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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 158

Saturday – Nathan Childress - 15 March 2003

Nathan decided he wanted to spend some quality time fucking the petite white woman who was beginning to take up a lot of his sexual thoughts. He decided to wait until late morning before he called her. He knew she would not deny him because if she could marry his cock; she would. The phone call was short, sweet, and to the point. He heard her say that she needed to complete some errands and it would be beneficial to both if he came over any time after ten. His cock responded before his brain. Nathan smiled to himself, put his hand on his member, and thought, 'Relax. You're going to be inside soon.'

The couple's apartment was on the lower east side in a small converted townhouse. Their one bedroom was located on the top floor of a five story tenement walk-up. The building had two apartments on each floor. The residences ran from the front to the back of the building. The only windows were on front and back as both sides of the building were butted up against the building next to it. The apartments were known as railroad flats because a single hall ran down one side from front to back. The rooms were always situated on the outside wall of the building. The kitchen was always situated in the rear of each apartment. Entrance to the vestibule of the building was made through a substantial oak door which could only be opened when a resident pressed the button to release the electronic lock. Considering the location of the building, the landlord made sure that all precautions were taken to protect the residents as they were paying double what a similarly appointed buildings and apartments would cost in the same or a similar neighborhood.

Golda Wallach returned from her errands and immediately took a shower where she took the time to remove what little stubble had begun to grow around her vagina. She dressed in clothing that was not typical for her wear except when playing with her husband. Asher Wallach returned from his office to find Golda preparing food while dressed as if she was about to have sex with him. His small cock jumped in his pants as his mind began to center on his wife's petite body and his desire to fornicate with her.

Golda turned, smiled, and said, "Don't get any ideas Asher. I want you to go into the bedroom, remove your clothing, take a shower, remove any hair that has regrown, and then call me to help you dress."

"But..."

"No buts Asher," chided Golda as she watched her husband's face take on the look of a man who knew his wife was about to cuckold him a second time.

Asher Wallach knew his marriage was about to take a new road as he nodded his acceptance of her demand. Twenty minutes later he was standing naked in what he knew would become his wife's bedroom and not theirs anymore. He knew in his heart-of-hearts his wife was about to have sex with another man in their marriage bed. He waited for her to help him dress. When she entered the room he begged, "Please Golda!!! Today of all days!!! The Sabbath!!! Please don't do it here in our bed!!!"

"Asher, Asher, Asher," she said, "I already have and today you are going to witness your second cuckolding."

He wavered as he stood nude and hairless in front of his wife. His small penis was erect and he hated that it was. His hands went to his genitals as he whined his question, "You've had sex with another man in our bed?"

"But of course I did, Asher. He is coming here because I need a real man between my legs. If you're a good little boy, I will let you watch. Remember, I am not the one who was titillated by the thought of another man fucking me." She paused, stared hard at her husband, and pointedly said, "It was you who sat in front of the computer jerking off while reading stories of hot wives and cuckold sissy husbands. You were stupid enough to leave your history in the browser. I just happened to need to use the computer and by sheer happenstance found your sexual fantasy and deviance. Now, you will begin to live your fantasy as reality when you witness your second cuckolding."

"I'm begging you to not to do it in front of me. I accept that you need someone bigger, but this is our bedroom and our marital bed. Please. . ."

Golda sneered at her husband and said, "You made your deviance known and now you're going to live it. I wanted to take it slow with you, but I have the opportunity to fuck Nathan today and I'm going to do it. He is my preferred lover and will probably be the one who does it with me in what was our bed for a very long time. Now, you do as I say or you can pack your things and go."

"Golda, I love you and don't want to leave."

"Then I suggest you get the small bags with the items I purchased for you this morning and allow me to make you ready."

Asher closed his eyes, fell to his knees, and whined, "Golda, please!!! I'll stop reading and masturbating. I'll do anything you want, but please don't humiliate me in front of him. I'll go to my office and you can have sex with him all day. When you call me I will return and I will not ask you what happened. If you want, I'll pay for a hotel room and you can stay with him all night if you wish. Just, give me a chance to make things right between us."

Golda laughed, walked to the bureau, and removed the small plastic bags from Victoria's Secret. She threw them on the bed and said, "Time you learn your place in our marriage. It is now a new relationship. You accept that I no longer want you between my legs trying to satisfy me with your less than meager penis. The only sex we will have is when you suck Nathan's cum from my pussy and when I allow you to jerk off into the toilet bowl. I have no intention of bearing your children Asher. If I get pregnant by Nathan, you will thank him and raise the child as your own. Now, I want to watch you get dressed."

Nothing he could do would stop the Japanese Maglev Bullet cuckold train. It would make it to the station and he would have to accept his place if he was to remain married to Golda. His heart cried out, but he knew she could not hear. His cock shrunk as she moved to the bed and poured the contents of the plastic bags onto the bed. His eyes grew wide as he sorted the women's lingerie. A pair of black satin thong panties. A black satin camisole. A package of black lace top thigh high panties. He looked at his wife and said, "Please don't make me. I don't want to be a sissy."

"You're a cuckold, Asher," chided his wife. "And now you're going to complete my desire by becoming a sissy. If you don't want the world to know, then I suggest you get dressed. And, in the closet is a box with your first pair of heels. When you are dressed I will sit you down and put on your make up. You will learn to do it yourself. You

will grow your hair long and I will take you to my salon where they will style it for you. The final piece of your feminization will not occur today, but believe me Asher it will happen."

"Oh God Golda," cried Asher. "What has gotten into you??? I am a man. I do not want to be a sissy."

Golda laugh was demeaning and humiliating. "You've never satisfied me. Yes, I would let you think I was happy with our sex life, but truth be told, I masturbated to get myself off when you were done. Sure you'd go down on me, but you never once stayed there long enough to finish the job. Now, you'll be sucking a black man's cum from my pussy and you will remain there until I attain my cuckold induced creampie cleaning orgasm. Understood?"

"And if I don't?" Asher responded.

He watched his petite wife step up to him and before he could respond to protect himself, Asher felt her fist make contact with his abdomen. He doubled over in pain. He caught his breath, looked up at the love of his life, and said, "I hate you!!!"

"Hate me all you want Asher. You have but one choice. Become the cuckold sissy you masturbate to or get dressed and get the fuck out never to return. I will divorce your faggot ass."

"I love you Golda!!!"

"Then do as I ask. Get dressed and learn that I will no longer have sex with you. I love you, but not in the way you want. If you learn your place, I will not encase your useless little boy cock in a chastity device." She saw the incredulous look on his face and said, "I'm so far ahead of you when it comes to cuckolding. The final act of acceptance on your part will be when I shove a nicely sized dildo up your ass and fuck you until you cum. When that is completed the next time Nathan fucks me, I will ask him to make you a true woman. You will accept his big black cock up your ass and when he spews his seed into your rectum you will be forever his bitch. Now, get dressed and call me when you're ready to have me put on your makeup."

Golda exited their bedroom. She went into the living room where she placed on the coffee table a plate of cheese and crackers, two glasses, and a bottle of red wine. She walked around the apartment to make sure everything was in order. She smiled and thought how sweet it was going to be getting fucked by her black lover while her husband lived his fantasy in reality. Golda sighed and felt a small dollop of vaginal fluid escape from her wanting pussy.

"Golda," cried Asher, "I'm ready."

The sight before her made her stop dead in her tracks. Standing somewhat unsteadily was her husband dressed in the women's lingerie she had purchased for him. She wanted to cry out how marvelous he looked, but thought better of it. She regained her composure and stepped over to him. Golda smiled, put her hand on Asher's cheek, and cooed, "My sweet sissy. You are going to rock Nathan's world. I truly believe you should have been born a female. I promise to make you comfortable with your new life. Now, take my hand and let's go over to the dressing table so I can make up your face."

Asher Wallach, as his eyes flooded with tears, did not fight the inevitable. He offered his hand to his wife and followed her to the dressing table thankful that his wife took it slow as he wobbled on the four inch stiletto heels. Fifteen minutes later, his face was made up. When he stood up and looked into the full length mirror that was hung on the door to their closet, he was taken with the transformation. The only give away that he wasn't a true woman was the small tent formed by his erection.

Nathan Childress arrived a few minutes after noon. He stepped up to the front door, pressed the button for the Wallach's apartment, and waited for the return buzz. When it came he pushed open the door, opened the second door that gave entrance to the building, and began the climb to the top floor. He admired the simplicity of the interior of the building and how well lit each landing was. He stopped when he made it to the fifth floor, checked himself with his hands before he lightly knocked on the Wallach's door. The building was quiet for a Saturday when most of the residents were not working and the children were not in school. He frowned when the door did not immediately open and for just a split second he thought that Golda Wallach had stood him up. Then the front door opened and he was floored.

"Come in," lisped Asher Wallach.

Nathan did not utter a word as his eyes took in what had to be Golda's husband dressed in women's lingerie with his face made up. "Where is Golda?"

"She is in the living room waiting for you," he softly replied. "Please follow me."

Nathan's eyes did not show any emotion at seeing her husband dressed as a sissy. He knew she had stepped up his feminization, but what floored him was his apparent nonviolent acceptance of his new life. Nathan thought, 'I bet he would be perfect for Colina.' To put the sissy in his place, Nathan said with authority, "I know the way."

Asher Wallach was floored as he watched the tall black man brush past him and make his way to the living room. He stifled his anger and his desire to protect his home and his wife because he knew if he attempted to become physical, he would lose.

"Nathan!!!" cried Golda when she saw him enter the living room. She stood, took a few steps in front of the couch and coffee table, and opened her arms. Just before Nathan blocked his view, Asher was dumbfounded as he witnessed his totally naked wife except for her black heels, open her arms inviting her lover into her arms.

Nathan Childress stopped two steps from the young woman and admired her body. Her pert breasts, flat stomach, and long shapely legs made him lick his lips before he commanded, "In front of me. On your knees. Take my cock out and suck it."

Golda Wallach did not hesitate. Her eyes twinkled and her smile was from ear-to-ear. She closed the space between them. She reached for Nathan's belt as she looked up into his face and cooed, "Kiss me."

What transpired next changed the dynamic between Nathan and Golda. He slapped her across the face just hard enough to make his point. Her smile left her face. Her eyes narrowed and fear showed instead of happiness. Her hands fell away from Nathan's belt. Her body tensed as she wondered why he had slapped her for no good reason. Their eyes met and Nathan said in a stern dominant voice, "I said to suck my cock. I didn't ask you to kiss me. I did not ask you to do anything but suck my cock. So, get to it you white Jewish bitch!!!"

Golda shivered. Her body fought her desire to turn and run. She looked at Nathan and hoped beyond hope that this was just a game for her husband's sake. Gold closed her eyes, went to her knees, pulled down the zipper to his pants, reached in, and freed his cock. It was not hard nor for that matter, was it beginning to harden. She looked up at Nathan, opened her mouth, and placed the purple head into her mouth. It was then tears of humiliation and shame began to roll down her cheeks.

Nathan saw her begin to cry. His immediate thought was to stop her from sucking his cock, pick her up, and hold her close. But, that was not the relationship he wanted to establish with Golda. She was a young impressionable girl who thought she had found her God. She was enamored with him, but he knew she was in love with their physical sex. The first time he pushed his big black cock into her body, he knew she was hooked. To Nathan, she was just another young white woman who would fall in love with him thinking they would spend the rest of their lives together. He could see it on her face when he entered the room. Nathan knew he had to put an end to her falling in head-over-heels in love with him.

The act of sucking his cock was not sexually turning on Golda. The sting of his slap went beyond the physical pain. She was emotionally hurt. All she wanted was to please him and have him be part of her life. Her mind raced with thoughts of his raping her, hurting her, and culminating with the ultimate act of murder. She shivered, released her oral hold on Nathan's cock, and said, "I can't. I can't continue. Please explain to me why you slapped me for no good reason. All I wanted was a kiss."

Nathan looked down at the frightened young woman. He did not care or worry about her husband. If he attacked him, it would be the last physical activity he would do for a very long time. Nathan would not take his life, but he would come close to breaking every bone in his body. He took his right hand and placed it on Golda's face. He did not smile when he said, "I'm not your boyfriend. I'm not in love with you. What I want from you is simple. You suck my cock. I fuck you. I cum in you. Your faggot husband can suck my cum from your ravaged white cunt after I leave. If that is not an acceptable relationship between us, then I'll leave never to return."

"No!!!" cried Golda. "I need to feel you in me. Please Nathan!!!"

"Tell me you accept your submissive position in our relationship. Tell me that you understand that I am not now nor will I ever fall in love with you. I am here for one thing and one thing only. To use your holes as I see fit."

Copious tears rolled down her face as she pushed his hand from her face. Her nose began to run. Her life as she fantasized was crashing down around her. Golda Wallach wanted more than anything to have Nathan as her lover with the hope she could divorce Asher and marry Nathan. She looked up at the six foot six black man as her makeup began to streak her cheeks and said, "I'm not a whore. I can accept that you do not love me now, but I can hope that one day in the future you will fall in love with me. I am willing to try to accept my submissive role, but I need to know there is something between us. Something more than my body. I want to have a relationship based on intelligence and mutual adoration for one another. Is that too much to ask for?"

Nathan did not hesitate. "Yes. I'm not here to have an intellectual, emotional relationship with you Golda. I'm here to use your body as a masturbation tool. I can go days or weeks before I need to masturbate, but I'd rather use your mouth, your ass, or your white pussy to jerk my cock off. This isn't love Golda. This is nothing more than animal sex. Get my nut. Feel satisfied and leave. If you haven't attained an orgasm, I really don't give a shit. When I grow tired of you, I will find another woman to use. If I stay for a while, you will accept that you are not the only white bitch I am fucking."

"GET OUT!!!" cried Asher.

Nathan turned his head and spat, "Fuck you faggot. You're the one in women's lingerie. If you come at me, you'll end up in a full body cast for a year. I will break every bone in that sissy body. Now, in the corner with you and don't you fuckin' move."

Golda watched as her husband crumbled and backed into the corner. His body shook and she knew he was close to pissing in his panties. Something inside her awoke. That man she married was really not a man. The man that was supposed to protect her couldn't if he fuckin' tried. Incredibly, her body reacted to her realization. Her vagina grew wet at the sight of her husband cowering to a real man. She looked up at Nathan, took a deep breath, and said, "May I suck my Master's cock?"

The smile was real as he nodded and said, "I own you bitch and don't you ever forget it."

Golda Wallach straightened her back and moved closer to Nathan. She reached for his belt and said, "If it pleases my Master, I would prefer to suck his cock after I have removed all of his clothing. I do not want any form of encumbrance to halt his use of my holes to masturbate."

"Undress me whore," said Nathan, using the word to see if she would accept that she was nothing more than a cum dump and not the woman he was going to marry.

"Yes my Master," said Golda as she began to remove Nathan's clothing.

Asher Wallach watched as his wife undressed her lover, knelt before the big black man, and took his incredibly large cock into her mouth. The sight of his wife acting like a prostitute did not sexually stimulate him as any of the well written stories of a wife consorting with another man in front of her husband had done. He knew he lost her forever when she pressed her lips against the pubic bone of the man she was fellating and made a point of keeping his humongous cock embedded in her throat. Golda Wallach's husband knew he would never have normal coital sex with her ever again. He watched as she slid her mouth from the big black cock, kissed the tip, and immediately wrapped her lips around the head before she pressed her head forward swallowing the mammoth appendage.

Nathan watched and when Golda tried to use her hands to play with her clitoris he said, "Do not touch yourself. Your hands belong around my shaft or gently massaging my balls. Your total mental and physical being is centered on one thing and one thing only."

Golda pulled her head for Nathan's manhood and said, "My only thoughts are of pleasing you. If you decide to allow me to have an orgasm, I will gladly accept your graciousness. If you don't, then I will accept I am not worthy of having one induced by you." She replaced her mouth on his cock and began to eagerly suck.

"OH MY GOD!!!!" cried Asher.

Golda pulled Nathan's cock from her mouth, turned to face her husband, and witnessed why he had cried out. His hands were behind his back. His sissy clit peeked out of the top of his black satin thongs. Both Golda and Nathan witnessed Asher pushing three very small ropes of watery cum from the tip of his sissy clit. Golda did not say a word. She looked up at Nathan, nodded, and said, "In time if you want, he'll bend over for you when I am not available. Right now the only thing you need to know is that I am here and all of my orifices are available for your use."

She felt Nathan's hand on the back of her head. That was all she needed to return to fellating him as she heard her sissy quietly crying knowing he had lost his wife forever.