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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 47

Tuesday – Apollonia's & Raffaella's Residence - 18 February 2003

Colin got out of bed after Sonny left for his day of work. He performed his sissy duties in the bathroom. He was getting quite comfortable giving himself multiple enemas to keep his rectum clean. He was also getting accustomed to having the butt plug up his ass and he practiced walking as if it wasn't inserted he could appear more feminine. Considering his feminization started on the previous Friday, he was becoming psychologically and emotionally tuned to being a sissy. He went to the closet and picked a navy blue maid's uniform, white stockings, panties, bra, and white heels to wear for his first full day serving in the home of his wife and Mistress.

After he finished his morning preparation, he decided to go to his Mistress' room and see if she needed him for anything. Standing in front of the closed door of the room he used to share with Apollonia he thought for a moment before gently knocking on the oak door. He waited for Apollonia's response.

Awoken by the gentle tapping on her door, Apollonia looked at the time on the clock radio, and said, "Who's there?"

"Colin, Mistress. I wanted to know if you needed anything this morning."

"Put up a pot of coffee and make me some scrambled eggs, bacon, and toast. I'll be down in shortly."

Colin didn't wait for an answer. Apollonia got herself out of bed without first masturbating to her usual morning orgasm. Twenty minutes later dressed, showered, and ready for the day she walked into the kitchen/breakfast room to see Colin waiting patiently to prepare her breakfast. He brought her a steaming hot mug of coffee and placed it in front of her. Neatly stacked on the table were her morning newspapers.

"Did you take care of Sonny?" asked Apollonia.

She immediately saw Colin look to the floor in an effort to keep from answering her question. He looked up and saw her staring. He got the courage to answer, "He didn't request anything of me, Mistress. Well, he forced me to sleep on the floor and this morning he just took a shower, dressed, and left without saying anything to me."

"Did you do something or anything to show him you were not willing to have relations with him?"

"Noooo, I swear, Mistress. I was excited that you told him he had to spend the week with me before he becomes your lover."

Looking at him with eyes askance, "So, he told you what I told him?"

"Only that he had to spend the week sleeping in my room, Mistress."

Apollonia was amazed that Colin could maintain the conversation while cooking eggs and bacon for her. He never showed an aptitude for cooking prior to his feminization. She also noted that he put together his outfit with a sense of feminine flair. Colin Cathcart, she realized, was one hundred percent in his environment living as a sissy. Ten minutes after she sat down, he placed a plate of scrambled eggs, four strips of bacon, and rye toast in front of her. He returned to the kitchen portion of the room to clean the cooking utensils as Apollonia ate her breakfast.

When she finished she pushed the plates away so she could lay the newspaper in front of her, read, and drink her coffee. Colin finished washing and drying the utensils, plates, and frying pan.

"Mistress, may I ask a question?"

"Since you asked nicely, ok," replied Apollonia.

"What happened last night? I heard some commotion in the driveway and I didn't want to make you mad by coming out of my room."

Apollonia pursed her lips as she thought the best way to tell Colin that Lucia was dead. She knew he knew she was in good health, so she just told him the truth, "Last night, Lucia died from a broken neck. The commotion you heard was Uncle Gino coming over to pick up her body and Sonny helping him to roll her down the driveway to the hearse or station wagon to take her to the funeral home."

Colin stood paralyzed. He looked at Apollonia shaken by Lucia's death but also astounded at her devil-may-care attitude towards her mother's death. "You're so calm. I can't believe you're not broken up, in tears, and just crying your eyes out. What happened?"

Apollonia rose from her chair, walked around the counter that separated the kitchen from the breakfast room, and stood in front of a very scared Colin. "Last night, I broke Lucia's neck. Your mother-in-law was a cunt not worthy of being a Moretti wife. My father knew, but accepted her dalliances because he loved her unconditionally. I could not tolerate her bullshit anymore. I, not your father-in-law, am the de facto leader of the Moretti family in the United States, Canada, and Mexico."

He could see the anger in her eyes. Colin knew from his years with her that the look in her eyes was the precursor to an explosion of emotion and anger. He did not want to suffer at her hands for asking a simple question. He heard the commotion and wondered what was occurring. He felt his bladder begin to release its contents and used his brain to keep himself from pissing on the floor. His body shook and you had to be blind not to see it. Colin Cathcart was never truly masculine and the thought of his wife breaking her mother's neck was scaring him.

Apollonia seeing his fear, continued, "Colin, you have nothing to worry about. You made your bed not because of Lucia, but because you're a liar. You know that and I know that. You're standing in front of me dressed the way you feel best – in women's clothing. I have more respect for you because you faced up to your problem. You continue to grow as a sissy, take care of my house, adhere to my rules, and perform without hesitation or question; you will never have to worry about anything happening to you."

"Yes, Mistress Apollonia. Thank you, Mistress," said Colin with a voice filled with stress.

She took her hand and placed it on his cheek. She rubbed his smooth face and she could see he expected her to slap him. She kept her hand there and said, "I have some things to take care of this morning. I expect Raffaella here soon. You are to clean and dust the entire house. Make up my room. Take food out for dinner. I don't know

what time I will be back, but it will be before Sonny comes home. I want you to make sure he knows that I know he did not have relations with you last night. I don't care how you do it, Colin, but I want to know tomorrow morning that his cock was satisfied by your mouth and sissy pussy..."

Nodding his head, relieved that he wasn't slapped, Colin responded, "Yes, Mistress. I will do my best to make Sonny happy." He felt his Mistress remove her hand from his face and proceeded to get the implements needed to clean the house.

Raffaella kissed Viviano good-bye prior to telling the children they didn't have to attend school. She was worried about their psychological and emotional wellbeing considering they witnessed their aunt take their grandmother's life. She fixed them breakfast, sat eating with them, and after ten minutes of total silence she said to both of them, "I want you to talk to me about the horrible incident you both witnessed last night."

Antonio and Carmen looked up at their mother. Neither of them said anything to her about witnessing the death of their grandmother at the hands of their Aunt Apollonia. Raffaella could see they were still in a state of shock and knew they would need to speak to someone soon. She watched them eat and decided to not to press the issue.

"Listen, I decided not to send you to school today, so, you're both going to have to accompany me to grandpa's house this morning. I won't leave you home alone."

Carmen said, "Is Aunt Apollonia going to be there?"

"Yes," said Raffaella.

It took all of a second for Carmen to drop her fork and begin to cry. The thought of spending time with her Aunt Apollonia was very scary. She bawled and cried out, "Please mommy, I don't want to go. Please!!!"

Raffaella stood up and walked to her daughter. She picked her up and held her to her body. With her free left hand she rubbed her daughter's back trying to calm her down. Antonio sat stone faced and continued to eat his breakfast. Every few moments he would steal a look at his mother holding his sister trying to calm her down, but held his tongue in check. It took a good ten minutes to calm Carmen down and when she finally stopped crying Raffaella spoke to both of them.

With Carmen still in her arms, she said, "Both of you have witnessed something no child should ever have to. What my sister did is called murder, but within this family it is called matricide. You're too young to understand, but what my sister did to our mother was necessary under the laws of the Moretti family. Grandma Lucia was a very mean person. She hurt people, especially children, for her own sexual pleasure. Killing a young boy or girl to experience sexual release is just sick."

Antonio looked at his mother and said, "But, making me suck cock, making me take a cock up my ass, and giving me a girl to fuck is not sick?"

"You're sitting here none the worse for going through what you did, son. You made a choice. The children your grandmother abused did not. You weren't tortured, they were. You're alive, they're not."

Antonio dropped his fork with a clatter onto his plate. The only word he uttered was, "Oh."