

© Copyright, Emanon_Pen™, 2008-2015. All Rights Reserved.

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

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

This copyrighted material may not be freely distributed onto any website or newsgroup without the express written consent of the author. Websites claiming to be in compliance with 17 U.S.C. § 512 and the Digital Millennium Copyright Act ("DCMA") but not adhering to the statue law will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

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

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

The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 173

Tuesday Evening/Night – 84th Street Townhouse - 18 March 2003

The black Lincoln Town Car pulled away from the front of Apollonia Moretti's house at exactly 4:12PM. Prior to coming downstairs, Apollonia remained in Ming's arms for a good hour and twenty minutes. Ming waited for her to shower and change. They came downstairs together with nothing truly resolved between them. Each knew they loved each other deeply. Ming, having given birth to twins, understood her lover's conundrum. Apollonia, well Apollonia, was Apollonia and could change her direction like a weather vane in a hurricane. They kissed before Ming took her sons home. Neither spoke. A simple touch of each other's hand to the other's face spoke volumes.

Nathan had opened the passenger side door to allow Apollonia to enter the vehicle. Once behind the wheel, he queried if she had any particular route she wanted to take into the city. When she shrugged her shoulders he nodded, closed the glass partition, and gave his boss the solitude she seemed to desire.

Going into New York City at that time of day should have been easier than Nathan encountered. They were travelling against the flow of the daily rush hour traffic. But, all it took was an accident here and an accident there for the time of travel to double or sometimes triple. Nathan kept his anger under control as he navigated around an accident on the Van Wyck Expressway, one on the Grand Central Parkway, and finally two on the Long Island Expressway. His command decision was to move to local streets, make his way to Queens Boulevard, to the 59th Street Bridge upper level, and cross into Manhattan via the bridge. He was thankful that his boss was in her own little world and not making comments about all the accidents or his decision to weave through local streets.

Just after 6:47PM, the Lincoln Town Car pulled into the driveway cutout in front of the townhouse. Nathan exited, opened the door, and waited as Apollonia exited. Since she did not have an overnight bag, he knew that she would either be returning to Columbus Place or spending the night and returning first thing in the morning. He knew she had a small wardrobe in her suite, but he did not care to guess as to what her desires were going to be.

"Nathan," said Apollonia still in her own world and not looking up at him, "please park the vehicle and return to the townhouse. I know you'd like to visit Golda, but I would like to keep you close tonight."

"Yes Miss Moretti," was his reply. He did not walk with her to the steps, but he did check the street for anything unusual. When she rang the doorbell, he entered the car, and pulled away to the garage that maintained several reserved parking spots.

Giuseppe was sitting at the dinner table with his wife, Sienna, and Pricilla Smith when the front doorbell chimed. He was not expecting any visitors. There were no deliveries scheduled. He frowned at his wife, stood, and made his way to the front door. He stepped into the small vestibule and saw Apollonia. He was shocked, but not disturbed by her unannounced presence. He opened the locks, then the door, and stepped aside as he said, "Good evening Miss Moretti. What a pleasant surprise."

Apollonia stepped in. Removed her lambskin leather car coat, handed it to Giuseppe, and said, "Where is everyone?"

"Sienna and Pricilla are in the kitchen. We were just finishing dinner. Should I call them?"

"No."

"As you wish. Would you like me to . . ."

Apollonia turned to the elderly man, "Not tonight. Hang my coat up. I'll head to the kitchen."

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe relieved that he did not have to kiss his boss' ass.

The back of the townhouse was quiet. When she entered the kitchen, Sienna and Pricilla stood, bowed their heads, and waited.

"Sienna," said Apollonia. "Something smells good. What is for dinner? Is there food enough for Nathan and me to eat?"

Without looking up, "Yes Miss Moretti. I taught Miss Pricilla to make a traditional meat lasagna."

"Good. Make up a plate and bring it to me in the parlor. I'll eat in there. Ask Nathan if he wants something to eat when he arrives. He went to park the car."

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Sienna as she started to fix a plate of meat lasagna, broccoli, Italian bread, butter, and a carafe of Moretti red wine.

Pricilla looked up and saw the woman she wanted more than anything staring at her. Her breath was taken away by her eyes, hair, makeup, and the simple but elegant clothing she wore. On her feet were a pair of navy blue calfskin ankle boots with four inch heels. On her shapely legs, she wore a pair of navy stockings. Her skirt fell to mid-thigh. The hem was gently scalloped as were the two nearly hidden side seam pockets. Around her waist was an alligator belt dyed navy to match her shoes. The blouse she wore was a white-on-white silk with a scalloped collar. Over the shirt, she wore a simple navy and white crew neck merino wool sweater. One look at her chest and Pricilla knew she was not wearing a bra. Taken with her beauty and style Pricilla swayed as her sexual desire began to rise. To quell her desire, Pricilla looked down just as quickly as she looked up.

"Pricilla," said Apollonia, "come to me."

Pricilla stepped over to Apollonia. She stopped two feet away.

"Closer."

Her eyes opened wide. Pricilla did as she was told.

"Closer. Right in front of me."

Pricilla closed her eyes. Inside she was a jumble of nerves. She took a breath, exhaled, and stepped close enough that the cloth of her denim work shirt touched the soft wool of Apollonia's sweater.

"That's better," whispered Apollonia. She wrapped her arms around the young girl's shoulders and pulled her tight into her body. Her head moved slightly and Pricilla responded. Their lips met. Pricilla's knees immediately grew weak. She used her hands to steady herself by putting them on Apollonia's hips. Apollonia's body reacted. She grew wet and knew she would have to end the kiss. With her arm around Pricilla's shoulder, she guided the young girl to the parlor. Some of the weight of the day seemed to lessen as she thought about making out with the sixteen year old.

Apollonia sat at the table that was at the front of the room just behind the townhouse's windows. She nodded to Pricilla telling her to sit opposite her. When Sienna put down the meal, she said, "Tell Giuseppe that I am expecting three or four people. I do not know when they are going to arrive, so be prepared. I do not believe they will be hungry, but I would be prepared."

"Yes Miss Moretti," said a relieved Sienna. Inside she thanked God that she did not have to kneel and suck, lick, and kiss her boss' asshole.

Looking at Pricilla, Apollonia asked, "Where is Marco?"

Pricilla continued to look down at the table. She started to answer, "He is . . ."

"Stop!!!" said Apollonia in a voice just loud enough to get the girl's attention. "Look at me. When you talk to me look at me. If I tell you to bow your head, you will. I want to look into your eyes when we speak. Especially when we are alone."

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Pricilla as her head rose so she could look into the eyes that took her heart away. "He is in the basement."

"Is he always down there?"

"No, Miss Moretti. He comes up to help clean. Do laundry. I make him return downstairs when all of his chores and obligations are done. I watch him per your instructions."

"Where does he shower?"

"He uses a bucket of cold water and soap to wash and shave his body. When he is finished I rinse him with cold water from the basement hose."

"Anything else?"

Pricilla closed her eyes. She did not want to answer, but knew better. Pricilla opened her eyes, "Every three hours he stops what he is doing and we go into the basement. He gets totally undressed. He waits to see if I am going to insert an object into his ass. If not, he always asks if he can use lube. But..." She paused as her fear rose because of what she had to say about Marco. The sigh was plainly audible before she spoke, "Most of the time he just begs me due to the pain he has to endure. I deny him. I do allow him to use his saliva. He then masturbates into a glass. No matter how long it takes or how painful it is for him to masturbate due to the injuries to his penis, he completes the task."

"Good. What does he do next?"

"He shows me the glass, bows his head, and apologizes for the amount of ejaculate that is present. He then asks permission to perform his final act of humiliation."

"Do you make him beg?"

"Oh God!!! Please Miss Moretti!!! It is bad enough that he is so in love with me that he does what I ask unconditionally. I know he knows that I am doing as you wish. Please . . ."

Apollonia put her knife down. Counted to ten and without saying a word, reached across the small table, and slapped Pricilla across the face. She watched as the young girl grabbed her face and tried not to break out in tears. When she gained control and their eyes met, Apollonia said, "Sit there and shut-the-fuck-up. All I demand of you is a direct answer. If you're still in love with him, then I will sew your cunt shut so you can suffer along with him. Under. . ."

"Oh My God!!!" cried Pricilla. She fell from her chair, crawled to Apollonia, put her head on the floor, and said, "I am yours. You know that. I am not immune to the pain I cause him. In time, I know I can accept my cruelty to him. Please Miss Moretti. Please!!!"

"Sit and watch me eat," said Apollonia. "At this time, I have no use for you."

Pricilla stood, went to the chair, and sat. She could not stop the tears of pain and failure from rolling down her cheeks. She wanted more than anything to stand, pull down her jeans, and show Apollonia how wet her panties were. Pricilla did not move a bone in her body as she watched her Mistress eat.

Apollonia ate in silence. Inside she was brooding about what had transpired between her and Ming. A morsel of food was in her mouth when the door to the parlor opened. Nathan entered, closed the door, and remained standing just in front of it. Apollonia swallowed, took a sip of the red Moretti wine, and said, "Sienna is in the kitchen and she will make you something to eat. Eat first, then please go downstairs and check on our guests. Return here and tell me what you saw. Do not talk to them and do not talk to Giuseppe."

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Nathan as he turned and exited the parlor.

Pricilla spoke, "The elderly man is most likely bound to the bed. He is probably gagged to keep him quiet. Since he arrived, all he would do is cry and moan incessantly."

"Is that why I have not heard him?"

"Yes Mistress," said Pricilla remembering to address her properly.

"And the sissy faggot?"

"He just suffers in silence."

Apollonia changed the topic and surprised the young teenager, "How often do you masturbate?"

Pricilla collapsed against the back of her chair. She eyes grew wide and her jaw dropped. It took a minute for her to regain her mental equilibrium before she answered, "Before I go to sleep and when I wake up in the morning."

"Only twice? Never a third or fourth time?"

"Please Mistress. . ."

"Don't lie to me Pricilla. That would not bode well for you. And do not try to wheedle your way out of answering my questions no matter how personal they seem. So?"

Her head sunk until her chin rested against her sternum. Tears began to run down her cheeks. She was in the proverbial pinch. No matter what she answered, her Mistress would not be happy. Her bare teenaged pussy began to grow wet. Her fear of punishment and humiliation was making her hot. Pricilla raised her head, looked into her Mistress' eyes, and said, "Once a day I have allowed Marco to watch me masturbate as he jerked off. I thought a small act of kindness on my part would make it easier for him."

The anger did not spew forth from her Mistress as she expected.

"Pricilla, you understand that he decided to become a sissy. That he was not forced to suck my uncle's cock. Nor was he forced to take my uncle's cock up his ass. He willingly shaved his body. He willingly wore feminine attire. What you have done by allowing him to watch you masturbate is something that you and only you will be responsible for if the end results of his feminization fails."

Her face showed calm and then shock. Pricilla said, "I did not do anything. I masturbated. How could that cause Marco any issues? He is still a pansy."

Her smile was genuine, "Pricilla dear girl, you have given him hope. Hope that one day he will be able to put his sissy clit between your legs and into your body. He should not be shown female genitalia. Marco should only masturbate to a man's genitalia. His sexual orientation should only be towards pleasing a man. You have changed that dynamic. And, because you have, I will make you teach him that his sexuality is no longer his."

"H-h-how?" she stuttered.

"After my meeting, we are going into the basement. I am going to take Marco by his balls and drag him into the dungeon. There you will strap him to the anal intercourse bench. You will beat his balls until they swell. Then you will remove his genitals. You will show them to him. When he's finished screaming your will shove them into his mouth. We will watch him bleed out and die."

"No-o-o-!!!" screamed Pricilla. "P-p-please!!! N-n-no!!!"

Nathan ran into the parlor. He saw that nothing untoward had happened between his boss and the teenage girl. "Everything ok?" he asked.

"But of course," said Apollonia with a bit of glee in her voice. "Have you eaten? Tell me about our guests."

Nathan eyed the girl before he spoke, "I have not eaten. The cleric is naked, gagged, and bound to the cot. The, whatever you want to call it, is naked and walking in circles. If I am correct, he has a plug up his ass and he is wearing something on his cock."

"Ok," said Apollonia. "I'm sorry if I am repeating myself, but are you hungry? You did not answer me when I asked before."

"Excuse me," he replied. "I have not eaten. I could eat a horse about now."

"Pricilla, take Nathan into the kitchen and have Sienna prepare something for him. Return here." Just as Pricilla stood, Apollonia added, "And take my setting as well."

"Yes Mistress."

An hour after Apollonia arrived at the townhouse, Jon Parks, JoAnne Hingle, and Dennis Hingle finally made their entrance into the Federal townhouse. Giuseppe greeted them, took their coats, and ushered them into the parlor.

Apollonia stood and said, "Better late than never. Let's sit on the couches."

The three saw her offer her hand to the young teenaged girl. They were astounded when they saw Apollonia kiss her, whisper something into her ear, and then nod to Giuseppe. The elderly man gently took the girl by her arm

and guided her from the room. Apollonia sat, waved her hand, and they came to where she sat. Jon Parks sat to her right. JoAnne and Dennis Hingle sat opposite her in two magnificent carved velvet wing chairs.

"You have news for me?" asked Apollonia of the three not really directing the question anyone in particular.

Jon spoke, "We do Miss Moretti. First, I must apologize for arriving as late as we did. The Hingles asked to return home to get a change of clothing and to advise their children that a babysitter would be looking after them. Second, the traffic into the city was incredible. But, we are here now and I believe JoAnne would like to fill you in."

JoAnne sat up and forward in her chair. It was plainly obvious that she was positioning her body to entice the woman who gave her a new lease on life. Her clothing was just shy of being outright slutty. Jon had expressed his disdain for her dress, but lost the battle. She wore two inch black fake patent leather platform heels, black stripped thigh high stockings, a black-on-black stripped see-through rayon-polyester shirt dress, no bra, and a small black velvet choker. From her ears, hung ten carat gold ear rings that suggested she had two penises dangling towards her shoulders. Around both of her ankles were a matching pair of ten carat gold 'hot wife' bracelets. The only non-sexual clothing or jewelry she wore were her engagement and marriage rings.

"Apollonia," started JoAnne, "I am happy to. . ."

"STOP!!!" cried Apollonia. She rose from her seat, came around the coffee table, and stood next to the chair JoAnne Hingle sat in. Before Mrs. Hingle could react, Apollonia used her non-dominant hand to grab her left ear and twist it forward.

JoAnne froze just before she cried out in pain.

Apollonia eased the pressure, but did not release the woman's ear. Her controlled anger was shown by the attitude in her voice, "You come to a business meeting dressed like a fuckin' whore. What kind of piece-of-shit are you?"

JoAnne Hingle did not move or attempt an answer. She felt her ear fall back into place. Her legs began to shake as did her arms and hands. The only smart thing she did was to remain silent and continue to stare at the coffee table.

Apollonia was so irate, she screamed at the top of her lungs, "NATHAN!!!!"

Before anyone could react, Nathan Childress bound into the room holding his Sig Sauer P226 semi-automatic. When he saw no overt problem, he holstered the weapon, and simply said, "Miss Moretti?"

"Nathan, please step over here."

He did as he was asked. He looked at his boss and then to the woman sitting in the wing chair. It took a moment before he recognized her.

"Nathan," said Apollonia, "I believe Mrs. Hingle here would like to suck and fuck your big black cock. In fact, I'd bet she'd like to do it in front of her husband who is probably wearing feminine lingerie under his clothing. Would you help me by doing just that? As we were supposed to have a business meeting and not a cuckold orgy."

He knew that if push came to shove, he'd take the couple upstairs. Did he want to? No. But, his employer treated him so well, he would do as she asked. "I would love to fuck Mrs. Hingle as her bitch husband sucked my big black ass."

Jon Parks sat back bemused at what he was witnessing. He had tried to get her to change into more appropriate business attire, but failed when JoAnne told him she'd dress as she pleased. Nathan saw Jon, smiled, and thought that he must have surprised the shit out of him by his response.

"Oh my god," cried JoAnne. Shaking her head because of her fear of having sex with a Nigger, she pleaded, "I'm not into black men. Please, don't make me sex with him!!!"

Apollonia could see the joy of her suffering in Nathan's eyes. She also knew he as much wanted to fuck her as he wanted to have his cock and balls removed. The nod was only perceptible to Nathan. He took a small step back and waited. Dennis Hingle was curled up in his chair. The fear of having to watch his wife have sex with the huge Nigger put the fear of God into him. Adding to his fear of being forced to watch his wife being fucked by a big black cock, was the thought of having to suck the Nigger's ass. He quietly stifled his desire to retch where he sat. Dennis lifted his legs, wrapped his arms around his knees, and began to slowly rock back-and-forth where he sat.

Apollonia leaned down and spat, "What is with you bitch?"

Her truth had to be told and JoAnne knew it. "I thought we connected when you came to Williamsport to purchase the company. I thought you saw that I lived in a female dominated relationship." JoAnne paused, looked up at Apollonia, and said, "I was hoping more than anything that this outfit would let you know that I am available to you. The way you carry yourself. Your intelligence. Your oozing sexuality gave me hours of masturbation fantasy. I came here not thinking about what we found, but how I could entice you to allow me to go down on you. How I could crawl to you and beg to serve you."

"Really," said Apollonia. "You thought you saw something?"

"Yes," moaned JoAnne, "but, I can see I did not read anything correctly when it came to you. Please forgive me, Miss Moretti. Let me go someplace to change and we can start the meeting."

Apollonia ignored her request. She looked at Jon, "Did you know? You were there."

"NO!!!" interjected JoAnne.

"What the fuck? Now what?" growled Apollonia.

Mentally broken, JoAnne told the truth, "I blew Jon. I made Dennis stand in the corner, facing away, and listen as I sucked Jon's cock. I was hoping he would take the bait, fuck me, and let you know that I am nothing more than a country holy-roller whore."

Apollonia moved in front of JoAnne's chair. She reached out and took a hold of her chin with her left hand. With her right, she slapped her across the face multiple times. Finally calmed by her physical treatment of the woman, Apollonia said, "Stand and take your fuckin' whorish outfit off." She shot a look at Dennis and he knew what he had to do. Her hand released JoAnne's face and pointed to the middle of the salon.

Both stood, went to the middle of the room, and began to undress. Dennis removed his sports jacket first. He slipped out of his shoes and it was then Apollonia realized he was wearing a pair of girl's Mary Jane's. He opened his belt, dropped his pants, and wiggled out of them. On his legs were a pair of pink lace top thigh highs. Lastly he removed his shirt. Underneath he was wearing a satin camisole that had matching string shoulder straps. Everyone witnessed his humiliation and as his face turned a bright red. JoAnne did not have much to remove. She stepped out of her platform heels. She opened her shirt dress, slid it off her shoulders, and let it fall. She was not wearing any panties. For all intent and purpose, she was naked except for the stockings.

"Nathan," said Apollonia, "please have Giuseppe bring Marco up from the basement. Please find out where he put their luggage and bring it here. I know it is not in your job description, but please. Also, I would like Priscilla brought to the parlor."

"Pick up and neatly fold your clothing," commanded Apollonia. "Put them on the table by the front windows."

Dennis stammered, "B-b-but, s-s-someone c-c-could s-s-see. . ."

The kick was swift but not hard. Apollonia's instep made contact with Dennis' meager genitals. Dennis grabbed his balls, cried out, and fell to the floor. With his eyes bugging out of his head, he watched the woman who took his company from him lean over and say, "Next time you delay in adhering to a given command, your genitals will no longer be attached to your body. Now, get the fuck up and do as I said."

As Dennis rolled to his side to stand up, JoAnne said, "Please Miss Moretti. No more. I miscalculated. I am so, so sorry. Let us make this up to you. Please. Just tell us what you want."

"What I want, you cannot provide," spat Apollonia. "Just do as I told you."

Jon sat waiting for Apollonia to verbally castigate him for allowing the holy-roller hot wife to suck his cock. He waited for the shoe to drop, but to his surprise Apollonia basically ignored his involvement with the slut. His answer was already formulated. He just hoped Apollonia would accept the truth of the situation.

JoAnne and Dennis Hingle returned to the middle of the parlor. Neither of them were ashamed of their nudity. To Apollonia's chagrin, JoAnne stood proudly in her nakedness. She was shaved except for a small landing strip above her pussy. Her abdomen was not perfectly taut, but she did have a nice six pack for a woman of thirty-six. Dennis was smooth from the neck down. Apollonia could see the marks where the ring of his chastity device pressed against his pubic area. His manhood was just average in length and width.

The parlor door opened. Giuseppe entered with the Hingle's luggage. He placed it on the floor near the door, nodded to Apollonia, and backed out of the room. As he was closing the door, Nathan arrived with Marco. He was followed in by Pricilla. Marco and Pricilla has shocked looks on their faces when they saw the two naked adults. Nathan released the muscular sissy for a moment, closed the door, and replaced his left hand around the back of Marco's neck. He guided him and by a nod, Pricilla to the center of the room across from JoAnne and Dennis Hingle.

Marco was about to speak when Nathan squeezed and the teenager ceased any movement or thoughts of speech.

"Come to me Pricilla," said Apollonia.

Pricilla crossed to Apollonia. She was gently taken by her Mistress to stand at her side. She did not say a word. She stood staring and wondering why the man and women were naked. She felt Apollonia's right hand touch her cheek in an attempt to make her relax. It partially succeeded.

"Look at them," said Apollonia to Pricilla. "What you see are a whore and her submissive sissy husband. They're both very intelligent. They both have advanced degrees. Yet, they are dumb as rocks. I want you to understand that this is a learning situation for you. Unless told otherwise, you will be by my side throughout this little scenario. You will perform as I command. Also, you will answer all of my questions."

"Yes, my Mistress," said Pricilla.

"Nathan," said Apollonia, "please bring the muscular nineteen year old sissy faggot and stand him in front of the two assholes from Williamsport."

Apollonia spoke to Marco as Nathan pushed him to his position in front of and facing the Hingles, "Marco, do anything foolish and I will not be nice to you."

Tears were already forming, as he whined, "I will be good Mistress."

"Dennis," commanded Apollonia, "I want you to kneel in front of the sissy boy. Then I want you to inspect his genitalia. Then I want you to stand and in detail tell me what you've seen."

Dennis looked to his wife for permission only to be yelled at by Apollonia, "SHE IS NO LONGER YOUR MISTRESS. I OWN YOU!!! SHE IS A LOWLY PIECE-OF-DOG-SHIT AND HAS NO STANDING WITH YOU. YOU DO AS I COMMAND OR I WILL TAKE YOUR GENITALS FROM YOU."

Dennis shivered and complied. He knelt in front of Marco, lifted his penis, and inspected it and his balls. He was shocked at what he saw. Per Apollonia's instructions, when he was done, he stood, returned to a position next to his wife, and sputtered, "H-h-his p-p-penis and t-t-testicles are m-m-mut-t-tilated. I-I-I c-c-can s-s-see t-t-that through his c-c-chastity d-d-device."

"Marco, who mutilated your genitals?" asked Apollonia.

"You did Mistress," he replied.

"Why?"

"I raped your half-sister."

"How old was she when you raped her?"

The Hingles could see he was a broken boy. His fear of Apollonia was easily discerned on his face and the way he held his body. Neither of them could comprehend how much pain he suffered.

"She was four."

Apollonia turned to JoAnne, "You have two children. A son fourteen and a daughter eleven. Do they know that you are a whore? That you fuck other men in front of your pussy whipped husband? Do you want your son to be a sissy bitch like your husband?" Apollonia could see on JoAnne's face her trying to formulate answers to her questions.

"Don't fuckin' answer!!! They're rhetorical questions. What you see standing in front of you is a boy that raped a child. A four year old child and continued to rape her for a year. The girl standing next to me watched it happen and did nothing about it." Apollonia pushed Pricilla next to Marco. "They were lovers but he never put his rapist cock into her body. She belongs to me now. I own both of them."

Pricilla began to cry. Marco stood stoically waiting to return to his cell in the basement.

Dennis could no longer remain silent, "What do you want from us? JoAnne apologized. We want to prove ourselves to you. We're both very, very sorry, humiliated, and want to end this stupidity. Please Miss Moretti."

Apollonia stepped to Pricilla and whispered in her ear, "Later, you and I will go to the basement. You are going to emasculate Marco. Then I am going to take you to my room and I am going to fuck you. When the sun rises in the morning, you will have accepted your position as my whore. Your life as you know it is over."

Pricilla Smith fainted. Apollonia looked at Nathan and said, "Take her to her room."

Nathan picked up the teenage girl like she was a rag doll. He placed her over his shoulder and carried her out of the parlor.

JoAnne was curious and asked, "May I inquire as to what you said to her?"

"Really," said Apollonia. "You fuckin' think you can just talk to me without permission. You and your faggot husband have to climb out of the abyss you've created. If I didn't need your expertise, both of you would be on your way to a brothel somewhere in the world." Apollonia saw the surprise and worry on JoAnne's face. She smiled, chuckled, and said, "As far as your children are concerned, I will personally interview them and make sure they are placed with a family that will see to their education. I still cannot fathom what possessed you."

"May I speak?" asked JoAnne.

"A fast learner," said Apollonia. "What?"

"I will not repeat myself ad infinitum," she said. "I want to make this right. And, I am willing to do anything to correct the error of my ways. I am a hypocrite. I go to church every Sunday. I pray to Jesus. Then any and every day I can, I have sexual relations with men I deem worthy of my body. Dennis showed his true colors the night he performed oral on my cum filled cunt. I took advantage of him. I know it, but I was getting something I was not getting at home. I am bisexual. I know you are too. I thought long and hard about what it would be like to serve you. The one meeting was enough for me to see the light. I thought I was submissive to real men only. I was wrong. I've had bisexual relations with other women, but we made love as equals. When I saw you and interacted with you, I knew I needed, desired, and wanted to serve you. I have made an egregious error. If I could, I would fall to the floor and crawl to you. I would beg your forgiveness and promise to serve you unconditionally in any way you see fit. I am that secure in my, as of now, unrequited love for you Mistress Moretti."

"What about Dennis?" asked Apollonia.

"He has no choice in the matter. He will do as I say which gives you total control over him."

Apollonia turned to Dennis and asked, "Do you agree?"

With his head bowed, the thirty-eight year old DNA genius said, "Yes Mistress Moretti."

When Nathan returned, Apollonia continued to humiliate JoAnne and Dennis concerning their white racist attitude towards African-American people. Neither wanted to engage in sexual activity with the big black man, but if required to, they would suffer the indignity of having sex with someone they considered a lower human being to prove they were sincere about serving Apollonia.

The final words Apollonia had for both of them before she allowed them to dress were simple, "You move one millimeter off the track and I will personally make your lives miserable. Sometime tomorrow I will present each of you with an Indentured Servant Document. You will sign. I will also present you with paperwork for you to cede your parental rights to me. Your children will belong to the Moretti family. There is no negotiation. Failure to sign will have results you will not want to think about or endure."

Shaken to the core, JoAnne and Dennis accepted their fate. When told they could, they went to their luggage and found clothing to wear. The only thing that Apollonia demanded was the continuation of Dennis wearing feminine attire under his business clothing.

Apollonia moved the meeting up one flight to the formal dining room. She felt it would be easier to sit around one end of the custom walnut table and discuss the findings. Once they were seated, Apollonia ordered coffee and Danish. Giuseppe and Sienna brought the food and were told under no circumstances were they to be disturbed.

"I so want to wrap your cunt around your ears, but like I said, '*I need you*', so," said Apollonia, "what do you have for me?"

Dennis could not look at Apollonia as he spoke. It unnerved her, but she let it pass for now. "Miss Moretti, I have incontrovertible proof that four of the DNA kits we received were tampered with."

Apollonia addressed Jon, "Talk to me. I need to know that I am not being taken down the garden path. I have absolutely no trust in these two."

Jon put his palms together, angled his head to the left as if he were clearing a clog in his ear, licked his lips, and said, "I will vouch for them Miss Moretti. Prior to the sexual hijinks, the two of them had their noses to the grindstone. From the moment the DNA kits arrived and we inventoried them, Dennis worked his ass off in the new lab. JoAnne helped and made sure he stayed on task."

Her laugh shocked the Hingles and added insult to injury when she said, "Kept him on task by fucking him up his sissy ass with a strap-on?"

"I don't know how she kept him on task," replied Jon. "But I do know, the changes made by DA Margolis were difficult to find and harder yet to prove."

JoAnne wanted to hide under the table. She knew Miss Moretti's view of her had changed dramatically. JoAnne no longer represented herself as a trustworthy person. Or even worse, an intelligent person with something to say that could be accepted as the truth. She needed to regain Miss Moretti's confidence. The slight opening given to her was the fact that her sissy husband was still forced to wear his feminine attire underneath his men's work clothing. Her mind was torn. The fact that Miss Moretti did not accept her sexual advance only added to her desire. Throughout her humiliation, she kept hidden the fact her pussy was dripping with desire. JoAnne knew she had to speak. She had to regain everything she lost and more if it were possible.

"Miss Moretti," said JoAnne, "the new equipment you provided functioned perfectly. What you have to understand is how Dennis found that the kits were modified. The DNA gathered matched the reports one hundred percent."

Apollonia frowned and was about to speak when JoAnne held up her hand palm out.

"Please Miss Moretti, let me finish before you speak." JoAnne held her breath. When Apollonia nodded for her to continue, she said, "The kits were modified to prove that the individual had committed the crime. The male individual did not make the changes in a sterile environment. He also left telltale signs of his modification where he never thought they could or would be found. Our investigation was thorough to the minutest speck of possible DNA contamination. Dennis and I guarantee that our findings cannot be found to be spurious or without foundation."

"How do you know the individual who made the changes was a male," asked Apollonia already sure she knew the answer.

"The DNA sample could only be male," replied JoAnne. "The sex determination gene chromosomes cannot be changed. Men have XY and women have XX. It is that simple."

To test her mettle, "What if the person is transgendered?"

JoAnne knew what was happening, "You may be able to change physically. You may be able to have the state government issue a changed birth certificate. But, your genes are your genes. No ands, ifs, or buts about it."

"I see," said Apollonia. She looked at Dennis, "Where did you find the DNA and what do we need to do next?"

Dennis continued to look down as he began to speak. His wife slapped the tabletop and shouted, "Look at Miss Moretti when you speak to her. If you don't, I will put you back in urethral chastity."

The shiver started at his feet and went to his neck. Everyone saw it. Dennis moaned, "Please not that." His head rose and he looked at Apollonia. "The male individual left traces in the grooves of the caps that seals the cotton swaps to protect them. He also left epithelial cells from his wrist and arm on the edges of the boxes. As I have stated, he did not make the modifications in a clean sterile environment."

"Miss Moretti," interjected Jon, "we need access to as many DNA databases as possible so we can search for a positive match. I will counsel that there is a possibility that we will not identify the male who did Ms. Margolis' dirty work. We'll have to cross that bridge when we are faced with a person that has never had his DNA taken. For now, we need a server, two computers, and a color laser printer. They have to be connected to the Internet. . . ."

"OMG!!!" cried Dennis. "Unless Miss Moretti has access to government databases, we will have to hack our way into their systems. We cannot simply sit at a computer, access the Internet, and access the databases. If I am correct and this has to be done surreptitiously, we'll need to setup access that cannot be found without a bit of work."

"How long to set it up?" asked Apollonia.

"That depends upon how fast you can acquire a server, three laptops, and a color laser duplex printer," replied Dennis."

"How about by noon tomorrow?"

"To my specifications?" asked Dennis.

"Give them to Jon," said Apollonia. "I will have them delivered here. I can set you up on the fourth floor. We already have Internet access in the building."

"What some slow AT&T speed?" asked Dennis. "We need. . . ."

Apollonia stood, pulled her hand back, and saw Dennis tense in expectation of being slapped. She knew he was close to pissing his pants. "Listen you faggot cocksucker, you doubt what I say or tell you, I will feed you your own balls and fuck you with your own useless little penis. This building is backboned into the Internet. The reason I put you on the fourth floor is simple. That is where the main connection is made. Not in the basement. If what you need is not there, it will be purchased, delivered, and installed to your specifications."

Apollonia stood, stretched, and said, "I am going to my boudoir. Jon, call Colina tonight with the specifications. She will wake up the proper suppliers. JoAnne, I will have Giuseppe show you to your rooms. I do not expect to have any issues with either of you. I will see you in the morning. Good- night."

A half hour after she departed the dining room on the second floor, Apollonia guided Pricilla into the basement. The young teenage girl was more than frightened; she was downright scared to the bone. She knew her Mistress was not a person to mess with or give reason to become physical. Apollonia felt the young girl's stress in her muscles. With her arm around Pricilla's shoulders they walked to the cell that held Marco Marinelli. Apollonia opened the cell door.

"Marco," said Apollonia, "Pricilla tells me that she exposed her vagina to you so you had something to look at while you masturbated. Is that true?"

Marco sunk to his knees, put his forehead on the floor, and said, "It is true my Mistress."

Apollonia looked at Pricilla who immediately began to beg, "Please Mistress!!! Please don't make me!!!"

"Marco," said Apollonia, "I am going to take you into the main dungeon. I am going to strap you down to an anal intercourse bench. Then Pricilla is going to beat your balls until they swell. When I am satisfied, she is going to remove everything from between your legs."

Priscilla and Apollonia watched the puddle of urine grow beneath the kneeling teenage sissy. The fact that he pissed was enough to show both of them his fear. Priscilla again began to plead, "Please don't do that to him. I know what he did was reprehensible, but . . ."

The slap was just hard enough to make its point. Priscilla stopped talking. She stood motionless, head bowed, and silent.

"Stand bitch," commanded Apollonia.

Marco complied. He tried with all his might to stop from shaking. His ruined cock started to rise.

"Priscilla, take him by his useless gonads and walk him into the main dungeon,"

The teenage girl complied. She was not rough with the boy she once thought she loved. Her tenderness towards him made him relax and obediently follow. This fact was not lost on Apollonia. Priscilla knew where the bench was placed and guided Marco to where it stood. Together they waited for Apollonia. Marco was enjoying the feel of the girl he loved holding his gonads.

The room was dark until Apollonia turned on the lights. Priscilla could feel Marco's stress rise as he began to remember what happened to him in the room. The best bench for emasculating Marco was at the far end of the room. Apollonia started walking towards the sexual apparatus, turned her head, and saw that Priscilla and Marco were not following. Her anger rose, "THE TWO OF YOU FOLLOW ME OR ELSE. TODAY WAS NOT A GOOD DAY. I HAVE NO PATIENCE FOR EITHER OF YOU. START WALKING OR I WILL MAKE THIS THE LAST DAY OF YOUR USELESS LIVES."

Priscilla pulled on Marco's gonads. He did not expect her to do so and the pain he felt made him jump before he moved. The two followed Apollonia to the anal bench. To her surprise, Priscilla took control. She pulled him behind the bench, released his gonads, and reached for them from behind. He did not scream, but he let it be known that he was in pain when she pulled his scrotum as far back as she could. It was then and only then she said, "Face down on the bench. Lay your arms and legs on the outside by the legs. Do not do anything stupid when I release your balls."

Marco complied. He lay face down on the bench. He put his arms down and knew the apparatus was designed properly for its intended use. His legs did the same in the back. To his surprise his cock and balls hung freely between his legs. His ass was slightly raised and he knew it was in the perfect position to be used by a cock or dildo. His mind tried somewhat successfully to control his fear. Emptying his bladder in his cell proved to be a partial godsend as he could not piss if he tried. What he wanted more than anything was an explanation beyond admitting to masturbating while he was able to gaze at the pussy he wanted to make love to since he met Priscilla.

When he was down, Apollonia handed Priscilla four leather straps. Nothing needed to be said. It took the teenage girl ten minutes to secure and double check that Marco could not pull his arms or legs free. Apollonia nodded and tested the straps. It took her another ten minutes to open and tighten each strap to the point where Marco screamed in pain. It was also obvious the straps now compressed the veins and arteries in his arms and legs as they began to turn a bright red.

"That is how you tie someone to the bench," stated Apollonia as she pointed to the prone teenager. "You tie each of his arms and legs tight enough to cause them to go numb. Do you know why?"

"I can guess," she said. When Apollonia did not say anything, she continued, "With his arms and legs numb, he will not be able to move them. I will also guess that somehow his mind will turn off the nerves in his appendages and his genitals will become extremely sensitive." Priscilla raised her eyebrows as if to ask if she was correct in her guess and assumption.

"You are correct," said Apollonia. Now we will begin. "Come with me."

They walked to the door at what was considered the back of the dungeon. Apollonia took a key from her pocket, unlocked, and opened the door. She took Pricilla inside and allowed the door to close knowing that it could not lock itself. She turned and pushed the young teenager against the door by her shoulders. Her hand went between Pricilla's legs. Apollonia cupped the girl's vagina, pressed, and as she did leaned in for a kiss. Pricilla sighed and opened her lips to allow her Mistress' tongue to enter. She did not move her arms to embrace the woman who was living up to her expectations. Unconsciously she moved her feet to open the distance between her thighs. This kiss was intense. Pricilla was melting as her body began to react to her Mistress' touch.

Apollonia broke the kiss. With her free hand, she touched Pricilla's face. The light was not bright but not as dim as she could not see the girl's face. Apollonia leaned into Pricilla's shoulder, turned her head, and licked her ear. She felt the girl shiver as her tongue fucked her ear canal as if it was her pussy. When she knew the girl could not take anymore, she stopped caressing her ear, and said, "I am going to watch you fuck Marco. When the strap-on you are wearing is fully inserted into his fucking shithole, I am going to take your anal virginity. As you fuck that asshole, I am going to fuck you. You are going to feel what he is feeling. I am going to press your shoulders down so your breasts are pressed against his back. You will fuck him in concert with me fucking you. When I've had enough, you will remove the dildo from his ass. You will then scream at him calling him every humiliating name you can. When you are to the point of no return you will begin to beat his cock and balls."

Apollonia pulled her head back so she could look into Pricilla's eyes. The girl showed no emotion. She did not close her legs. She stood totally still completely under Apollonia's control. "When you see his balls begin to swell you will stop. I will hand you a razor sharp knife. You will show the knife to Marco. Nothing will be said. You will go behind him, take his cock and balls into your hand, pull them backwards as far as you can, and then you will slice them from his body. There will be blood, but I am not worried about you getting any on you. In fact it would be nice to be covered in his blood as you return to his head to show him his severed cock and balls."

Pricilla shivered. She had no desire to emasculate Marco. She knew in her heart-of-hearts that he should suffer because she showed him her pussy to give him something to help him masturbate. It was bad enough that his penis was scarred and ugly. The once proud teenager was now a sniveling sissy bitch whining that his cock hurt all the time because he had to masturbate so much. Her own life was supposed to be on the upswing. She was surprised to see her Mistress, but at the same time, she was horrified at what she was expected to do to Marco.

"I am beseeching you my Mistress," said Pricilla, "to take out on me your anger for showing Marco my vagina. It was all my idea. He does as I command. He crawls to me when I tell him to. He sucks my toes. Licks my shoes. He begs me to alleviate his pain when he masturbates. I do not. I am as cruel to him as I can be. But, to punish him for something I did is unconscionable. Please Miss Moretti, hurt me. But, don't take the only thing he has to remind him of his once glorious masculinity. I know he accepted becoming a sissy to please your uncle, but he confided in me that if he didn't he'd be dead. I am asking you to teach me. To allow me to serve you. Then please teach me to humiliate and berate him, but don't take from him what God gave him."

"God did not give him his genitals," said Apollonia. "They hang there because of his gender and biology. If you want to serve me, then you will do as I say. I have given you the time to plead his case as he cannot. I do not accept that you decided to show him your cunt. I do not believe that you did it willingly. I believe he cajoled you into exposing yourself to him. I remember that you loved him. I made you hate him because he raped my half-sister. Alessa was only four the first time he fucked her. I don't care how much my uncle forced him to do it. He did it and I have no intention to let him live to a ripe old age. He was lucky I didn't end his life when I had him down here."

Pricilla did not care about what she was about to say, "You tortured him. You caused him extreme pain to elicit the answer you wanted to hear. The world knows that torture does not work. Those who are tortured finally give in and give the torturer the answers they want to hear. They do it to stop the pain. If you have a need to blame him for what I did, then you need to hurt me. I offered to show him. I offered to masturbate in front of him and quietly whisper his name. I know it helped him. The pain on his face and in his eyes was reduced. Marco completed the obligatory masturbation. He drank his ejaculate. I know I helped him. I am proud that I did."

"How will he react when he sees me tie you to a bench and rape you anally and vaginally without the aid of some lubricant?"

Pricilla felt Apollonia's hand begin to squeeze her labia through her panties and cotton sleep pants. She froze, took a breath, and said, "You wouldn't do that to me."

"Try me bitch," countered Apollonia. "You're just three holes to me. You did mean something to me when I first saw you today. Now, you're not worth the shit that sticks to the toilet paper after I wipe my ass. To serve me, means you do as I say unconditionally. Debate me and I will end our budding relationship. I do not have a problem taking you in front of him. And then ending his miserable life as he watches you bleed out from your abused asshole and cunt."

Pricilla pressed her legs together capturing her Mistress' hand. She saw her Mistress' face change. She took one more chance, "My virginity is yours. You know I have sucked cock. I have swallowed cum. But, my vagina and ass are as pure as the driven snow. They are yours. I know that I will not feel the warmth of some man's cum in my body, but the knowledge that my face and body are bringing you pleasure is my only goal. My service to you will always be unconditional. I am pleading this one time to not hurt Marco beyond what you have already done to him. His death will gain nothing. I will live with him. I will serve you and take care of this beautiful townhouse. I will fuck and suck anyone you tell me to. All I ask is for you to spare Marco. He will live here and serve you. I know in his fear of you is a desire and love for who and what you are Miss Moretti. Please."

The day was noteworthy because the United States had begun bombing Baghdad. The President had given Saddam Hussein and his sons forty-eight hours to depart Iraq. The Enron fiasco was being settled for eighty million dollars. The Moretti family should be smiling at the obscene amounts of money they would be making now that war had broken out in the Middle East. But the only noteworthy thing that happened to Apollonia today was her conundrum about her life in general. She presently had her right hand cupping the vagina of a sixteen year old. Her own pussy was wet with desire. What she could not come to terms with was what the true cause of her wetness was. Was it her desire for Ming? Her desire for Alessandro's cock? The young sprite of a girl who would willingly give her body for Apollonia's use? The possibility of emasculating a rapist?

Apollonia pulled her hand from between Pricilla's legs. She placed her lips on the youngster's forehead for a moment before she said, "Release him. Take him to his cell. Then come to my boudoir. Tonight you become mine."

Pricilla closed her eyes and breathlessly said, "Thank you my Mistress."

Apollonia departed the closet and the dungeon. Inside she knew she had made the correct decision. There was really no reason to emasculate or take the life of Marco Marinelli. As she climbed the steps, she decided to release Nathan to see his little white Jewish woman and return in the morning. Apollonia climbed the rear stairs to the third floor and her boudoir. She stood in the middle of the room, placed her hands over her face, and began to cry uncontrollably.

Pricilla Smith untied Marco Marinelli. She did not touch his genitals. He allowed her to guide him to his cell. Once inside he listened and thanked his lucky stars.

"Marco, tonight I saved your life. I saved you from being emasculated. You will accept that unconditionally and by doing so, I own you. We are both owned by our Mistress. You will live with me in this house until you die. You will serve me. You will never deny that your life is not worth living. From this moment forward, you will masturbate while watching videos of sissies sucking and fucking real men. You will be my bitch. I know that my Mistress will have me fucking men for her. You will clean my cunt. In time, I know I will gain the strength of a dominatrix to take from you all that you desire. Your life, your liberty, and the pursuit of your happiness will be satisfied when a cock is in your mouth or ass. Do you understand what I am telling you?"

"Yes Mistress Pricilla," said Marco. He fell to his knees, looked up at her, and asked, "May I masturbate for you?"

"That will not be necessary," answered Pricilla. "I want you to think about the future. We'll talk about it when Mistress Apollonia departs."

The young teenager stepped out of the cell, slammed the door shut, and locked it. The nineteen year old male inside the now closed room fell to his knees and began to bang his head against the floor.

The knock was soft. Apollonia sat on her bed wearing only her birthday suit. She decided to go to the door and open it. Standing in front of her was Pricilla Smith. She was not wearing the sleep attire she wore when she went to the basement with Apollonia. On her feet, were a pair of white leather heels. Her legs were encased in a pair of white thigh high stockings with white lace tops. Her hips supported a white lace miniskirt whose length fell just to her vagina. The top she wore was sheer, long sleeved blouse with a stand up collar that surrounded her neck. Her makeup was beautifully understated except for the whorish red lipstick she wore. Her hair hung free around her face. Apollonia just stood in her nudity and admired the teenage girl.

"May I enter my Mistress?" asked Pricilla.

Apollonia stepped aside. Pricilla entered, turned, and stood waiting. She watched Apollonia close and lock the door before she turned to admire again the beautiful girl who was about to lose her virginity. Neither spoke to the other. They stood admiring each other. It was only when Apollonia moved her arms that Pricilla stepped to her, fell to her knees, and placed the side of her face to her Mistress' pubis.

"Please Mistress," she cooed. "Teach me. Take me. I have longed for this night since I first met you."

Apollonia reached down and helped the young teenager to stand. She held her at arm's length, as she admired her beauty, and said, "Go to the bed. Face it. Bend over. This will not be easy for you. The only thing I will assure you of is my desire to make this as painless as possible. I know you will cry out in pain. You will hate yourself for giving your body to me. But, in the end, you will awaken in the morning sore and desirous of me fucking you again and again."

Pricilla frowned, smiled, and nodded knowingly. Her psychological and emotional state-of-mind was prepared for any eventuality. By what her Mistress just said, she knew she was going to be raped and not made love to. Pricilla Smith was ready. Her parents were pricks and dead to her. The boy she thought she loved has proven to be a rapist, a loser, and a faggot. She would accept anything that her Mistress made her do. To live the rest of her life in the townhouse in service to Apollonia Moretti was more than she ever expected out of life. She turned away from Apollonia. Stepped to the bed and bent over. As she placed her hands and then her shoulders on the bed, she heard Apollonia's intake of breath as her hairless vagina and ass were revealed.

Apollonia came behind her. She whispered, "Are you clean?"

"Yes my Mistress. I have learned. I am clean. I have taken a small amount of lube and prepared my anus for your pleasure."

"Edible?"

"Yes."

Apollonia sunk to her knees. She placed her hands on Pricilla's buttock, spread them, and just stared at the beautiful rosebud of her anus. Pure. Never touched sexually in sixteen years. Apollonia licked her lips. She leaned in and placed her mouth around the rear entrance to Pricilla's body. Her tongue pressed onto and ultimately into the warm velvet softness of the teenager's rectum. Apollonia relaxed and signed as the taste of the girl was pure and clean. Not a hint of fecal matter. She was true to her word about learning to keep her bowels clean.

She felt Pricilla move and tense slightly as her lips made contact. Apollonia sighed and smiled. The girl's fear of sex was real. She talked a good game. She wanted to be used, but at the same time she was afraid. That gave pause to Apollonia. It would be sexually stimulating to take her on her back so she could witness Pricilla's moment of fear, pain, and desire as the eight inch dildo pierced her hymen. Her first sexual encounter would be with a hard piece of silicone and not the warmth of a hard penis.

Apollonia pulled her face from between Pricilla's buttocks. She stood, placed her hands on her hips, and said, "Stand, turn, and sit."

Pricilla did as she was asked. She looked up and into Apollonia's eyes. Pricilla waited and wondered why she was not embedded onto one of her Mistress' many dildos.

Apollonia closed the space between them. She put her hands on Pricilla's cheeks. Her smile was genuine as she said, "I'm having second thoughts. I want you. I want you so bad I can taste it. Yet, there is something to say about losing your virginity to a man's hard cock. The feel of a strong man inside you is beyond words. I can paint verbal pictures, but they will fail in comparison to the real thing. The pressure of him at the gateway to your body. The feeling as the head of his cock begins to spread your labia. The moment he opens your vagina but not yet in enough to break the guardian of your body. The sharp pain as the skin breaks due to the pressure. You expect it, but it never fails to cause an inordinately large amount of pain. Your body reacts. You try to stop what you want. Yet, if the man is gentle yet forceful, he will complete the act. He will enter your body. You will feel him begin to fill you. The pain will diminish. You will feel him press into you. You will react. You will raise your hips inviting him into your body."

"Mistress," said Pricilla, "I don't care. I want to see your face above me. I want to see your breasts, your flat abdomen, and the dildo of your choice as you force it into my vagina. I want you to see my pain as I give myself to you. I want you to look at your dildo and see the blood of my lost virginity coating it. I want you to take me. You can make love to me or you can fuck me like a whore."

The kiss was chaste on Apollonia's part. For Pricilla, it was hopefully the beginning of the end of her virginity and the start of a life of sexual pleasure both given and taken. She pouted when Apollonia broke the kiss. For some unknown reason, Pricilla was losing Apollonia. She needed to make her want her. A decision needed to be made and action need to be taken.

"I don't want you to miss out when a man ejaculates into your body for the first time. The feeling is amazing. The sharp pain of your body trying to stop the invaders from entering is something women never really speak about. Semen is a foreign body entering yours. There is so much you lose by not feeling a man take you for the first time."

Pricilla used her arms to gently push Apollonia back. She stood and wrapped her arms around Apollonia's body. She used her strength to move the woman who could snap her neck with a flick of her wrist so the back of her beautiful legs were pressed against the edge of the bed. Pricilla sighed happily that Apollonia did not fight her. She looked into her Mistress' eyes and felt for the first time a droplet of sexual passion ooze from her pussy. Pricilla put her hands on Apollonia's shoulders, pressed, and said, "Lay back. Let me make love to you."

Apollonia did not argue or say a word. She fell backwards onto the bed and opened her legs. She raised her head and watched as Pricilla Smith, sixteen, knelt between her legs, and placed her mouth on her sex. Apollonia groaned. She wanted to take her head and press it against her crotch, but she knew it would better to let the girl have her way. The straw that broke the camel's back was feeling her tongue slide between the canyons of her labia. Apollonia laid her head on the bed, pulled her feet up to the edge of the mattress, and opened her body up to the young novice cunt licker.

Pricilla's head exploded when the first taste of her Mistress' love juices coated the taste buds of her tongue. It was better than she expected. For the first time in her young life, her tongue had tasted the sex of another woman. The result was exponentially humongous. Her own pussy flooded with vaginal juices. Her body shook with uncontrollable desire. She rose to and completed a physically unaided orgasm. Pricilla Smith knew she had made the right choice. The taste of Apollonia's juices were beyond heavenly. She could and would spend her life sucking her Mistress's pussy. Once she learned to savor the taste of a man's ejaculate, she would unhesitatingly suck it from her Mistress' just fucked cunt."

The work of her mouth and tongue began in earnest. She kissed and sucked Apollonia's cunt as if it were her own. She pressed her lips around her clitoris. She lifted the hood with her tongue exposing her Mistress' love button. Her tongue pressed against the center of Apollonia's sex sending waves of pleasure throughout her body. Pricilla moaned with pleasure when her lover pressed her head into her crotch, but she wanted to be in control. She shook her head and when Apollonia released her hold, she pulled away from on only cunt she'd ever tasted and said, "I know you want to be in control, but I need you to allow me to make love to you."

Nothing else was said. Pricilla returned to orally pleasuring her Mistress. This time she moved to Apollonia's anus. She licked and sucked her first asshole. Making love to an anus was more pleasurable than she expected. Pricilla loved to hear Apollonia's moans of pleasure. Her tongue rose from Apollonia's anus to her vagina. She kissed the space between Apollonia's thigh and labia. She paused to smell her love. Pricilla put her hands underneath Apollonia thin thighs and pressed them back towards her shoulders. Apollonia's sex was fully exposed. Pricilla felt her vagina leak more love juices.

For some unknown reason, Pricilla kissed Apollonia cunt and whispered, "I love you. I have wanted to taste you since I met you. You are my life. I am yours. Please fuck me. Press against me. Make me serve you."

She returned to licking and sucking Apollonia's cunt. Pricilla reveled when she felt her Mistress react positively to her oral ministrations. She pressed her tongue harder as she felt her Mistress' muscles tense in anticipation of her orgasm. The time between shortened. Apollonia moans became louder. Her breathing became shorter and more labored as her body rose to the point-of-no-return.

Apollonia broke Pricilla's hold on her thighs. She dropped her legs over the teenager's shoulders and crossed her ankles over her back. Pricilla stopped her ministrations and before she knew it she heard Apollonia, "SUCK MY CUNT YOU FUCKIN' WHORE!!! SUCK ME BITCH!!! I'M CLOSE!!!"

Pricilla regained her composure and renewed her sucking and licking. The feel of Apollonia's thighs holding her head in place added a new pleasure as she serviced her mistress. Her tongue sought out and found Apollonia's clit. She learned quickly that the love of her life needed to have her clit sucked like it was a little cock. Pricilla sucked it between her lips. She caressed the sensitive morsel of skin. She felt Apollonia tense, squeeze her legs a bit tighter than she expected, and heard her scream.

"SUCK IT!!! I'M CUMMING!!! GOD!!!! RELEASE IT AND DRINK MY FUCK JUICES!!! DO IT BITCH!!!
FUCK ME WITH YOUR TONGUE!!! FUCKIN' LOUSY TEENAGED CUNT!!! FUCKIN' GIVE IT TO ME CUNT
LAPPER!!!

Pricilla was taken at first that she never heard her name, but she was nothing more than a means to an end for her Mistress. Her mouth surrounded Apollonia's opening. Her tongue went in and out as much as it could. Then it happened. Her mouth was flooded with Apollonia's fuck juices. Pricilla swallowed what she could. The rest dripped down her chin to her chest and the bed. When Apollonia finished, Pricilla raised her head and watched her Mistress' chest rise and fall with her breathing. To show Apollonia her love, she bent kissed the inside of each thigh, each labia, and then simply slid her tongue between the labia once.

The orgasm was ridiculously amazing. Apollonia lay recovering and when she came to a feeling of level emotions, she looked up to see Pricilla gazing at her longingly. Inside, Apollonia knew she had the girl forever. To make it easy, she raised her legs and rolled to her side. She scooted back to the head of the bed and patted it. Pricilla took the signal and joined her Mistress.

Apollonia pulled the teenager close, kissed her, and said, "Lay back. Open your legs. I am going to make love to you, but I am not going to take your virginity."

"Please Mistress," moaned Pricilla, "fuck me. Take it. Make me love the person who breaks me. Please!!!"

"No my sweet," whispered Apollonia. "I am not going to ruin you. I will, but for now I am going to masturbate you to an orgasm. Then I will treat you to hours of having your pussy sucked as you will suck mine. Then when you least expect it, I am going to use a beautiful eight-and-a-half inch dildo to take your virginity."

"On my!!!" sighed Pricilla. "Touch me Mistress!!!"

Apollonia's right hand sought out the nexus of Pricilla's legs. The skin was smooth and so soft. Her middle finger sought the canyon created by her labia. She slipped it in and just held it there. The warmth of her virgin love juices sent waves of pleasure through Apollonia's body. She watched as Pricilla's body shook with sexual desire. After few minutes, Apollonia whispered, "I am not going to kiss you. I am going to watch you as I masturbate you. You are to keep your eyes open as much as you can. You will look at me and only me. I want to hear you verbalize your sexual desires as you rise to an orgasm."

Apollonia did not wait for an answer. Her position next to the teenager was perfect. She could look into her face as her right hand diddled her clit. The girl responded to her touch. Her legs fell open wider. Apollonia knew she could easily slip a finger in her vagina or her asshole, but that was not to be. Tonight was simply to be a masturbation session. She knew that the young girl had never experienced the touch of another.

Pricilla looked at her Mistress and remained quiet. She moved her hips in concert to Apollonia's diddling. That was nice, but Apollonia wanted to hear her voice. The voice of the girl that would service her for the rest of her life. She leaned down and whispered, "Talk to me. Tell what you are feeling. I will not hurt you if you say something that you feel will cause me pain. I want you to be free when we're together. You will serve me, but you will also have the ability to be yourself. Now, I need to hear you."

"Yes-s-s my Mistres-s-s," moaned Pricilla. "You finger feels so good on my clit. I-I-I. . ."

"Say it!!! Don't be afraid. Say his name. I know you want to."

"OH!!! cried the girl. "PLEASE DON'T HATE ME!!! I HAVE DREAMT OF THIS MOMENT SINCE I MET YOU. I'VE MASTURBATED THINKING ABOUT BEING NAKED AND ALONE WITH YOU. BUT, OH MY FUCKIN' GOD!!! HE HAS ENTERED MY MIND!!!"

"Shush my sweet," whispered Apollonia as she continued to diddle the teenager as she had never been diddled before. "It is ok. Show me you love me. I'll say his name for you. . ."

Pricilla's eyes flew open. She held her breath. 'How could she know his name,' she thought. 'How???'

Apollonia's eyes twinkled as she smiled. Her masturbation ministrations did not stop. She waited for the girl to relax and resume her rise to orgasm. Pricilla closed her eyes. She thought of him. Her hips began to respond to the feel of Apollonia's finger as she fantasized about his cock deep within her pussy. The rise to orgasm was on the fast track.

"OH GOD!!! YOUR FINGERS ARE AMAZING!!! PLEASE!!! I'M SO FUCKIN' CLOSE!!! G-G-GOD!!! F-F-FUCK ME!!! GIVE IT TO ME!!! FUCK ME HARDER!!!"

"I am," chortled Apollonia. She was now hell bent on getting the girl to say his name.

"GIVE IT TO ME!!! HARDER!!! DEEPER!!! GIVE IT TO ME!!! OH!!! OH!!! OH!!! I'M CUMMING!!! CUMMING FOR YOU!!! FUCK ME NATHAN!!! FUCK ME!!!"

Apollonia continued until she felt Pricilla gently push her hand away from her sensitive clit. She wrapped her arms around the girl and pulled her close as she rolled to her back. Her hand touched the back of Pricilla's head as she rested it on her pert breasts. The woman and the girl lay quietly as both relived each of their absolutely amazing orgasms. Twenty-five minutes later both of them were sound asleep.

The morning sun broke through the windows of Apollonia's boudoir. The first light of the morning woke Apollonia. She felt Pricilla's presence in her bed. She smiled to herself at the thought of Nathan pressing his big black cock into the small sprite of a teenage girl. She knew that would never happen. In time, Pricilla would learn that fucking a black man would not be acceptable if she wished to serve Apollonia or any Moretti of any consequence.

As if she knew she was being watched, Pricilla woke, looked into Apollonia's eyes, and whispered, "Good morning my Mistress. How may I serve you this wonderful morning?"

Apollonia drew her close. Pressed her naked body to the teenager's body. She felt her small breasts and hips press against her own. She grew wet, but temperance was the order of the day. Apollonia kissed Pricilla. Their mouths opened. Their tongues did the dance of the French kiss. Their sexual desires rose. When Pricilla made a move to go down on Apollonia she stopped her. Her eyes were filled with love so the young teenager would not take the denial of service the wrong way.

"Pricilla," whispered Apollonia, "last night was amazing. It will not be the last time we have sex together. I am going to frustrate you. By doing so, I will form your sexual desires. It will at times be psychologically and physically painful. I will abuse you verbally. I will abuse you physically. I will humiliate you in private and in public."

"I understand my Mistress," said Pricilla chagrined that her lips and tongue were not making love to Apollonia's sweet tasting cunt.

"I was going to wait," continued Apollonia, "but since we are here together holding on to one another, I will tell you something you need to know. I had this feeling that you were attracted to Nathan. If it remains a fantasy attraction, I can and will accept it. If you consummate a sexual relationship with him, even if you give him just a hand job, you will never be alone with me again. The Moretti family are not racists. We do not believe in having sexual relations with the race that conquered Sicily in the early Middle Ages. I need to know now how you feel."

Pricilla moved so she could look into her Mistress' eyes. She licked her lips. As a subservient cunt to her Mistress, Pricilla decided to take a chance. She placed her right hand between Apollonia's legs and pressed her lips against the older woman's lips. She forced her tongue into Apollonia's mouth. She forcibly kissed her as her fingers danced between Apollonia's labia. Pricilla felt Apollonia begin to accept her sexual advances.

"Cum for me my Mistress. Show me that I am what you want when you are alone with me. Tell me how you are going to train and use me. I am yours to use as you please. If you want me to fuck a man, I will. If you want me to fuck a sissy up his ass, I will. But, my soul, body, and mind belong to you and only you."

"Nathan," was all Apollonia said.

"I wonder about his manhood. I can see he is huge. You can't help but look. I have never had a cock. His grabbed my attention. I will do as you command. I will fuck only the men you tell me to. No black cock will ever enter my body. I want it to be pure for you, my Mistress."

Pricilla bent and suckled one of her Mistress' breasts. Her fingers worked on her Mistress clitoris. She heard the intake of breath. Felt the sexual tension rise and then suddenly explode as copious amounts of sexual fluid ran out of her Mistress' love hole. She reduced her pressure but continued to stroke and caress the clitoris of the woman that owned her.

"Stop!!! Enough!!!" cried Apollonia as her body began to relax from her orgasm.

Priscilla removed her hand and put her fingers in her mouth. She needed to taste her Mistress' love juices. Apollonia watched and knew she would have to tell Ming everything.

"My little bitch," whispered Apollonia, "get out of bed, put on one of my robes, and go to your room. I will see you downstairs in an hour."

Priscilla bowed her head and said, "Yes my Mistress."

When the door closed, Apollonia's right hand sought out her cunt. She needed to masturbate to relieve the pressure that had built just being next to the girl. The day would be delayed long enough for her to diddle herself to another orgasm as she fantasized about what she and Ming would do to Priscilla.