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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 181

Friday Night – 21 March 2003

Nathan walked from the townhouse on 84th Street to Golda's apartment on the lower east side. Google maps estimated it would take an hour and forty-four minutes to make the trip. Since he was not really in a rush, Nathan decided to walk directly down 2nd Avenue to a point where he had to go east to 1st Avenue, down Avenue C, and then onto Pitt Street. The walk would do him good. It had been days since he went to the gym or worked out in any way. The five mile hike would do him some good. It would also allow him time to reconcile what was probably going to happen to McCool at the hands of his employer. That scenario stayed in his mind no longer than needed. The small extremely thin and beautiful woman was forefront in his mind. Walking was keeping his manhood from expanding in his pants. It would be soon enough for it to be lovingly stroked and sucked for hours by Golda.

Golda lived on Henry Street which was filled with young married couples and senior citizens living on a fixed income. Nathan walked to her building, up the steps, and pressed the buzzer for her apartment. He waited a minute before pressing the buzzer a second time. It was unusual for Golda to not answer the front door on the first buzz. This time he heard Asher's voice answering instead of Golda's.

"Yes," said Asher.

"It is Nathan Asher, press the fuckin' buzzer to let me in," demanded Nathan.

"Golda is not home," stated Asher, "and she told me to not let anyone in. So, I am not going to press the buzzer."

"Listen you sniveling sissy bitch," growled Nathan, "either you press the fuckin' buzzer to let me in or when I do get in, I will throw you out the window onto the street in your panties."

Before the buzzer sounded and before Nathan could attempt to break down the thick oak door, he felt someone behind him. He turned his head and saw Golda standing behind him on step below where he was standing. She was grinning from ear-to-ear having probably heard Nathan tell Asher he would do bodily harm to him for not allowing him entrance into the building. He also noticed that she was not alone. With a gentle push, she moved Nathan aside so she could put her key into the lock, open it, and enter the building. When the door was open she said, "I'll take care of Asher when we get upstairs. Please let me introduce you to my lifelong friend Miriam Silverstein."

Nathan just stared at the girl who looked like she was no more than fifteen years old. But, Golda said lifelong friend, so he had to assume they were close in age. Instead of saying anything, he just moved inside the building and with Golda and Miriam in front of him, started the five story climb to the top floor and Golda's railroad apartment. When they arrived at Golda's door she did not use her key. Instead, she knocked on the door, pushed Nathan in front of it, and waited for Asher to look through the security eyepiece.

"Open the door Asher," said Nathan.

From behind the door, Asher asked, "How did you get in? I did not buzz you in."

From out of Asher's view, Golda growled, "OPEN THE FUCKIN' DOOR ASHER!!!"

Nathan, Golda, and Miriam heard the "Holy shit!!!" pass through Asher's lips. The shock that his wife was with Nathan hit home and he opened the door while at the same time standing to the side.

Upon entering the apartment, Nathan noticed that Asher was not dressed in anything feminine. But, that was not unusual as Golda did not force her husband to live the life of a cuckold sissy twenty-four/seven. Golda brushed past him and waved for everyone to follow her to the living room. The line was Golda, Miriam, Nathan, and taking up the rear was Asher. As they entered, Golda pointed to where she wanted everyone except Asher to sit. Asher was forced to stand in the corner with his back to everyone.

Gold stepped in front of Nathan, leaned forward, and placed her lips on his. They kissed, but she felt that Nathan was not giving it his all and pulled her lips from his. "What is wrong?" she asked. "Don't want to kiss me hello?"

"I do," replied Nathan, "but, um, who is Miriam? How old is she?"

The laughter was not directed at Nathan, but at his asking how old she was. "My dear Nathan," responded Golda, "Miriam is one year younger than I am. She is my best friend and we talk about everything. She knows of our relationship. She knows that Asher is a cuckold and a sissy. We hide nothing from each other."

Nathan looked at Miriam and wondered what she looked like naked. His thoughts were not of introducing himself to her, but of how his cock would feel sliding in and out of her cunt. Another white Jewish girl would be a nice addition to his stable. 'Yeah,' he thought, *'like I have a stable of women. Not!!!'* He regained his presence of mind, smiled, and said, "Nice to meet you Miriam." He offered his hand which she took.

"Nice to meet you, Nathan," said Miriam. "Golda has nothing but great things to say about you."

If Nathan could blush, he did. "Thank you," was all he could respond.

"Are you hungry?" asked Golda.

"Not really," replied Nathan. "I just walked here from uptown. What I could use is a large glass of cold water, please."

"Asher, water, now," commanded Golda.

"Yes dear," replied Asher in a small very wispy voice. He turned from the corner and with his head down walked from the living room into the kitchen. Everyone heard a cabinet open, then the freezer, and then the refrigerator. Instead of bringing a tumbler full of water, Asher returned with a sixteen ounce glass, a bowl of ice cubes, and two one liter bottles of spring water. He placed them on the small coffee table in front of the couch and asked, "May I pour you a glass?"

"No thank you," replied Nathan. Why he was so nice he could not figure, but then again he could. Miriam was here and he did not know her depth of knowledge when it came to Golda's and his relationship.

Asher started to the corner when Golda intoned, "To the bedroom bitch. Get dressed. Time for Miriam to see you as you should be."

Asher froze. He turned to stare hard at his wife and without caring about the potential results growled, "She is my first cousin!!! My mother's sister's daughter!!! Golda, Please!!!"

"Don't make me do something you will regret, Asher," spat Golda. "To my bedroom and change. In fact, put on something pretty. Do it or lose them!!!"

Broken and not wanting to add fuel to the fire, Asher, with his head down, walked out of the living room. He knew Miriam would tell the entire family about his cuckold status. Thankfully, no one saw the tear rolling down his cheek.

Golda turned to Nathan, slipped her hand to his thigh, and leaned forward for a kiss. She did not care that he had not poured himself a glass of water. Nathan obliged and put his hand behind Golda's head, but instead of pressing his lips to hers, he said, "You want to kiss me, then kiss your master." Golda froze. She was not prepared to do anything sexual in front of Miriam. It would be one thing to make Asher prance around in feminine lingerie, but to take Nathan's cock into her mouth and suck him off was not what she was prepared to do.

"Afraid to show your best friend what you do for me?" asked Nathan.

Golda stared hard at the big black man that took her heart and turned her into a whore for big black cock. Although he never asked her to fuck another black man, she had thought about and accepted that one day he may ask her to do just that; fuck another black man. Her breathing became somewhat staccato at the thought of performing fellatio on Nathan in front of Miriam. She used everything in her power to calm down and said, "We've talked about us, but I had no thought of doing anything in front of my best friend. I hope you understand."

"I do and I don't care," said Nathan. "I will give you a simple choice. Suck my cock now or I leave." Inside, he knew he wouldn't leave. It would take a lot more for Nathan to leave Golda for not blowing him in front of her best friend.

Golda looked at Miriam. She saw a look of desire on her face and in her eyes. "You want to see it don't you Miriam," said Golda.

Miriam was not shy, "Yes. I do. You've told me so much about him and his genitals that why wouldn't I want to see what you've had inside you. You talk so lovingly about his cock. I am very interested."

Nathan sat not moving. The interaction between the friends was a bit more interesting than having Golda's mouth wrapped around his cock. He decided to press the interaction between the two by asking Miriam, "Have you experienced a big black cock?"

Golda flinched. Miriam did not. She smiled at Nathan and said, "No. I have not. Would I like to experience it? Sure. Like Asher my husband is a lame asshole as he definitely does not live up to the meaning of his name." She paused saw a look of confusion on Nathan's face and said, "My husband's name is Gideon. It translates from the Hebrew to mean '*mighty warrior*'. Which he is not." Miriam made like she had a limp wrist and said, "His wrist is limper than mine. A warrior he is not." She smiled, licked her lips, and continued, "Does he masturbate to cuckold porn? I couldn't say. But I know that since I have had some really detailed chats with my best friend, I have masturbated thinking about black cock and I have forced my husband to lick my pussy after he's finished fucking me. So, if you're pressing me about Golda sucking your cock, then I say, go for it Golda!!!"

Just as Miriam finished, Asher walked back into the living room. He had combed his long hair so it framed his face and hung softly around his jawline as it fell to his shoulders. He had put a small amount of makeup on his face. His eyelashes and eyebrows were done in black mascara. His eyelids were colored with a light pink blush eyeliner. His cheeks matched his eyelids and on his lips was a bright red whore's lipstick. His body was glistening from his rubbing a perfumed skin conditioner on himself. He was not wearing a bra, but it was plainly obvious that

Golda had started him on hormones or low doses of birth control pills. On his hips, was a pair of black lace boy shorts. On his legs, was a pair of black striped thigh high stockings with elastic lace tops to hold them up. On his feet, were a pair of five inch patent leather open toed stiletto heels. He stepped to the center of the room and curtsied before he asked, "Where do you want me to stand?"

"In the corner where you belong," answered Golda.

"WAIT!!!" cried Miriam. "I have to look at him or should I say her? My god Golda, what have you done to him?"

Golda smiled, licked her lips, and said, "I made him into what he wanted to be. I caught him jerking off to interracial cuckold stories. He'd sit in front of the computer jerking his pathetic penis until he read the one thing that would make him dribble his cum."

"What was that?" asked Miriam, loving the look of humiliation that came over Asher's face.

"He always dribbled when the wife made husband clean her lover's cock after he fucked the wife," said Golda. "Asher, your cousin the chronic masturbator, ejaculated when he read that the bull had spewed his cum into the husband's mouth."

"Nice," chortled Miriam. "Does he do that for real?"

"He hasn't yet, but, I want him to," said Golda. "I want him to learn and know his place. I have never enjoyed having sex with him. He is small and not very good when it comes to using his pathetic penis. Also, he is always talking about the Bible and how it is a mitzvah to have sex as it is described in the Torah. Now Nathan, he is a different story."

"I can only imagine," said Miriam as her knees began to slowly sway open and closed.

Nathan interrupted the two women, "Know what I want?"

Both women responded, "What?"

"I want Asher to return to the corner. Then I want the two of you to go into the bedroom, get undressed, and begin to make out. When I walk in I want to see the two of you in a no holds bar embrace kissing and caressing each other's pussy. I want to watch who decides to go down on the other first." Nathan paused, stared at both women for a moment, and then said as his hand rested on his crotch, "That is what I want."

Miriam looked at Golda. She smiled, licked her lips, and said, "I have never been with a girl. I have thought about it. If my first was or is going to be you, then I would be honored to make love to and with you."

Golda nearly fell off of the couch. She had never once thought about having a lesbian relationship or tryst with another woman much less Miriam. She looked from Miriam to Nathan and back to Miriam. She always wondered how sexual Miriam could be. Although she never thought about having sex with her, the idea of doing it on the spur of the moment made her wet. Golda felt her pussy getting wetter. That sealed the deal. She stood up, offered Miriam her hand, took it, and led her to the bedroom.

Nathan stood and went over to Asher. He placed his hands on his hips, leaned in to his right ear, and said, "Move on inch from this spot and I will toss you out of the window. You'll bounce down Henry Street like a red rubber ball. Nod your head if you understand."

Asher nodded his head. He also used all of his power to stop from pissing on the floor.

"Good girl," said Nathan as he returned to the couch to sit for a while and finally drink a glass of cold water. Not only did Nathan drink one but he drank three glasses of water, he made a point of returning to Asher before he

went to the bedroom. He stood behind the skinny man, put his hand on the right cheek of his ass, and asked, "Would you like to watch me fuck your wife? Would you like to watch me fuck Miriam? Or, would you prefer to listen to me fuck them and when I call to you; you come in and without question suck my nigger cum from both of their pussies?"

Asher did not answer. He just stood frozen in place hating that his cock was jumping in his panties.

Nathan moved his hand, slipped it underneath Asher's panties, and placed his middle finger on Asher's anus. He was being a complete asshole to Golda's husband. What got into him he could not understand or rationalize his reasons. Nathan pressed his finger but did not enter Asher's rectum. He whispered, "Tell me to finger fuck you bitch."

Asher did not respond verbally. His body spoke paragraphs as his muscles tensed in anticipation of Nathan without his permission pushing his middle finger into his ass. When it did not happen, Asher said, "Please do not push a finger into my bottom. I beg you to just let me stand here while you fornicate with my wife and her best friend. She is making my life miserable. I have tried everything to get her to relent and return our relationship to where it was before she caught me masturbating. I'm begging you to please move your finger off of my anus."

"You know that I am not going to listen to you, Asher," said Nathan. "I am going to break you. You are going to live the rest of your life searching for cock to suck and fuck you. I am going to be the alpha male who breaks you. You are going to beg me to use you before I use your wife. Golda will be mine. She will bear my children. You will be a low life piece-of-shit living to suckle my cock and allow me to use your ass to jerk me off when I cannot copulate with Golda. Now, bitch, tell me to finger your ass."

"No," was all Asher said.

Nathan pressed the entire length of his middle finger into Asher's asshole. Then he moved his hand to push Asher's body up and when he knew he had control, he made Asher stumble on the heels he was wearing to his wife's bedroom in front of Nathan. When he crossed the threshold of the room, Nathan looked over Asher's shoulder to see Golda on her back, legs akimbo, and Miriam greedily suckling her best friend's bald pussy. Nathan whispered to Asher, "Tell your wife to look at you and see what is happening to you. Now bitch!!!"

"Golda," moaned Asher, "please look at me."

When she heard Asher she opened her eyes and looked at both Asher and Nathan. She stopped Miriam from performing cunnilingus on her by closing her legs and pulling her to her side. She did not acknowledge what, if anything was happening to Asher, but she knew something was afoot. She kissed Miriam and said, "What do you want Asher?"

Nathan wiggled his finger which elicited a small moan from Asher and a small jump from his body. "Golda," said Asher in a quiet small voice, "Nathan has a finger inside me. He made me walk in here to show you."

"Did you clean your ass today?" asked Golda.

"You know I always do," responded Asher, "because if I didn't, you'd beat the shit out of me."

"That is very true," said Golda. "Is there anything else you want to say to me?"

There was nothing he wanted to say until Nathan whispered in his ear. He quietly said, "NO!!!" But, when he felt Nathan's finger press deeper into his bowel, he said, "I was wondering if you'd allow me to lose my virginity this afternoon. I would love to show you how I will give it up to Miriam. Not Nathan, but Miriam. I would like her to butt fuck me with a strap-on dildo. I want her to prepare me for the inevitable."

Miriam looked at Golda and said, "You have a strap-on dildo?"

With her head shaking in the negative, Golda replied to her friend's question, "No. I do not. Whatever possessed you to think I had purchased a strap-on to use on you?"

"I don't know," answered Asher. "I'm just following instructions from Nathan."

Golda looked at Nathan, licked her lips, smiled, and said, "Nathan, would you like to fuck my husband's virgin ass? I thought we were going to wait for a while before I completely feminized him under your tutelage."

"What I want right now is for you to take Miriam into the bathroom and shave her pussy," commanded Nathan. "I want it as smooth as yours. Then I want you to lay her on the bed, open her legs, and suckle her clit until she is ready to be fucked. Then and only then will you take your master and place him at her opening. When you have slid his head through the folds of her cunt and you see it is slick with our combined juices, you will push me into her. Once the head has passed into her body, you will retire to my rear and suckle my ass and balls as I fuck her."

The look on Miriam's face could have stopped the rotation of the earth. She was not at all prepared to be fucked by Nathan. It was one thing to start a sexual relationship with Golda, but to fuck her black lover was not something she was ready to do. Pushing herself into a sitting position with her back against the headboard, Miriam said, "I don't think that is going to happen. I'm not ready to explain to my husband why I am shaved bare; because the black guy I fucked wanted it that way. It is bad enough in a good way that I lived part of my sexual dream of going down on a girl. But, fucking someone I just met, is not in the cards."

"You little bitch!!!" cried Golda. "You lay next to me and coo about how much you want to feel a big black cock slipping into your body. How much you want to feel your cunt stretched open. You know what? I want to suck his balls as he fucks you. That is what I want and that is what is going to happen."

Unbeknownst to Golda and Miriam, Nathan was gently fingering Asher's ass making sure he was pressing on the faggot's anal g-spot. It did not take long for Asher to respond to have his prostate massaged. He groaned, moved his hips, and the girls watched as the front of his panties became sodden with his sissy milk. After he completed his unwanted sissy orgasm, Nathan pulled his finger from his ass and pushed him to the floor. "Crawl back into the living room. Curl up in a ball on the floor in the corner. Stay there until I say you can move."

Asher did not argue or complain. He crawled out of the bedroom thinking that he would never recover the status of being the man of the house.

Nathan looked at the girls and said, "You ladies have one choice. Comply with my wishes or I will go uptown never to return." He looked hard at Miriam and said, "Girl, I am going to fuck you, so, get your ass off the bed and shave your pussy."

Miriam turned to Golda, "Is he serious?"

"Oh, yes he is," replied Golda. "And, I do not want to lose him. So, let's go into the bathroom and get you smooth as a new born baby. Then I am going to enjoy watching you take your first of many big black cocks."

It was Miriam who was beginning to regret what she thought was going to be a wonderful afternoon exploring female-to-female sexual activity with Golda. Her fears were growing concerning her relationship with her husband even though she was not at all satisfied with their sexual lives. He was a good provider, but in bed, he sucked. The idea of cuckolding him with a black man gave her second thoughts. Having a lesbian affair with Golda seemed a lot more palatable because there was no way she could get pregnant. Miriam knew not from experience, but from reading, that sooner rather than later, Nathan would want to see her fat with his baby. That may be good for Golda, but it was not acceptable to her.

Shaking her head in the negative, Miriam began to plead, "I cannot have sex with you Nathan. I may dislike sex with my husband, I do not want to cuckold him like Golda is doing to Asher. I was living out a fantasy and loving it before you entered the room. I had no idea you would want to fuck me. I really thought you'd get stimulated watching us and then climb between Golda's legs and fuck her silly. I'm sorry, but I cannot do it and I will not beg you to comply with my wishes. I expect you to be a man and accept my wishes."

Nathan stepped over to the bed near where Miriam sat. He placed his right hand on the top of her head. He pressed down and the only thing Miriam could do was to slide until she was prone on the bed. Not caring for her or for Golda, Nathan got on the bed, flipped Miriam onto her stomach like a rag doll, and using his knees spread her legs open. Golda watched as he pulled his pants and underwear down to his knees. With a few strokes his cock was close to fully hard. He leaned forward and placed the bulbous head of his cock between Miriam's ass cheeks.

"NO-O-O!!!" cried Miriam. "NO-O-O!!!"

Golda tried and failed to stop Nathan from taking Miriam anally.

Nathan pushed her head into the pillow to stifle her screams. Without any lubrication except for his precum, he pressed his cock through Miriam's anal sphincter and into her ass. To make sure she knew where he was fucking her, he pressed his full length into her body without stopping. Her asshole begrudgingly gave way and opened to allow the big black cock to slide deep into her bowel. Once he was balls deep into her anal passage, he spat, "I own you bitch!!! You are mine now!!! From this moment forward, you will abide by my wishes. You no longer are free. Your husband will ask what happened to you because you will not be able to walk or sit. You will tell him the truth. You are mine to do with as I please."

Muffled screams emanated from Miriam's mouth. Her body was tense beyond belief. The fact that she was so tense was not lost on Nathan. He could feel her rectum pressing against the length of his cock. Just by the pressure being exerted he knew Miriam was suffering waves of pain. He did not let her relax. He pulled back taking a few inches of his cock from her body before he pressed it back until he bottomed out. Her scream pierced the room. Inside he laughed at her pain and thought, *'The white bitch should have known better.'*

"Nathan, please stop!!!" cried Golda. "Can't you see you're hurting her!!! Please, I'm begging you!!! Go fuck Asher if you want, but please leave Miriam alone."

Nathan's right hand flipped out and made contact with Golda's face. She tumbled backwards onto the floor. He moved just enough to see her and spat, "Don't you ever tell me what to do bitch!!! You know your place and don't you ever forget it!!! Now, get over to the bed and massage my balls as I fuck your friend's ass like she's never been fucked before."

"What is wrong with you?" cried Golda. "I've never seen you like this. Please, you're hurting Miriam." She paused and screamed, "PLEASE!!!"

Nathan stared hard at Golda. Whatever love he felt for her was nonexistent as his cock pressed deep into Miriam's ass. He spat, "Get your white Jewish ass up on the bed. I want to feel your mouth around my balls and your tongue on my asshole. Don't fuck with me Golda."

Golda shivered where she sat. Her body would not let her move. But it did relax her urinary sphincter. A puddle of urine formed between her legs. She began to cry uncontrollably. What she thought she was building was being torn asunder because the man she wanted was more interested in butt fucking her best friend than making passionate love to her. She finally found her voice, "Please Nathan. Stop what you are doing with Miriam. Let me on the bed and you can butt fuck me for as long as you like. You know I will never deny you my body. Please Nathan. I am begging you."

Whatever had snapped inside Nathan came full circle to a resolution. He stopped pressing Miriam's head into the pillows. He relaxed his body and pulled his still rampantly hard cock from her ass. He rolled off of her onto his back. He rolled to his side, took Miriam into a spooning position, and whispered, "You are not going to believe me, but I am so, so sorry. Golda will tell you that what you just witnessed is not me by a long shot. I will do whatever you want me to do to resolve what has happened. My promise to you is that I will be contrite and never do anything to hurt you ever again."

To his surprise, Miriam said, "Put it in me again. Please... I didn't want it, but once it was in me I became somewhat used to it. I want to feel you in any hole you want. Golda was so right about feeling full. Just finish taking my anal virginity."

"Are you sure?" asked Nathan as his cock began to grow hard.

"Yes!!!" moaned Miriam.

"Tell Golda so she knows that I am not raping you," said Nathan.

Miriam tried to move but found it impossible, so she said loud enough for Golda and the rest of the building to hear, "Golda, I am going to let him finish. I may have been crying, but I feel empty. I want him to finish taking my anal virginity. I know what you feel when he's fuckin' you." She paused, took a deep breath, and said, "Screw my husband. Nathan, fuck me!!! Please!!!"

That was all he needed to hear. Nathan placed the head of his cock at Miriam's asshole and pressed. Because he had just exited her body, the sphincter was still relaxed enough to allow the eleven or so inches slide easily into her rectum. He began to gently thrust as her tightness resumed its hold on the head and shaft of his cock. To keep her in position, he pushed her knees forward giving him easier access to her backdoor charms. His cock took over, but not before he said, "Golda, my balls!!!"

Totally taken aback by Miriam's change of heart, Golda got to her knees, crawled to the bed, and lifted her aching head to mouth Nathan's huge balls. The act of submissive sucking was enough to make Golda's pussy begin to drip. After this little fuck session was done, she would have to resolve her issues with Nathan, but she knew no matter how it ended, she would forever be his slut.

"That's it Golda," said Nathan. "Suck my balls and don't forget to lick my ass. When you get it good and slick I want you to tongue fuck me."

Miriam was relaxed enough to allow Nathan to slide the full length, except for the head, out of her rectum and then with a swift forward motion thrust back into her. She groaned and moaned as he somewhat more forcefully began to butt fuck her. When he was balls deep she loved the feeling of being full. When the head of his massive cock was just inside her, she silently cried to be filled again. Never in her twenty something years had she been fucked the way she was being fucked especially since it was up her ass. An area of her body that she kept off limits to her husband. It would be a very special night when she told him she was no longer an anal virgin. Maybe she would cajole him into letting her butt fuck him so as she was doing it, she could relate how she lost hers. Maybe, just maybe, he would consent to letting Nathan fuck his ass. Then Asher and he would be the same – sissy cuckolds.

"Oh my god," moaned Miriam. "I never thought getting butt fucked would be so fuckin' hot. Use it Nathan. Let my rectum do what you need it to do. Tell me what you want me to do."

"I want you to push out as my cock slides in," said Nathan, "and then I want you to act like you have to stop yourself from taking a shit. Pull in as my cock slides out. You do that with enough control and your rectum will masturbate me to an orgasm. You'll know when I'm cumming because I will stay balls deep as I fill you with my precious black cum."

Miriam began to diddle her clit as Nathan began to more forcefully butt fuck her. His hands held on to her hips. He used her lower body in concert with his thrusts. He did not complain that Miriam was not at all trying to use her bowel to caress his cock. It would take practice and time for her to realize that performing Kegels would give him what he wanted. Just to be inside her tight virgin ass was enough. He moved in concert with his moving her hips. As he thrust, his desire to fuck her like a whore started to build. He did not want to hurt her. He wanted her to enjoy having his cock up her ass. It would only enhance her feelings when it was up her cunt and in time down her throat. Nathan did not fuck her like he was fucking Pricilla. He would never have treated Pricilla like he had Miriam.

"Yes-s-s!!!" cried Miriam. "Fuck my ass!!!" Fuck me you nig..." She stopped knowing what was going to come out of her mouth.

"Don't you ever call me a nigger," said Nathan. "No white bitch has survived calling me a nigger. You're not qualified to call me a nigger. I will tell you that my nigger cock is using your white ass for its pleasure. But, you're just a set of holes for me to use. I'm not making love to you. Your body is jerking me off. The sooner you realize that, the sooner you succumb to my wishes." To make his point, he began to thrust several degrees harder than he had been.

"I'm so sorry, Nathan," said Miriam. "You are my black lover. I am here to give you my body so you may attain an orgasm at its expense. I seek nothing from you but your big black cock."

As he started to thrust harder, he said, "Now you understand." He turned his head and said to Golda, "Get Asher. It is time for him to learn how to clean up."

Golda stopped licking and sucking Nathan's balls. She did not refuse to get her husband. She held Nathan's balls in her right hand, placed a kiss on each of them, and then got off the bed to go to the living room to get her husband.

Upon their return, it was Asher who spoke, "Miriam!!! What are you doing!!! How can you let..."

Golda did what she knew she had to do. She reached between Asher's legs and took hold of his balls. She squeezed – hard. The pain was immediate and Asher's legs began to buckle. Her grip eased and she said, "Keep your faggot mouth shut. You are here to learn how to serve a better man. And, learn you will."

Nathan felt his orgasm begin to grow. He moved his lips to Miriam's neck. He kissed and licked her. Then his mouth went to her ear and his tongue slid around the inside of her ear. Her body reacted as did her moans. He moved his hand to her head, turned it, and placed his lips on hers. Her response was immediate. She opened her mouth and greedily allowed Nathan's tongue to enter. They French kissed as his thrusts became harder and her sexual desire rose. The simple act of French kissing was enough to send Miriam on a wild ride of desire. Desire for Nathan's tongue but more importantly, the eleven or so inch of fuck stick meat that was shoved balls deep into her ass, of all places. They kissed nonstop. Nathan fucked her not like he wanted to, but hard enough for her to know that this was only the beginning.

Then it came. He felt his body begin to tighten. He pulled his mouth from hers as he grabbed her hips and held on to them for dear life. He thrust once, twice, and then on the third, he pressed his cock home. Miriam felt his cock pulse the full length of her lower bowel that was wrapped around the thickness of his manhood. She knew he was ejaculating into her rectum. Nathan did not say a word. He grunted with each pulse. Miriam counted eight strong and three weaker pulses. She rose to the top of her orgasm cycle when she realized he shot eleven ropes of black baby batter up her ass. Miriam tensed, cried out, and gave in to a full body orgasm borne of her diddling her clit and having a huge black cock ejaculate up her ass.

Nathan stayed embedded as they both came down from their orgasms. He kissed Miriam's neck and cheek. His left hand slipped from under her body. His right hand went to her breast and for the first time since they were coupled, Nathan caressed and squeezed her pert tits. Miriam did not stop him because it took just a minute for her to orgasm a second time. Playing with her breasts always brought her off. She was in a small group of women who could find complete sexual satisfaction from having her breasts played with. Her cunt flooded and spewed its contents all over the bed. He slipped his cock out of her ass when he finally wanted to, but when it happened he commanded, "Asher get between her cheeks and suck my cum from her ass."

Before Asher could say he wouldn't, Golda reengaged his balls and the message was sent. It was something that Asher was not looking forward to, especially having to suck cum from a just fucked asshole. He saw that her asshole was still open and Nathan's cum was pooled just inside. A little had dripped down the crack of her ass when he pulled out his cock. Crying inside and with his wife's hand still on his balls, Asher leaned in and began to suck cum from his first cousin's and his wife's best friend's asshole. His body wanted to reject what he was doing, but he controlled his urge to vomit as he tasted another man's ejaculate and the ass juices of another human being. He sucked for seven minutes before lifting his head to show he was finished.

Golda said, "Make him Nathan, please."

"Once he does, you'll never see him the same again," said Nathan.

"Only thing worse than sucking your cock clean," chortled Golda, "will be when you take his masculinity in its entirety when you fuck him."

"Then tell him," said Nathan.

"Asher, time to learn to clean a cock. Get between his legs and take your wife's master into your mouth. Learn to love cleaning him. If you're good, he may even give you a surprise," laughed Golda.

Asher looked at his wife and saw she was serious. He did not hesitate to look at his cousin and was taken with surprise when she had a curled hand in front of her mouth and her tongue pressing against her cheek. She was making the universal sign of a blowjob. His goose was cooked. Everyone in the family would know he was turned into a feminine cocksucking cuckold faggot. He moved so he could be between Nathan's legs and when he was there he lowered his head to Nathan's cock. He lifted the flaccid fuck muscle and put the head to his lips. The result was something he could not control. His cock grew in his panties. When he took the cock head into his mouth and kept it there, his cock exploded filling his panties with a second meager amount of sissy milk. Tears rolled down his made up face as he performed the first cock cleaning of his soon to be feminine life.

Miriam moved to allow Golda on the bed. They kissed passionately. Golda's hand took Miriam's' and placed it on her very wet cunt. Miriam took the hint and direction. She did not go down on her. She used two fingers to diddle her best friend to a body shaking orgasm. The words that came out of Golda's mouth surprised her, "I love you, Mir." The response was not forced, 'I love you too, Golda.'

When Nathan had enough, he pushed Asher from the bed, moved between the girls and said, "I guess you should call your husband Miriam and tell him you won't be home tonight. I plan on fucking you and Golda all night. Asher, the faggot, is going to have his stomach full of my cum and your vaginal juices."

Apollonia, Ming, Alessandro, and Ming's children were fed by Colina. She cooked a complete meal when everyone agreed that the day's activities were over. As the adults sat around the oak breakfast table, Colina sautéed peppers, onions, and mushrooms in a light coating of extra virgin olive oil. He place them on the side. He then took thin slices of veal dredged in a coating of flour and placed them in the frying pan. Timing was of the utmost importance, because if they cooked too long they would become overcooked when he added them to the sautéed vegetables. Broccoli was being steamed. The salad was made and in the refrigerator. Once the veal was sautéed, he would put them in an oversized pan with the vegetables, add some olive oil and cook it all over a gentle heat. It would take seven minutes for the dish to be completed.

Colina fed the adults first. Then she went to the children and fed them. To make it easier on the boys, Colina sat with them so they would have someone to keep them company. Usually, the boys sat with their mother when eating at home, but when they were in Apollonia's, Raffaella's, or Mario's house, they were required to eat at the children's table. For Colina, it was a bit of a relief to sit with the children as she would not have to listen to the clap-trap bullshit that would be discussed. When the boys were done, she cleaned their plates, told them to go into the great room, and she went to sit with the adults.

"Everything good?" asked Apollonia.

"As far as the boys go, yes," responded Colina. "How was dinner?"

"Dinner was exceptional," responded Alessandro.

"Ditto," said Ming.

"Ah, the veal could have been seasoned a bit more," said Apollonia to bust Colina's balls.

"Thank you Alessandro and Ming," said Colina. "To you my dear wife and mistress, I would expect nothing less than a critique that found something wrong with the meal." She paused and decided to give it back to her, "I hope your vaginal juices are up to snuff. I would not want your lovers gagging on something they were not ready to eat."

"Funny," responded Apollonia, knowing her sissy husband was just trying to give her a jibe in response to her not so great review of his meal.

Ming looked at Apollonia and asked, "Alessandro spending the night?"

"Actually, I was hoping Colina would babysit the boys at your place," said Apollonia. "That way we could have a small party tonight."

Alessandro's face dropped. If he was reading Apollonia correctly, she was proposing the three of them sleep together or better yet, have an orgy together. In his head, the thought that he could wrap his head around having two women at his beck and call was beginning to solidify and take a permanent place. But, truth being told, he'd probably fuck one of them and then be cast aside so they could enjoy each other. He did not respond to Apollonia's statement.

"Alessandro, are you ok with that?" asked Ming.

His head shook as his body finally reacted to the question. "Well, if I'm forced," he deadpanned. "I mean..." He paused, put his hands on the table, and said, "To be truthful, if I am going to fuck either one of you and then be cast aside because you've had enough cock, then why should I agree?"

Apollonia chuckled and responded, "Because, if history is correct, your cock will be kept hard and in use throughout the night. If you do not have the stamina or the will to perform, then maybe I should find another male lover for us."

"NO!!! NO!!! NO!!!" emphatically said Alessandro. As his eyes went back-and-forth between the women, he said, "I'm good. I'm good."

Ming looked at her lover with twinkles in her eyes and said, "Maybe she should have him satisfy Colina first. This way his first orgasm will leave a longer period for his second, third, fourth, and who knows how many more."

Before Apollonia could respond, Alessandro stated, "I am not going to let him blow me. I am not going to fuck him up his ass. If that is a requirement, then I will leave now."

Both women broke out in uncontrollable laughter. It took several minutes for them to calm down. When they did, Apollonia said, "When it becomes necessary, you will satisfy Colina. I expect nothing less. If you cannot wrap your head around it, then stand-up, say your good-byes, and leave. It will not be an everyday sexual activity, but I expect you to accept that Colina is in love with you. And, to keep her happy, I will ask you to do your due diligence. Understood?"

Shock was on Alessandro's face. When he finished processing what Apollonia said, he responded, "He is what? In love with me?"

As serious as she could be, Apollonia answered, "Yes. Colina is head over heels in love with you. I know I tested your resolve by asking you to be with her. The three times you were sexual with her was enough to solidify her love for you. Her face is the way it is because she told me she'd do anything I asked for me to release her so she

could move in with you. Colina knows me better than even Ming. She offered me her life to be sure that she died knowing she loved you even though it may be or is an unrequited love.”

“You want me to believe that your sissy husband wants to,” he paused, thought a moment, and continued, “marry me? Be in a homosexual relationship with me? You have to be kidding me?”

“Um, no,” said Apollonia gently shaking her head in the negative. “Everyone knows you are a heterosexual male that happens to be in love with me. Colina thinks like a female. She hid it for years, but now that she is out and comfortable, she can be herself. So, she thinks like she has a vagina between her legs. In fact, she wants to go through sex reassignment surgery. And, if she completes it, she wants to try fuck your brains out hoping the idea of never making a baby will entice you to marry her.”

“Jesus. Fuck me,” said Alessandro. “What am I to do?”

“Fuck her on occasion,” said Ming. “Let her suck your cock. Of course, on occasion. Allow her to sexually satisfy you and she will be more than happy to survive knowing that she will never really have you.”

“And, she cannot live without me bending her over and fucking her with one of my custom made dildoes,” added Apollonia.

“Do you really want me to allow her to blow me tonight?” asked Alessandro.

“That is up to you,” replied Apollonia.

“I need to wrap my head around this strange relationship with him or her or whatever,” said Alessandro. “Ok?”

“I’m ok with it,” said Apollonia. “But, you have to remember that I control what we do.”

“Like I don’t know that,” retorted Alessandro. “I’m still totally against any sexual involvement with Colina.”

Ming stood and said, “I am going to take the boys home and get them ready for bed. If Colina arrives, then I will know that a night of debauchery is upon me. If she is not there by ten the latest, I will slip into bed, masturbate, and fall asleep. I will expect to be awoken before sunrise to partake in any decisions concerning our enemies.”

“Agreed,” said Apollonia who stood, went to Ming, and kissed her. They held the kiss for several minutes before Ming pushed Apollonia to break the embrace. Sadly Apollonia watched her lover depart her house. She turned to Alessandro, “I think I want to watch Colina suck you off.”

“Fuck me,” was all Alessandro said.

“What a great idea,” crooned Apollonia. “Colina blows you while I fuck your ass with one of my favorite strap-ons. In fact, I’ll let Colina pick it out because she knows which ones stimulate the prostate better than anyone I know.”

“You’re not serious?” asked Alessandro.

“No, I’m Apollonia,” she replied. “Inserting a nicely sized dildo up your ass is serious.”

Alessandro Bruno did not know whether to shit or go blind.

Jon Parks met with Howard Cohen shortly after 3:00PM. Their meeting took a bit longer than he expected. Apollonia's attorney asked the same question four times before he was satisfied that he understood what he was charged to do by his customer. Jon chuckled to himself every time Howard had to sit, stand, or shift positions. Seems the attorney had a bit of pain in his crotch. Just because he wanted to be a pain-in-the-ass, Jon decided to ask if he was ok, "Howard, you seem to have a problem. Are you ok? Do you need to go to the doctor?"

Howard froze, shook his head, and said, "No-o-o. I'm o-o-ok."

"Are you sure?" asked Jon.

"Y-y-yes," replied Howard wishing Jon would give his questioning a rest.

"Listen Howard, I was with Apollonia when she called earlier today. I know you were up to something when she immediately hung up the phone. Were you jerkin' off watchin' two underage girls eat each other's pussy?"

Howard glared at Jon and spat, "They were not underage..."

"Fuck you Howard," spat Jon, "fifteen is underage. But, I truly believe the girls were younger. I'm just going to leave well enough alone. You are going to be a good boy and try not to indulge in your masturbation sickness. Miss Moretti trusts you. I know she knows all about your sexual deviations. My only consolation is that you don't touch them. If I find out that you did, I will cut your cock and balls off and feed them to you." It was said by Jon with finality.

"Do me a favor Jon," said Howard, "get the fuck out of my office. As you drive to your office remember one thing. I go to Apollonia and your employment with her will be over. All I have to do is whisper in her ear and you will be through. Nothing you say or do to prove me wrong will not be accepted by her. Trust me when I tell you, from this moment forward, you will," he paused, took a deep breath, and growled, "YOU WILL NEVER TALK TO ME LIKE THAT AGAIN." He picked up his right arm and with his hand pointed to the door.

Jon gathered his notes, stood, and departed Howard's office. Once he was in the elevator, he put his hand to his forehead and said to the empty elevator car, "Why the fuck did I just do what I did?" When the elevator doors opened on the Lobby floor he was ecstatic to see Renee sitting where he asked her to wait. He approached her, leaned over, and kissed her on her lips. She smiled at his affection and stood to leave when she heard, "Let's get the fuck out of here."

It took twenty-two minutes for the couple to walk to Jon's apartment. Before he had the door open, Renee's hand was in his pants stroking his cock. The only break was to open his apartment door, close, and relock it. Then to his amazement, Renee fell to her knees, removed his cock through his zipper, and began to greedily suck it. Jon tried to stop her, but nothing he said or did had an effect on her. She continued to blow him.

"Renee," said Jon, the frustration in his voice finally getting her to cease her oral ministrations.

She looked up at him lovingly and said "Wha-a-a-t-t-t???"

"The zipper is hurting me," said Jon. "Let's go into the bedroom, get undressed, and you can suck on my cock for as long as you like or until I finally explode in your mouth."

With a little girl's voice, Renee responded, "And what are you going to do for me daddy?"

Jon was a bit taken aback when he heard her call him 'daddy'. Then she was standing by his side, her hand wrapped around his rampant erection, and trying to entice him to walk with her to the bedroom. He stumbled for a second, caught himself, and said, "I can only do one thing at a time. I'm not really good at walking and chewing gum."

Renee released her hold on his cock, stepped away from his side, and said, "What is with you? You're not yourself. What???"

The rampant erection took all of a few seconds to deflate. His cock hung rather uncomfortably through his jeans. It was not usual for him to have or let his cock hang out even though moments before a mouth then a hand was wrapped around it. He looked at Renee and interpreted her look as one of frustration. Not the sexual frustration of needing a good fucking. The face of the girl looking at him showed consternation at his perceived uptight attitude. Uptight no, but concerned, yes. To make things easier, he put his cock back into his pants, zipped up, and guided Renee to the couch. She felt the power of his hand and knew she had better not fight him.

They sat, he eyed her, and said, "I'm worried about you." She started to respond, but was cut off when he placed his hand over her mouth. Renee pulled her chin in to show she was amazed that he did what he did to quiet her, but in the end, she allowed him to continue. "I know your personality. I know you have the strength to go after what you want. I think our relationship is not borne of compatibility. I am old enough to be your father. I think you are rebounding from your divorce. I also think you're taken with and titillated by Apollonia. You get into bed with her and your life as you know it will be over."

"I'm not a lesbian, Jon."

"You don't have to be a lesbian, Renee. All you have to do is give her an opening into your mind through your heart and ultimately through your pussy and life as life as you know it will come to a screeching halt. I know she will end up controlling you to the point where you will have no mind of your own. Trust me when I tell you this."

Confused by his statement, Renee asked, "Is Ming under her control? Does she jump when she is told to?"

"Yes. When Ming divorced her husband and needed help to solve a couple of very nasty problems, she came directly to Apollonia. Just by seeking her help, she reopened their love affair and allowed Apollonia to take control of her life."

"Are you telling me to stay away from her?"

Jon winced and said, "I'm telling you, but you can accept what I say under advisement. I don't have that power. I'm a middle aged retired New York City police detective. I'm not wealthy beyond words. I have my pension. I make some incredible money working for Miss Moretti. It pales in comparison to your bank account and the Moretti wealth is incalculable."

"Are you telling me she will take my money?"

"Oh my god, no!!! She doesn't need your money. If she is at all enamored with you and I think she is, she will do everything to make you crawl to her."

Renee frowned, "Crawl to her? Doesn't seem the type."

Jon laughed, "Figuratively crawl. The first few times she is sexual with you, she will give you a wide berth. Then she will slowly close the circle until she is suffocating you and you beg, plead, and agree to be her slave. She will own you. About two to three months after you've been with her, you'll wake up from your fantasy world, because she will have broken your spirit and her relationship with you. You'll call me and I will answer, but I will simply tell you that I warned you."

"But..." Renee paused because she did not have words. Then she said, "What if I am with you?"

"You won't be with me," replied Jon. "I want to be with you, but the day you meet her without me is the day our relationship ends. I am her employee. I do things for her that I cannot discuss with you. I..."

"You want me to live my life according to your rules," interrupted Renee. "Is that it?"

"Maybe. I want you to want to be with me. If you're bisexual, then you have to make a decision about that. I'm not and I do not intend to start. If you have been and want to continue being bisexual, then do so but it will be without me."

Renee leaned over and put her head down by her knees as her hands slid down her calves to her ankles. She held that pose for a minute or two before she sat up and said, "I'm not going to lie to you Jon. I would like to be intimate with a female that I am attracted to. I've only had one sexual tryst with another girl when I was fifteen. We were friends and we were into one another. Would it have happened again between us? I don't know, but it couldn't because she was killed in a freak NYC construction accident. That being said, I'm not like a bisexual or homosexual man whose whole life revolves around sucking a nice cock even if it is on some ugly guy's body. I do not want to end this relationship. I am truly committed to making it work. Your age is of no concern to me. I had hopes that you would enjoy a female, female, male threesome as we grew closer." She held up her hand to stop Jon from interrupting, "I am taken with Apollonia and Ming. Apollonia is indescribable when it comes to female beauty and her personality and intelligence are just, well fuckin' amazing. But, you are the man I want to be with. You. Just you. So, give us a chance."

Jon did not respond verbally. He moved closer to Renee, pulled her by her shoulders to his body, and starting gently pressed his lips on hers. Together they opened their mouths and alternated whose tongue was in whose mouth. Their upper bodies pressed together. Jon's cock twitched when he felt Renee's breasts press against his body. He knew she was not wearing a bra. He could feel her nipples. His cock grew in his pants and became somewhat uncomfortable. Renee could feel Jon's sexuality rising and she placed her hand on his crotch. Again, his cock twitched as their tongues danced between each other's mouth. Then out of nowhere, Jon broke the kiss, groaned, and ejaculated in his pants.

Renee's hand felt his cock pulse. She moved her hand and saw a wet spot beginning to grow just below his right jean pocket. She replaced her hand, looked at a scared and frightened Jon, and said, "It isn't a problem, babe. Sometimes shit happens. Gives us reason to get naked and take a shower." Before Jon could answer, she stood, pulled him to his feet, and guided him to the bathroom. Once inside the small room, she began to shuck her clothing, then turned on the shower, stepped in, and while rubbing her pussy, licking her lips, and said, "Let's clean each other up."

Jon had already removed his clothing. His cock was at half-mast. He stepped into the tub, closed the shower curtain, and without asking slipped to his knees and began to hungrily lick and suck Renee's camel toe.

Ming put the boys to bed and warned them about using their flashlights to stay up late. They looked at her imitating a '*who me???*' look. She did not let them get away with it by giving them a stern look and saying, "If you disrespect me by going against my wishes, both of you will not sit comfortably for a month." Shen and Lian knew she was serious because the result of their spanking was longer than usually stated by their mom. Both boys nodded, smiled, and in their individual beds, slipped under the covers to go to sleep. Ming nodded, turned off the light, and closed the door.

In the wine refrigerator in her kitchen were several bottles of Moretti wine. Red, white, and rose were stocked in areas that kept them at the perfect temperature. She opted for a light rose, retrieved a glass from her wine glass cabinet, and made her way back into the great room. Ming opted to sit on the couch that faced the floor to ceiling fireplace. "Shit," she said as she stood, went back into the breakfast area, retrieved a bottle opener, and returned to pull the cork from the rose. There was no television in the great room. She found the remote control for the stereo system, turned it on, and found her favorite soft classical station on the FM band. Off came her shoes as she tucked her legs to the side of her body. The wine tasted wonderful as she rested letting the tensions of the day melt away. Her body started to unwind as her mind sought the places that would make her happy.

Two glasses of wine later, Ming was now lying on the couch with her right hand beginning to slide underneath her jeans. Just as the tips of her fingers reached the top of her vagina, her cell phone rang. *'Who the fuck is calling me?'* she thought as her hand slid up from her sex. She rolled slightly to her left, found her cell phone, and saw a number she did not know. On the fourth ring, she decided to answer.

Because she did not know the number, she simply answered, "Hello."

A small somewhat frightened voice responded, "Ming. It is me."

She knew the voice but decided to be a bit of a bitch. She asked, "Who is me?"

A small sigh came through with a definite amount of frustration. A breath was taken. Still with a voice that was frightened, Minh heard, "Jack Greenstein. You gave me no choice but to call."

Ming lightened her voice and made it sound more natural when she spoke, "Yes, you had a choice Jack. Are you sure this is the right one?"

What Ming did not see was Jack closing his eyes and using his right hand to caress his penis. He answered, "Yes. You know me very well. But, what you don't know is how much I hate the Margolis'."

Ming decided it was time to test his mettle. "I want you to come over to my place. Before you come, I want you to remove all your body hair from the neck down. Then you are find your stash..."

Jack interrupted, "What stash?"

With a change in voice, Ming growled, "You know what fuckin' stash bitch!!!"

The word bitch opened the floodgates. "Yes Ma'am. I understand."

"Pick out something nice. Bring it with you. Don't call me when you leave. When you arrive at the gate, the guards will notify me by calling. Pull your car into my driveway and enter the house through the side door. It is unlocked."

"Yes Ma'am," said Jack.

Just like Apollonia would do, Ming ended the phone call.

Ming's walk-in closet is broken down into two areas. The first is her business and casual attire. The second is her I am a beautiful sexy Chinese woman attire. It also has fetish clothing that Apollonia loves for her to wear and some authoritarian pieces that, on occasion, she wears with Apollonia. In her mind, she knew how she wanted to greet Jack when he arrived, but she had to be careful with him. If she pushed too hard, he may just collapse into a sniveling crying useless submissive. She went directly to bar where a row of black outfits hung. She flipped through them and decided on one that would accentuate her body, her ethnicity, and portray the dominatrix personality she would forever be associated with for Jack.

Just as she finished putting on her clothing and placing one important item of sexual dominance where she wanted it, the guardhouse phone rang. She answered it, approved the entrance of her guest, and went downstairs to the hall entrance to the mudroom. She remained in the hallway and waited. Seven minutes later Jack parked his 2003

Aston Martin DB7 in the driveway. He exited, picked up a small gym bag, and walked to the side door. He knew the door was unlocked, but he hesitated anyway. Should he ring the doorbell, knock, or just enter as seemed to the way people entered houses on Columbus Place. He decided to just enter Ming's house.

The mudroom was dark except for a small amount of light that seemed to come down the hallway from the right. He stepped to the doorway and was surprised to see the outline of a person. He knew it was Ming. He stopped, smiled, and said, "Good evening."

Spitting her words Ming said, "MISTRESS... YOU ADDRESS ME AS MISTRESS..."

Jack flinched, took a breath, and repeated his greeting correctly, "Good evening, Mistress."

Ming held her right hand down in front of her about waist high. She stared at Jack and when he did not take the hint said, "Kneel and kiss my hand."

Jack placed the small gym bag on the floor, went to his knees, and kissed Ming's hand.

Down the hall on the right is a door. That is the door to the maid's or servant's quarters. It is a simple affair. There is a plebeian bedroom and a small bathroom. Did you bring everything I asked?"

"Everything including some old but still usable makeup, Mistress," replied Jack.

"When you are ready, call me. I will come in and we will begin your education."

The look on Jack's face scared Ming, but she did not respond. He would have to learn the two levels of the feminine dominated relationship they he was entering into. As of now, he was nothing more than a total piece-of-dog-shit to her. She knew the relationship would have been quite different if his manhood hung down to his knees. As it hypothetically grew shorter, her superiority grew stronger. Their sex was ok, but now that he was preparing to become her bitch, his status as a man would never become something she would encourage. Some twelve minutes later she heard him call her name.

Ming stepped back in front of the door, turned the door handle, and stepped inside the small bedroom. Standing next to the bed was something she did not expect. Jack was dressed in a light yellow halter top that ended just below his chest. His stomach was smooth and flat. On his hips was a short miniskirt in the same yellow color. Through the belt loops of the miniskirt was a belt of gold rings. On his legs was a pair of yellow lace top thigh high stockings. On his feet were a pair of leather six inch stiletto heels. He wore a blonde wig that hung to his shoulders. On each of his hands and arms were a pair of yellow lace mid-bicep gloves. He face was made up to match his outfit. His hand were clasped in front of the waist of the miniskirt. After she perused his outfit, Ming said, "Show me your panties."

Jack moved his hand to his thighs and as he wiggled his hips, he slipped the hem of the miniskirt up high enough to reveal the panties he was wearing. They were a pair of yellow lace thong panties. She could tell just by looking at them the only material was the small patch of lace that covered his genitals. Much to her consternation, Jack did not try to hide his junk.

"I know I asked you to take a shower and shave," said Ming. "I can readily see that you have accomplished the task. But, I need to know if you have cleaned yourself."

Jack frowned and said, "Cleaned myself... I washed my body before and after I shaved, Mistress."

To show her anger and her dominance of him, she spat, "IS YOUR PUSSY CLEAN???"

His body wavered on his heels. He would have to admit to her that he forgot the one of the most basic things a sissy should do. He caught himself, straightened up, and replied, "I am so sorry Mistress, but I forgot to clean my..." He paused. It had been years since he called his asshole his pussy. His wife never wanted to play with his ass much

less fuck him with a strap-on. She would on occasion finger his ass, but never use him the way his uncle did. Time had passed and he had forgotten so much. He made peace with his decision and said, "If Mistress has the tools, I will return to the bathroom and clean my pussy."

"I should make you stay the way you are," spit Ming. "Then when you clean my cock you can taste why it is imperative you keep you pussy clean at all times."

"Yes Mistress," said Jack. "I will never forget, Mistress."

Ming was pissed. She turned without a word, left Jack standing where he was, and made her way to the master bedroom. She returned three minutes later with an enema bag, tubing, and nozzle which she summarily dropped on the floor at his feet. "Clean yourself and then call me. It better be as clean as a sterilized scalpel."

Jack picked up the enema tools and backed into the bathroom. He closed the door and that is when Ming pulled it open, stood in the doorway, and screamed, "YOU FUCKIN' PIECE OF SHIT!!! DID YOU ASK ME IF YOU COULD CLOSE THE DOOR!!! NOW YOU CLEAN YOUR PUSSY IN FRONT OF ME!!! YOU DO EVERYTHING TO MAKE ME BELIEVE YOU ARE LOVING THE FEELING OF WARM SOAPY WATER IN YOUR RECTUM!!!"

Jack started at Ming. His fear became palatable as his legs began to shake uncontrollably. The evitable happened. He began to cry uncontrollably. His legs could no longer support his body and he fell to the floor. "Please Ming don't yell at me," he cried. "I am trying but it has been a long time since I really served a dominant individual. Most of my dominants were men. I never really served a mistress. My wife half-heartedly allowed me some of my fetishes. Please step back and let me start slowly. If I have to, I will clean my bowel for you. But, may I do it in private."

His pleading stopped Ming in her tracks. She never expected Jack to plead like a baby. In a normal tone of voice, Ming asked, "If I were a man, would you be crying like a baby?"

"If you were a man and it was years ago," replied Jack, "I would have been totally prepared. I would know that I would be bent over and fucked. Fucked until I felt a warm rush of man cum fill my rectum. Yeah, they'd call it a pussy, but for all intent and purpose, they were simply using my asshole to jerk themselves off. Serving you is going to be a totally new experience."

"If I were call Viviano here and told you to bend over so he could fuck you, would you?"

"Based upon my service to you, yes."

"Suck his cock?"

"Yes."

"Swallow his load?"

"But of course. That, hopefully is my reward."

"Since you left Apollonia's this afternoon, how many times have you masturbated?"

Jack looked down, shame came upon his face, and he said, "Five mistress."

"FIVE FUCKIN' TIMES!!! JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST!!! WHAT MADE YOU WHACK YOUR WANGER FIVE TIMES???"

"If I tell you, I believe I will be putting myself into a world of hurt."

Ming noticed he did not address her as mistress; therefore there was something that he did not want to tell her. Something that would ruin their D/s relationship. Something that he wanted to keep totally to himself. "For now I will let it pass," said Ming. "There will come a day when I will ask what you did not tell me. You'd better answer me or I promise your life will never be the same." Her decision was made as she spoke to Jack, "Come with me into the kitchen."

"Dressed like this?" asked Jack.

"First, when you are dressed..."

Jack knew his mistake and simple said, "Mistress."

Ming nodded, smiled, and said, "Yes, dressed as you are. The boys are asleep. If they awaken, they will not come downstairs. They will call me from their room. Believe me, I will hear them. Now, follow me."

Once they were in the kitchen, Ming decided to go into the family room. She pointed and Jack followed. She sat on the leather couch, patted the seat, and Jack sat per nonverbal instructions. Ming looked at Jack's thighs and nodded her head appreciatively before she spoke, "You change into a very pretty woman. I have to admit that you look stunning. I wonder what you look like when you are dressed but not as a slut."

"I wouldn't know mistress," said Jack. "I only know to make myself into a whore the way my uncle desired. He dressed me. He badgered me to learn to be a whore. He never once said anything about becoming a beautiful woman. I really didn't want to be a woman. I was a boy. I liked girls. He changed that by making me dress like a whore for him."

"And later when you were older?"

"Nothing changed. The men I met were interested in one thing and only one thing – getting off. Yeah, some were attracted to sissy bois, but most of them where men who could not get a woman. Whores would reject most of them. But, there was Jack. Dressed like a whore and willing to suck their cocks and let them fuck me. That was my hidden life mistress."

"What was the one thing that to this day you hate because your uncle made you do it?"

"I'd rather not answer Ming. It is something I alluded to earlier. I'm not really at a point where I can, want, or should tell you. I believe it will end our relationship even if it is based upon an abnormal sexuality."

Ming smiled and chuckled. "So, you do not believe in female dominated relationships? You think it is abnormal?"

"Only in the sense that most of the world believe that heterosexual relationships are naturally male dominated. I know there are societies that have a female dominated structure, but they are few and far between. I am not opposed to what we are starting as I am the one who needs it. I just cannot tell you what my uncle made me do that still makes me mad."

Ming sat for a minute before she said, "Would you like a glass of wine?"

"No thank you," said Jack. "What I really would like is a joint. I wouldn't mind getting high right now."

"That is out of the question because the boys are here. I am not opposed to smokin' some weed, but we'll just have to table that for now."

"May I ask what you had in mind, Mistress?"

"You may," replied Ming. "I wanted to turn you around in the bedroom, bend you over, and surprise you with a rather nicely sized dildo. I wanted to fuck your masculinity out of you first thing. Then I was going to put a butt plug up your just fucked ass and send you home."

"May I ask what is so special about the dildo, Mistress?"

"Smart ass and I didn't mean to make a pun. The dildo was designed by Apollonia. Each and every one that she has and that I have were designed by her."

With eyes bulging, Jack said, "Really... So, what makes them so special?"

"It is their design. Most dildoes worn by women are connected to some form of a belt. There is one that allows a woman to insert a ball into her vagina, but they really still need a belt to keep it secure. Apollonia designed a female worn dildo that is kept attached to a woman's body via vaginal and anal balls. They are situated perfectly for a woman to assume the man's role and fuck like a man. They also have a ridged area that massages the wearer's clitoris. Fucking using one will always get the user off. A standard everyday strap-on dildo will not."

Breathless at what he heard, Jack said, "So you were going to fuck me until you attained an orgasm, um, no matter how long you held off. I don't know if you were going to go for multiple orgasms, but either way, you wanted to fuck me without any concern for my sexual stimulation or wellbeing. Fuck me and send me home. Is that right?"

"Basically."

"The only difference between what you wanted and the men I served – they would fill my rectum. To be truthful, I would have driven home frustrated and empty. But, isn't that what you want?"

"When we're alone together. If I were with another man, a man with an adequate penis, you'd be doing what all good sissies do. I won't call you a cuckold, because we won't be married. Ever. You're my bitch and I intend to keep you that way – submissive. A winner at work and a loser at home."

Jack nodded in agreement. He asked, "What would our relationship be if I asked you to attend a dinner party or Wall Street event?"

"I would be the consummate partner for your sake. I would not want to hurt your public work persona. I would smile, hold your hand, make conversation, laugh, and generally support you. I would react negatively to any statement that could be perceived as harassment; otherwise, I would be your partner and support you."

Jack laughed and said, "Once we leave and are alone in the car, you resume your total bitch control of me. Your smiling loving sissy bitch."

"Yes. And, you're right on one account. You will fall in love with me. It will be unrequired and you will love that it is."

"I would expect nothing less."

"There is one more aspect of this relationship that has to be discussed."

Jack frowned and simply asked, "What?"

"Finances. Because of my relationship with Apollonia, I am wealthy beyond belief. But, to keep you under my thumb, I am going to require a financial stipend. I have to figure out the amount and schedule, but I am figuring you should pay me on a monthly basis. You will sign indentured servitude contract. I will have it to you within the week. Apollonia's attorney has several templates for me to peruse and modify to my liking. I'll let you read it, but you either sign it or leave."

"I don't understand the use of the word – leave."

"I intend for you to move here."

"What about my children?"

"They'll be here too."

"I don't 'want them to know anything about our relationship."

"It is imperative that they learn about you. Your daughter will have a strong woman to help her grow up not crawling to men and your son will have to decide what he wants to do. But, I am guessing he is going to be hung like you and his only road will be the road to sissydome."

"I do not agree. I do not want to be here under those circumstances. My children are not part of this agreement. You wanted proof of my hatred for the Margolis' and that I was not working for them. I opened up to you about my childhood, my sick desires, and what I would do to make sure I was telling the truth."

"Stay here. I have to get something. You leave and I will find you. When I find you I will emasculate you. There will be nothing between your legs. The one good thing coming from that is your panties will look good on you." Ming rose and went to the servant's bedroom. She returned smiling knowing that Jack was in no way going to deny her.

"Stand up Jack. Turn around and kneel on the couch. When you are comfortable pull up your miniskirt."

Jack looked at Ming and saw what she was going to shove up his ass. Her dress was up around her hips. Between her legs was a nine inch ersatz cock. He was surprised that it had balls designed onto it. The head was a perfectly shaped helmet. It looked like it was at least six inches thick. His heart started palpitating and his breathing grew shallow. He hadn't had a dildo much less a cock that big up his ass in years. He took a breath and said, "Any chance you would think about starting with something smaller, please?"

"Here is the deal Jack. You turn around, show me your pussy, or you go home. It is that simple. You came here because you want me to own you. Forget about the Margolis'. They're dead people. You're alive and in need. You are afraid that you'll rape your children. If you do not accept everything I have said to you, then you will indulge in your sickness. What price do you want to pay? I am going to give you a minute to think about it. If you decide to leave, I will not stop you. Just remember what I told you would happen to you."

Ming stood to the side of Jack, smiled, licked her lips, and obnoxiously rubbed lube on her cock. She did not have to watch her hand as it moved on the ersatz cock. Her eyes were boring into Jack's and as it transpired it grabbed his soul. Jack Greenstein was simply allowing himself to be hypnotized by the magnificent Chinese woman that was going to use his ass for her pleasure. It took several minutes for Jack to finally succumb. He stepped in front of the couch, bent at the waist, rested his knees on the front edge of the couch pillow, then his forehead on the back, lifted his very short miniskirt, and used his hands to spread the cheeks of his ass. He did not move the thin woven strap of material that transected his ass.

The view of his anal passage stopped Ming from greasing her dildo with the KY lubrication. Although Jack said he hadn't been fucked in years, his asshole looked like it had been used as recently as that afternoon. It came to her in a flash. Jack, alone in his room, used something to stimulate his anus as he jerked off. 'Five times,' Ming thought to herself, 'I wonder if that was what he wanted to hide.' She stepped between the coffee table and the bent over Jack. She pushed the table back to give her more room to fuck her new faggot bitch. Once she was in position and comfortable, she slid the head of her dildo up and down the open space formed by Jack's hands.

Jack shivered when he felt the ersatz head of Ming's dildo cock pass over his anus. His cock jumped but did not begin to elongate into an erection. His sole thoughts were how he was going to keep from screaming, crying out, and having copious tears flow down his made-up cheeks when Ming inserted her dildo up his ass. His hands were

becoming tired from holding his ass cheeks apart. Without asking for complaining, Jack released his cheeks and put his hands next to his head on the back of the couch. He steeled his body for a physical assault because he was not holding his backside open for his mistress.

To his surprise he heard, "It is ok Jack. Your backside is small enough that when your pussy lips are in a natural position, there is quite a nice space for a cock to do its business."

Jack sighed and whispered, "Just give me a few seconds notice. Please. Mistress."

Ming stopped moving her cock. She stopped with the head perfectly positioned for penetration. She pressed just enough to let Jack know that his asshole was going to be invaded shortly. The narrow part of the head was inserted just into the top of the anal opening. If she wanted to be correct in her estimation, it had not begun to pry open Jack's anal sphincter. She paused, smiled at her superior work, and said, "How many times did you fuck yourself today, Jack? I can see that your asshole is a bit red and puffy. Just like a woman's vagina gets when it is pummeled."

"I don't know what you are talking about, Mistress."

Ming slapped his ass, hard. He cried out and she slapped him a second time. "Don't fuckin' lie to me bitch. Your anus is red and puffy. It is not from the enemas you did not give yourself. I would bet your daughter's virginity, that you are pretty clean from fucking yourself as you jerked off this afternoon." The slaps came in a staccato form. His cheeks reddened from the open handed pounding. "Tell me or suffer the consequences bitch."

"Please don't hit me anymore," cried Jack. "I'm not into pain. Abuse me verbally and I will do anything you ask. Physically hurt I and I'll suffer the consequences, but I will no longer serve."

"Yeah," spat Ming as she slapped his ass three times just before she pushed the entire nine inches up Jack's ass. She watched as his asshole opened and his sphincter relaxed to allow the dildo to enter his body. The physical reaction of Jack's body was way less than Ming expected. If he had not been fucked for as long as he estimated, then he should have cried out in pain. His anal sphincter, the guardian of his lower bowel, should have fought the insertion of Ming's cock. To be sure she was asserting her dominance over Jack, she pulled the dildo out completely, slapped his pussy cheeks four times, and then with as much force as she could muster, slammed her fuckstick back into Jack's rectum. She kept it inserted and just rested her hands on Jack's hips.

"You bitch!!!" cried Jack.

"No Jack; you're the bitch. I know from experience that you had to have fucked yourself while you jerked off. There is no way in hell this nine inch cock would have slipped inside of you so easily." Ming moved her body just enough for her right hand to encircle Jack's scrotum. He did not see her smile as her fingers wrapped around his testicles. A short squeeze was more than enough to get Jack moaning in pain. "I will crush your balls Jack if you don't come clean. Did you fuck yourself every time you jerked off?"

Jack's head was spinning. His mind was trying to be anywhere but beneath the woman that had a nine inch dildo inserted fully into his ass. His body hurt from the slaps and it increased in pain when she squeezed his testicles. His memories of his uncle and his friends butt fucking him was not very pleasant. But, they never really hurt him physically. In time, the pain would subside and he would begin to enjoy being butt fucked. So much so, he begged his uncle and his friends to fuck him harder. He knew the feeling of their cocks exploding in his rectum would be enough for him to reach an orgasm. Now, Jack was suffering at the hands of a woman. A strong woman that would take no shit from him. He tried one more time, "I did not fuck myself, Mistress. I do not know what you were seeing, but I am telling you the truth."

The scream should have been loud enough to wake her sons and anyone else asleep on Columbus Place. Ming moved fast to cover his face with a pillow. She leaned down to his ear which forced the dildo deeper into his rectum and said, "If you think that was painful, just wait until I cut your cock and balls off." Ming waited and all she heard was Jack's labored breathing. She knew she was breaking him. "I want you to tell me the truth. No holds barred. You lie to me again and I will make you suffer."

"Enough," cried Jack. "I did use a small butt plug on myself when I masturbated this afternoon."

"What had you so turned on?" inquired Ming. She pulled her body up and before Jack could plead for her not to, she grabbed his testicles. She felt him shiver in expectation of her causing him the worst pain a man could feel and endure.

To himself, *'Fuck me. I cannot say...'* The squeeze was harder than before. Jack almost lost his bladder. He cried out in pain. Then it ceased. The residual effect was enough for him to see stars. If she had kept it up, he would have blacked out. All that came out of his mouth was moans of "Please."

Ming was not getting wet. She was enjoying her physical and mental domination of Jack, but she was not becoming sexually stimulated. If Apollonia was up Jack's ass, there would be a stream of vaginal juices dripping from her plugged cunt. Although she was not rising through her sexual stimulation cycle she was, nevertheless, enjoying her cruel domination of Jack. Jack the multimillionaire hedge fund owner who underneath it all was nothing more than a broken down sissy faggot. That thought brought a bit of vaginal fluid into her plugged pussy.

"I don't believe a word that comes out of your mouth, Jack," said Ming. "My intention was to fuck you silly. Prepare you for the cock of the man that will give you a bitch's name. A sissy bitch's name that you will be known by the rest of your sick sissy faggot life." Ming thrustured into and out of his ass. She waited and then slammed the full length back into Jack. She heard the groan without a cry of pain or humiliation. Her grin was from ear-to-ear as she said, "Last chance Jack. Tell me."

Jack began to cry again. This time the tears ruined his makeup. His body shook and his muscles twitched. He finally raised his head and said, "I can't tell you. Please just fuck me silly and I promise after you come down from however many orgasms you attain, I will tell you. Just fuck me now. That is what I am beggin' for, Mistress."

Tired of his bullshit, Ming pulled the dildo from Jack's ass and before he could move she slapped his balls as if they were a speed bag. Her hands beat his balls so hard that it did not take long for Jack to pass out and for them to turn a dark black and blue. Once her rage was ended, she looked at Jack's balls and knew she had to do something or he would lose them. She removed the stabilizing parts of the dildo from her vagina and anus. It went with her into the kitchen where she placed it in the sink so she could sterilize it before she returned it to where it was stored in her bedroom. The only way to stop Jack's balls from swelling to where he would have to go to the hospital was to put them into a bowl of ice water. She found a tray on which she placed a large salad bowl filled with ice and three bottles of spring water.

Upon her return Jack was beginning to move, but she could see he was still in extreme pain. After she placed the tray on the coffee table, she went to Jack to help him. She said, "You need to allow me to help you. I have ice and water that we need for you to place your scrotum in. You need to soak your balls in cold water to help stem the swelling. If you don't do it, you will end up in the hospital."

"I'd rather just go home," said Jack his voice breaking with the residual pain.

"If you want to go home, go home," said Ming. "I am offering my help. Not out of pity, but out of concern. Our play did go a little overboard. I'm going to make it up to you, but I am not going to apologize. Let me help you. Give it a few hours and if you're feeling up to it you can drive home. Or, you can sleep here. Tomorrow is Saturday and you do not have to go to the office."

"Where do you want me?" asked Jack.

Ming realized that the best solution to the problem would be the tub in the servant's quarters. With her teeth gritted she asked, "Can you make it to the bathroom where you got dressed?"

Jack's face changed when he heard where she wanted him to go. He had hoped she would offer the bathtub in the master bathroom. He moved just enough to test his pain level and replied, "Yeah, I can make it to the back

bedroom.” He would not call it the servant’s quarters. After taking a deep breath, Jack stood up and slowly walked barefoot through the great room, breakfast area, and kitchen to the back bedroom.

Ming made her way past Jack, opened the door, and finally helped him to the bathroom. She filled the bathtub with cold water and said to Jack, “Sit. I will be back with the ice.” She returned with the bowl of ice and poured it over his genitals into the tub.

“Jesus,” said Jack, “How fuckin’ long do I have to sit in this ice water bath?”

“Hopefully not too long,” replied Ming. “I’ll keep you company.”

“Really???” questioned Jack. “I’m not too trusting.”

Ming leaned over, put her right hand on Jack’s left cheek, and said, “I said I wouldn’t apologize, but I am going to take care of you. You will accept being my bitch. You will sign the Indentured Servant Contract. You and your children will move here. When you are all settled, you will be taken care of lock, stock, and barrel. The one thing you can be assured of is my pussy will be your Goddess. You will live your life to suckle my cunt before, during, and after I have heterosexual sex. The men I fuck will know that you are theirs to do with as they please. Unless you tell me why you fucked yourself five times today as you jerked your pathetic penis, I will make sure you know that the only place you are a masculine alpha male is in your office.”

“What do I have to do to make you forget about me fucking myself as I masturbated?” asked Jack.

“Nothing will satisfy me until I hear the truth,” replied Ming. “If that is going to be the foundation of your not heeding my wishes, then I suggest you stand up and leave. If you doubt my resolve, just talk to Raffaella, Viviano, or Apollonia. You are the first man that I am willingly taking under my control. I intend to make you understand that I had you the moment you did not willingly go down on me. You fuck like a sissy. I am amazed that you have two children because the amount of cum in the rubber was miniscule. That tells me you are one of two things – a habitual masturbator or you cum so much from being fucked that heterosexual intercourse does not do it for you.”

“I don’t stand a chance with you,” sighed Jack. “I can infer that it means the same for Apollonia. What do you want?”

“I want the truth.”

“OK. You’re not going to believe the truth, but here goes.” Jack stiffened his back, moved slightly as the cold water was beginning to numb his testicles, and with eyes wide open said to Ming, “When Nathan took me home I was a mess. I never sit in the back of a limo by myself. I have this thing about being perceived as some rich asshole. There was also another reason I wanted to sit up front. I wanted to be near him. My uncle forced me to have sex with black men. He made me dress for them. He made me beg them for their cocks. I sucked them and they fucked me. I did more black men than I did my uncle and his two friends. He brainwashed me into believing black men were the only alpha males on the planet. When Nathan walked in, I was thanking my luck stars that I was sitting down. I immediately began to get an erection. I perceived Nathan as a God. Well, to make a long story short, when we got to my house I offered to blow him. He refused. He told me that if I ever told anyone I offered to suck his cock anytime and anyplace, he would end my life. When I finally relaxed after seeing my children, I was so freaked out by him I just had to relieve my sexual pressures. I used a butt plug and as I have said, I masturbated five times thinking how sweet it would be to service him.”

“You are one sick fuck,” said Ming. “Whatever you do, do not let Apollonia find out you offered to blow him. One day you will find out why she and the Moretti family is so dead set against having sexual relations with black men. I am not going to tell you, but I believe you’re smart enough to figure it out. If you’re not, just remember what I am telling you. She finds out and you will never see your children again.”

“Mind if I stand?” asked Jack. “I’m feeling a lot better. So much so, that if you want, I would love to feel you inside me again.”

"Are you serious?"

"Yes. Very much so. As long as you keep what I told you a secret. I imagine you do not hold the same reasoning as Apollonia for not having sex with a black man."

"My reasoning is not as strict as hers, but also I am not attracted to black men. I married a Chinese man. I divorced a Chinese man. I am madly in love with an Italian woman. Technically the only black cock I have in me is the only black dildo Apollonia and I share. If you are serious about me taking you, then I need to go into the kitchen and retrieve my toy."

Jack's eyes lit up as a broad grin came across his face. "Would you consider fulfilling a fantasy of mine?" He did not wait for a response from Ming. "I have always wanted to be dressed, standing in front of the sink, have my man come up behind me, and without any foreplay slip his hard cock up my ass."

"Really," said Ming. "The only thing I am going to require of you besides addressing me as Mistress is that you call it your pussy. You've had enough cum in it to produce several hundred babies. Thankfully, you cannot get pregnant. So, do you agree?"

"Yes."

"Then get dressed. I'll be waiting."

Ten minutes later Jack walked into the kitchen. He did not see Ming. Smiling to himself, he walked into the U-shape of the kitchen, and stood in front of the sink. After a two minutes he became impatient. He wanted to call out to Ming, but thought better of it. He looked out the window and in the corner of his eye he saw something move from the hallway leading to the great room. To show his submissiveness, he looked down into the kitchen sink. His hands were on the edge of the counter as he waited.

Jack felt something behind him. He did not look up. He held his breath as he felt a pair of hands on his hips. Then the hem of his miniskirt rose. The single piece of material that traversed his pussy from north to south moved. He took a breath in anticipation of being speared by the dildo Ming had worn previously. A large pair of hands grabbed his hips. The head of a cock pressed against his male pussy opening. Its entrance was similar but not the same as before. He turned his head, froze, and said, "What the fuck???"

Standing behind him was Colina. Her cock was slipping into Jack's pussy as Ming, Apollonia, and Alessandro smiled and watched. When Colina was balls deep, she said, "Welcome to the family bitch. I was asked by Ming to fuck you, cum in you, and give you the name she wants you to have. Are you ready to be fucked by another sissy?"

Jack hung his head as tears of shame started rolling down his cheeks. His breathing was labored because of the uncalled for humiliation, but he knew it would be his life because he came to Ming tonight. He simply said, "Yes."

"Sweet," said Colina. "All I wanted was a taste of your cock, but being the first Moretti family member to have your ass pussy, I am in heaven."

Colina began to fuck Jack as if she had fucked him a thousand times before. Her hips pressed her seven inch sissy clit as far as it could go into Jack's pussy. Jack realizing that he was not being fucked by a dildo, but by a real cock began to use his anal muscles the way he was trained as a boy. Colina felt it and cried, "That's it faggot!!! Massage my clitty with your asshole!!!"

Jack groaned and did all he could to keep his anus pulsing in concert with Colina's insertions and extractions. Inside he wanted it to end as quickly as possible so he could figuratively crawl to his car and drive home. He understood his ass would be dribbling Colina's splooge on the leather seats of his Aston Martin. His embarrassment and humiliation in front of Ming and Apollonia was acceptable to a point, but, being fucked in front of

Alessandro was cruel. If he had wanted to engage in sexual activity with any of them, he would have preferred doing it in the privacy of anyone's room. But, to be bent over the kitchen sink per his long time masturbation fantasy was the most degrading situation he could have been placed in. None of them would have any respect for him. He knew he had to speed up Colina's fucking of him.

"Fuck me Colina," moaned Jack. "Fuck me hard. Fuck me good. Fill me with your hot sissy milk. Please hurry. I want to feel you fill me as I ejaculate." Jack moved his hips, ass, and anal sphincter as much as he could to enhance the feelings he was giving to Colina. It worked.

"Oh my god," cried Colina. "You fuck so sweetly. You have a great ability to massage my sissy clit."

Then Jack felt what he did not want to feel. Colina pressed his larger sissy clit into his pussy, wrapped his hand around his right hip, and grabbed hold of his erection. "Oh my," cried Jack.

"Good girl," chortled Colina as she stroked Jack's sissy clit in concert with her fucking his sissy pussy. The two sissies were not in complete syncopation. Colina wanted Jack to ejaculate first so the pulsing of his anus would help her unload her sissy milk easier. As Colina modified her thrusting to match the sliding of her hand down Jack's meager appendage, the movement of Colina's cockhead over Jack's interior sissy clit did the job. "Yes, Jack empty your sissy balls. Shoot your sissy milk. Go ahead girl. Show me you know how to please your man."

"Fuck!!! Don't stop!!!" cried Jack. Then he felt Colina's sissy clit press full length into his sissy pussy as his hand jerked off his sissy clit to the point of no return. "OH!!! OH!!! OH!!!" was all he could enunciate as he ejaculated all over the kitchen cabinet below the sink.

"YES!!!" cried Colina. "Your last orgasm and Jack." Colina released Jack's flaccid sissy clit to renew her autonomic pounding of Jack's sissy pussy. The spasms of Jack's asshole was the preliminary motions needed to push Colina over the top. With the force of a gale wind, Colina jammed his cock up Jack's ass and as she ejaculated, shouted, "Vincenza!!! I coat your pussy and give to you your sissy name – Vincenza." Everyone watched as Colina finished spewing his useless sissy milk up Vincenza's newly christened sissy pussy.

Jack was totally spent after the fucking that Colina had just give him. He felt Colina move and then he heard him whisper, "I am going to take my cock out your ass Vincenza. You are going to turn around and although you cannot see my beauty, you are going to kneel and clean my cock of my sissy milk and your ass pussy juices."

"No," was all Jack/Vincenza said.

"Never say no to a Moretti. Vincenza," spat Colina. "All I need to do is remain in you, turn to my wife, and tell her you are refusing to perform your sissy duties. You don't want me to do that."

Jack/Vincenza nodded his head. Colina removed her still somewhat erect sissy pussy from Vincenza's pussy and stepped back. Jack turned, glanced at the three people watching him, knelt, and took Colina's sissy clit into his mouth. He sucked it in let it slide out to allow him to lick the head. Jack repeated the motion ten times before he fell back against the cabinet tired and humiliated beyond anything he had to endure as a boy.

Ming came into the U of the kitchen, pushed Colina away, knelt, and said, "Welcome to my family. Vincenza Greenstein you have accepted your permanent position as my feminized submissive. From this moment on, I own you. Per our conversation, you will sign a Document of Indenture and move into my house."

"Yes Mistress," sighed Jack. "Will you ever call me Jack again?"

"Only when I need to," replied Ming, "otherwise you've been named just like your ass is not your pussy. Get up and go clean up."

With tears running down his face, Jack said, "Yes Mistress."

As Vincenza stood, Ming looked at Colina and used a simple hand motion to tell her to go help. Colina nodded and quietly followed Vincenza to the servant's quarters.

Ming walked back to Apollonia and said, "He hates the bitch and her husband. He is mine and by extension yours. We now have access to a genius Wall Street entrepreneur." She wrapped her arms around Apollonia's waist, pulled her close and whispered, "I want you. Just you. Tell Colina to stay here."

"What about Vincenza?" asked Apollonia.

"She will drive home," answered Ming. "Colina will sleep here and get the boys off to school."

Apollonia looked at Alessandro, then back to Ming, and she said, "I can't send Alessandro home. He is going to take me into the city in the morning."

"Then is he is taking us," said Ming. "I want to be with you – alone."

"Why don't you come home with me," said Apollonia. "I will fuck Alessandro and send him to the guest room. Then we can have the night to ourselves."

"Really?" moaned Ming. "I'm going to have to eat a cum filled pussy?"

Apollonia smiled, pulled Ming close, and said, "No. I'll take a shower. In fact, we'll take a shower."

With a flip of her head and hair, Apollonia signaled Alessandro to follow her. Ming nodded, went to the servant's quarters to advise the sissies, and then followed her lover home.