

© Copyright, Emanon_Pen, 2008-2012. All Rights Reserved.

The stories on this website are works of fiction. Any characters resemblance to persons living or dead is purely and entirely coincidental. Any actions taken by the characters or the portrait of such actions never occurred and if they mimic any form of reality, it is purely and entirely coincidental.

These stories contain explicit descriptions of sexual activity and may be perceived by some as being pornographic. If you feel that literary erotica is pornographic, then do not continue surfing this website or begin reading any of the stories posted here. If you inadvertently or with willful intent download a story to your computer or receive it as an e-mail attachment, then you should DELETE IT NOW AND LEAVE THE WEBSITE. The author assumes no responsibility if a minor downloads this story, is caught, and prosecuted by his parents or the federal, state, and/or local government.

This copyrighted material may not be freely distributed onto any website or newsgroup without the express written consent of the author.

Commercial websites that post this copyrighted material without the express written consent of the author and payment of royalties to the author will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

You may download this story for personal use. You may make no changes to the story and the copyright statement must not be removed. The author grants no other permissions to you or your successors.

The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 98

Saturday Afternoon – Apollonia's Residence – 1 March 2003

Ming Zheng with her boys, Shen and Lian, departed Columbus Place for Chinatown so she could shop at the traditional Chinese markets and specialty stores. She had spent part of the night with Apollonia, but was heartbroken when Apollonia slipped out of the bed and quietly left the bedroom and the house. Ming was awoken by Apollonia's six ten in the morning phone call. The two women spoke and Ming accepted her lover's reasons for leaving her alone when she had committed to waking up with her. Apollonia did not fight her decision to go into Chinatown to shop. The only condition she made was Ming's use of a Moretti car and driver. It also made it easier on Apollonia to explain to the family the reason she departed Columbus Place before sunrise.

Mario Moretti kissed Angelina good-bye after which he told her to relax in the family room until he returned from Apollonia's house. He was happy to have her finishing her recuperation at his house after her weeklong stay at St. Joseph's Hospital in Far Rockaway.

Raffaella and Viviano Rossi gathered up the children and crossed the street to Apollonia's house hopefully with enough time to spare before she said she was going to return. Colin helped Raffaella get the children and situated in Apollonia's atelier. Raffaella specifically left Nancy locked in the third floor attic to keep her from her wantonly sex crazed son. From Sunday night through Friday afternoon, Antonio Rossi was a young man under control, but the minute Nancy Marks arrived on Friday night all he thought about was how many times he could sex her in all her orifices until she left on Sunday afternoon. It was a test of wills to explain to him that it was not good etiquette to bring his slut to his Aunt Apollonia's house. Naturally, a swat across his backside was enough to get him to back down, but not before he had Nancy give him a blow job.

Colin Cathcart was distraught. He could not keep himself from crying, whimpering, and sounding depressed when he spoke. The last time he saw Sonny was right before Apollonia told him to return to his room after she hogtied him and left him on the breakfast room floor. When he awoke to begin his day and before he showered and performed his sissy health requirements, he went to check on Sonny. He fell to the floor wailing like a little baby because the six foot six tree of a man was not on the floor. He ran into the great room – nothing. Up to all the other rooms except Apollonia's – nothing. Deciding to suffer the consequences if Apollonia had decided to sleep at home, he entered her room and Sonny was not there and neither was she.

Raffaella, Viviano, and Mario sat around the oak breakfast table eating small sandwiches that Colin made as soon as he was informed by his missing cunt of a wife to expect the family over sometime just after noon. Colin was

so distraught he asked each of them if they knew if Sonny had departed from Columbus Place. To a person, they acknowledged that they thought he'd be there when they arrived. Viviano Rossi was stumped, but he did not know the level of contempt and hatred that now roiled inside Apollonia's mind about his brother. Colin had expected Apollonia to release Sonny this morning in hopes he'd finally learned his lesson. Compounding his depressed feelings was the status of his brother-in-law. He knew nothing about Joshua and his sister's situations.

The limousine pulled into Columbus Place shortly after 1:37PM and per Apollonia's instructions pulled into the driveway of her house. The driver knew that he would be spending sometime there and was prepared for the time with a book and some food. He was surprised to see his passenger outside the vehicle because it was company policy that the chauffeur was responsible to open and close the doors. Apollonia entered the house and listened for a moment. She was trying to determine the extent of anger or stress concerning the disappearance of Sonny Rossi.

When she entered the kitchen from the side entrance hallway she made it a point to announce her arrival, "Hello everyone. Colin, take my coat and hang it up."

He knew better than to just take her coat. He saw she was dressed in a dress that made it easy for her sycophants to gain access to her to do their required duty. Colin stepped behind Apollonia, lifted the hem of her dress, and was surprised to see she was not wearing any panties. He did his utmost to show her that he was still her bitch boy. She did not make a scene or say anything to him about how he was performing. He knew by the way she presented her ass to him that it wasn't a priority for him to spend more than a few seconds sucking her asshole. He stood, took her fur coat, and went to hang it up in the hall closet nearest the great room.

Apollonia went to the coffeemaker and poured herself a mug of coffee before she entered the breakfast area. She stood and waited. Mario and Viviano looked at her and realized that she was not going to let them remain dressed. Both men removed their clothing neatly folding everything and storing against the cabinets that held the china. Viviano went to Apollonia first. He knelt and kissed her feet. Mario did exactly what Colin did only for a second or two shorter which did not sit well with his youngest daughter. Raffaella was last to approach her sister. She knelt, raised the front hem of her dress, and places a tongue kiss on her sister's vagina. When all the proper greeting etiquette was completed Apollonia took her seat.

"Mario, you bring Angelina home from the hospital this morning?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes, she is at my house now," he replied. "You're not intending to go there today are you?"

"Probably not today," replied Apollonia. "I intend to see here before the weekend is over. Where are the children?"

"In your atelier," replied Colin, as he walked back to the kitchen area. He stopped in front of the sink, turned to face the breakfast table, and just stared at his wife. All he wanted was information on Sonny and Joshua. He didn't know about his sister's heart attack so that did not color his thoughts as yet.

"Good, I don't want them in the room when we speak," said Apollonia. "I suggest each and every one of you take a deep breath and force yourself to remain calm. Because if you don't," Apollonia reached into her soft leather bag, pulled out a Sig Sauer 239, and placed it on the table in front of her, "I will make a mess of my breakfast area."

Mario spoke softly to his youngest daughter, "You are sinking into the morass of psychotic behavior Apollonia. We are family. There is no need for you to threaten us with a handgun when you can just as easily use your Martial Arts training to subdue us. You made your point, now put it away."

Apollonia looked at each face and saw that Mario was correct in his assumption. The handgun was returned to her soft leather case with the butt sticking up so she had easy access to the Sig Sauer. She was actually glad that Ming would not be part of the potential insanity that was about to commence. The coffee refreshed her and also made her hungry. She reached for the plate of small sandwiches and put three on her plate. She purposely did not start the quasi meeting so she could eat, but she also used the time to continue to get a sense of the feelings in the room. The

mug of coffee was empty before she finished her sandwiches so he just held it up knowing that Colin would realize it was empty.

The sight of his insane wife holding up the mug without as much as a please was typical Apollonia thought Colin. He walked to where she sat. When he took the mug from her hand, he cried out, "You fuckin' bitch!!! You fuckin' killed Sonny!!!"

Her first instinct was a physical response. Her second instinct was to simply sit and act as if nothing was said to her by her sissy husband. Instead she grinned and said, "Fill the mug, sissy. Bring it to me. Return to your spot in front of the sink. Now, be a good little bitch boi or I will splatter your brains all over this room."

A minute later Colin was back with a full mug of hot black coffee. He placed it in front of Apollonia and quietly backed away, turned, and returned to his place in front of the kitchen sink. Colin did not take his eyes from his wife's face. Inside he wanted to take the biggest frying pan and smack her over the head with it. He knew she did something terrible to Sonny. He seethed as he watched Apollonia finish eating.

"This is going to be hardest on you Viviano. Then Colin, but," said Apollonia, "in the end, Colin's anger will surpass Viviano's by a country mile or two or three."

"FUCK!!!" cried Colin. "GIVE IT UP, APOLLONIA. QUIT PLAYIN' WITH US."

"Testy are we now, Colina," said Apollonia. "I guess you have your period. Fuckin' cocksucker... You want to know, I'll tell you. This morning just after four AM I had Sonny transported to the Bronx. He is presently undergoing a surgical procedure..."

"What in the hell are you doin' to my brother, Apollonia?" asked Viviano.

"You need to look at Colin's face, people. You need to see what Sonny did in response to my humiliating him after I gave him my love open and free. I allowed Sonny Rossi to take me without concern to my wellbeing. I begged him to fuck me like a twenty dollar whore. Then he freaked when my sissy had to do his duty because he witnessed and took part in our copulation."

Apollonia pushed her chair back knocking it over. She stood, leaned so the palms of her hands were flat on the table. She screamed, "LOOK AT HIM. LOOK AT WHAT SONNY DID TO COLIN'S FACE. HE DAMN NEAR RUINED HIS FEMININE BEAUTY. FUCKIN' CALL HIM A SISSY. A COCKSUCKER. A FUDGE PACKER. BUT, DON'T YOU EVER LAY A FUCKIN' HAND ON HIM BECAUSE I WILL TAKE MY POUND OF FLESH. THAT IS WHAT I AM DOING TO SONNY RIGHT NOW IN THE BRONX."

"He's alive???" cried Colin.

Raffaella and Viviano held hands thankful that Sonny was not being encased in a pool of cement where he would die from the weight and the pressure created when the cement cured. Mario really didn't have any thoughts on what she was doing to Sonny. When she announced she was going to offer him her bed and her body he disagreed but went along with the program.

She remained standing, "Sonny Rossi is presently on an operating table in a rundown hospital in the Bronx. I warned him numerous times not to physically abuse my husband, but did he listen... The fuckin' thick headed Stromboli couldn't control his temper..."

Raffaella, "Please, Appy, what is goin' on in the Bronx?"

"What's goin' on in the Bronx, you ask. I'll tell you. Dr. Joshua Goldsmith is presently performing major surgery. He has two surgical assistants, two nurses, and a private investigator watching over the proceedings. When Sonny wakes up he'll no longer have his prodigious manhood. He'll have his balls but they won't hang between his legs anymore..."

"Jesus, Apollonia," breathed Viviano, "what the fuck are you doing to him?"

"The doctors are creating the perfect vagina..."

"What the hell..." cried Viviano.

"When Sonny awakens he'll have a vagina just like Raffaella and me. The difference will be his balls. They'll be inside his new sex. I believe the sensitive tip of his cock will form his clitoris and they'll do whatever magic they need to, to form the labia..."

"He'll still have his balls?" asked Raffaella. "What will that do?"

"Yes, Raffy. He'll still have his testicles. They'll still produce sperm. His prostate will still produce seminal fluid. His body won't change. He will not become feminine. Sonny Ross will be a masculine man with a pussy. His sexual fluids will act as lubrication and he'll still have orgasms. He won't spew his sexual fluids out his once prodigious member. Instead the sexual fluids will dribble out his reconstructed urethra and into his vaginal cavity. He'll have to be fucked to attain orgasms. I can just see it, Sonny, on his back, legs akimbo, gettin' fucked by a big cock..."

"You are a sick individual, Apollonia," said an incredulous Viviano. "How do you expect me to look him in the eye knowing I was part of his ruination? He'll go off the deep end. I might as well prepare my family for his death. He won't last but a few days. My God, what a sick way to take out your retribution on another human being."

Raffaella turned to ask Colin to bring her a bottle of red wine and some glasses and saw he wasn't standing where he always stood. She turned back to Apollonia and said, "Where's Colin?"

"Raffy, check the floor in front of the sink. If he isn't on the floor crying or unconscious, then check his room. I'll bet you he's in there crying his eyes out. Poor baby lost the love of his life. Not Sonny, but his ten-and-a-half inch pussy buster. Either way, leave him alone. I'll have to take care of his loss."

Raffy looked over the counter, laughed, and said, "Fainted... How he fell without us hearing it, I'll never know. I think I should wake him and make sure he's all right."

Ten minutes later, Colin was sitting at the oak breakfast table holding his head and moaning from hitting his head on the hardwood floor. His eyes were red and bloodshot. He finally looked at his wife, "I can't believe what you did to him. You have hit rock bottom Apollonia. If you go any lower, you'll have to look up to look down. God, all I wanted from you is another chance for him."

"You know that was not possible, Colin," said Apollonia. "I had no choice. Sonny did it to himself. It started the first night he was invited to Columbus Place. All he had to do was put his tail between his legs, be honest, and tell me us he had issues. We could have worked it out, but when he took out his anger on you, that was the final straw. No matter what I say to you, how I treat you in public, or how I use you as the brunt of my anger; Colin, I married you because I fell in love with you. I never stopped loving you. I just stopped having sexual relations with you. Remember, it was your decision to become a feminized sissy cuckold."

"Where is Sonny going to recover?" asked Colin his face nowhere near beginning to heal from the beating he took from Sonny.

"He's going to remain in the Bronx through Sunday afternoon, but I won't know until I return there this evening," said Apollonia. "I suspect I'll take him to 84th Street to recover. He's not going to react well to..."

Colin with venom in his voice said, "Having a fuckin' vagina between his legs." He looked at his wife and pleaded, "Please take me with you to see him. I know I can make things better for him. He listens to me. Please, Appy..."

"I'll take it under consideration," said Apollonia, "but, I have more news for you Colin." Apollonia waited a moment keeping her gaze on Colin's face before she told him and announced to the rest of the family, "Elizabeth is also in the hospital. She suffered a heart attack this morning. When the ambulance departed with her for the trauma center, she was doing better than the EMT's expected. I don't think she's suffered any major heart related damage, but I'm not a cardiac specialist."

Under his breath, Viv said, "You probably induced it."

Colin stood and said, "I need to go to the hospital now. I'm taking the car and driving there and you're not going to stop me Apollonia."

Apollonia stood, placed her hand on her husband's shoulder, and pushed him back down into his seat. "You're not driving anywhere Colin. Viv will take you..."

"What the fuck..." said Viviano.

"Yes, you'll take him to see his sister," said Apollonia. "Then you'll call me and I'll tell you where your brother is located. By the time Colin finishes visiting with Elizabeth, Sonny should be out of surgery and somewhat awake. The two of you will be able to visit with him and if you want, you can tell him what I did to him. I'm sure he won't want to hear it from me."

Colin rose from the table and everyone knew he was headed to his room to clean up and change into different clothing. Viviano sat pondering whether or not it was in his best interest to go to wherever Sonny was or to tell Apollonia that it would be better if she took her husband to see his sister. He made his decision and prepared himself for the onslaught of venomous vitriol.

"I'm not going to see Sonny," said Viviano, "and I'm not going to take Colin to see his sister. I think you should take him Apollonia. You just fuckin' mutilated my youngest brother because he put a beating your husband. I'm not fuckin' married to Colin, you are. You take him to see his sister. Leave me the fuck out of it."

Everyone expected Apollonia to reach down, pull out her handgun, and blow Viviano's brains all over the cabinets that were behind him. Raffaella held her breath. Mario did the same, but knew that Viviano had just called Apollonia's bluff. The room was more than silent it was thick with stress over Viviano's refusal to take Colin to see his sister before going to see his youngest brother. They watched as Apollonia reached down to the soft leather attaché case / handbag, touch the handle of the semi-automatic, pause, and when her eyes glazed over in anger pulled it, and place the barrel against not Viviano's head, but her sister's.

"How much do you love her Viv?" asked Apollonia.

"Fuck me," said Viviano, "I wouldn't put it past you to fuckin' murder your sister in cold blood so you can have me all to yourself."

"Trouble is Viv, this is a DEA double action trigger. I pull it and the hammer is going to fall no matter what I do to stop it short of putting something between it and the firing pin. Raffaella means more to you than to me. Is that what you're implying?" Apollonia didn't wait for an answer from Viviano. She pulled her finger from the trigger and laid it along the side of the semi-automatic. "Get your ass up and ready to go. You'll accompany me and Colin in the limo to the hospital and the Bronx. Don't make me tell you again."

Viviano could speak, so he nodded his head in acquiescence to his sister-in-law's demands. Raffaella sat shaking at the thought her sister was insane enough to put a loaded gun to her forehead and threaten to kill her. Mario Moretti cried inside because he saw his youngest daughter descending into the abyss of genius lunacy. Apollonia watched their faces and began to howl out loud. Her laughter made them even more irate at her insanity. The Sig Sauer was still in her right hand. She pointed the gun about two inches from her right temple and pulled the trigger.

Raffaella, Viviano, and Mario watched in horror as her index finger on her right hand pressed the trigger back releasing the hammer. The expected explosion of primer and gun powder did not happen. There was no blood splattered against the cabinets or on the wall. What exited the front of the semi-automatic was a stream of water. Apollonia released the trigger and another stream of water exited the barrel. She dropped the water gun replica onto the oak table top, reached down a second time, and pulled up the real Sig Sauer 239 semi-automatic handgun.

'GOT YOU ALL," screamed Apollonia. "I ALMOST PISSED MYSELF WHEN I PULLED THE TRIGGER ON THE WATER GUN.'

Raffaella shook her head trying to remain calm. Viviano sat smirking knowing he was just taken by his crazy sister-in-law. Mario was disconsolate that his insane youngest daughter hadn't really committed suicide.

"Ok," said Apollonia, "now that the fun is over, Viviano, you will join Colin and me in the limousine. We'll travel to the hospital to see Colin's sister and most probably his family. After we pay our respects and see how Elizabeth is fairing, we'll depart for the Bronx. Sonny should be conscious enough for us to visit with him. We'll all decide where we want him to recover. Acceptable?"

Colin caught the tail end of the joke and tried to figure out why two handguns were on the table. He stood dressed in a pair of grey Mario wool pants that had a matching two button jacket and a white ruffled blouse. On his feet was a pair of four inch heels that completed the outfit. His hair, which hadn't been cut since his first visit to the sissy boutique, framed his face beautifully. His body was beginning to fill his dresses in the right places giving him a definitely more feminine quality.

"Yes," replied Viviano.

"Are we ready?" asked Colin.

"You two take Mario home. I need to talk to Raffaella," said Apollonia. The two men got dressed. Then they and the sissy exited the breakfast area headed for the back door. When they were outside Apollonia turned to her sister, took her hands, and pulled her up to a standing position. She took her into her arms. She kissed her on each cheek and then her mouth. Raffaella was astounded and did not respond in kind to her sister's asinine from of apology.

"Is that how you apologize to me Apollonia?" said Raffaella. "It wasn't funny in the least. That fuckin' water pistol looks fuckin' real. You are a supreme cunt..."

"Yeah, aren't I," Apollonia said, "now kiss me like you mean it, because tomorrow morning we have a lot to discuss and I need your council."

"You fuckin' cunt," repeated Raffy. She looked at her sister saw the love in her eyes and kissed her, open mouthed, and tongues caressing. Three minutes of intense kissing was enough to get Raffaella wet, horny, and in need of something inside her.

Apollonia broke the kiss, squeezed her sister's body against hers, released her, and said in a soft voice, "If you want to, take Alessa to bed with you. If that's too far out of the realm of motherhood, then I guess you'll have to suffer until I invite you into bed with Ming and me. Love you Raffy."

Raffaella stood dumbfounded that her sister would tell her to take a six year old to bed with her. She watched Apollonia retrieve her coat, stop and kiss her on her cheeks, pat her ass, and leave the house for the limousine.