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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 43

Monday Night – Apollonia's Residence – 17 February 2003

Raffaella finished mopping and washed herself in front of the kitchen sink. She used three small kitchen towels to dry herself. Wishing she wasn't naked, but noting to herself that there was nothing she could do about it, Raffaella walked into the great room. There she found Carmen sitting next to her Aunt with a look of total fear on her face. Raffaella smiled at her daughter as she approached the couch. Carmen began to say something but was stopped by Apollonia's when she placed her hand across her niece's mouth.

"Sit across from us, Raffaella," said Apollonia. "Sit with your legs open so Carmen can see your pussy."

Raffaella did as she was told.

Apollonia removed her hand from Carmen's mouth. She looked at her niece, smiled, and said, "Carmen, you are my niece and I love you. I want to make sure you know what happened tonight..."

"You killed grandma!!!" cried Carmen. "You killed grandma!!!" Tears flowed down her cheeks.

Carmen's aunt let her cry for a minute before she picked up the girl and placed her on her lap. She pulled Carmen into her body and whispered, "It is ok Carmen. Shhhh... I know you loved your grandma, but little girl she really didn't love you..."

"Oh, my fuckin' God, Apollonia!!! How can you say such a thing to her!!! Lucia loved her and you know it," said Raffaella.

"WRONG, RAFFY. THE TRUTH NEEDS TO BE TOLD... OUR MOTHER WAS FUCKIN' FOUR NIGGERS!!! SHE WAS GOING TO LET HER MAIN NIGGER FUCK CARMEN NOT ONCE, BUT FOR AN ENTIRE WEEKEND. SHE WAS GOING TO RUIN YOUR DAUGHTER'S ABILITY TO BECOME A MORETTI WOMAN. THAT CUNT BROKE EVERY RULE OF OUR FAMILY. SHE HAD THE WORLD BY DADDY'S BALLS. EVERY MORETTI MAN WILL ULTIMATELY GIVE IN TO HIS WIFE NO MATTER WHERE HE STANDS IN THE LINE OF SUCCESSION. BUT THE MORETTI WOMAN OR WIFE NEVER EVER FUCKS WITH THE HISTORY AND TRADITIONS OF THE FAMILY. LUCIA DID AND FOR THAT SHE HAD TO FACE THE CONSEQUENCES. ULTIMATELY, ONE OF US HAD TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE FAMILY," screamed Apollonia.

Raffaella sat dumbfounded. She couldn't believe what her sister just yelled at her. "I need to know Apollonia. I need to know how you found out what you are telling me."

With Carmen finally resting quietly on her lap, Apollonia recounted to her sister how she became aware of her mother's indiscretions. "I was on Central Avenue shopping for some art supplies when I saw her talking to this nigger. She had her hand on his bicep and it was patently obvious there was something going on between them."

"How long ago?" asked Raffaella.

"Two years ago last month. I waited that long to get all the dirt on her. I compiled pictures, videos, and soundtracks of her indiscretions. She used her husband's contacts against him when it was needed. I found out she had her own little scam going to keep her chosen sycophants in line."

"Did you tell father?" Raffaella still could not accept what her sister was telling her.

"I tried, but he wouldn't hear it. His love for her was so deep he'd tolerate anything she did and I believe he would have found a way to ameliorate the disgusting thing she wanted to do with your daughter. When he didn't react to that one thing I knew I had to take action. I decided to wait until the weekend Antonio made his manhood. Colin complicated the situation, but my plan had to succeed."

Raffaella watched as Apollonia gently ran her hand up and down Carmen's back. She'd also place her hand on the girl's head and gently rubbed her scalp. Carmen lay contentedly in her aunt's arms. Somewhat, but not totally relieved, she asked, "When can I see the proof, Appy?"

"In the safe in my atelier. Any time you want to go through it..."

"Now, Apollonia. Right fuckin' now!!!" said Raffaella.

"Ok, follow me." Apollonia placed Carmen on the couch and whispered to her, "Stay here sweet pea. Mommy and I will be back in a while. Don't fight falling asleep." She leaned down and kissed Carmen on her forehead and cheek.

Raffaella followed her sister upstairs to her atelier. Apollonia went to the double door closet and opened a floor safe that was tucked in the back. She pulled out four thick nine by fourteen envelopes and handed them to her sister.

"You wanted the truth? Well, dear sister, here is tip of the iceberg. Sit at the table and feast your eyes on the reason I fuckin' broke our mother's neck."

Sitting naked at her sister's work table, Raffaella opened an envelope and pulled out packages of eight by ten color and black and white photographs. She flipped through the first twenty or so pictures observing her mother taking black cocks in her mouth, her ass, and her unprotected pussy. Another packet of photos showed a very excited Lucia sexually torturing a pair of identical twin boys who could not be any older than her son Antonio. She shivered when she saw the look of pleasure on her mother's face as she beat the genitals of the boys. The third packet had a scene that made Raffaella run to the atelier's bathroom.

She returned to the room her pallor was ashen. She was dizzy from regurgitating and disgusted by what she saw. Raffaella sat at the table. She put the pictures back into the envelope from whence they came. She pushed the four envelopes across the table to get them away from her proximity. Raffaella Moretti was beginning to see the light. "Those photos of her disemboweling..."

"Don't say anymore, Raffy. Just listen to me. I wanted you to see why I did what I did. I'm not opposed to the pedophilic desires of the men and women in our nuclear and extended family. I witnessed my father fuck the product of his union with another woman. I know he's done it before. I accept, as I know you do, the idea of a Moretti

boy going through a very sexually deviate rite of passage. We both had to give our father handjobs from the tender age of seven. But, what our mother did is unconscionable even to a perverted family like ours."

Apollonia continued, "Taking over the family was something I had to do. I researched the history of takeovers within the family. The three women I mentioned earlier this evening all took over the reins of the family through patricide and/or matricide. I made contact with those I knew I needed to get to see things as I did. It took some time, but I won them over and got them to keep quiet under threat of emasculation, clitorectomy, or the ultimate solution - death."

"Why didn't you come to me?" Raffaella felt a different pain. The pain of knowing her sister may not trust her which was the furthest thing from the truth. "Appy, can I please put on something?"

"Yes, go to my room find something that fits. I'm going to put the envelopes away. I'll meet you in the great room."

Raffaella returned to the great room to find Apollonia sitting on the couch where her daughter Carmen peacefully slept slowly stroking her hair. This time she didn't ask where Apollonia wanted her to sit. She placed herself on the other side of her daughter, looked at her sister, and asked again, "Why didn't you come to me?"

She watched her sister continue to play with Carmen's hair as she responded, "I didn't come to you because I thought you would try to stop me. I couldn't let her continue. What I believed about my relationship with Lucia was true. She didn't want me to succeed at anything. Her designs on Carmen turned my stomach." Looking directly into her sister's eyes, "I needed to be sure I would not fail. Failure was not an option, Raffaella. I could not confide in anyone close to me, especially family members."

"Were you serious about Carmen sleeping here tonight?"

"Yes, but not for what you think. As the matriarchal leader of the family, I am entitled to have as many girls or women as I see fit to tend to my needs. You know, like in the Middle Ages, ladies-in-waiting. Females who are given the opportunity to be close to their and care for their queen. I'm not a queen, Raffaella, but I am the de facto leader of the Moretti family in the United States. You are my sister. I want you to be part of my inner circle. I used Carmen to test you. I'm not sorry for what I did and I would do it again."

Relieved at what she heard, Raffaella said, "So, you're not going to have relations with her?"

Pressing her lips together, nodding slightly, Apollonia answered, "Raffy, not tonight, but when I feel she is ready I am going to take her from you. You will still be her mother, but she will serve me as my Mistress-in-Waiting. I will teach her everything..."

"But, what if you have a daughter? Wouldn't she be next in line? Are you going to change the long term history of this family from a patriarchal controlled family to a matriarchal controlled family? What if you have a boy?" Raffaella wanted her sister to see how devastating a loss losing Carmen would be to Viviano and her.

She saw the pain in her sister's face. Apollonia knew in her heart of hearts that what she was asking of her sister was going to destroy their relationship more than murdering their mother. She stood and moved to be next to her sister. She reached for her face and Raffaella flinched. Apollonia pulled back, waited for a moment, and reached for her sister's face again. She pulled her close and whispered, "I love you Raffaella. I want you to know that I will never do anything to hurt you, Antonio, or Carmen. I don't know if I'm going to have children. I'm not sure if Sonny will accept my dominance over him. I may just stay celibate like Queen Victoria. If that is my decision, then I'm taking Carmen as my Mistress-in-Waiting."

Raffaella closed her eyes, nodded her acceptance, and said, "Please, kiss me."

Their lips met, parted, and their tongues met in a dance of love. Apollonia continued to hold her sister's head and felt Raffaella's arms surround her upper body. They really couldn't lie down because Carmen was behind

Raffaella. Apollonia controlled their kissing and decided not to let it go any further than a few minutes of French kissing. Their upper bodies pressed together and Raffaella pressed her mouth harder onto her sister's when she felt Apollonia's small breasts press against her larger ones. Her hands slid up and down her sister's back as she felt herself give into her sister's needs. Apollonia felt her sister's reaction to their kissing, broke the kiss, and pushed herself away from Raffaella.

Surprised that Apollonia broke the kiss, Raffaella said, "What???"

"Time for you to go, Raffy. Take Carmen home and put her to bed. Tell Viviano his brother will be ready to go to the office with him in the morning. Meet me at the main house between nine and nine-thirty."

Raffaella forced herself to calm down. "Ok, I'll be there. Is there anything you want or need?"

Smiling at her sister's attempt to please, Apollonia said, "Just one thing, dear sister. Remember, I expect total subservience, period."

"Jesus, Apollonia!!! I was just offering you my body to prove you have my soul." Raffaella stood up, leaned over, picked up the sleeping Carmen, placed her head on her shoulder, and held her just below her buttocks. She walked to the front doors. She stood waiting for her sister to open a door so she could walk across Columbus Place to her own house.

Apollonia walked to the front door. Before she opened it she pulled Carmen's dress up and kissed her on the left cheek of her cotton encased backside. She opened the door and before she let her sister exit the house she said, "Don't give me a reason to take her from you. Now, go home quickly it is cold outside."

Raffaella departed without saying a word. Apollonia went to the back of the house and stood with her ear to her sissy husband's door. She didn't hear anything so she retired to her room for the night.