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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 58

Thursday Late Morning/Afternoon – Mario's Residence – 20 February 2003

Six 2003 black Lincoln Town cars sat along the arced curb in front of Mario's house. Prior to entering Columbus Place each car was stopped at the main gate by the security guards. Each occupant was asked to get out of the rear seat of the car to be searched. Although each man was a member of the Moretti Management Committee, they knew and respected Mario's security procedures for gaining access to the Columbus Place compound. Their arrival was announced to the main house and upon receiving approval allowed to enter the private street. The drivers were not searched because they were trusted employees of Mario's masonry business who were honored to pick up and return each of their passengers to Kennedy International Airport. Each driver was handsomely paid for the day's work and their ability to keep private things private.

Angelina welcomed the six men into the house, took their heavy winter coats, hung them away in the guest closet, and proceeded to offer each of them something to drink. Mario Moretti did not immediately greet his guests and to a man they knew something was out of the ordinary. They talked quietly amongst themselves as they were offered small Italian canapés by Angelina. Each man brought envelopes that contained the Moretti family's cut of the monthly fees charged for the Moretti family stud service and other undocumented activities. Everything that needed to be discussed at each meeting was kept in their heads. The agenda for the meeting never varied and topics were always taken in the same order. Although the family was well respected for their philanthropic donations of large sums money and time to the poor and downtrodden, they kept the sexual servicing side of the family business far from the probing eyes of the print and video media.

While the men were chatting amongst themselves down the block Apollonia Moretti received a call from the front gate notifying her that all the participants had arrived and were now ensconced in her father's house. She had everything prepared in advance and needed a small attaché case to carry the envelopes she would use to back up her taking control of the Moretti family. The suit she wore would allow her to conceal a small firearm under her left arm which she hoped she would have no reason to display or use. Before she departed her house for the house she grew up in, she checked on Colin and called her sister to tell her to be at the main house in thirty minutes. Apollonia Moretti walked bundled up against the freezing weather to the side door of her father's house.

Angelina was surprised to see Mario's youngest daughter enter the house. The servant knew from previous meetings that only the men of the Moretti family would be in attendance. Lucia Moretti would greet each attendant as they made their entrance, say her dutiful hellos, and then quietly depart for the day. She watched Apollonia shuck her winter coat in the mud room, walk into the kitchen, retrieve a mug, and fill it with piping hot coffee. Angelina was about

to say something when Apollonia walked to where she was standing by the kitchen table, placed the attaché case she was holding on it, turned to face her, and said, "Please go into the great room and ask our guests to go into the formal dining room. Make sure they're comfortable and wait until I arrive with my father. Then you are to go to my house and wait there until I call for you."

Angelina couldn't believe she was being ordered around by the youngest daughter of her employer and what was even more disconcerting – she changed her diapers. Angelina responded to what Apollonia said with a touch of venom in her voice. She said that she did not work for Apollonia and would not listen to her. The time it took for Apollonia's right hand to make contact with the older woman's face was only calculable in nanoseconds. Angelina's right hand immediately went to her left cheek when Apollonia's backhand made contact with her right cheek. The older woman cried out in pain, fell back against the edge of the breakfast table, and just stared at the youngest daughter of Mario Moretti. Just as Apollonia was going to take a hold of her neck, Mario walked into the kitchen.

"APOLLONIA!!!" he cried aloud.

The sound of his voice caused enough of a pause in Apollonia's actions to allow Angelina to sidle away from being manhandled by the angry daughter of her employer. The servant used the table to position herself between and as far as she could from the outraged Apollonia. She watched as a scene from a horror movie played out in slow motion before her.

Apollonia, crimson faced turned to her father and spat, "WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU TO TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!!! THAT PIECE-OF-SHIT LOW LIFE SERVANT DISRESPECTED ME!!! ME!!!"

Mario Moretti froze and didn't respond. The venom in his youngest daughter's voice was enough to take all the machismo out of his body. Luckily, not one guest standing in the great room decided to investigate what was occurring in the kitchen. Angelina continued to rub her face thankful that she hadn't peed herself. Again, she saw Apollonia turn to her and approach where she was standing. Her fear was evident as she began to shake. Apollonia knew she'd made her point and like the psychopath she was calmly stepped in front of the frightened woman.

"Angelina, I'm sorry to have slapped you, but my father is no longer in charge." Apollonia turned to her father, "Daddy, come here."

Mario Moretti moved from his spot to where the two women stood next to the oak breakfast table. He knew without being told what to say and what to do. "Angelina..." was all he said as he tried to touch the woman on her face.

Apollonia slapped his hand away, turned her head, and said, "On your knees, bitch. Say hello to me properly."

Angelina watched as Mario Moretti knelt behind his youngest daughter and placed his lips on her backside. With her father's lips firmly planted on her derriere, Apollonia reiterated her instructions to the frightened servant. Angelina nodded her head in compliance and was taken aback when Apollonia placed a tender kiss on her cheek as she pointed towards the great room. After Angelina left the kitchen, Apollonia turned to her father.

"Mario it is time for you to announce to my guests your downfall from the pinnacle of Moretti family and its associated businesses. Before we go into the dining room, you know what has to be done. So, drop your pants and underwear."

"Please, Apollonia... All I ask is to be allowed to make the announcement without exposing my sexual submissiveness to you. Would you at least give me that?"

"No, daddy," replied Apollonia to his question. "You allowed that sick cunt to ruin my life. Now, either you drop your pants or I take them off you forcibly. Your choice."

Mario Moretti dropped his pants and underpants per his daughter's instructions. He watched as she removed a pink leather tube and pink woven edge ribbons from an interior pocket of her suit jacket. He did not say a word as she took his flaccid penis into her hand, slipped the pink leather tube over the head, and down the shaft. It took her a few seconds to lace the pink ribbon laces through the holes and tie them into a nice bow. Apollonia then took another pink leather tube from her pocket, pulled his testicles down through the tube, and tied it closed with matching ribbon laces. She finished the entire look by tying a beautiful pink bow around his entire genitals making sure it was directly above his encased penis. Without surgically emasculating her father, she did so but just encasing his Moretti genitals in pink sissy leather chastity tubes with a matching sissy bow.

When she stood up Apollonia saw the tears of humiliation began to gather in her father's eyes. Fifty-three years of being a masculine man would be coming to a close in a matter of minutes. A pang of guilt, albeit very short, coursed through Apollonia's body. She wondered for a moment about the reasons her father allowed her sick, deviant, sadist of a mother continue her hidden lifestyle, but put it out of her mind as she prepared to take formal control of the family. She laughed to herself about it and said, "Pull your pants up bitch. As of now, you're no longer my father. Follow me and let's get this bullshit over with."

Angelina, the Moretti family servant, stood mouth agape after watching her employer's youngest daughter tie sissy tubes to her father's genitals. "Excuse me Apollonia the guests are seated in the dining room. Per your instructions, I am headed to your house to wait for your summons."

Apollonia smiled at the woman and nodded acknowledging her bid to leave the house. After she retrieved the small attaché case from the breakfast room table, Mario allowed his daughter to guide him towards and into the dining room. Upon entering, the six men rose from their seats. All except one stood stone faced, silent, and waited for further instructions.

Bruno Moretti, 6'2" tall, balding, and the closest relative to Mario immediately broke the silence, "This is unheard of and not allowed!!! Only the men who manage the family economics are allowed to be in the room where the meeting is held. Apollonia Cathcart you have no right to enter this room." Bruno leaned his three hundred pound body forward and rested his meaty hands on the dining room table. He beady eyes sent daggers towards Apollonia. He continued, "I knew something was amiss when Lucia did not greet us when we arrived. What fuckin' gives, Mario?"

Apollonia held up her hand stopping Mario from saying anything in response to Bruno's controlled tirade. She remained calm, cool, and collected. She placed the attaché case on the table, opened it, and removed the envelope with Bruno Moretti's name on it. Apollonia tossed the envelope across the table to where Bruno's overweight body remained leaning against the table. It slid to a stop just in front of his hands. Apollonia assumed the same position as her uncle and said, "In that envelope is the reason I am in this room today. Each of you has one and when this little tete a tete between Uncle Bruno and I is settled we'll get down to business. Uncle Bruno, open the envelope."

Bruno frowned as he stared back at his cousin's youngest daughter. Sweat began to form on his forehead. He began to tap his fingers on the table top trying to calm his nerves. Never in his life had any female, whether they be a natural born Moretti or the wife of a Moretti man, ever took part in the monthly business meetings. For the few seconds he looked down at the oversized brown envelope that lay on the table between his hands, it gave Apollonia enough time to retrieve her weapon. When he looked back across the table to where Apollonia stood, his mouth dropped open.

"You got to be kidding me," stammered Bruno. "You not really going to think you have the balls to shoot me, now do you Apollonia?"

The five other men remained frozen by the side of the table. Mario Moretti stood to the left and slightly behind his daughter doing absolutely nothing to stop what was happening. Paolo Lombardi, the youngest member of the management team raised his hands in an effort to stop the craziness he was witnessing. When he saw the look on Apollonia's face he returned his hands to his sides and looked down at the table top in front of him. All of the Moretti management team saw the Beretta Tomcat Inox .32 caliber automatic Apollonia held in her right hand and had pointed at her Uncle Bruno's head.

With a clam but venomous voice, Apollonia said, "Open the fuckin' envelope Uncle Bruno. In that envelope is all you need to know why I am here today. If you don't want to abide by my instructions, I will put two into your head before you hit the ground."

Bruno stood tall and pulled the envelope in front of him. He opened it and removed its contents. His eyes grew wider as he flipped through the five by seven color and black and white pictures of scenes of deviance not even he would consider abnormal. When he was finished he dropped them onto the table top and said, "These aren't real. Lucia would never be involved in something so despicable."

Apollonia watched as Bruno fell back into his chair, pale, and in shock. His chest heaved as he tried to catch his breath. The sweat that had been forming on his forehead was now dripping down his face. She holstered the gun and said, "Please gentlemen, be seated."

The five standing men sat. They watched as Apollonia tossed the same brown oversized envelopes, each marked with their name, in front of them. Not one of them made an effort to open them. To a man, they knew that it would take something beyond-the-pale to get Bruno Moretti to react the way he did to the contents of the envelope. Each man fidgeted as they waited for the next shoe to drop. Silence filled the room except for the sound of Bruno's sweat rolling down the chubby cheeks of his face. They sat and listened as Apollonia spoke.

"Last Friday night, my husband Colin admitted he was not able to consummate his marriage by inseminating me. As you know, he had two choices to remedy the problem. Colin Cathcart is presently in my house, dressed in a maid's uniform, cleaning, and performing all the duties of a feminized sissy cuckold. Sunday past, my nephew Antonio Rossi passed his Moretti Rite of Passage into Moretti manhood. This coming Tuesday he will partake in his first sexual encounter with an older woman who seeks to become pregnant. I also introduced to the attendees my choice to replace my sissy husband in my bed. He is now living in my house but not in my bed. This coming Sunday I will be given to him by my sissy husband in a traditional cuckold wedding. From this moment on, I am no longer Apollonia Cathcart. You will address me as Apollonia Moretti."

"During the course of the evening certain events which occurred brings me to why I am here today and why I will be running every meeting in the future. Lucia Moretti, my mother, based upon diligent gathering of intelligence by myself and others was exposed as a deviant sexual pervert. Lucia Moretti is dead. I murdered her in front of my father, my sister, my sister's family, and my sissy husband's family. Mario Moretti reacted as any husband would, but he did not have the strength to overtake me. He..."

Umberto Moretti, first cousin to Bruno Moretti rose from his chair. His face was crimson with rage. He began blabbering about how she should be brought to justice – Moretti justice. Everyone saw the chair fall backwards as he stepped back in preparation to attack Apollonia. He moved to his right and faced Apollonia. It was the last thing he did as two .32 caliber bullets pierced his forehead directly between his eyes. Umberto Moretti fell to the floor with a thud. Everyone except for Bruno moved away from the table and looked towards Apollonia. She stood at the head of the table facing the opening to the kitchen holding the small pocket pistol by her side not showing any form of fear or remorse. She holstered the gun and to the amazement of everyone assembled continued with her explanation.

"Each of you remember what happened here today. Each of you remember what you will see here today and know that I will take whatever steps I need to remain as head of this family. Yes, you heard me. Leave Umberto where he lay. Take your seats. We have family and business issues to deal with. Mario Moretti is no longer the de jure head of this family. I am. If you want to disagree, you too can end up like Umberto."

Apollonia watched as Tommaso Moretti, Dino Moretti, Emilio Giordano, and Paolo Lombardi retook their seats. The men remained quiet and attentive while Apollonia spoke.

"Mario, take all your clothes off," ordered Apollonia.

Mario Moretti removed his clothing to reveal the pink leather tubes, ribbons, and bow that encased his genitals. The humiliation on his face spoke to the gathering. To a man, they feared what was now presented to them in the form of an emasculated Moretti man. Unconsciously, each man placed a hand on their crotch thinking how

humiliating it would be to have to expose their loss of virility to a gathering of men. Mario did not move or say a word fearing what his psychotic sociopathic daughter would do to him.

"Gentlemen," said Apollonia, "what you see here is the result of Mario Moretti's allowing his wife and my mother foist upon the most precious of humankind her deviance. Mario Moretti is no longer a Moretti man. He is no longer the head of this family. He is my father in name only. From this day forward, every naturally born Moretti male or a male married into the family will be naked in my presence. Failure to comply will be dealt with without concern for the person's age or status within the family. All Moretti males will address me as Mistress Apollonia."

Raffaella entered the main house through the back door as her sister did before her. She saw her coat hanging in the mud room and proceeded to hang her heavy winter coat on the hook next to where her sister's coat hung. She smiled to herself thinking that her sister used the same hook she was told to when they were children growing up in the main house. She entered the kitchen to find it empty which she thought was odd considering the servant Angelina should be there to take care of whatever was needed by the Moretti men. She turned and headed not towards the great room, but the dining room where she stopped dead in her tracks at the entrance to the room.

"What the fuck, Appy?" stated Raffaella. Her eyes wide with incredulous amazement, Raffaella looked at her naked father, the five Moretti men sitting frozen in their chairs, and her Uncle Umberto dead on the floor. She was amazed that her sister was the only one smiling and showed no remorse about what had to be the death of their uncle at her sister's hands.

"Raffy come here and say hello to your sister."

Raffaella walked to the opposite end of the room to where her sister stood. She looked at her in the eye hoping she would not make her kiss her pussy in front of the gathered Moretti men. Before she could fall to her knees, she heard her sister whisper something to her she wished she hadn't heard. Raffaella Rossi, nee Moretti fell to her knees and opened the button and fly to the pants her sister was wearing. Unhesitatingly she slipped the pants and then the white bikini briefs down her thighs, leaned in, and kissed her sister's naked pussy. Her snaked her tongue between the lips of her sister's vagina, uncovered her clitoris, and sucked it gently between her lips. She released her sister's clit, but kept her lips on the thick outer lips of her pussy. Raffaella waited for her sister to release her from her submissive duty.

Apollonia took her right hand and pressed it against the back of her sister's head. As she held it to her crotch, she said, "Gentlemen, see how my own sister humiliates herself by attending to me and my body by kissing my womanhood hello. My once father does the same, except he kisses and licks my ass. All Moretti men will bow and kiss each one of my feet twice when they approach me no matter where or when we meet. Your sons will do the same. Your wives and daughters will do as my sister is presently doing. Again, all you need to do is look at Umberto and know the consequences for non-compliance."

Apollonia released her sister's head and instructed her to pull up her panties and suit pants. Raffaella stood up and was told by her sister to go into the kitchen and wait. The men of the Moretti management team sat totally dumbfounded and not one of them wanted to make Apollonia mad. Sensing their rectitude to begin the meeting after witnessing a senseless murder, the emasculation of their leader, and the humiliation of Raffaella, Apollonia decided to sit down and bring things back to a more normal state.

"Gentlemen, I need from each of you an acknowledgement of my ascension to the top of the Moretti family. I will need a DNA sample, not from the interior of your mouth, from your balls. Please don't forget that you are required to be naked in my presence. Then we can get down to the reason for this meeting - business."

Emilio Giordano piped up, "DNA samples???"

"Yes, DNA samples. Each of you will go into the kitchen where my sister Raffaella will give you a cup into which you will deposit your seed," said Apollonia in a businesslike manner.

Bruno said, "You mean you want us to go into the kitchen and jerk off into a cup in front of your sister?"

"Yes, Uncle Bruno and if you need help I'm sure Raffaella or my former father would be more than happy to help you give me what I want."

Tommaso interjected, "I don't think it would be right for any of us to ask or make Mario do what you say. Anyway, Apollonia..."

"MISTRESS APOLLONIA, TO YOU ASSHOLE," shouted Apollonia.

"Excuse me, Mistress Apollonia," said Tommaso. "Would you please tell me why you want our DNA? Why you especially want our sperm rather than cells from the interior of our mouths?"

Smiling Apollonia replied, "Because I can Tommaso. In the end, you'll come to know and appreciate what I am going to do for the family."

Bruno, Tommaso, Dino, Emilio, and Paolo sat naked around the dining room table after depositing their seed into small plastic cups which Raffaella immediately placed into the freezer for safe keeping until they could be transported to a sperm bank where they would be stored in nitrogen tanks at near absolute zero. Mario Moretti was allowed to sit against the wall behind Apollonia while continuing to expose his sissified genitals to the room. He kept quiet as the meeting continued for another few hours.

Apollonia made financial changes that were not readily accepted by the men, but she drove her point home by simply stating the obvious. They complied or they ended up like Umberto – dead. Instead of honoring the head of the family with twenty percent of their earnings, she forced them to accept a raise to forty-five percent. Apollonia also informed the gathering that she would take a portion of the additional forty-five percent and invest it for future returns that would be divided equally among the members of the management team. The nodding of their heads proved to Apollonia that she had the intelligence and power to make them accept anything she wanted whether it be monetary or sexual.

The rest of the meeting revolved around general family matters. Apollonia witnessed the ease at which each of the Moretti men complied with her wishes, especially the commandment that they were to be naked at all times in her presence. The meeting wrapped up shortly before four PM with the announcement that each of the families would be visited by Apollonia where she would address the change in the family structure with their wives and children. She advised each of the men to keep quiet about Umberto's demise and that she would take care of speaking to his family within the next day or two. Before any of them could get dressed, Apollonia forced them to kiss her feet and then again as they departed for the airport.

The last thing she did before leaving for her own home was to call her Uncle Gino to come and remove Umberto's body. She instructed him to make Umberto disappear forever. Gino knew better than to question her motives. Raffaella was told to remain at the house until Umberto's body was removed and then to clean up the mess that was on the floor of the dining room. Mario was allowed to dress and go up to his room. He was told removal of the pink sissy tubes would be a decision that his youngest daughter would make when she saw fit to make it.