

© Copyright, Emanon_Pen, 2008 - 2012. 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.

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 21

Saturday Night – Apollonia's House – 15 February 2003

Apollonia walked up her driveway to the back door of her house because it was closer to the servant's or maid's room where Colin now slept. She wanted to check on him before she went upstairs to the master bedroom to collapse from her tiring day. As she walked from the mud room to the narrow hallway that led to the servant's quarters, she could see the door to Colin's room was slightly ajar. She pushed the door open a bit more than it was and was surprised to see Colin asleep on the bed still wearing his panties and stockings. Deciding to leave him as he was she gently pulled the door closed and went into the kitchen on her way to her room. As she passed the kitchen table, she noticed the sheet of paper lying on it. She picked it up and read:

Dearest Apollonia,

I don't know where to begin. I waited for your return and when I realized you were staying at your sister's house, I decided to pen what I was going to say to you face-to-face.

I don't know if I'm going to survive the decision I made. I am so deeply in love with you and that colored my decision. I don't know if I could survive in this house knowing you were giving your physical and I know now, your emotional love to another man. I know you are going to reject me and although I will be living under the roof of this house, I know I will forever be nothing more than a mouth and an ass for you and any Moretti man to use and abuse. Will I survive living the life your Uncle Toni does? How will I face my co-workers, knowing I am wearing women's lingerie under my suit? How will I survive dressing 'en femme' at night, on weekends, and on vacation if you decide to bring me along? It will be so embarrassing to walk into the men's room and have to sit to use the toilet to urinate because I know you are going to put me into a male chastity device. I never thought about the potential consequences of facing my father, mother, sister, and her family as a feminized man.

I am not the man you thought I was and for that I am truly sorry. I should have told you on bended knee about my sexual fetish. I have tried numerous times to come to you and confess my sins. I have never sought the companionship of another man sexually, but I did feel a surge of sexual pleasure when fellated your father on the morning of our wedding. I thought would die from embarrassment. I didn't because I was doing something I've always wanted to do. I could never make myself go someplace wearing panties to satisfy my desire to perform as a female. I just couldn't suck another man's cock even though I wanted to.

Feeling your father's cock sliding into and out of my mouth, the smoothness of the skin, and the weight of his testicles in my hand was exactly how I thought I would be when I fantasized about sucking a cock as I masturbated wearing a pair of my sister's or your panties. It thought the ultimate humiliation would be when he ejaculated into my mouth. Instead, the feeling of his warm seed filling my mouth, coating my tongue, and the feeling of swallowing the salty fruit of his loins was actually more pleasurable than feeling my own cock spew it's cum all over my stomach.

Ultimately, I am so confused. I so wanted to be the person, no, the man who would fill your womb with my potent seed to create another living being within you. Now, I'm relegated to my work, acting as a maid to clean and shop, with the eventuality of taking care of you and your lover's children, and more humiliating than anything else being used as a cum dump for any Moretti man that requires relief but doesn't have a female to give it to him.

When you left for your sister's I stood in front of the floor to ceiling mirror in our, excuse me, your bedroom and tried to keep myself from admiring how beautiful I looked made up and dressed as a female. Apollonia, I couldn't help myself. I slid the dress up and I masturbated looking at my reflection. My, according to you a clitty but to me my cock, was hard as a rock as I stroked it. I imagined it not being in my hand but in your pussy. I looked into my own eyes as I stroked myself to an orgasm. I ejaculated so hard that the first to spurts of cum actually hit the floor a good foot in front of me. I was so sexually charged that my knees got so weak I couldn't support myself.

I need you to tell me that you still love me, because if you don't or won't, I'm going to commit suicide. My life is not worth living if I don't have your love. I will do anything and I mean anything you ask me to as long as I know that you still love me as you did when we stood in front of the priest and said our martial vows.

I am begging you to be as open and as honest with me as you were prior to my signing the cuckolding document.

Please, please, please tell me you will always love me

Please, please, please don't throw me to the side as you begin a new life with the man you choose to provide you with the seed to begin a family.

Apollonia, I love you, unconditionally.

Colin

Apollonia took the note up to her studio, neatly folded it, and placed it in the center drawer of her antique roll top desk. She stood for a minute before going to her room wondering if his threat was real. Would he commit suicide if she didn't tell him she loved him as she did the day they were married? Walking from her studio to her bedroom she felt a pang of guilt, but quickly resigned herself to the fact that she could never again say to him she loved him. Colin Cathcart would live his life under her thumb as a feminized cuckold or live up to his threat of taking his own life because he couldn't face living without her love. Twenty minutes later she was in her bed gently stroking her clitoris thinking about the man she wanted between her legs not caring one iota about the sissy that slept below her in the servant's bedroom.