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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 32

#### Sunday Night – Apollonia's Residence – 17 February 2003

Apollonia, Sonny, and Colin sat at the kitchen table each drinking their beverage of choice for that time of night. Sonny had a glass of homemade red wine, Colin drank bottled water, and Apollonia had a mug of freshly brewed coffee between her hands. When they left Apollonia's parent's house the only issue was if Sonny should move his car from the front of her house into the driveway. As they sat drinking, Sonny's car remained in front of Apollonia's house as a signal to Sonny that he would not be spending the night.

"Colin, why don't you go to your room and change? Wouldn't you be more comfortable in a pair of pajamas or one of the baby dolls we bought on Saturday? Be sure to put on the nice robe and slippers we bought on Saturday."

Colin knew she was testing him in front of Sonny. He didn't want to change, but knew better than ask to remain seated with them dressed as he was. "Yes, Miss Apollonia. May I return to the kitchen or should I remain in my room?"

"No, you can come back. There will be dishes to wash or put into the dishwasher."

Apollonia and Sonny watched as he walked away when Apollonia remembered something, "Colin, I forgot to tell you to remove the plug from your pussy. You need to let your pussy sphincter relax for a bit." Colin stopped, heard what she said, "Thank you, Ma'am for letting me remove my pussy plug."

"Are you serious? Are you telling me that he has something shoved up his ass?" asked Sonny.

Apollonia chuckled at his question. "Yes. Until he learns to walk like a natural woman does, he will have one of three butt plugs inside his pussy for as long as I think he needs to."

Sonny leaned back in his chair, slid down, and simply said, "Fuck me."

Apollonia took a few sips of her steaming coffee and wondered if he was truly ready for his education and ultimate acceptance of his subservient position to all naturally born men and women in the Moretti family. "What do you want to ask me, Sonny? I know it is getting late, but I think it is best we talk now. I can always take care of whatever trouble you'll have with your employer. In fact, I think it would behoove you to give your notice tomorrow."

Sonny sat bolt straight in his chair. "Quit my job? You can't be serious," he said.

Apollonia smiled and said, "Let us go back to the discussions we had at my parent's house. Do you remember what I told you? Are you forgetting that you are not really the man of the house? I'm telling you to quit your job, because you're going to work for my father. And, just like Viviano did for the first six months of his employment, you'll be doing whatever my father tells you to do. No questions. No back talk. Total and complete subservience to my father and my mother no matter if we're together or apart."

Sonny stared at her from his side of the table and said, "And when we're alone?"

"When we're alone, we'll build our relationship, but like Viviano does for my sister, when I say jump you'll say how high. I know my sister and your brother are madly in love with each other. He understands that his wife's maiden name is Moretti. He understands that he may be accepted into the family, but is not really a Moretti. You are never going to be a Moretti, but you have the chance to spend the rest of your life with a Moretti daughter. You're in a special circumstance and because of it you have to outperform any man that wants to or is already married to a Moretti. Do you need more time, Sonny? My father gave you until Tuesday, you know."

Sonny was confounded by what Apollonia just said to him. He sat there confused because he was willing to fellate her father as his brother had. He was even willing to suck his brother's cock to prove himself to the family. "Apollonia, I don't understand. Everything that happened earlier means nothing to you. Are you telling me I have to surrender totally to your parents?"

"Actually to me. Once you perform on Sunday you will be in a sense wedded to me, but as we both know, the sissy is my husband and he will be giving me to you. Even if we were married, you'd still be subservient to me. In public we're a loving couple. I'll never make you uncomfortable about being with me. Neither will my parents or sister. When we're alone or with family, if a true Moretti tells you to do something, you comply no matter how deviant or subservient it is to you. If I were a man and you were the woman I was marrying, then you'd be trained as a Moretti wife because you would be bringing forth true Moretti children sired by a Moretti man. I disagree with the process because my genes are just as important as my father's but I have a pussy. Because I have a pussy, I'm regarded as a lesser individual in the hierarchy of the family and its mores."

Colin walked back into the kitchen and asked if he could again sit at the table. Apollonia thought better of it and had him return to his room. He nodded his acceptance, bid Sonny good-night, and walked quietly back to his room.

Sonny watched him leave and when he thought he was out of ear shot, he said, "I can't believe my brother accepted what you are telling me. He is a man's man. I can't believe what you're telling me."

"Believe it Sonny. Viviano knows his place and you can't tell me he didn't explain to you at the entrance gates what his status is in the family. Then why did you return?"

Sonny frustrated responded, "Because I love you Apollonia and I thought you loved me."

Looking at the table and then back into Sonny's eyes, Apollonia threw the dagger straight into Sonny's heart. "I love my husband, Sonny. I married the man, albeit it turns out to be under certain false pretenses. I absolutely know what his life will be like because I've witnessed it firsthand growing up. He could have signed the annulment agreement and I would have been freed to date and marry who I wanted. I'm not saying I wouldn't have gone out with you. I don't know what would have happened under those circumstances. My husband decided his love for me and his need for my company and control was more important than his life as a man. Because he signed the cuckold agreement, I have to satisfy a different need."

Sonny interrupted, "What need is that?"

"That should be staring you in the face, Sonny. I need a man that has the sexual ability to make me pregnant. I have the authority through my father to pick that man. The man I chose, if he accepts, accepts the rules

and regulations of the family. His pseudo marriage to me has to be accepted by him and provisions will be made to sanctify the relationship if anything happens to my husband whether it occurs accidentally or as a result of a medical issue. You have permission to verbally and within limits physically humiliate Colin, but woes be unto you if you do anything to him that ultimately ends his life prematurely. To reiterate, I need that thing hanging between your legs before I need to fall in love with you."

"Then why don't I just fuck you like your father or my brother does to the women who come to them to get pregnant. I mean if all you need is my sperm, then why don't I just make you pregnant and not go through all this Moretti bullshit."

"Not the way it happens, Sonny." Apollonia stood up and walked behind the counter that separated the breakfast area from the cooking area. She placed her coffee mug on the marble counter and for a moment just looked at Sonny with no expression on her face. She wondered to herself about her decision which probably was the way Colin thought before and after he signed the cuckolding document. Sonny sat waiting for her to respond to his offer of just being her stud.

"You have a chance to live a life that pales in comparison to your present situation. You have a chance to spend the rest of your natural life with me and with my sissy husband. As for employment, you will work for my father. You will learn his business from the bottom up. When you're ready, you'll be promoted and assume a supervisory position like your brother. With it comes the authority to make decisions relating to the operations of my father's business. You will be trained by my father in the ways of Moretti men and those who are married to Moretti women. You will be given the opportunity to spread your seed. The couples that you help, depending upon their contractual status, will forever be beholden to me and you. They will show their thanks in one of three ways to each of us. You have a chance to become a very wealthy man and live a life that only a handful of the people on this planet do."

She rested her elbows on the counter and asked, "Were you serious about sucking my father's cock tonight? Or, were you just jerkin' his chain?"

"Oh, my God, no!!!" stammered Sonny. "I was a serious and still am. I'm just so confused and to be truthful, I was hoping that we would be together tonight. I'm so..."

Apollonia knew that he was expecting to have sex with her tonight. As much as she'd like to have his ten inches inside her, she knew that it would have to wait until Sunday, but she could give him relief. "Horny... Aren't you?"

Ashamedly, he responded, "Yes. Very."

"Good. Stand up, drop your pants, and jerk off. Come on the table so you can lick it up for me."

Eyes wide in amazement, "Here, now, you're kiddin' me. You want me to jerk off and then lick the cum off the table?"

Now with an edge to her voice, "STAND, DROP YOUR PANTS, AND JERK OFF. NOW!!!"

Seeing she was serious, Sonny stood up, opened his belt and pants, unzipped his zipper, dropped his pants and boxer shorts in one motion, licked his hand, and began to masturbate.

Apollonia stood, sipping her coffee, and watched Sonny masturbate. About thirty seconds into his performance the phone rang. She answered the phone, saw him pause, and said, "Did I tell you to stop?" Sonny continued stroking his elongating cock.

"Hello... Hi, Raffy... Yes, he's still here... I had a wonderful time... Is Antonio ok? Jesus, he fucked her six times... Yes, I was amazed at how hot it was to see him do her... Daddy???. What about daddy???. He called???. No, please don't tell me that... Damn, I know mother put him up to it, I hate that bitch!!! I don't need you to run interference... Raffy, listen to me. I don't need you to run interference... I can take care of myself and the situation

my mother is trying to stir... Thanks for the heads up... No, I'm good, sweetie... Love you to... Kiss the kids for me... Bye..."

After hanging up the phone, Apollonia stood and watched Sonny jerk his mammoth cock. She didn't say a word to him. She stood as if she was on line at a Starbucks waiting to buy an espresso and there happened to be a man standing by a table jerking off. Sonny was beginning to show signs of his impending orgasm. She watched him begin to get weak in the knees as he changed from stroking his dick to fucking his hand. Minutes passed and she could see his breathing change and his face become flush. His cock was like a piece of steel attached to his crotch. His hand moved to his mouth for some saliva to mix with the copious amount of pre-cum that was beginning to drip from the tip and then coat the length of his cock.

He looked at Apollonia and she saw in his eyes his desire for her. She did not give or say anything to him to help him. His hand motion became shorter and stayed mainly around the glans and a small portion of the shaft behind it. He couldn't stop himself from moving his hips as if he was inside someone, in his mind that someone was Apollonia. He closed his eyes and pictured her on her back, legs spread, her hard nipples erect on her pert breasts, and her shaved pussy waiting for him to enter her. His hand moved faster as the thought of his cock entering her body took over his conscious being. He fucked his hand and the air in front of him.

Twelve minutes after she told him to jerk off, Sonny Rossi moaned, pushed his hips forward, and spewed seven long ropes of Rossi cum all over Apollonia's hand rubbed hardwood table. Apollonia watched as his balls rose, his cock thickened, the head grew a deeper purple, and just before the first rope of his ejaculate spewed forth from his cock, the slit opened wide enough to allow a Mack truck drive through it. To make her point that she wasn't sexually turned on by his performance, she stood, sipping her coffee as his body gave up his sperm onto the breakfast table. Sonny stood, his legs weak, his softening cock still in his right hand, and his eyes moving from the streaks of cum that ran across the table to Apollonia's eyes.

Much to their amazement, Colin, who should have been in his room, moaned when he witnessed Sonny ejaculate onto the table. Apollonia forgot about Sonny, walked over to Colin, and slapped him across the face. "What the fuck are you doing out of your room?"

"Please Apollonia!!! I needed a drink of water and didn't want to use the small cup in the bathroom. I'm sorry if I offended you," cried Colin as his left hand massaged his reddening cheek.

Sonny remained standing next to the table frozen at what he just witnessed. His very flaccid cock was still in his right hand.

Apollonia turned to him and said, "Jesus, Sonny!!! Drop your cock, pull your pants up, and sit fuckin' down." She turned back to Colin, slapped him a second time, and roughly took him by the scruff of his neck. She guided him to the breakfast table, pointed, and said, "It was Sonny's job to clean up the mess, but since you're so hot for his cum, I'll let you do it bitch. Get to it before I rip your useless balls from between your sissy legs. When you're done you return to your room, insert your pussy plug, and go to sleep with the taste of his cum in your mouth. I'll wake you in the morning to help you get ready for work. NOW, GET TO IT BITCH!!!"

With copious tears running down his face, Colin leaned over the table and began to lick up the strings of Sonny's cum. Sonny watched and every so often he would look over to Apollonia who just stared back at him stone faced. He felt a shiver of fear course through his back. He knew he had to talk to his oldest brother about what he got himself into, but every time he looked at Apollonia, he couldn't help but say to himself that he would 'eat a yard of her shit to get to her asshole'. He began to understand why a man would prostitute himself for this woman.

Colin took a good fifteen minutes to lick Sonny's ejaculate off the table. When he was done with head bowed, he said, "May I return to my room, Miss. Apollonia. I regret my actions and hope this lesson will be my only humiliation and punishment for not adhering to your orders."

Looking at the surface of the table and accepting his tongue cleaning as complete, she stepped in front of him, put her left hand under his chin, and lifted his head so his face was directly opposite hers. Apollonia could see the fear in Colin's eyes. She wanted to make sure he understood that his transgression was a serious one. She also

wanted to make a point to Sonny who sat a still as Abraham Lincoln sits in his monument in Washington, DC. Apollonia dropped her left hand, spit in Colin's face, and slapped him six times across his face.

"GET YOUR USELESS FUCKIN' SISSY ASS BACK INTO YOUR ROOM, INSERT THE GOD DAMNED PUSSY PLUG, AND CRY YOURSELF TO SLEEP!!! DON'T YOU EVER..." was the last words to come out of her mouth as Colin, crying like a child, ran back to his room.

Apollonia turned to confront Sonny only to see him sitting with his mouth agape and a look of total shock covering his handsome face. She walked back to the counter where her coffee mug sat, picked it up, topped it off with hot coffee, and returned to her seat opposite Sonny. She nonchalantly sipped her coffee, placed the cup on the place mat, and just as nonchalantly said, "Sonny, close your mouth. We haven't finished our discussion..."

Sonny recovered and said in a shaky voice, "I think I pissed myself. You are one tough lady, Apollonia. I'd hate to see you when you get up on the wrong side of the bed..."

Shaking her head not really listening to what he had to say, Apollonia interrupted, "Sonny, what you witnessed is the sissy getting what he deserved for not listening to me. You on the other hand will not have to put up with my physical abuse unless you like the feeling of pain in a sexual sense. If I feel you are not worthy of me, then you'll just leave or be made to leave."

Sonny leaned his head to the right, looked at her with a quizzical expression on his face, and asked, "Does Viviano face what I will with your sister?"

"No, Sonny. He is married to my sister. You, dear boy, are nothing more than a provider of sperm. To make yourself into your brother, you have to prove through words and actions you are capable of handling what is required of you by my parents and, of course, me."

Sonny shook his head, pursed his lips, and said, "Didn't I just do what you asked of me?"

Apollonia let the question hang as she sat and sipped her coffee. The silence was broken by the sound of the electric motor in the refrigerator kicking on to keep the appliance cold. Three minutes passed and she replied, "Yes, you did, but I really needed to see you lick the table clean."

Shocked, he asked, "Why???"

"Simply because I told you to, but the sissy messed up my plans. It would have been nice to see you relinquish your expected position of authority to me by licking up your cum. I'm going to have to think of something I will make you do that will forever break your psychological tie to male superiority around, well, at least around Moretti women. I could make you kiss my asshole, but that is reserved for Colin." Apollonia leaned back, eyed Sonny, and took another sip of her coffee.

"I don't know what you want from me, Apollonia. I thought we were going to have equal standing in the relationship. Believe me, I want to be with you, but I'm scared of what can happen. I don't want to end up like Colin or dead for that matter."

"If you do as you're told, you will end up a winner. I don't think you're a candidate for cuckolding. I'm just not in love with you the way you are with me. That may change, but for now, it isn't. I'm not going to treat you like you saw me treat Colin. I tested you earlier when I told you to masturbate. You're scared, but if you talk to your brother you will come to understand what lies in front of you. You have to trust me."

Sonny leaned forward in the chair, put his forearms on the table, flattened his hands palms down fingers spread, looked hard into Apollonia's eyes, and said, "You want me to trust you. You father wants me to suck his cock. I'm not into sucking men's cocks. I'm not into fucking a sissy's asshole. I'm a man. But, Apollonia, ever since I laid eyes on you I've just wanted to be with you. Trust you. I so wanted to be with you tonight."

"Sonny, I'm not a whore. I don't fuck guys on the first date, if that is what you can call this evening. That just proves to me you have a lot to learn before next Sunday. I'm going to refrain from any and all sexual activities until next Sunday when Colin, as a sign of his love for me, puts your hard cock at the entrance to my womanhood and says to you he forever gives up his marital rights to me. He will help you enter me. He will then kneel behind you and kiss and suckle your testicles as you fuck me. He'll do that because he loves me and wants to make sure your balls are pleasured so they produce a copious amount of sperm to impregnate me. After you cum in me, he will kiss my pussy and wish my womb well. Your primary reason for being there will have been completed, but everyone knows that Sonny Rossi will be sharing my bed and not my sissy husband."

He closed his eyes and then rested his head on the table between his hands. Sonny Rossi sighed, looked up, and said, "I have this unrequited love for you Apollonia and I can see that it will remain unrequited. I think I need to go because I have to realign my thoughts about this relationship. I admit to being naïve about what was and is expected of me, but I can't fathom becoming even a bit submissive to you."

"Don't you see that you already have, Sonny. You don't consider kneeling in front of my father and your brother professing your desire to perform fellatio on either or both of them as being submissive. What about standing here with your pants around your ankles masturbating because I told you to? You don't consider that being submissive?"

With his head still on the table, he moaned, "Yes, Yes, Yes... Can I ask you..."

Apollonia interjected, "Sonny, you can ask me anything you want anytime you want. You just have to use your discretion and intelligence concerning certain things you're going to learn and come in contact with being around my family and me."

He looked up at her and she could see the redness in his eyes. "I've looked up to my brother Viviano my entire life. I listened to him when he spoke to me at the gates. He says he did wha..."

"Sonny, as God is my witness, your brother on the morning of his wedding, in the bride's room in the chapel, knelt in front of my father with my mother and my sister in attendance, and he sucked his cock. He has been involved in things that you will become privy to and take part in as you learn about my family."

"Homosexual things?"

"We don't look at certain man-to-man sexual encounters as being homosexual. They are a natural expression of love between two men or a man and a boy. Bending a sissy over and fucking his male pussy is just another form of masturbation to a Moretti man. My father is the patriarch of the family. Not just for the New York Metropolitan area, but for the entire United States of America and Canada."

"Then why the forced fellatio?" asked Sonny.

Apollonia wanted to scream at him, but knew he was just scared and needed reassurance. "He needs to know that you will not betray the family. Because you are not blood, my father needs to know you have his back. Forcing you to your knees in front of his wife, who is the matriarch of the family, and requiring you to provide sexual stimulation to his cock is the way you begin to learn your place. Sad, but true, if we were several years into our relationship and he decides that he wants to use you orally or anally, you'd comply. Both of them will test you as will my sister. You know I will, also."

Sonny stood and said, "I think I should go not because I want to, but if I stay here any longer, I'm going to burst. If I heard you correctly, we are not going to be intimate until Sunday and when we are intimate it will be in front of a roomful of people."

"Sit down, now," said Apollonia. "I'll tell you when you can go. In the beginning, you will be under the watchful eye of my mother, father, sister, and me. You will earn the respect of my parents and in return they will give

you more latitude in your daily activities. What goes on in this house is between us and no one else. You leave now and you will never know what it means to be a man like your brother."

Sonny sat back down, looked at the time on the microwave oven, and said, "I'm so confused... I want to stay yet I have this need to get up and run away from you. I feel like you want to take my manhood from me."

"I'm going to call Viviano and have him come over. My father gave his blessing when I asked if Viviano could help if we ran into any problems. I think you need him here." Apollonia stood, walked to the counter where the phone sat, and called her sister's house."

"Hi, Raffy... No, no, everything is fine, but I need Viviano to come over... The back door will be open... Yes, he's having second thoughts... Thanks... I love you..."

She returned to her seat, picked up her coffee, took a sip, and just sat without saying a word. She stared at Sonny and for the second time he saw in her eyes the piercing look of a person who just wanted to rip what he or she was looking at into millions of small pieces. For the second time that night, Sonny Rossi felt a shiver of terror run up and down his spine.