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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 65

Friday Late Afternoon/Evening – Mario's Residence – 21 February 2003

Apollonia arrived at Mario's house after completing enough work to satisfy her customers and herself. She gave Colin dinner instructions, but also made a caveat about when and who may be coming to dinner. Letting herself in through the side door and after hanging her coat up on the hook that was assigned to her by her parents when she was a child, Apollonia walked into the kitchen to find Angelina quietly humming to herself as she began to defrost chicken for Mario's dinner.

"Angelina," said Apollonia. "Where is Mario?"

Turning from the sink to see Apollonia standing in the middle of the kitchen didn't frighten Angelina. What did amaze her was the stealthy quiet Apollonia used to enter the house. To Angelina, that was scary. "Pardon me, Apollonia, but will you ever call him your father again?"

"Not really any concern of yours Angelina, but I think it would take hell to freeze over before I acknowledge him as my father ever again. Since you're nosey enough, do you happen to know why he called and asked me to come here?"

Angelina washed her hands to remove the salmonella that always covered processed chicken, dried her hands on a dish towel, walked over to where Apollonia stood, and said, "I think you father needs to hear from you that you still love him, Apollonia. He's heartbroken. He called Raffaella and when he hung up he sat at the breakfast table and cried for hours. I don't know what she said to him..."

"Where is he, Angelina?"

"Upstairs. Most likely in the master bedroom where he seems to spend a lot of time. I know it isn't my place, but I helped your mother diaper you and I'm begging you to please let him live the rest of his life in peace. Don't force him into a prolonged depression. I'm asking you to let me take care of him. I will do anything you ask of me. Please, Apollonia," said Angelina with a voice filled with pride and fear at the same time.

Angelina flinched when she felt Apollonia's right hand caress her left cheek. She did not try to remove it from her face. As her hand rested against the servant's face, Apollonia said, "Angelina, I will take under consideration your request. I want you to think long and hard about what you just said to me. Monday, my cunt of a mother will be buried

in the family plot at the back of the property. If you seriously want to care for Mario, then you think long and hard about what you will be giving up, because you will not be gaining anything by becoming his caretaker. Don't respond, just return to your duties."

Apollonia walked out of the kitchen through the great room up to and into the master bedroom. She saw Mario sitting in double sized sofa chair that was Lucia's favorite spot to read or watch television. Mario was dressed in a pair of loose fitting sweat pants, a matching sweat shirt, and soft leather slippers. On his lap was a photo album. She wondered if he heard her coming up the steps and did not have time to put his cock away before she entered the room.

Mario looked across the room at his youngest daughter and said, "Apollonia, please sit and talk to me. Your sister told me this morning that she wants nothing to do with me. She said I'm not allowed to see my grandchildren. Please, Apollonia, I beg you... They're the light of my life and I'm hoping beyond all hope that soon your children will also be the lights of my life."

"What are you looking at Mario?" Apollonia remained just inside the master bedroom a foot or two inside the room. She could see that her expectation of finding her father masturbating, although he couldn't because of the pink sissy tubes, was not and should not have been a consideration.

"Pictures of the family. Your mother, your sister, and you. When you were youngsters and filled with vim and vigor and the energy of youth. I'm not doing what you're thinking because you made it impossible for me. I don't think I'm asking much of you, Apollonia." Mario looked across the room at his daughter and wondered why she hadn't forced him to crawl across the room and kiss her ass. He decided to remain seated and take whatever she decided to dish out as punishment for what she may or may not perceive as an overt indignity to her assumed position of power.

Standing where she was, Apollonia reached into her back pocket, retrieved her cell phone, and called her sister. "Raffaella, I am at your father's house. I don't care what you are doing get your fuckin' ass here now. If you have to bring the kids, leave them downstairs with Angelina and come upstairs to the master bedroom." She didn't wait for a response. She terminated the connection and waited.

Twelve minutes later Raffaella breathing hard entered the master bedroom to see her father sitting in her mother's favorite chair and Apollonia standing at the end of the bed with her arms crossed. She knew from the look on her sister's face that something was amiss. Raffy walked up to her sister and was immediately assaulted by her. Apollonia didn't just slap her sister across the face. She balled her right hand into a fist and crashed it into her sister's solar plexus forcing all the air out of her lungs. In all their years growing up, Raffaella and Apollonia had never fought like two boys or undisciplined street urchins. Mario sat stone faced and scared as he watched his oldest daughter fall to her knees trying to capture her breath.

Apollonia grabbed her sister's hair and pulled to force her to look up as she was trying to regain her breath. "What did you say to him, Raffy?" demanded Apollonia.

Finally Raffaella regained a semblance of a normal breathing pattern. She didn't stop the tears from running down her face, the fear and stress wouldn't allow her to not cry, and she responded, "Appy, I don't know what you're talking about? I haven't spoken to him today?"

Apollonia continued to hold her sister's hair as she turned to look at Mario for just a split second. Looking at Raffaella she said, "That isn't what Angelina said to me when I arrived here just minutes before you. She told me when he got off the phone with you he cried for hours on end. When I asked him he told me you told him he could no longer see your children. Said you said he was banned from seeing them. Well?"

Raffaella took her right hand wrapped it around her sister's wrist and twisted just enough to get her to release the hold she had on her hair. She stood up and remained eye-to-eye with her sister. Ever since the murder of Lucia, Raffaella kept her anger in check when dealing with her sister, but she no longer was going to be her pummeling horse. She tried to bitch slap Apollonia only to have her sister grab her right wrist and use the force of her movement to spin her around and place her into a hammer lock. She felt her sister press her wrist upwards toward the back of her head causing just enough pain to get her to cry out.

"Did you really think you'd be able to bitch slap me, Raffy," growled Apollonia into her sister's left ear. "Nod your head if you understand that I will have no problem dislocating your fuckin' shoulder. Nod a second time if you remember your place."

Raffaella did as her sister demanded. She nodded her head twice, felt her sister release her arm, and she turned herself around, and fell to her knees. Raffy looked up at her sister with a pained expression on her face. She did not lean in to kiss her denim covered vagina, but said, "I got what I deserved, Apollonia, but I did not talk to that son-of-a-bitch today. I've been home all day preparing for Sunday's ceremony and the food that will be served. You didn't ask or tell me to prepare for Sunday's ceremony, but I knew I should."

Apollonia took her sister's head and pressed it against her hip. She gently rubbed the back of her head. Raffaella could hear her sister gently cooing and trying to reverse the pain she had caused her. After a good ninety seconds of gently rubbing, Apollonia released her sister's head and like a bat-out-of-hell she attacked the man that provided the sperm that brought her to life. Mario Moretti let the black leather picture album fall from his lap as he tried to block his youngest daughter's assault. He did protect himself with a modicum of success as he blocked several closed fist shots to his head but her speed was too much for him. Two right crosses made contact with his jaw and a left upper cut to his torso was enough for him to cry, "Enough!!! Enough!!!"

"WELL, MARIO???" cried Apollonia. Both Mario and Raffaella could see how tense she was over what was happening in the room.

Mario Moretti was beginning to break under the strain of losing his wife and then his position as head of the Moretti family. For most of his fifty-three years, Mario Moretti was a self-assured, powerful, and intuitive man when it came to family, business, and the extended Moretti family. He watched his youngest daughter take the love of his life and then humiliated him in front of the other Moretti men gave him the impetus to try anything to gain an upper hand on Apollonia. Angelina readily agreed to help him foist the lie that Raffaella had told him he could not see his grandchildren ever again. Now, he had to prepare for a second assault or worse when he tells Apollonia the truth about his trying to regain a bit of his status within the nuclear and extended Moretti family.

"Forgive my trespass, Apollonia. It is not easy for a man of my stature to be relegated to the dung heap of the family. I'm sitting here with my cock and balls encased in pink sissy tubes. Believe me I tried to remove them but as I tried the knots became tighter and I knew your psychotic sociopathic personality devised some unconventional way to keep my genitals encased as they are. I want, no, I need to regain your respect and your love."

Mario Moretti fell from the chair onto his knees. He grabbed hold of his daughter's legs just above her knees. His head faced the floor as he said, "I accept that I was blind to Lucia's deviant perversions. Although I have dallied in the perversions of pedophilia and pederasty, I never, ever have taken the life of a child to gain sexual satisfaction. I should have stopped Lucia as soon as I became aware of her perversions. I admit my blindness, Apollonia. I wish I could take back everything she did and everything she did to make you hate her so much. I ask, no beg for your forgiveness."

Apollonia's right hand remained balled in a fist while her left hand rested on the top of Mario's head. Her love for her father overwhelmed her, but her strength of her hatred for her mother kept her from giving in to the man who was begging to have some form of a normal life returned to him. Raffaella stood and walked to where her sister stood. She didn't say a word but made her presence felt when she placed her right hand on Apollonia's right bicep in the hope she would unfurl her fingers releasing them from the tight fist. She looked at her sister and when their eyes met Raffaella could see that Apollonia was thinking about her father's plea. Again, Raffaella remained silent with the hope that what just transpired between them would be enough to calm Apollonia's desire for revenge.

"Raffaella," said Apollonia, "go downstairs and tell Angelina to come up here. Return with her and if the children are here, make sure that Antonio knows I will make his life miserable if he does not watch over and take care of Carmen."

A few minutes later, Raffaella returned with Angelina whereupon they saw Apollonia still standing with Mario's kneeling his arms still around her legs. Apollonia waved for them to approach and they did so without verbalizing anything to her about their arrival.

Apollonia stared into Angelina's eyes causing the servant to begin to tear up because she realized that this section of the game plan Mario and she had concocted for him to regain his power and prestige had not worked. Knowing better than to stand where she was, Raffaella stepped back and slightly behind Apollonia leaving a small space between the two women. Mario Moretti continued to feel his youngest daughter's hand on the back of his head which made him keep his eyes pointed towards the floor. The room was totally silent except for the rattling of the windows as the cold February wind tried to penetrate them. Raffaella, Mario, and Angelina waited with baited breath not knowing but praying nothing demonic would happen to any or all of them. They all knew that Apollonia Moretti was capable of anything no matter how miniscule the perceived offense was.

"Angelina, the woman who diapered me when I was a baby, you want to explain to me why you lied to me?" Apollonia's voice was calm and the question was asked without malice. She pressed her hand against Mario's head to make sure he did not offer a response.

Angelina replied, "You're not going to want to hear my explanation, but I'm willing to suffer the consequences. As you know, I lost my husband several years ago and I never remarried. Since his death, I've had several lovers, but the best lover of my life was and continues to be your father. Yes, Apollonia, your father and I have been lovers for years. Lucia had no idea of our affair. It was and still is a one way affair. I love your father and he just uses me for his sexual pleasure and ultimate release. That is why when he asked me to help him I said yes without thinking about the consequences."

Mario felt the hand on his head grab his hair and then he felt the pain as Apollonia pulled it so he would look up instead of down at the floor. Raffaella and Angelina watched open mouthed as Mario's youngest daughter degraded him by spitting in his face. She then released his hair and pushed him with enough force to cause him to fall onto his back. Mario Moretti rolled up to a sitting position with his legs apart giving his daughter an inviting target – his crotch where his sissy tube encased genitals lay covered by the loose fitting sweat pants.

Instead, Apollonia struck out at Angelina. She did not use fists on the servant, but slapped her numerous times across her face. Raffaella was going to make a move to help, but saw the fire in her sister's eyes and decided her safety was more important than the safety of the woman who served her parents. Angelina could not defend herself from Apollonia's onslaught and finally gave in to her fear, she screamed, began to cry, and urinated all over the hardwood floor.

Standing in a pool of urine Angelina begged Apollonia, "You have to give him his due Apollonia. He is still your father. Lucia received what she deserved especially when I found out what got her off sexually. I was and still am very happy being a whore for your father. All I want is for you to allow him to return to a semblance of his former life."

"Let me ask you," said a calm Apollonia, "when Mario used you where did he primarily put his cock?"

The servant frowned at the question because she never thought about her sexual liaisons with her employer. "I never really thought about it, Apollonia." Angelina stood and Apollonia could see her mind working and when she came to her conclusion, she said, "I always took me from behind. Always standing and bent over."

Smiling Apollonia said, "Primarily in your ass. He never really had vaginal intercourse with you. He never really asked you to suck his cock to completion. All he did was bend you over, wipe a little lube or saliva on and in your ass and fucked you as hard as he could until he spent his jizz into your bowel. Isn't that right, Angelina?"

Not surprised at the way she was spoken to, Angelina replied, "Yes, he primarily used me anally. Please. Apollonia, I'm very much embarrassed because I've wet myself. May I go downstairs to change my underwear? I will also bring back a pail and mop to clean up the mess I've made."

Turning to her sister, Apollonia said, "Raffaella, downstairs, now. Bring up a pail and mop. If you don't want to leave your children downstairs, bring them."

Angelina felt a bit of relief when she saw Apollonia take a small step back from her, but was put into a situation she didn't want when Apollonia said to her, "Take off all your clothes, Angelina, now. Don't make me make

you get undressed.” Angelina did as she was told and for the first time in her life she stood naked in front of another woman that wasn’t a doctor or nurse. She was afraid for her life.

Raffaella returned with the pail and mop and per her sister’s instructions cleaned the puddle of urine that remained between the servant’s legs. Antonio and Carmen stood by the master bedroom door. When Apollonia saw her nephew she ordered him to remove his clothing and berated Raffaella for not telling him to arrive naked. Antonio did as he was told. When Raffaella finished her clean up duties she returned the pail and mop to the first floor. She returned to find Carmen standing with her back against the front of Apollonia and Antonio standing to her left. Mario was still sitting where he fell, but he was now totally naked.

“Raffaella, take Angelina into the bathroom and shave that disgusting bush from between her legs. When you’re done with her take your father into the bathroom and make sure he’s like my sissy husband – smooth and clean, especially his soon to be christened pussy.”

“No, please Apollonia,” cried Mario, “I’m not a sissy…”

“Come on sis,” said Raffaella, “enough is enough. He isn’t a sissy. That man gave life to you. Just because our mother was a deviant sexual predator, you can’t make him suffer for her trespasses. I’ll give you encasing his genitalia in sissy tubes, but turning him into a sissy bitch is uncalled for and you know that.”

Eyes wide in amazement, Apollonia responded, “So, you think I should take him out of his sissy tubes? You think I should allow him to fornicate with the naked whore that pissed all over the floor? Tell me, Raffy, what should I do to make Mario understand that he is nothing to me?” She screamed, “TELL ME???”

“Maybe you should humiliate him by allowing Antonio to fuck him in front of his lover. No, even better, humiliate him by making him suck Antonio’s young sweet balls as he fucks Angelina in her soon to be naked pussy. When he spends inside her whore cunt then make daddy eat his grandson’s cum from her. I’ll even let you play with Carmen’s pussy as you watch your father, excuse me, Mario being humiliated at the hands of your nephew and the whore servant he apparently loved to butt fuck.”

Nodding her head in agreement with her sister’s idea, Apollonia said, “Not a bad idea at all, sister. I’m going to take it one step further. I’m going to call Viviano and have him bring Sonny and Colin here to partake in the humiliation of Mario. If I’m in a good mood, maybe I’ll let the sissy fornicate with Mario like sissies are supposed to – in the missionary position with Colin on top. Take the whore into the bathroom and do what has to be done. I think I’m going to enjoy watching my sweet nephew fuck the woman who helped diaper me.” The sound of her laughter echoed throughout the house as Raffaella guided the still very frightened Angelina into the bathroom. Mario moaned knowing in a few minutes he’d have to debase himself in front of daughters, his son-in-law, Apollonia’s chosen lover, and the man who decided to be her lifelong sissy to hopefully all to gain a modicum of manliness back from his youngest daughter. Antonio thought to himself that he didn’t want to fuck the older woman, but resigned himself to doing it because he loved fuckin’ pussy more than suffering at the hands of his Aunt Apollonia. Carmen remained under the hold of her Aunt Apollonia’s hand wondering if her mother was really going to let her aunt play with her sexually.

Viviano, Sonny, and Colin arrived just after 6:00PM. Viviano and Sonny were still dressed in their work clothes not having time to shower or change because of Apollonia’s demand they arrive at Mario’s the minute they returned home from work. When they entered the master bedroom and saw Mario and Antonio naked the two men immediately removed their clothing. Both of them knew better than to piss off Apollonia. Each of them neatly folded their clothing and placed them on the floor just inside the room next to the master bedroom door. Per Apollonia’s finger, Colin moved to stand next to Mario.

No one said or word or murmured a sound as they all waited for Apollonia’s instructions. She lifted her right foot and that was enough of a clue for Viviano to remember what was expected of him. He strode over to her, knelt, and kissed her feet. He remained kneeling in front of her and his daughter when he heard Apollonia ask, “When was the last time Carmen jerked you off, Viviano?”

Rolling his head in frustration, he answered, “One time, Apollonia. The weekend of Antonio’s Rite of Passage was the first and only time she was made to masturbate me.”

"Stand and return next to your brother," said Apollonia. She turned to Colin and said, "Take your uniform off Colin. Leave your sissy lingerie and shoes on, bitch boi."

Colin did as he was told. He stood next to Mario wearing a pair of satin panties, thigh highs, bra, and small heels. Everyone except Raffaella, Carmen, and Apollonia was undressed. The only person embarrassed by her nakedness was Angelina and she showed her embarrassment by staring at the floor. The others could give two shits that they were naked. Mario Moretti made no effort to cover his sissy tube encased genitals.

"I've decided what is going to happen here this evening. Antonio is going to fuck Angelina while his grandfather sucks his ten year old balls. Viviano and Sonny are going to watch and if either of them spontaneously ejaculates the one who does will have to allow the other to fuck him anally. Raffaella, Carmen, and I are going to sit and watch the fun," said Apollonia.

Angelina surprised that she was actually going to have to allow a ten year old boy fuck her cried, "You can't be serious!!! I'm not going to allow a boy to have intercourse with me!!! Apollonia Moretti, you are sicker than your mother!!!"

Pushing Carmen from in front of her, Apollonia moved to a position in front of the servant and with the speed of a lynx placed a strategic kick directly between the woman's legs. Everyone watched Angelina rise off the floor and then tumble backwards as the force of Apollonia's leg continued through its upward arc. The servant cupped her sore pussy and began to bawl like a baby. Apollonia leaned over, used her left hand to grab a fistful of hair, and began to pummel the servant with her right hand. The servant made no effort to defend herself and in a matter of moments blood began to pour from her broken nose and split lips.

Mario Moretti had enough. He moved towards the back of his youngest daughter and without any hesitation crashed his right fist against the back of her head. The force of the punch was enough to cause her to release her hold on Angelina's hair and fall against the side of the bed. Dazed, but not knocked out, Apollonia Moretti remained against the side of the bed for a moment as she tried to regain her balance. What surprised her was Sonny Rossi moving without qualms to take Mario by the shoulders and tossing him across the room like a rag doll.

Mario bounced on the floor once and when he came to a rest, Sonny Rossi was standing over him, growling, "Touch another hair on her head and I'll ripe your heart out."

Viviano cried, "SONNY!!!"

While standing over Mario Sonny turned to his brother and screamed, "DON'T GIVE ME A REASON, VIV. I WILL NOT TOLERATE ANYONE, AND I MEAN ANYONE, LAYING A HAND ON APOLLONIA. I WILL DEFEND HER WITH MY LIFE." He turned back to Mario and in a much calmer voice said, "I suggest you just stay where you are, Mario. Move and I promise you, you will be next to your wife tomorrow."

"Why you insolent son-of-a-bitch..." was all Mario got out of his mouth before Sonny's closed fist crashed against the side of Mario's head just in front of the ear knocking him out cold.

Apollonia regained her composure. She ordered Raffaella to get something to stem the flow of blood from Angelina's nose and lips. Then she told Viviano to go to the kitchen and retrieve the first aid kit so they could revive Mario and bandage Angelina. Apollonia looked for and found Antonio and Carmen cowered in the corner next her mother's bureau. She walked over to them, kneeled down, and said to Antonio, "Get your clothes, get dressed, and come back here."

Five minutes later she had both children in her arms and held onto them as if she was never going to see them again. She whispered to them, "You shouldn't have had to see the physical abuse of your grandfather as much as you should not have witnessed the death of your grandmother. I was wrong and I apologize to both of you." Apollonia looked for and found Raffaella kneeling by and helping the injured servant. Viviano had returned with the first aid kit and was helping Raffaella as Sonny was putting the smelling salts underneath Mario's nose to revive him.

"Raffy, does Angelina need a doctor?" asked Apollonia.

"I think so, Appy. I think you did more that break her nose. I think you broke the orbits of her eyes and that means surgery," replied Raffaella.

"Let Viviano finish with her. Go downstairs and call Dr. D'Angelo. You'll probably have to take her to the Emergency Room, but he'll pave the way by not making it seem like she just had the shit kicked out of her." Apollonia watched as Raffaella exited the master bedroom for the kitchen. She turned to where her father sat, his eyes glazed over, and his hands to his head as he tried to comfort himself. "Sonny, help Mario up and put him on the bed. Make him comfortable. Look into his eyes and make sure he doesn't have a concussion."

During the entire incident between Apollonia, Angelina, Mario, and Sonny, Colin Cathcart hid in a corner to protect himself from being physically hit or abused. When everyone had calmed down, he stood, and politely asked, "Is there anything I can do?"

"Get dressed Colin and then take Antonio and Carmen downstairs," said Apollonia.

Seven minutes later, Raffaella returned to the master bedroom. She had a look of concern on her face as she said, "Dr. D'Angelo was not very co-operative, but I knew what to say to him to get him to understand the situation. He's going to meet Angelina at St. Joseph's Hospital in Far Rockaway. I made arrangements for Angelina to be picked up and taken there." Raffaella looked at her sister with a hard stare when she said, "I know you know I know enough to get the right people involved, Appy. I'm not leaving my kids or my husband."

Nodding her head, Apollonia agreed and told Viviano and Sonny to carry Angelina downstairs to await her transportation to the hospital. She also told Raffaella to accompany Colin and her children downstairs, to close the bedroom door, and for everyone to wait for her arrival. Apollonia walked over to the bed where Mario lay and sat down. When she heard the master bedroom door close, she took a hold of her father's testicles and squeezed them just enough to make him open his eyes in fear.

"You want your balls to hurt more than your head, Mario?" queried Apollonia.

Looking at his youngest, his heart racing, and his mind trying to cope with the pain in his head and now his balls, he replied, "No, Appy. Can't you understand that I'm just trying to reinsert myself as the head of the family. How long has it been since a Moretti man was usurped of his power by a female? I don't want to be a modern day version of that man."

He felt Apollonia release her hold on his testicles. He also felt her begin to untie and then slip his balls and then his cock out of the sissy tubes he'd been forced to wear since Thursday's meeting. Mario sighed when he felt his cock and balls free of their encumbrances. He also felt something that more than surprised him. Apollonia was gently masturbating his cock. He felt it rise to its maximum length. Mario Moretti looked into his daughter's eyes and said, "It has been a long time since you've played with my cock, Apollonia. I don't understand..."

"All you have to understand, Mario is I will never call you daddy or father again for the rest of my life. If you die before me, I will piss on your grave the way I will piss on Lucia's on Monday. You will continue to greet me by kissing my ass and licking my asshole. You will forever be encased in sissy tubes. You will suck other men's cum from designated pussies. Dildos and cocks will use your mouth and pussy-ass as I see fit. I won't make you shave your body hair, but you will accept your position as my Moretti sissy. If you don't, I will emasculate you totally. You will then be sent to some fucked-up place where men will use you until you die from AIDS. Do I make myself clear?"

Mario noticed she hadn't stopped masturbating his cock. He replied. "All of this because of your mother?"

She saw he could not answer her because he answered her question with a question. He wasn't ready to accept his fall from power. She released his cock, walked into the master bathroom, and retrieved the straight razor he used to shave with every day. Apollonia hid it behind her back when she returned and sat down beside Mario. She grabbed hold of his still erect penis with her left hand and with a flourish placed the sharp edge of the straight razor

against the base of Mario's cock. She pulled his cock upward which forced the skin that covered his pubic bone to lift from his body. Mario Moretti feared for his genitals.

"Now, Mario, let's try this again. You are from this moment on my very special Moretti sissy. You have lost all your power to a superior woman who happens to be your youngest daughter."

Mario felt her press the razor against the skin of the shaft of his penis. His fear caused him to lose his erection. "Yes, I know. My gut tells me that if I express my disdain for you, I'll spend the rest of my life sitting to piss. If I accede to your demands, I'll spend the rest of my life being more than your bitch. I'll be the degraded and humiliated Moretti sissy bitch. Cock or no cock - that is the decision."

"Yes, Mario. Cock or no cock." Apollonia renewed her stroking and reduced the pressure of the straight razor against the skin of his growing manhood. She felt the shaft harden as it filled with blood. Apollonia made sure her fingers gently slid over the corona to provide the maximum amount of pleasure to Mario.

He began to move in time with her stroking. He wanted so much to feel his cock pulse and spew his seed onto his body. It had been years since he ejaculated into the air instead of into a woman's or man's body. His desire to continue to feel sexual pleasure outweighed his abhorrence of being named the ultimate Moretti sissy. "I'm gonna cum. I love the feeling!!! Fuck, I need this all the time!!! I accept!!!" he moaned as his hips began to rise off the bed as he fucked his daughter's hand.

Apollonia dropped the razor, cupped his balls, and to his amazement took the tip of his cock into her mouth. She didn't slide her mouth down the shaft. She kept the head of it just inside her mouth as she masturbated him to orgasm. Mario Moretti spewed his seed into his youngest daughter's mouth in record time. When he was done she let this cock slip out of her mouth and onto his body. She moved so her face was over the man she would no longer call daddy. She grabbed a hold of his testicles and squeezed them for all she was worth. The pain coursed from his crotch to his brain and when he opened his mouth to scream, Apollonia spit the contents of her mouth into his. She continued to squeeze his testicles as he tried to keep from choking on the copious amount of sperm and saliva that filled his mouth.

She didn't give him a chance to recover from having his mouth filled with his sperm and her saliva. She continued to apply pressure on his man orbs. "Swallow bitch and remember the feeling of my lips on your cock because from this moment forward it will remain encased in sissy tubes. Pretty pink sissy tubes."

Mario Moretti regained enough control to swallow the mixture of his jizz and her saliva. The pain emanating from her hold on his balls was not subsiding and he was beginning to endure. His eyes were watering, but he wouldn't cry out for her to release his balls from her grip. He grabbed the comforter that covered the bed and tried with all his might to suppress the desire to cry out in pain. Apollonia continued to tighten her grip on his balls. He could see the joy in her eyes as they both felt one of his balls begin to collapse from the pressure.

"NOOO!!!" cried Mario. "NOT MY BALLS!!! FUCK YOU, APOLLONIA!!! I GIVE UP!!! PLEASE, NO MORE!!! I SUCCUMB TO YOU!!! PLEASE!!!"

Laughing with tears beginning to form in her eyes Apollonia released Mario's balls. She tapped them twice very hard and said, "Next time you fuck with me, I promise that the pain you felt just now will be nothing compared to what you will feel. I am going downstairs. When you feel up to it you are to come downstairs with your sissy tubes and request that I put them on you. I promise you will regret not doing as I say."

Apollonia stood up from the bed, turned, reached down to pick up the straight razor, and walked out of her father's bedroom. When she arrived in the great room everyone was sitting quietly not showing any emotion. Their faces showed their fear. Viviano and Sonny were still naked. Raffaella sat opposite them with Antonio and Carmen on either side of her. Standing in the corner about as far away as he could be was Colin. Angelina was nowhere to be seen, so Apollonia figured she was already on her way to the hospital in Far Rockaway.

"Colin, when I tell you go into the kitchen and see what can be prepared for dinner. Since we're all together, we might as well break bread. Since we'll be here awhile, why don't we have Viviano and Sonny put on a show for us," said Apollonia as she sat down on the couch next to Antonio.

Both men looked at one another and to the second understood that Apollonia was going to force them to have sex with each other. Neither was in the mood, but they also knew Apollonia was a very sick individual. Deciding to take the bull-by-the-horns, Sonny spoke up, "Apollonia, I was hoping that you would reward me for taking a stand to defend you when your father..."

Apollonia stood, stepped in front of Sonny, and before he knew it placed the straight razor against the back of his left ear. Frozen in his seat, Sonny heard her say, "You are never to mention the word father about Mario Moretti as it relates to me in my presence."

"Sorry, Apollonia," said Sonny in a little boy's voice. "I'll never make that mistake ever again."

Mario Moretti walked down the stairs from the second floor totally naked. In his hands were the sissy tubes and ribbons that Apollonia would use to encase his cock and balls. Everyone could see how gingerly he walked and the adults naturally inferred that Apollonia had used his genitals to get him to accept his place once-and-for-all. He walked to where she stood, knelt, and placed his lips on her ass. He placed the sissy tubes on the floor, reached around, opened Apollonia's pants, pulled them down with her panties, and to everyone's amazement began to kiss, lick and suck at her asshole. He performed his required ritual for a few minutes before he pulled up her panties and then her pants. When she was done closing the zipper and belt he asked, "Apollonia, would you please put the sissy tubes back on my cock and balls?"

She turned to face Mario and said, "It will be my pleasure, Mario. Please stand and as I encumber your cock and balls, would you please answer one question for me? Who is the only Moretti man in this room?"

Mario Moretti stood legs spread offering access his genitals so his youngest daughter could slide the sissy tube first over his cock and the second over his balls pulling them down between his legs. He didn't have to look around the room to know who the only true Moretti man was, he replied, "Antonio Rossi is the only true Moretti man here. He is the son of a Raffaella Moretti, the daughter of a Moretti man. Therefore, his lineage springs directly from her womb and he is by birthright the only true Moretti man in this room."

It took about six minutes for Apollonia to complete the lacing and tying of the sissy tubes on Mario. She pointed to where Colin stood which made it painfully obvious to everyone that Mario Moretti would be forever known as a Moretti sissy. With his head down, he walked to where Colin stood and took a position to his right and slightly behind him. Mario knew that Colin Cathcart, Apollonia's sissy husband, had more standing in the family than he did and understood that as a broken Moretti man he would forever be at the bottom of the sissy ladder. As he looked down at the floor, a tear coursed down his face. Humiliated and broken, Mario Moretti quietly cried as he thought about losing his wife, his power, and that his father was probably turning over in his grave at his ungraceful downfall.

Apollonia made an announcement that took everyone but Raffaella by surprise. "Sunday morning before the cuckold wedding takes place in this room, it shall pass that Sonny Rossi in the privacy of one of the upstairs bedrooms in front of his parents, Marco and Donnetella Rossi and myself, will fellate Antonio Rossi until Antonio ejaculates his Moretti seed into my future lover's mouth. Sonny Rossi shall open is mouth and display the result of his cock sucking to Antonio before swallowing it all. He will stand in front of the invited guests with the taste of his nephew's sperm on his tongue as he is admitted to my family as my lover."

"Colin take that piece-of-shit standing slightly behind you, go into the kitchen and prepare dinner. Call us when you're ready to serve."