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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 169

Monday – Evening/Night – Apollonia's House - 17 March 2003

Once the children finished their meal, Carmen cajoled Apollonia to allow Colina to make her very special ice cream sundae for them. With eyes wide open and smiles from ear-to-ear, the children watched as Colina gathered together the ingredients – vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry ice cream, homemade dark and milk chocolate syrup, caramel and marshmallows – which still had to be warmed and melted, walnuts and almonds, heavy cream and sugar for fresh whipped cream, and a bottle of Maraschino cherries. Once they saw her begin the process of making the sundaes, the children went to the family room to wait for their very rarely made after-dinner treat.

"You know I should tell Colina to make only two," said Ming. "I do not allow Lian and Shen to have sweets after dinner."

Apollonia smiled, rolled her eyes, and said, "I think you can break your rule tonight. And, consider this – if you allow to them to gorge on some sweets the sugar shot just may let them sleep through the night. On my side of the ledger, I would put it in a positive light – sleeping through the night that is."

"I can tell you're not a mother," deadpanned Ming. "Sugar will start their engines and to make use of the added sugar fuel, they will become two wild Indians. They will not stop for hours."

"I know and when they tumble to the floor, we can pick them up and put them to bed," responded Apollonia.

"True," said Ming, "but I will tapped out from keeping them out of harm's way. I do not relish chasing them around the house all evening. And, to put the icing on the ice cream, there is a distinct possibility that both of them will not fall asleep before 1AM. I am not interested in a few hours of sleep before I have to arise to get them ready for school."

"Just think," said Apollonia, "you could crawl into bed after they're on the way to school and sleep the morning away. It's not like you have a job to go to. Your responsibility is to them. I do not see a downside at all."

"You wouldn't," said Ming, "until something happens tomorrow and you're on the phone or in my room asking me to hurry and get dressed. When that happens I am going to reach under my pillow, remove my gun, and throw the fuckin' pillow at you. Jesus Appy, you know that is going to happen."

Apollonia rolled her eyes before she responded, "That is not going to happen because I will be beside you when you get up in the morning. We will get up together. I'll help you with the boys. Then when we're alone I'll eat you until you cry '*ENOUGH*' and let you fall into a deep sleep. That is when I will tip-toe out of the room and return to my house to begin the day."

"If I were a man, I'd say, '*Yeah and I promise not to cum in your mouth.*'"

Apollonia laughed so hard she had to get a napkin from the center of the table to wipe the tears from her eyes. Ming knew she was fighting a losing battle, but she still held out hope that her lover would invite Alessandro into her bed for the night. The thought of cuddling with one of her pillows for several hours of interrupted sleep was very enticing to the beautiful Asian mother of two. Her mind made up, she did not mince words with her lover, "One sundae for the both of them. I really would like to take them home, let them unwind, and crawl into my bed alone. I need the space tonight, Appy. It does not diminish my love for you, but I just want to be alone."

For just a moment, Apollonia was taken aback by her lover's words. Then she came to her senses.

"I completely understand." Turning to Colina, Apollonia said, "Make two. Both girls can share one and so can the boys."

Colina was about to answer her confirmation when Alessandro interjected, "I wouldn't mind having one. If that is acceptable to you, Apollonia."

"Not at all," replied Apollonia, "but, forewarned is forearmed. The sundae is something special and if you finish it all, do not blame me if you end up with a tummy ache." Her eyes twinkled as she said, '*tummy ache*'.

"I'll take my chances," he replied.

Colina stated the obvious, "Three special sundaes coming up."

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It took Colina 30 minutes to whip up the three special sundaes.

It took Carmen and Alessa, and Lian and Shen 10 minutes to literally destroy the desserts. One could easily see that more of the sundae ended up on the table top, floor, and their clothing than in their stomachs.

Alessandro Bruno hadn't even made it halfway through before he pushed the ice cream concoction towards the center of the table.

Ming rose, gathered up her sons, and gave her lover an air kiss before saying, "I'll call you in the morning after I return from taking them to school. Night all. Love you Appy."

Apollonia Moretti rose from her seat, stepped around the table to her lover, and placed a chaste kiss on each of her cheeks. "Love you too, Ming Zheng. Sleep tight."

Ming turned to look at Apollonia just before she exited the kitchen into the hallway leading to the rear door. She smiled, obnoxiously licked her lips, and nodded knowingly to her lover just before she departed for her home.

Raffaella took the hint. She gathered up the girls to make ready to depart for her home across the street. She turned to Mario and said, "Come to me or go home."

Mario Moretti nodded, rose, and made his way to his youngest daughter. He kissed her on each of her cheeks and said, "If you want, I'll kiss your ass. If not, I want to thank you for giving me the opportunity to prove once-and-for-all that I am comfortable with your control of the family. No need to answer. I'll call you in the morning."

Raffaella, Mario, and the children departed without another word or a response from Apollonia.

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Apollonia turned to Colina, who was standing in the kitchen, and said, "Clean up and meet us in the family room. Guess we'll have to time to watch some television or rent a movie." She stood and said to Alessandro, "Come. Let's get comfortable."

"Would you consider just going into the great room?" he asked. "We could put on some music and just sit and talk. Don't think of me as being inconsiderate, but watching a television show or movie is not how I would like to spend time with you."

The smile on her face was real. She nodded her head, held out her hand for his, and when they clasped their hands together, made their way into the great room. Apollonia turned her head and said, "Colina, when you're done you can go to your room."

Before Colina could respond, Alessandro interjected, "It would be nice to have her with us. It is important that I get to commiserate with both of you. I don't think we've had two minutes together since we were alone in the bedroom at the townhouse."

"You surprise me Mr. Bruno. Colina, meet us in the great room," said Apollonia.

"Yes Mistress," responded Colina.

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Alessandro did not go directly to the conversation pit. Instead, he guided Apollonia towards some of the pieces that were scattered around, but strategically placed in the great room. He stopped in front of a painting that had intrigued him from the moment he laid his eyes on it. He stood stock still gazing at the artwork for a good five minutes. Apollonia did not interfere with or break into his thoughts.

"I don't know what possessed you to paint this scene. But," he gazed down at her and said, "it seems so fragile. So wanting. Yet, I still cannot make sense of whether or not the man in the boat is leaving or just out for some time on the lake. Her body speaks to her desire and at the same time her faults. It is a very powerful piece. Would you give me some insight?"

"Is it painful to look at?"

"Yes and no," he responded.

"What does your gut say?"

Alessandro turned slightly, frowned, and asked, "Is this how you are going to answer my question about what possessed you to paint this beautiful yet dark work of art?"

Apollonia touched his bicep and said, "Yes and no. I can't really put into words what possessed me to paint it. I sprang from somewhere deep within me. There have been other artists that have done similar pieces, but I think mine has more than one interpretation. And, whatever the viewer thinks is correct."

"I would think it was borne from the breaking up of a relationship that meant more than just losing a lover. Or, on a deeper level - a familial loss. Yet, it also tells me that it could have been borne of a desire for building a relationship." He paused for a moment without taking his eyes from hers. Their stare was held until he said, "I look around this room and I am amazed at your abilities. Oils, water colors, sculpture, and metalwork. But, this relatively small piece just..."

Smiling with her eyes, she said, "It kind of grabs you by your balls as you go through all of the obvious and hidden possibilities."

"My response to that is, what if the person is female?"

"Truthfully, most women get wet. Some feel pain, but, I swear to you on my husband's life, they get wet."

Quizzically, "Really?!?! I do not comprehend what you are telling me, but I will accept it." He looked back at the painting, touched his chin, and said, "I am just so torn between multiple interpretations."

"Good," said Apollonia. "Then I have created something that makes you think about its meaning. That is all I can ask."

Alessandro took her by the elbow and guided her to a piece of marble that stood on a small octagonal table in the corner of the great room on the side of the huge doublewide fireplace. Before he said anything to her, he situated her directly in front of his physical being. His right hand wrapped gently around the front of her body, just above her pert breasts, as he pulled her close. Apollonia did not fight as she allowed him to take her close to him. He turned his head to see Colina standing quietly just inside the doorway to the great room. Colina nodded imperceptibly at what he had just witnessed. Inside he was torn. When she was Colin, he always loved to hold Apollonia in the same manner as Alessandro. Now as Colina, she wanted to feel Alessandro's arms around his body as he pulled her close.

Knowing when to exit, Colina said, "Mistress. I am tired. I going to retire to my room."

Apollonia moved slightly, turned her head, and said, "Ok Colina. Have pleasant dreams."

Alessandro felt Apollonia return to being wrapped in his arms. His mind was beginning to comprehend what had just happened between Apollonia and her sissy husband. For some unknown reason, he leaned down and placed a kiss on the top of her head. The smell of her hair sent waves of sexual desire throughout his body. After taking and exhaling a deep breath, he said, "Now this is another piece that amazes me."

"How so?" she asked without as much as a comment on his kissing the top of her head.

"I believe it to be sexual in nature. I does have a phallic physical shape and being about it. Did you mold it? Did you carve it? And, is it as obvious as I think it is?"

Apollonia felt his manhood press against her back. She actually felt all girly inside knowing he was signaling her his desire to make love to her. Her head went back and pressed against his chest as she said, "It is carved and polished from a single piece of Carrera marble. And, yes it is what you think it is - a phallic symbol. I did it to honor Colina when she was Colin. What you are looking at is an exact replica of her penis."

"Jesus," moaned Alessandro. "Sometimes I wonder about you. Yet, I am not put off or disgusted by it. I believe what you are telling me, yet when you look at it from afar, it does not immediately say, '*Hey I'm a penis*'."

"If you think that is amazing, you should go upstairs to my atelier and look at the painting of Jesus I did."

"I've seen it," he replied. "What is so special about a painting of Jesus?"

Apollonia let her right hand go between their bodies. She pressed the palm of her hand against his tumescent manhood and said, "Come. Let's look at it together."

Surprised, Alessandro could only nod as she turned around and looked up at him. Her eyes said it all. He leaned down and pressed his lips to hers. His arms went around her shoulders and the small of her back. Their lips touched and her mouth opened. He did not hesitate to put his tongue into her mouth. As if they had practiced the kiss numerous times, they both sighed. Their sigh was borne of each of their sexual desire for each other. Their kiss lasted for but a moment before Apollonia pulled her head back breaking their contact.

"Come," she said as she guided him instead of him guiding her.

As they made their way to the staircase closest to the entrance to her atelier, Alessandro inquired, "Should I be worried about Colina?"

The pause was momentary. Without looking up at him, she said, "I don't know why you asked, but I can guess. You have nothing to worry about. I can only image what she said to you, but if I tell her to jump off the Empire State Building, she will."

Nothing was said as they made their way up the two sets of stairs to her atelier. When they entered, she turned on the lights and guided Alessandro to a small alcove. She flipped a switch, three spotlights came on, and she increased their intensity with the dimmer. A huge painting of Jesus on the cross appeared.

"Jesus," said Alessandro. "That is one huge painting. But, I don't see anything special about it. It is a representation of the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth."

Apollonia stepped just inside the alcove and retrieved a lighted magnifying glass. She handed it to him and said, "I know you've seen it from afar and probably in the daylight. Approach the painting. Use the magnifying glass to look at the details of the painting. That is all I am going to say."

Again, he had a quizzical look on his face. He took the glass magnifier from her and switched on the light. Alessandro stepped up to the painting and began to look at the details of the painting. He expected to see brush strokes. Instead, he saw something he could not believe. He paused, turned to look at Apollonia, and was about to say something when he saw her point to the painting. Inside he knew to return to looking at the detail. He moved across the painting from the right to the left. Then he bent down and returned from left to right. His last look was done on his tippy toes. When he had seen enough, he turned to her and said, "You've got to be kidding me."

Apollonia smiled. She did not say a word.

"The entire painting?" he asked.

"Yes," was her simple response.

"No," he said incredulous that she painted the entire canvas as she had done.

"Yes," again was all she said.

"How long?"

"Four years, three months, and two days."

"Every day?"

"Oh my God, no. There were days I had to relieve myself of the work because of the details."

"I have to ask. Are there any repetitions?"

"Yes. I'm not that good to come up with more than the Kama Sutra."

"But, it is not only heterosexual. I did see. . ."

"Homo erotica and lesbianism. What didn't you see?"

"Pedophilia. But I wouldn't expect that of you. Whatever possessed you?"

"I was trying to reconcile my family life with my religious teachings. I was deeply involved with Ming. I was fucking Colin. My sister was fucking my father and the priests at St. Joachim. My world was surrounded with Moretti men fucking women to help them get pregnant. I witnessed husbands sucking my father, my uncles, and my brother-in-law to completion because they accepted becoming sissy cuckolds." She held up her hand, "Before you say anything, there are couples who did not go down that road. The husbands were not involved. They understood their inability to conceive, but they were all men. Rather than adopt, they accepted that their wives needed to be impregnated the natural way."

"But to paint an amazing picture of Jesus on the cross," he said not really knowing what to say about the details of the painting. "They are so small. You had to literally use brushes with just a single hair. I mean; I am so fucking impressed. You are amazing."

"You are not offended?"

"I should be, but knowing you, I am not. I guess you never thought of showing it."

"I did think of showing it. But, Colina and Ming talked me out of it. They counseled that if one person realized what was used to form the entire picture, I would never be able to live it down. Sure, ministers, priests, and rabbis can fuck people from their congregations. They can fall on their swords and gain repentance. But in the end, we agreed that this painting would be considered heresy and most likely destroyed."

Alessandro nodded, "So here it sits. Only to be shown to people worthy of seeing it in its truly amazing detail."

"Yes," she replied. Her hand reached for the magnifying glass. She replaced it in its spot on the wall. Turned off the spotlights and stepped close. She wrapped her arms around his waist. Pulled her body close to his and said, "Let's retire to my bedroom. I want to feel you. I want to hear you. I want to wake up in the morning feeling you spooning me with your love muscle ready to take me before breakfast."

"Show the way."

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Apollonia crossed the threshold to her bedroom, stepped inside, turned, and watched Alessandro close the door without turning his back to her. When the latch made its way home, she stepped to him, put her hand on his manhood, and gently lowered her body to her knees. While looking into his eyes, she opened his belt, then his pants, and with both hands, pulled his pants and underwear to the floor. His cock sprang free. It was not completely hard, but hard enough to bounce. She took her right hand and wrapped it around the base of his cock. She was not surprised to see that he maintained his pubic area as she had asked. There was nary a speck of hair around his cock and on his balls. His foreskin still covered the head of his cock. She saw the shape of the head outlined by his foreskin. Apollonia could not help but to lick her lips in expectation of skinning the head and taking it into her mouth.

"There is something so beautiful about a cock when it is uncircumcised. The way the head is hidden yes so exposed especially when the foreskin is so tight around."

Before he could answer, he watched as she gently slipped his foreskin back. The precum he had produced was lubricant enough to allow it to move freely exposing the helmet head of his cock. Then to his total amazement, she slipped not just the head, but the entire ten-and-a-half inch length into her mouth and down her throat. Alessandro felt her nose press against his pubic bone. For the first time, he nearly shit himself because no one had ever deep throated his cock in one fell swoop.

"Jesus fucking Christ," he moaned as he felt the muscles of her throat massage his ever hardening cock.

Apollonia ever so gently tickled his balls and the perineum behind them with the tips of her fingers. She held him in her mouth for just long enough for him to understand that he was about to be sucked and fucked like he had never been before. Apollonia released his erection from her throat and mouth. She smiled with her entire face. Her lips pressed against the tip of his manhood and her tongue sought out the opening to caress it. When he moaned, she moved away, stood, and said, "Time to use that big piece of Italian cock and fuck my brains out."

She stood. Stepped to her bed and began to remove her clothing. Once naked she slipped under her duvet and waited.

Alessandro Bruno was more than ready, but his brain was not communicating with his body. He stumbled across the room to her bed while his pants were still around his ankles. It was just as he was sitting down to undress when there came a knocking on the door.

"It better be important Colina," said Apollonia with an attitude.

"How do you know it is her?"

"Because, I do. She probably changed her mind about going to sleep. Knowing her as I do, so probably wants to perform for us. Suck your cock. Lick my pussy. Put you inside me. Lick your balls as you fuck me. Then suck us clean to show her love for me and by extension you."

"Really. I wasn't thinking along those lines at all."

The smile was heartfelt and true. She rose from the bed. Totally naked she walked to the door, opened it, and said to her sissy husband, "What? It better be good or I am going to punish you."

Colina eyes went from her wife's face to the floor between them. Her clitty twitched in the chastity device when she saw Alessandro sitting on the bed before she took his eyes to the floor. She was speechless. In her mind, Apollonia was never going to engage in sexual intercourse with Alessandro. The idea of him impregnating her was just a ruse so she could have a man around to keep the lesbian rumors to a minimum. Colina took a deep breath, exhaled, and said, "When I saw you together in the great room, I decided to go to sleep. I was alone in bed and I got to thinking. I did not want to accept that Alessandro was going to have sex with you. So, here I am hoping you will ask me to be of service. That is why I knocked on the door."

"Well isn't that just peachy," growled Apollonia. "We were just getting into bed and your timing could not have been worse. I do not want or need you here. I am totally into having his cock for the night. If you do not want to accept what I am telling you, then I suggest you go to the basement and retrieve my castration tools. I will remove everything from between your legs. I did not ask you to come to my bedroom. I do not want you here. What I expect of you is to do your sissy maid duty. Sleep, awaken, and prepare breakfast for us. You are not part of my night. Do I need to say more?"

With a single tear running down her cheek, Colina nodded and said, "No Mistress. I understand and accept your verbal abuse and humiliation. I will return to my room. Naturally, I will be at your beck and call."

Apollonia closed the door in her sissy husband's face. She turned towards the bed and saw the look on Alessandro's face. Her ability to be naked without a shred of guilt in front him could be seen on his face. It also showed his desire to be with her. She stepped to her side of the bed, climbed on the specially built king sized mattress, knelt behind him, and whispered in his ear, "Where were we. Ah, yes. You were removing your clothing."

He did not respond. He removed his clothing and slipped underneath the duvet. His body took up more than Colina's would when they were a couple. Apollonia rolled onto her left side. Alessandro rolled onto his right. He took his left hand and gently placed it on her shoulder. The pressure he applied was enough to signal Apollonia to roll onto her back. The Italian stud moved to her side. His left hand sought out the flat expanse of her abdomen. He touched her soft skin and felt his cock begin to grow. He did not move his hand lower nor did he move it higher. It rested on the taut skin of her flat abdomen.

Alessandro raised his head. He looked into her eyes, sighed a sigh of contentment, and said, "I have dreamed of this moment. I have seen us together in bed. Our bodies entangled and connected. I imagined you breathing, moaning, and sighing as we made love. Not me making love to you. Not you making love to me. But, us making love together. Yet at this moment, all I want to do is lie next to you, feel the smoothness of your skin, and stare into your magnificent face and eyes. I never thought I would be so content just being next to you. Smelling you. Feeling you. I . . ."

Apollonia's hand went to his shoulder. When it touched his skin she felt him shiver. Not a shiver of fear, but one of desire. The touch sent an electric shock throughout her body. Her pussy became wet. It was time to take him by his cock. She reached for his manhood. Apollonia was surprised when his hand left her abdomen to stop her from pulling him between her legs and into her body.

"No," he whispered. "Tonight is not about me pushing myself into your body. Tonight is about me making tender love to you. I want nothing more than to provide you with multiple orgasms orally, manually, and ultimately with my cock. I am not at all wanting of you to do anything to me. I want to be something more than a cock to you. I have wanted more than anything to jump your bones. Throw a wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am fuck into you."

He paused. Moved her hand from his cock. He put it with his on her abdomen. He moved so his face was above hers. Alessandro looked into her turquoise and gold flecked eyes and felt every muscle in his body tense with sexual desire. His control amazed Apollonia as well as himself. His eyes smiled and he gently placed his lips on her cheek. He rested his head on the pillow so his mouth was next to her ear.

"You are something special Apollonia Moretti. I know how much I want to be with you. Please allow me to say that I only wish I had met you earlier in your life. I don't know if I would have swept you off of your feet, but I know that I've fallen madly in love with you. I'm not one to fall to my knees and beg, but I want to be with you so much that I will accept whatever you decide to give me. I am going to say this and I want you to understand that it may not be returned. I love you Apollonia."

Her eyes closed. What she wanted more than anything was to not hear him say that he loved her. What she wanted was a man that would be happy shoving his cock into her body and fucking her. The love of her life was downstairs dressed as a sissy. His more than adequate cock was encased in a dastardly chastity device. His love for her was just as strong as the day he asked her to marry him. The man lying next to her did exactly what she did not want. He fell in love with her. Then again, she knew that most men would fall all over themselves to be with her. Apollonia Moretti had a decision to make and she wanted to make it before they engaged in to sexual intercourse.

"Alessandro," she said as she moved slightly away and rolled to face him. "I understand what you just said and professed. I am taken by your desire, but I cannot return the love." Her hand went to his face and rested on his cheek. His skin felt nice to her touch, but it would not change her mind. "You have to accept that I will never tell you I love you. You will have to accept that I will never forsake my commitment and marriage to Colina. Although I address him using feminine pronouns, it is what he wants and accepts. I . . ."

He touched the hand that rested on his cheek. "I understand. Really, I do. But, I can wish. I can hope. I am not trying to make you forsake your marriage as much as I wish I was the one you had married. Colin means more to you than I readily accept. I saw that when you came at me in your atelier. Your defense of him was a point well



made. I did things with him that I never ever thought about doing with another man or sissy or whatever. If I cannot be truthful with you about anything and everything, then why should I stay?"

Apollonia pulled her hand from beneath his and reached for his cock. It was tumescent but not completely hard. She held it and whispered, "Because, this is what I need at this point in our relationship and my life. I am in love with Colin. And, I am in love with Ming. I'm sorry Alessandro, but you are nothing more than a cock to me. Right now, I am in need of your thick ten-and-a-half inches. I want, no demand, that you fuck me like some twenty dollar whore. We have time to grow into something that I will allow you to call lovemaking. Right now, I want you to force my legs open. I do not want you to think about how much you may hurt me. You will feel how moist, no, wet I am. I want to you fuck me. Not make love to me. Fuck me like a whore. Call me names. Make me hate what you are doing to me knowing that I asked you to."

His eyes opened wider than a full moon. He looked at her and saw how serious she was. In as much as he wanted to make gentle love to her, the thought of living out his fantasy made his cock grow to its full length. Alessandro did not say a word in response. He raised his body and moved his legs on top of hers. He forced his knees between hers. His cock grew even harder. Using his legs he forced her open and made her raise her knees. He stared into her eyes and saw it. She wanted it like a two bit whore. He grabbed his cock behind the helmet head. He moved forward between her legs. Alessandro did not moan with pleasure when he felt the moist lips of her pussy. His face was not soft and loving. His lips were curved into a snarl.

"This is what you want bitch!!!"

Without further ado, he pressed his cock into Apollonia's body. All ten-and-a-half inches forced its way into her. The head slammed into her cervix. To his amazement, she took it all without nary a complaint or loss of breath. In fact, she rolled her hips up so he could slam his cock into her with ease. He bottomed out and felt his balls slap against her buttocks. Alessandro pressed his cock into her and just as she thought he was going to pull out, he took both of her tits into his hands. He did not caress them. He did not gently pinch her nipples. He had her breasts in the palm of each hand with his fingers surrounding them. He squeezed and twisted.

"You fucking whore," her growled. "You want my cock then beg for it bitch!!!"

Apollonia's body reacted as she wanted and needed. The pain from his hands on her breasts was increasing her sexual desire to feel his cock pound her pussy. The wetness between her legs grew exponentially. She looked into his eyes and saw he understood her needs. With her closed eyes she said, "FUCK ME!!! FUCK ME LIKE A WHORE!!! FILL MY WHORE CUNT WITH YOUR CUM!!! FUCK ME ALESSANDRO!!! DON'T BE GENTLE!!! I NEED YOU TO USE ME MERCILESSLY!!!"

Fuck her he did. For the next twenty-five minutes, his cock pounded Apollonia's pussy. His hands mauled her tits. His right hand released her breast and the middle finger was unceremoniously shoved up her ass. His hips moved and his cock acted like a piston. In and out. Sometimes he would remove his entire cock from her body and just wait. Her needs welled as she screamed plaintively, "FUCK ME ALESSANDRO!!!"

Not once did they kiss. Their lips never touched. His tongue did not enter her mouth. Hers never entered his. Their coupling was just that. The simple act of a cock entering a cunt so the cunt could masturbate the cock until it spewed its seed. As he fucked Apollonia, his mind raced with what was happening between them. He so wanted to make tender love to her. It was her quiet feminine dominance that changed him into the male pig he was now. His thoughts were only about his attaining his orgasm. Feeling his body tense and his cock pulse as he ejaculated into her body. That was his only thoughts. What was happening between them was nothing more than the rutting of two animals.

Apollonia lay open and full of Alessandro's thick Italian cock. She was getting exactly what she wanted. A hard blood filled tendon slamming into and out of her body. The pain emanating from her crotch and breasts were heaven sent. The heat of his manhood adding to the warmth of her own vaginal fluids made her fuck him harder. When his finger entered her asshole she cried in amazement that he did what she had not verbalized. Having a dildo inside her was lovely, but a hot hard cock spewing precum as a lubricant sent waves of sexual pleasure from her well filled hole to her brain and back.

She lost all track of time. She was in sexual heaven. Apollonia was loving being fucked as if she was a whore. She did not know if Alessandro was cognizant of her multiple orgasms, but that was not her concern. Her cunt was doing as she hoped. It surrounded his cock and massaged it giving him extreme pleasure. How did she know? She heard him every so often groan and moan as he slipping into her hole. Yes, he was calling her names just as she had asked. Yes, he was treating her harshly. Fucking her like she wanted and not thinking about how much he was hurting her. Then she felt it. He pressed hard into her. His cock grew harder and thicker.

"YES!!!" she cried.

"TAKE IT BITCH!!!" he growled. "TAKE ME AND FEEL THE POWER OF A REAL MAN FUCKING YOUR WHORE CUNT."

Alessandro bottomed out and ejaculated seven strong ropes of cum into Apollonia's body. Between each ejaculation he pulled back very slightly and rammed his cock back into the velvety warmth of her vagina. For the last three ejaculations, their eyes met. He sneered at her as his last ropes of cum filled her. She did not ask for relief from his fucking. Her eyes begged for more. He tried to accommodate her and could tell he succeeded when her eyes rolled to the back of her head and she cried out while having a massive full body orgasm.

When he finished, she opened her eyes and said, "Stay in me. Don't pull out. I want to feel you stay hard if you can. Or, it will be just as nice to feel you soften as remain inside me."

Alessandro wanted to fall on top of her but he acceded to her wishes. He moved to his knees while keeping his cock buried inside her. His arms kept him above her. He looked at her and was taken when she smiled, licked her lips, and said, "Now, that is what I call a fucking. Just keep it in me and when you're ready, fuck me again."

"Seriously?"

"Yes. I want you to pound my pussy all night. Finger my ass and if you desire, you can fuck that too."

"Jesus. . ."

"He has nothing to do with it. I want your cock. I want your cum. I want you to fuck me until you can't fuck anymore. Then when we awaken in the morning, I will take your morning wood and fuck that too."

The words did exactly what she wanted. His cock began to harden anew. Their eyes met as he began to move inside her. He leaned down to kiss her and she stopped him. His face changed to a look of shock.

Apollonia pushed his shoulders up as she commanded, "Just fuck me. We're not making love. You are doing great and I am extremely happy. I don't want to spoil anything. Just fuck the living shit out of me."

Accepting his fate and his somewhat unrequited love, Alessandro began to fuck Apollonia a second time. His mind wandered as he pushed into and out of her body. There was no love or desire to be close to her. He nodded his head in acceptance that he was to be nothing more than a hot hard cock that would fill her with copious amounts of cum. Alessandro Bruno became a sexual robot. An automaton. He thought of work as he fucked her. His mind was not attuned to anything other than building to an orgasm and filling her hole with his seed.

Apollonia and Alessandro copulated five times before he cried that he could not go again. It was then and only then she allowed him to remove his cock from her body, roll from between her legs onto his back, and relax from being nothing more than an automated fuck machine that had a conscience.

Nothing more was said as each of them closed their eyes and fell into a deep post coital sleep.

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The morning came quicker than either of them expected. The one truism was what Apollonia said the night before. She opened her eyes before Alessandro. She looked down and saw his erection standing proudly from his crotch. As much as she wanted to slide down and take him into her mouth, she just licked her lips thinking how nice it would be to awaken him by sucking his cock. That was not to be. She moved without waking him. Moved astride his body and positioned her cunt above his cock. Apollonia closed her eyes and sank down forcing his cock into her body.

Alessandro woke when he felt the pressure of her pussy around his morning wood as well as the pressure of her body on his. *'She lived up to her word. But, I'd rather be next to her kissing her,'* he thought. He opened his eyes, stared hard at her, and without nary a word, used his hands on her hips to guide her movement on his cock. They copulated as if it were just something to do when two humans were bored. There was no emotion. That is until the door opened.

"Oh my God!!!" screamed Ming.

Apollonia sat still with Alessandro's cock deep with her. She turned her head, smiled, and asked, "Care to join us?"

Ming smiled knowing that it would not be an imposition for her to join her lover as she sat astride Alessandro's body impaled on his huge Italian cock. "I'll leave you two alone. I will say something to Colina because she did not advise me that you had company. See you downstairs after you are through."

"That may be quite a while," deadpanned Alessandro without lifting his head to look at Ming. "If this is the restart of last night, I may never see the outside of this bedroom for days."

"Funny," countered Apollonia.

"Ok," said Ming "I'm curious. How many times did she impale herself on your cock?"

Alessandro groaned and laughed at the same time as he responded, "If you count right now, it would be six. If she makes me do it to her like last night, we have four more copulations to go."

Apollonia playfully slapped his side as she said, "Just this and we'll be down. At least I don't have to masturbate this morning. I have this huge Italian cock to ride until I orgasm."

Ming did not answer. When they heard the door close, Alessandro moved and while imbedded in Apollonia's pussy, rolled her over to her back. As he began to fuck her as he did the previous night, he spat, "YOU FUCKIN' WHORE. TAKE ME COCK YOU SELFISH BITCH. I'M GOING TO FUCK YOU SO HARD EVERYONE WILL KNOW YOU'RE SORE FROM A BIG COCK."

"YES!!!" she cried. "GIVE IT TO ME!!! FILL ME!!! I WANT EVERYONE TO SEE YOUR SEED ROLLING DOWN THE INSIDES OF MY THIGHS!!! FUCK ME!!!"

Thirty-five minutes later, Alessandro pulled his spent cock from Apollonia's well-fucked pussy. He looked between her legs and saw how red, puffy, and raw her labia looked. Her vaginal opening was far from closed and he could see puddles of his cum resting inside her body. He said one word to Apollonia, "Shower?"

"After breakfast," she responded. "I really want to go to the breakfast room in my robe smelling of sex with your seed running down my thighs."

Frowning, he asked, "Why?"

"Simple," she responded, "I want the two most important people in my life to know I got fucked last night. Fucked by a real man. Well fucked and proud to be walking bowlegged with his seed running down my legs."

"You are just one sick bitch,"

"Yes," she said chuckling, "and I, as well as you, love it."