek to relieve him of any fear that he did something wrong.

Before he could say what he needed to, Raffaella interjected, "Tonight you're going to do something that is out of the ordinary, Antonio."

"Damn you woman," hissed Viviano. "It isn't your place to stay or do anything. Just another reason for me to continue to be angry with you because you'll never learn."

Raffaella couldn't believe her ears. She sat dumbfounded at what the love-of-her-life just said in front of her father and the children. Mario did not interject anything nor did he chastise Viviano for his statement. Raffaella wanted to slide under the table not to give Viviano a blowjob, but to hide in embarrassment. It took her a moment, but she got control of her emotions and said, "You're right Viv. I shouldn't have said anything to Antonio. I am the daughter of a Moretti man, but I'm not a Moretti man. Please accept my apology." She looked down at her plate and thought, *"Wait until we're alone, asshole. . ."*

Viviano turned to Antonio, "You are going to have to leave your slut upstairs tonight. A Moretti customer is coming here and since your Uncle Colin is not available to fulfill the agreement; you're going to have to take his place."

Antonio looked at his mother, then his grandfather, and to his dad before he responded, "You mean I have to do it with someone other than Nancy?"

"Yes," replied his father. "You are a Moretti man. You may only be ten years old, but you are able to impregnate a woman; therefore, tonight you will fornicate with this customer."

Whining like the child he was, Antonio said, "Do I have to??? I just want to be with Nancy."

"Tonight, you are going to fornicate with this woman, Antonio," said Viviano in a gruff voice. "When she arrives later tonight you will be introduced to her and you will provide her with your potent semen. You will do exactly as I say and perform for her as a Moretti. The only difference will be that you will not be nude. You will be wearing special clothing for her benefit."

"What???" moaned Antonio not really understanding what was happening to him.

"Tonight you will wear your sister's clothing when you copulate with Mrs. Rheingold," stated Viviano. "Your Uncle Colin was contracted to fuck her but he is in the hospital. So, your Aunt Apollonia decided you should be the one to replace him."

Antonio crossed his arms, placed them on the table in front of him, lowered his head, and began to cry uncontrollably. The boy was nowhere near ready to perform as a Moretti man and the adults around the table could see that he wasn't. Raffaella looked across not to Viviano, but to her father. The look on her face was that of a concerned mother and not the daughter of a strong Moretti man. Mario could see the pleading look in his older daughter's eyes and with a quick glance at her husband he knew that Viviano had seen it too.

"Guess he's not ready," said Mario in a grandfatherly voice. "Maybe you should talk to Apollonia. I think it would be the prudent thing to do."

Viviano looked at Raffaella to see if her facial features told him anything because he could always read them like a book. He nodded to her and said, "I'll go over and talk to her."

When Viviano entered Apollonia's house he could hear her on the telephone directing the guard to send the car at the gate to Raffaella's house. He walked into the kitchen and when she finally turned to see him he motioned to her that he needed to talk. She cut her instructions short and hung up the guardhouse phone.

"Something up?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. He unconsciously eyed the outfit she was wearing and after a moment of obvious staring said, "I don't think Antonio is up to performing tonight. His heart is set on doing what he does every Friday night since Nancy was given to him. All he wants to do is be with her. . . No, all he wants is to be in her. From the moment she arrives until Sunday afternoon when she leaves, all he does is use her and she never denies him. You need to make a command decision."

"You know they're pulling down the street as we speak?"

"I know, but..."

"But fuckin' nothing," yelled Apollonia. "I suggest you fix the problem."

Viviano held himself in check. He stared at Apollonia, counted to ten, and said, "You have taken the reins of the family. You know better than to put that decision on me. If anything, come back to the house and talk to that crazy bitch. Maybe she'll consent to wait for Colin or if need be, let me fuck her the way a real man would."

Apollonia's eyes widened at her brother-in-law's logic. She clicked her tongue against the back of her teeth a few times before she responded, "Ok, I'll buy into your logic. Let's go across the street and see what shakes out. Is Mario still there?"

"Yes," replied Viviano.

"Ok," groaned Apollonia, "I'll deal with it. Maybe her sissy husband will want to suck his cock while you fuck her. Let's go."

Sitting in the great room on one couch was Raffaella and Mario while across from them sat Regina and Gregory Rheingold. When Viviano and Apollonia walked in from the back of the house the small talk stopped immediately. Raffaella and Mario had their back to the entrance to the great room from the rear of the house had to turn to see them enter the room while the Rheingold's watched from their vantage point facing the hallway.

"Good evening," said Viviano. "Welcome to my house."

Apollonia did not say anything. She walked directly to Regina Rheingold, offered her hand, and said, "Nice to see you again, Regina." What surprised everyone was her next statement, "I owe you an explanation."

Stunned, all Regina could do was nod her head in the affirmative.

What made Apollonia a bit giddy was the way she looked not at her face but her crotch. Since leaving her sister's house, Apollonia had called her lover and made plans for later that evening. She also changed her outer

garments from her business suit to a rather short black miniskirt and a Valenciennes lace blouse. Underneath she wore nothing so her breasts were exposed beneath shirt's lace pattern. If she wasn't so abhorred by the bitch, Apollonia thought it would be interesting to fuck her with a nicely sized strap-on while her sissy husband licked the fake balls that would hang between her supple velvet skinned thighs. Pushing the disgusting idea of sex with the woman out of her brain, Apollonia sat directly opposite the client.

"First, I apologize for not contacting you sooner," she said. "Second, my husband cannot perform for you tonight or for that matter for the next six months or longer because he is in the hospital. . ."

"Oh my God," said Regina feigning shock, "I hope it is nothing serious."

"It is serious enough that he underwent," she paused, "eight hours of specialized surgery today. He had a terrible accident is all I need to say. I know we contracted for him to provide you with what you needed from a visual sense and sexual desire, but he cannot give you we contracted to give you. Therefore, we need to come to a mutual agreement about how to move forward."

"Are you trying to back out of our agreement?" asked Regina.

"Absolutely not," said Apollonia. "What I need from you is a decision as to whether or not you want a sissy or a man between your legs."

Regina's mouth dropped open. The agreement was with Apollonia and there was no need for the others to be part of the discussion. Her facial features hardened and she said, "I don't think the others needed to know what you and I agreed to, Miss Moretti."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Rheingold, but you contracted with the Moretti family," stated Apollonia. "Mario is my father. Raffaella is my older sister. Viviano is my brother-in-law. He performed the necessary rites to become a Moretti when he married my sister. His son at the tender age of ten is a consecrated Moretti man. He'd fuck you every which way from Sunday and you'd be begging him to stop because he is a young human jackrabbit. They all have the right to be here and although Antonio is not here presently, they all have the right to hear your decision."

"What do I have to decide?" asked Regina showing a bit of business smarts by relaxing and allowing the conversation to flow in an easier manner.

"Whether you want to wait for Colin which could be close to a year before he'll be able to fornicate with you as you desire or," Apollonia paused, "you could let Viviano give you his nine-and-half inches of Italian man cock. The other option is to allow my nephew to dress as you prefer and do you with his seven incher. But, if you decide to go with my nephew, your husband will only be able to watch and if he is in need of sexing my father will gladly screw him up his faggot ass."

"That was an unnecessary thing to say," cried Gregory Rheingold.

"Shut up, bitch," countered Regina, "if you were half a man, we wouldn't be here using another man to impregnate me. Don't you deny that you're nothing more than a sissy. Why don't you stand up and show these good people what you're wearing underneath your hated masculine clothing."

Gregory whined, "P-P-Please Regina, don't embarrass me. It is bad enough you caught me dressing."

All of the Moretti's had shit-eating grins on their faces. Raffaella turned to Gregory and said, "I wouldn't worry sweetie. Your ass will function quite nicely for a real man's cock or a nicely shaped strap-on. In fact if you'd like, we can teach Regina the proper methods to butt fuck you so you can ejaculate without having to touch your clitty."

"Oh my God!!! I'm mortified," cried Gregory in what could only be a high-pitched sissy's voice while at the same time his face flushed a bright red.

Apollonia disregarded the little humiliation game what was going on with Regina's sissy husband. She crossed, re-crossed, and then simply uncrossed her legs positioning her body in such a way Regina Rheingold had a perfect view of her panty covered pussy. She sat quiet for a moment while she showed her charms to the obnoxious bitch across from her. Then she said, "So, should I add my pussy to the choices? You could suck me off and I could mount you with one of my larger dildos, but you won't get pregnant. Regina, I think you need a man. A man who can fuck your brains out and make you so sore you'll not want to fuck or touch yourself for days. Therefore, I am going to make the decision for you. Viviano will take you to my house. There he will bed you, fuck you until he ejaculates into you, and your bitch can clean him before you leave. It will be Viviano who impregnates you. You will have him to your house three times a week until the deed is done. I am giving you something that people pay extra for, Mrs. Rheingold. Three days a week to fuck you until you confirm that you're pregnant. Then when you're fat with his child you will come to the pregnancy party, publicly thank my brother-in-law for giving you the child you are gestating, then you'll unbutton, spread open my Moretti dress, and suck my pussy for allowing you to have a Moretti child."

"I'm not going to perform cunnilingus on your in front of a room full of my family and friends," she said with an edge to her voice.

Apollonia held steady and her sister could see her controlling her body, but her eyes were growing dark. Regina Rheingold did not realize what she had begat. The only solution to the rising anger was to nip it in the bud. Raffaella knew the Document of Agreement just as well as anyone. She said in a stern voice, "You need to reread the agreement Mrs. Rheingold. It states plainly that once you've become pregnant you will honor the Moretti who is responsible for your pregnancy. Based upon the conversation and the status of your relationship with this family, your husband will fellate my husband and you will perform cunnilingus on my sister instead of me because my husband is the one who impregnated you. If you don't, we will make sure one of two things happen. We will have the baby terminated or we will take the child from you the moment you push it out of your sissy lovin' cunt."

Gregory Rheingold began to weep and as the tears rolled down his cheeks he moaned, "What have you gotten us into Regina? This was all your idea. All you had to do was accept that I wanted to have relations with you dressed in my panties and thigh highs. You let Miss Moretti's husband have relations with you dressed, but you wouldn't accept my fetish. Well Miss Bitch of the Century, you're going to fuck a real man and to make sure you do, I'll make his big Italian cock hard for you. See, I can admit to my cock sucking desires, but you can't admit to being a true purple fag hag."

Regina Rheingold sat back mortified at what her husband just said to her. She couldn't believe her ears. Yet she was getting wet thinking about taking a nine-and-a-half incher into her body. She looked at him and spat, "FUCK YOU!!! I HOPE YOU LIKE HAVING MEN FUCK YOU UP YOUR ASS YOU USELESS PIECE-OF-COW DUNG!!! HOW DARE YOU CALL ME A FAG HAG!!!" She took a deep breath, calmed herself, and said, "I'm all in. I'd love to see Gregory on his knees suckin' the cock that made me pregnant. And, if the world collapses around my head, I will let the world know that I do masturbate to lesbian stories and an occasional pornographic movie." She paused again, looked directly into Apollonia's eyes, and said, "It will be a pleasure sucking you in front of a room full of family and friends."

The room was quiet for a moment before Apollonia stood and said, "Viviano, take her to my place. Make sure you fuck her real good and if you have it in you do the faggot in front of her. I'm headed across the street to Ming's." Without a word to the Rheingolds, Apollonia Moretti walked to the back of the house, out the door, and across the street to her lover's house. She made the decision that needed to be made and now more than anything she wanted to be in her lover's arms.

Regina and Gregory Rheingold followed Viviano across the street to Apollonia's house. They remembered the art work and statuary that filled the great room. Viviano allowed them to pause and admire Apollonia's work before he ushered them to the second floor and one of the empty bedrooms.

Regina was taken with the art work that hung on the four walls. Abstracts, fruit bowls, landscapes, and two very explicit paintings of men and women engaged in coital sex. Viviano saw her blush as she viewed the paintings. She turned to him and said, "May I ask who did the paintings and whose room this is?"

Viviano replied, "Every piece of art work in this house was done by Apollonia. In fact, every house on this private street is filled with Apollonia's art work. This room is a guest room. Its sole purpose tonight is for us to fornicate and for me to place some baby making semen into your womb."

"Would you turn out the lights while we are intimate?" she asked.

"I'll dim them for you," countered Viviano. "It is imperative that your husband watches and sees what you are receiving into your body. He may not openly masturbate or say anything during our session. He may take off the clothing that is covering his preferred lingerie. If he wishes to engage us in any way, it will be with his mouth on my balls, my cock, or sucking my cum from your just fucked pussy. Every time he cleans some of my semen from your twat he will be reducing the possibility of you becoming pregnant. I'd suggest he just wait and when I've removed myself from you he can taste your juices and my sperm mixed on my cock when he does his cuckold duty and cleans me."

"Gregory," commanded Regina, "take your clothes off. May I call you Viviano or Viv?"

"Either," he replied.

"Good. Guess it would be better to leave the lights on or slightly dimmed," she said, "I don't really care. How do we go about this? Seems so medicinal and sterile."

"It could be," replied Viviano, "unless you have no problem creating some excitement for you and me by doing what all couples do – making out."

"Your wife is ok with your actually making a form of love to me?" she asked a bit incredulously.

"My wife is part of a very special family," he answered. "She has grown up in a family where the men are honored for their ability to make babies. I've seen a lot of wives kiss her pussy in gratitude for allowing me to copulate with them. I have no problem if you don't. And, if you're still concerned, you can call her and she will confirm what I just related to you."

Regina Rheingold accepted what Viviano just told her. She did not look or say anything to her husband as she closed the distance between Viviano and herself. She opened her arms to him and just before he closed them around her frame she said, "Gregory, go stand in the corner. I'm going to suck him until he cums in my mouth. Then we're going to get onto the bed, relax, and when he's ready you're going to lick my pussy to prepare me while I suck him to hardness a second time."

Gregory sighed and in a tiny sissy voice said, "Yes my Mistress."

Viviano turned for a moment to see her husband standing in a pair of pink thigh high stockings with bright red bows on the front, pink satin thong panties, and five inch pink patent leather stiletto heels. The only thing he was missing was a wig and makeup. To make sure everything was as it should, he leaned in and placed his lips on Regina's. She responded by opening her mouth and gliding her right hand to Viviano's crotch whereupon she surrounded his growing manhood with her fingers. To his surprise, Viviano found her hand on his denim covered cock light to the touch. He did not go directly for her pussy. Instead, his right hand slipped around to her left breast which he cupped before gently squeezing.

Their mouths stayed together for a long time by Gregory's standards. His cock began to grow beneath the satin fabric of his panties. He slowly moved deeper into the corner opposite the windows, which was as far away from the door as he could get. He couldn't believe that his wife was now in the arms of another man. A real man and not some sissy with an adequately sized cock. He audibly moaned when he thought about how sweet it would be to be

fondling another real man's cock dressed to the nines as a sissy faggot. His right hand started to make its way to his hardening cock when he heard a shuffle and the sound of a zipper.

Viviano had broken the kiss, stepped back, and allowed Regina to open his belt, the button at the waistband of his jeans, and pull down the zipper. She caught an intake of breath when she found he was not wearing underwear. She slipped to her knees and was surprised to see absolutely no hair around or on his genitals. She used her hands to pull the sides of his jeans apart and lower them to the floor. Viviano slipped out of his sneakers and while she admired his long flaccid cock, he slipped each foot out of the bunched up jeans.

"Like what you see," he asked.

"Oh my, yes," she replied in a breathless state. "I see you have no hair."

"All Moretti men and women are clean shaven," he replied. "Some even go so far as to have the hair removed permanently."

Regina Rheingold did not respond verbally. She reached for his cock, raised it to feel its weight, and like a greedy kid wanting his or her ice cream she leaned in and took the head into her mouth. Gregory groaned wishing he was her. Viviano stood without touching her to allow her to feel secure in their first sexual contact. He felt her right hand begin to stroke the length of his cock. Her lips stayed just past the corona as she swirled her tongue around its head. For a woman who claimed to like only large cocked sissies, she had a talented tongue. Every few swirls she would stop and take the tip and swipe it over the head before using it to fuck the piss slit. Viviano was truly amazed.

"Jesus," Viviano groaned, "Who the fuck taught you to suck cock?"

Regina stopped, pulled her mouth off, smiled, and said, "My roommate in college. She could suck the chrome off a tailpipe. In fact, she prided herself on sucking off twenty-two members of a motorcycle gang. She fuckin' swallowed all they had to give her."

"Well then, don't stop," he said as his right hand caressed the back of her head. "If you'd like, I'll let you swallow my load as you said earlier. We'll get into bed, cuddle, make out, and when I'm ready the faggot in the corner can get you ready so I can fuck your brains out."

The only sound was Gregory's groan as he watched his wife deep throat the nine-and-half inch monster as it grew to complete hardness. Viviano stood stock still as he watched one of the wealthiest women in New York City suck his cock. As his cock slipped deeper down her throat, he made a point to press her head into his groin. The last few inches of his massive manhood slid past Regina's tonsils and adenoids effectively closing off her ability to breathe. It took no more than fifteen seconds for Regina to begin slapping and pounding the sides and front of Viviano's legs. Having been in this position numerous times, Viviano held his ground until he felt she was learning who was the boss. Regina Rheingold felt her lungs begin to burn and ache for oxygen as she started to lose consciousness. She was beginning to pass out and stopped her flailing at Viviano's legs. That was the cue for Viviano to slip just enough of his cock out of her throat to allow her to take a breath through her nose.

Regina Rheingold's mind raced with anger and horniness. She wanted to scream at the man who forced nine-and-half inches of thick cock down her throat, but the wetness between her legs solidified the need for that same cock to be inside her vagina. She admitted to herself that she was running from being used by a real man when she basically became a fag hag. Now, she knew she always wanted and needed a big cock; the bigger the better. Regina pushed against Viviano's hand enough to get his cock out of her mouth. She used both her hands to hold the saliva coated monster when she said, "Fuck me. Don't use my mouth, Viviano. Put me on the bed and fuck me. Just use me. Make me so sore everyone I know will know that I was fucked by a real man."

"What about. . ." was all Viviano got out of his mouth before she interrupted him.

Regina rose to her feet, turned to husband and said, "I know now what I was running from all these years. I know what I need. I'm holding it in my hands. It isn't your skinny average size cock. I don't need a faggot between my

legs. I need a real man.” She looked up at Viv, smiled, and continued as she stared into his eyes, “Watch me get fucked by a real man, faggot. Watch him fill me with his seed while sitting there wishing he was in your ass which really isn’t a pussy. I know you’re not supposed to, but, jerk off if you want, I don’t really care.”

Viviano guided her to the bed, gently pushed, and guided her down, and when her legs were up and open, he slid his body between them. His cock found her hole and without any preambles, he pushed his entire length into her. Regina tightened her musculature for a moment when she felt a small amount of pain as his cock entered her. She put her arms around his shoulders and pulled him to her. Their bodies melded together in the heat of passion. Viviano moved enough to break her hold whereupon he slipped his toned arms behind her knees and pushed so they were next to her ears. He positioned his body on his knees and began the motion to push and pull his cock into and out of her open vagina.

Regina tried to move in concert with her lover, but found his hold on her would only allow a slight movement of her hips. She rolled her head side-to-side as she moaned, “Fuck me!!! Fuck me!!! Pound that Italian fuck monster in me!!! Fuck me!!!”

Viviano obliged by moving harder and faster. Regina’s breath became ragged. She groaned and Viviano could feel the muscles of her vagina and rectum going through the contractions of a powerful orgasm. He was close and her orgasm was enough to send him over the line. The only sound he made when he came was a guttural groan. Viviano pressed his full length into her body, held it there, and felt his cock spasm as six strong ropes of Rossi cum saturated the inside of Regina’s Rheingold’s womb. The only mistake he made was trying to get out her body.

Regina Rheingold groaned and cried, “DON’T LEAVE!!! PLEASE!!!” She panted a moment and begged, “I haven’t had a cock like yours - ever. You’re the biggest I’ve ever had fuck me. Please, don’t leave.”

Gregory heard his wife beg Viviano and his reaction was immediate. In a quiet, high voice, he moaned, “I wet myself. God, Regina you’re such a slut. Please let me. . .”

Viviano immediately knew what Gregory wanted. He leaned down, lightly kissed Regina on the lips, and said, “Let him. It will be good for your relationship.” Viviano moved and felt his semi-hard cock slip from the client’s cunt. He rolled to the side and watched Gregory crawl from the corner. He came over to his wife, slipped between her already parted legs, and placed his salivating mouth on her cum filled cunt. Viviano and Regina chuckled when they heard him slurping up their combined juices. Viviano turned to her and although he did not find her appealing, he leaned in and kissed her. Regina opened her mouth to allow his tongue to enter as she lowered her right hand to the back of her husband’s head and pressed it against her crotch.

Gregory ate his wife’s creampie. His cock tented the front of his cum stains panties. Viviano stopped kissing Regina as she pressed her hips up and began the rise to another orgasm. He was surprised at how fast she was able to rise and crescendo with another body wracking orgasm. She was covered in sweat and all Viviano could think about was having to take the bedding to the laundry room.

Forty-five minutes after they entered Apollonia’s house, Regina and Gregory Rheingold were standing back across the street in front of Viviano’s residence next to their car. The conversation was short and sweet. Viviano agreed to be at their place on Monday evening for a few hours of nothing but fucking with more fucking. Regina Rheingold walked like a woman who had just fucked fifty men. She was sore, but happy with the realization that she really wanted a man between her legs and not some sissy. Gregory was happy, but he knew his relationship with his wife as they knew it was over. His life as her husband had ended the moment he went between her legs and sucked another man’s cum from her just fucked pussy. Inside he felt like the woman he always wanted to be.

Apollonia sat next to Ming as they watched a movie that neither of them was interested in, but they thought would be a good diversion. Ming's sons were upstairs sound asleep in their beds. This gave the two women some quiet time together which Ming savored a bit more than her lover. Apollonia's left arm was around Ming's shoulders and the pressure of her hand on her right shoulder kept her close. After the boys went to bed, the two women embraced, kissed, and just held each other as if they were facing a long term separation. Now they were sitting staring at the television just happy to be next to one another.

"Appy," said Ming, "I have to ask. How is Colin?"

Apollonia frowned, turned to her lover, and said, "Why do you feel that you can't ask me about Colin? He's my husband. I love him. I love you. There is no reason, unless you have something to say to me, why you should feel like you have to preface a question about Colin with a conditioner." The pause was purposeful because Apollonia leaned in and placed a light kiss on Ming's lips. "When I left the hospital this afternoon, he was still out from the anesthesia. Joshua Goldsmith said there was no reason to hang around because he'd be unconscious most of the evening and night."

"Is he going to be like new again?"

"His face is like the shell of an egg," replied Apollonia. "Colin cannot take a hit or his face will fall apart. He needs to heal completely, but even after that he still has to be extremely careful. I missed you today. Anything interesting happen?"

"Boring day all around," replied Ming. "What about you, considering you did not stay at the hospital."

"Went to the townhouse to see the young man that is staying there," replied Apollonia. "I also met with a young nursing student. In fact, you're going to meet her tomorrow evening. We're having dinner together. Raffy will watch the Lian and Shen. Felicia is a tall drink of water, a virgin, and oh so hot. She from South America. Brazilian or Argentinian. Don't remember which."

Ming smiled, "And you happened upon her how?"

Apollonia closed her eyes, slightly shook her head in the negative, and said, "Viviano met her. She had chosen Joshua as her mentor because she was into being a cardiology nurse. But, as it happened, the pervert, Joshua, wanted more than anything to fuck her. She saw right through him. Met Viviano; who also wants to fuck her, but he was quite a bit more suave than Joshua. She came to see Viviano when he was with us on Thursday and basically made a fool of herself."

"She peak your interest?" cooed Ming.

"Yes, but not for me alone," cooed Apollonia back. "Whenever I see someone I want to bed, I always think of you. I wouldn't do anything sexual with her without you. I'll talk to her. I'll seduce her. But, when push comes to shove, we'll be in bed together with her. Wouldn't have it any other way."

"You amaze me," said Ming. "The girl from Texas and now a nursing student. When will you settle down?"

Apollonia was stunned, "Are you mad?"

"Not mad," said Ming, "just disheartened. Thought you'd be calming down a bit especially since Colin will need you to help with his recovery."

"Colin will be just fine," said Apollonia. "Ming, we're both young, sexually active, and make quite a nice couple to be sexual with. Why wouldn't I consider some young poon for us to enjoy?"

"I just thought you'd be happy with me and not need any," with emphasis, "strange young poon, as you put it."

"Wow," moaned Apollonia, "I never thought you'd say that to me. Should I read it as you want to be in a committed monogamous relationship?"

Ming sat quiet. Apollonia knew she was considering the question and formulating her answer. "I guess I'm feeling responsible, Appy. Taking care of the boys is a fulltime job. I have time on my hands because of your generosity. If I were totally on my own, I'd be in a precarious financial situation. I just want to settle down a bit. I know you have certain obligations to the Moretti family, but I want to know that we have something that will never end."

Shocked at her last statement, Apollonia said, "I will never leave you or cast you aside. My marriage is a sham although just prior to his accident I did see him perform with a client. I have to admit if I was into sissy bitch boys fuckin' me, I'd do him in a heartbeat, but I'm not. I need a man when it comes to traditional heterosexual fornication. Our relationship is built on truth and love. You are someone that I would die for. Please, tell me why we're having this discussion."

Ming sighed, looked into Apollonia's eyes, and said, "You could always read me. I really can't hide anything from you. I on the other hand, know how to control you when you're about to have a nuclear breakdown." Again she paused, took a deep breath, broke her eye contact with Apollonia, looked down at her lap, exhaled, and said, "My father called me this afternoon. He requested, no, demanded that I come to the city this weekend. He wants to discuss moving back to China. He wants the boys and me to move with him and my mother."

The look on Apollonia's face was composed of two emotions - shock and fear. Shock at Ming's father telling her she had to move and full body stress and fear of losing her. She moved forward and then fell back into the couch. Her body taut with anxiety, she said, "What did you say to him? Please tell me you told him you won't migrate to China."

"I didn't say anything more than I'd come to the city tomorrow, but I wouldn't stay for the weekend. I know he is unhappy with this relationship," she said. "My father is traditional to his core and a woman should not lay in bed with another woman. He is trying to get me away from you. I know this and I'm torn." Ming started to cry, "I love you so much Appy, but I have this pull, this emotional Chinese upbringing to respect my father. To do as he says no matter the cost to my personal life."

"I know," sighed Apollonia, "believe me I know and understand. One thing for sure - I'm going to fight him tooth and nail. If you leave me, I don't know if I can continue. My life will end without. . ."

Ming cracked up laughing. When she caught her breath, she turned to her lover, "Please, cut the bullshit and the theatrics. The moment I leave this house never to return you'll have another pussy here begging to be between your legs or you'll be wearing one of your magnificent strap-on dildos fucking her. I don't believe for a minute your life as we know it will come to an end if I heed my father and go to China."

"I won't let you," stated Apollonia. "Like I said, I will fight to keep you here. Will it help if I talk to your father?"

"No," replied Ming. "The one time you met him when we were in college was enough. He knew we were sleeping together just by watching us interact. I never told him about our relationship. Of course, he knows now, but he'll never accept our relationship. This is my fight. Right now all I want is to be held by you."

Apollonia moved closer to Ming. She put her left arm back around her shoulders and gently pulled her into the side of her body. She did not try to place her lips on hers. She just pulled her close, gently took her head, and leaned it against her left breast. All Apollonia did is gently caress the side of Ming's face and run her fingers through her long jet black hair. Nothing was said. Ming was happy just being held and stroked by Apollonia. Apollonia was content just holding her and having the smell of her being take over the olfactory senses.

What broke their reverie was the end of the movie and the ensuing increase in sound on the television. Apollonia found the remote control, lowered the sound, and then decided to turn off the television altogether. The only noise that could be heard was the whirring of the refrigerator's motor. The wind outside was not howling, but it was

forceful enough to rattle a few of the windows and the French doors that lead out to the patio. Apollonia felt Ming move slightly, but did not stop her caressing. She sighed contently which in turn relaxed Ming.

"I don't know what you want of me," stated Apollonia. "If you have this deep seated need to honor your father and it means you moving with him to China, then I suggest we make preparations. The most important thing to do is to make sure you have access to your money and the boys' trust funds. I will not take no for an answer when I tell you that I will demand access. You don't have to ask why. All you need to know I will not give any of your money to the Government of China. Those wily Communists will have to eat my shit before they get a penny of your money."

"Appy," sighed Ming, "I don't know what I want either. My father isn't going to move back to China. First of all, my mother won't let him. Second, she will not leave her grandsons." Ming pulled away from Apollonia's side, sat up, and said, "Actually, I do know what I want. I want to live the rest of my life with you. I am not jealous of Colin. I'm very content with our relationship. Yes, we have our ups and downs, but I know we're meant to be together forever or what passes for forever."

The silence was broken by Apollonia's cell phone. She found it in her purse, saw who it was from, and promptly pressed the ignore button. Instead of leaning back into the couch, she stood up, and said, "I'd like some coffee before we go to bed. Unless, you want to just retire to your room."

"What if I told you I want to sleep alone tonight?" stated Ming. "I really need to think and be introspective about what is going to be one of if not the hardest decision of my life."

"I'll be heartbroken, but I will accept you wanting to be alone," said Apollonia. "I really don't want to sleep alone, but I'm so much in love with you that your happiness is tantamount to mine."

Apollonia rose from the couch, pulled Ming up, and guided her across the kitchen to the back door. There she pulled her into an embrace, kissed her deeply, and said, "I will never do anything to hurt you or the boys. What I have given you is out of my love and respect for you. Whatever your decision I will support you."

Apollonia did not wait for an answer. She turned, opened the door, and made her way across the property to her own back door. Once she was inside, she leaned against the wall of the mudroom, and broke down in tears. She fell to the floor wracked with emotional and body pain from the bomb Ming dropped in her lap. Her life was beginning to fall apart around her. Colin decides his love for her is too strong to accept a divorce, so he becomes her sissy. Now Ming is deciding whether or not to honor her father and return to China with him. Apollonia Moretti crawled from the mudroom across the kitchen and breakfast room to the couch in the family room. There she cried herself to sleep.