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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 73

Sunday – Cuckold Wedding – 23 February 2003

Antonio Rossi lay in his bed with his seven year old slut next to him suffering because his mother and father informed him that if he should engage in any sexual activity before his obligation in Sunday's cuckold wedding activities was completed he would not be able to sit comfortably for many years. Nancy noticed his erection and tried to cajole him into letting her at least give him a hand job. He denied her request. He knew by the tone of his mother's voice she wasn't joking about paddling his ass for not listening to her about having an orgasm.

Raffaella Rossi's cunt remained wide open, red, and sore from the multiple fuckings her husband Viviano gave her because he was horny as well as pissed off the he was not the man chosen by his sister-in-law to replace her cuckolded sissy husband. The morning fuck lasted longer than she wanted. As much as she loved having his nine-and-a-half inch cock slamming into and out of her body, she needed to get her day started because she had taken upon herself to make all the arrangements for her sister's husband's cuckold wedding. To piss her husband off, she made the sign of the cross when he finished fucking her and then rolled away from his side of the bed.

Mario Moretti thought about masturbating. He reached for his cock and pulled his hand away revolted that he was no longer considered a man. His last name may be Moretti, but his pink sissy tube covered genitals spoke volumes about his quasi-emasculatation. He looked at the clock radio that sat on the table next to his side of the bed and knew the day that was supposed to be his to control was now under the auspices of his psychotic sociopathic younger daughter. He moaned not from sexual desire, but from the pain of knowing he was no longer considered a Moretti man.

Joshua Goldsmith awoke with a raging hard-on. His hand slipped down and into his pajama pants. He raised his knees and began to masturbate. He hadn't the night before because he was too heartbroken over Jessica's decision to table their lovemaking. As his hand slid up and down his cock, he put into his mind's eye what he believed Jessica Silverstein would look like on her back, naked, legs open, knees raised, offering her sweet nineteen year old vagina for him to make love to with his mouth or with his cock. He kicked the comforter off his body as his hand continued to stroke his engorged cock. The resulting orgasm was intense and he moaned Jessica's name as he felt numerous ropes of cum splatter against his chest and stomach. Dr. Goldsmith made a decision as he spewed his seed to make Jessica Silverstein his wife.

Elizabeth Goldsmith awoke in the small bed she knew was going to be hers for as long as she stayed with Joshua. She opened her eyes, looked up at the ceiling, and began to cry uncontrollably not from the pain of the

nonconsensual surgery, but from the emotional loss she felt about her life in general. The pressure she felt between her legs was not borne of a need for sexual pleasure. Elizabeth Goldsmith for the first time since moving into the house she bought with her husband had to leave her sleeping quarters to relieve her bladder. As she sat on the toilet, she wondered if her husband was making passionate love to the teenager who knew Joshua had taken his anger out on her by surgically removing her clitoris.

William and Lillian Cathcart received a phone call from their son Colin on Saturday morning to remind them to be at the Moretti house on Sunday no later than 12:30PM. The day of their son's cuckold wedding started with them eating breakfast but not talking about what was going to occur later that afternoon. They also had no idea that the marriage of their oldest daughter Elizabeth had taken a turn that neither of them would have expected. Lillian Cathcart recalled the events of last Sunday and immediately became wet at the thought of Sonny Rossi's cock entering her pussy. William Cathcart kept his anger in check because he understood the power and breadth of control the Moretti family could exercise even against an uninfluential man such as himself.

Marco and Donnetella Rossi received a phone call from their oldest son on Saturday afternoon reminding them to arrive at Mario's house on Columbus Place no later than 12:00PM. Viviano Rossi knew his father understood the Moretti family, but what he had to explain to his father was his youngest son's need to perform a sex act on a ten year old boy. Marco heard what his oldest son said and immediately became erect. Donnetella saw the bulge in his pants and thought he was talking to one of his pederast friends. What surprised her was Marco's insistence she fellate him to relieve his desire to go out and find a young boy. Sunday morning they sat together at their breakfast table saying nothing about attending the cuckold wedding their youngest son Sonny was involved in. Donnetella Rossi saw the desire in her husband's face. She was appalled but did and said nothing to him about his sexual perversion. Throughout their marriage she kept quiet about his sexual abuse of the children and his slinking out a night in search of new young boys to molest. She was amazed that he never once got caught.

Apollonia Moretti snuck out of her house just prior to sunrise and make sure she did not make a racket transporting the oversized portrait of her sister's family to Mario's house. The frigid February weather did not help as the painting was grabbed by the wind that whistled down from the North several times which made Apollonia wish she had asked Sonny to help her. She wrestled the painting down the block and into Mario's house where she set it up in the great room next to one of the fireplaces. She covered it with a blanket and hoped no one would be curious enough to look under it and see what was sitting on the easel. She returned to her house and to bed without anyone being the wiser.

Sonny Rossi awoke to find he was alone in bed. He willed his morning erection away and immediately went into the bathroom to relieve his bladder. Wearing his terrycloth bathrobe Sonny exited the room he unwillingly shared with Colin to see if the sissy had made the morning pot of coffee. As he entered the kitchen area he could smell the aroma of fresh brewed French Roast coffee. He turned into the kitchen to pour himself a mug when he was stopped by Colin.

"Don't even think about taking the first cup, Sonny," said Colin who then turned back to the sink where he was washing vegetables for the Spanish omelet he was going to prepare for Apollonia when she awoke.

"You have to be kidding me, Colin. All I want like is a single mug of hot coffee, so I can return to your room and have something to sip before and after I take a shower."

Turning from his work, frustrated, and tired of Sonny's bullshit, Colin groused, "Listen, asshole I have to put up with you, but I don't have to like you. You are the choice of my wife. Hear that Sonny???" Colin raised his voice, "MY WIFE. NOT YOUR WIFE. NO MATTER HOW YOU PEEL THE POTATO, CRUSH THE GARLIC, OR FORCE ME TO SUCK HER JUICES OFF YOUR COCK TO HUMILIATE ME; APOLLONIA MORETTI IS AND WILL ALWAYS BE LEGALLY MARRIED TO ME. SO, FUCK OFF AND WAIT UNTIL SHE HAS HER FIRST MUG BEFORE YOU TAKE YOURS."

Sonny moved towards Colin, fists balled, and just as he was lifting his right arm to strike him he heard Apollonia's voice, "Boys and girls, now, now, play nice together. I wouldn't do that Sonny. Harm one fuckin' hair on his head and the cock I sat on last night will be separated from your body. I will rip that schlong from your crotch and shove it down your throat just like your father did with his when he used you as a boy."

Sonny froze. Colin looked at Apollonia and said, "Did you just say that Sonny's father abused him as a child, Apollonia?"

Apollonia regretted saying what she did in front of Colin, but since the cat was out of the bag she said, "Seems his father has thing for young boys. Viviano rejected his advances. Gianni accepted them and actually stopped his father from continuing to abuse Sonny by offering himself up as a fuck toy. Gianni Rossi is one hundred percent homosexual. You can say he saved Sonny. Isn't that right. Sonny?"

"Yes, Apollonia," replied Sonny offering no additional information.

"Now, since I'm up and everyone is happy that today is the day Colin gives me to you Sonny; why don't you just sit your fuckin' dumb Italian ass down at the breakfast table. Colin, you useless piece-of-dog-shit, pour us each a mug of coffee, serve it, and then make us breakfast. Think you can do that without seeking some form of ejaculate to fill your mouth."

Colin didn't say a word out loud to his wife about her calling him a piece-of-dog-shit when all he was doing was making sure Sonny learned not to take the first mug in the morning. He poured the mugs per Apollonia's instructions, sashayed over to the table, and put one mug directly in front of his wife and the other at the other end of the table which forced Sonny to stand to retrieve it. He returned, poured himself the last mug, prepared not one but two three egg Spanish omelets, and served them before cleaning the kitchen and sitting with Apollonia and Sonny.

The three sat in silence eating until Apollonia realized the morning papers were not on the table in the corner where they should be. She noticed Colin was dressed in his maid's uniform and Sonny was in his terrycloth robe. How stupid of him to not remove the robe when she had entered the kitchen and breakfast area. The Spanish omelet was superb. The texture of the eggs and the size of the vegetables made the various flavors tickle the taste buds of her tongue.

"Colin, you are becoming an accomplished chef. The omelet is just superb and very tasty. In fact, I bet it was as tasty as Sonny's ejaculate which I know the dumb Italian made you lick off of his chest and stomach last night after I frustrated the hell out of him."

"Yes, Mistress Apollonia, he did force me to clean up his mess..."

Her eyes expanded when she heard the word force. "He forced you to lick it up or did he ask you nicely, Colin. I know if he was pleasant you would have done it willingly like you did yesterday morning when you licked his seed off the floor of your room."

Colin looked across the table at Sonny and while staring directly into his eyes said, "It's ok Mistress Apollonia. Sometimes Sonny needs to vent especially when you take advantage of him and his dense Italian brain. When he came into the room last night he was one pissed off ejaculator."

Apollonia didn't reprimand Sonny. Instead she smiled sweetly at him and said, "The newspapers are at the end of the driveway. How do I know? Just look at the table reserved for them. So, Sonny, take off the bathrobe which you should have done when I entered the room. Both of you did not greet me as you are supposed to, therefore, Sonny go out to the end of the driveway and retrieve the papers like a good little dog. But first, greet me properly."

Sonny Rossi stood, removed the terrycloth bathrobe, knelt in front of Apollonia, and kissed each of her feet twice. He eyed her to see if she was going to make him walk out into the cold February weather naked to retrieve the newspapers. Her stare told him he'd better get a move on before he suffered some verbal or physical abuse because he had not reacted to her command quick enough.

Returning with the morning papers in his hand he walked in on something he'd never witnessed since moving into Apollonia's residence. Colin was on his knees but he wasn't sucking Apollonia's asshole per his requirement as her sissy when greeting her. Instead, she was seated, legs spread, rubbing his face into her crotch. When she opened her eyes and saw Sonny standing open mouthed she said, "My husband always has my best

interest at heart Sonny. And, I have his. Later today he is going to forever relinquish his masculinity when he willingly gives you to me. I thought I'd be nice and let him suck my clit instead of my asshole this morning."

"How gracious of you," replied Sonny. "I suppose you'll someday be as nice to me and let me make love to you like a real man instead of being forced to stand while your sissy masturbates me to an orgasm with only the head of my cock in your lovely body."

Laughing while gently rubbing her crotch against her sissy husband's face, she said, "When he masturbates you he may be dressed as a sissy, but he will always be my husband. That Sonny is something you'll never be. Sad for you I know after I watched your face as I sat on your cock last night."

Sonny had his retort, "And, as I watched yours Apollonia. You cannot deny that my cock did more for you sexually than any other real or fake cock has since you lost your virginity. If you weren't such a selfish cunt, you would have completed the act and allowed me to give you what you never had in your entire life, Apollonia."

"Touché, Sonny. The trouble is my dear boy, if you continue to think you're better than you really are, I'll have no problem forcing you to marry Colin so I can mate with Viviano. I know from experience he knows how to fuck like a real man." She released Colin's head before she reached an orgasm, pushed him away, and returned to the remaining Spanish omelet on her plate.

Sonny and Colin both were flabbergasted at her last statement about her knowledge of Viviano's sexual prowess. Rather than belabor the point, both Sonny and Colin let the topic drop like a lead balloon. Colin teared and quickly turned to wipe his eyes as he fought the idea that his wife had fucked his brother-in-law before she made him accept his cuckolding. Sonny Rossi just tossed the idea of Viviano fucking Apollonia out of his head, because he knew inside that she was just fuckin' with his emotions.

When she finished eating, Apollonia picked up the sports section of the Sunday New York Times, "I'm headed upstairs to get ready for today's fun and games. You two make sure that the clothes you are going to wear during and after the ceremony are packed before we leave. It is my intention to be at Mario's house by 10:00AM."

Raffaella, Viviano, Antonio, Carmen, and Antonio's slut walked as a family to Mario's house arriving just before 9:00AM. The work that needed to be done to set up the great room was delegated by Raffaella to Viviano and Antonio. Carmen was asked to go into the kitchen and begin to open the covered dishes of food that she had brought to the house a bit earlier in the morning. Raffaella took Nancy with her upstairs to Mario's room. She did not knock. She opened the door and entered to find Mario standing in the bathroom trying to relieve his bladder into the toilet.

"Having trouble, Mario?" asked Raffaella.

He turned his head to see his oldest daughter and one of his spawn standing in the doorway to the master bathroom. "No, Raffaella. I'm quite capable of pissing while wearing these fuckin' sissy tubes. What is the cunt slut doing here?"

"My family is downstairs preparing the house for Apollonia's cuckold wedding. I'm here to send you downstairs to help Carmen with the food and to do all the work Angelina would have done if she wasn't in the hospital. Since you're no longer a Moretti man you can do all the women's work in preparation for today's activities." Raffaella pulled Nancy close to her. She rubbed the back of the young girl's head and continued, "Now, put on the sweats that are lying on the floor and get your useless ass downstairs."

Mario finished his business in the toilet, flushed, picked up the sweats, and said to Raffaella, "I never expected you to side with your sister. Be careful of what you wish for, Raffaella. There are people within this family that are not going to accept what happened to me. If you do what is right before they react to your sister's coup d'état, you can come out smelling like a rose."

"Get fuckin' dressed, Mario."

Raffaella stood, arms crossed, legs spread, and watched her father get dressed. She pointed to the door and he exited closing it behind him. Fifteen seconds later Raffaella Rossi nee Moretti took Nancy Marks by the scruff of her neck and growled, "Did I instruct you not to have sexual relations with Antonio? Did I tell you to keep your fucking hands, mouth, ass, and cunt away from my son until I told you it was ok? Why did I find cum stains all over your pajamas, Nancy?"

Choking and turning red, Nancy Marks began to cry and tried to remove Raffaella's hands from her neck. She had just enough energy to reply, "Please Mrs. Rossi, I did not have sex with Antonio. The cum stains are my father's. He makes me play with his cock all the time and I'm not allowed to clean up after he shoots. That is why there are cum stains my pajamas."

Raffaella released her hold on the child's neck. When she did Nancy, with a look of relief on her face, continued, "I would never disrespect you, Mrs. Rossi. My father gets some sick pleasure out of seeing my clothing covered in his cum. He doesn't try anything physical with me. He makes me play with his cock until he cums on my clothing. Please Mrs. Rossi that is why I was late this weekend. He didn't care what would happen to me when he dropped me off here late. He didn't let me bring clean clothes because he knew I'd be naked all weekend."

"Son-of-a-bitch..." said Raffaella, "I'm sorry for hurting you Nancy. If you weren't my son's nasty slut, I'd consider consoling you, but you're just three holes for Moretti men to use for their release."

Sadden by what Mrs. Rossi just said to her, Nancy bowed her head in shame and said, "I know. My father explained a lot to me this past week. If I hadn't been forced by my mother to suck Mr. Washington's cock, I think it would have been different for me."

"Maybe, maybe," said Raffaella. "Today you are to listen to me and only me. If I tell you to suck a cock, you will. If I tell you to allow someone to fuck you, you will. Otherwise, you do nothing but keep yourself out of trouble. Take your clothes off, put on your slut choker, and you do not do anything without my permission. Understood?"

"Yes, Mrs. Rossi," said Nancy. She shed her clothes except for her whore platform shoes, put the choker on her neck, and asked Mrs. Rossi to close the clasp for her. Together they walked around the balcony to the stairs closest to the kitchen to descend to the first floor where there was work to be performed.

Colin, Sonny, and Apollonia arrived just before 10:00AM. The minute she walked into Mario's house, Viviano, Antonio, Sonny, and Mario removed their clothing. Each man - Viviano, Antonio, and Sonny - kissed each foot twice. Mario knelt behind her, lifted her leather mini-skirt, placed his face between the globes of her ass, and began to suckle her asshole. She did not keep him there long but everyone knew who was in control. Raffaella was last to greet her sister. She didn't fall to her knees because it was easier to squat wearing her six inch heels, lean in, lift the front of the leather mini-skirt, and perform her obligation of kissing and licking her sister's pussy. Carmen was the only one not made to confer upon her aunt a special form of greeting.

Apollonia walked into the great room to see the progress and was pleasantly surprised to see the basic area all for the cuckold wedding already set up. The painting remained covered in the corner and from the looks it remained untouched. She noticed that Raffaella had taken charge of the set-up and performed wonderfully. Satisfied that the set-up was going according to her sister's plans Apollonia decided it was time to have a talk with Raffaella and Carmen. She looked at her sister, pointed to Carmen, and then pointed upstairs. As she walked to the stairs, she turned to make sure her sister was following with Carmen in tow.

Disgusted by her the former male she called father, Apollonia decided not to use his room as a base for her operations. Instead, she picked the bedroom she used as a child. The furniture that occupied the room was still the same furniture she used as a teenager. She remembered the good and the bad times. Sad for her the bad times surpassed the good because her cunt of a mother would always make sure she suffered all her punishments and indignities in this room. Apollonia thought how sweet it would have been breaking her mother's neck in her old room rather than the great room in her house. She thought to herself that she probably would have experienced a mind blowing orgasm when she felt her mother's neck snap.

Raffaella holding Carmen's hand followed her sister into the room. "Been awhile since you've used this room Appy, hasn't it?"

Smiling, her eyes bright, and her face without any makeup Apollonia replied, "I guess you can say that." She looked down at Carmen, knelt, and opened her arms to her niece. "Come give your aunt a kiss Carmen."

Raffaella froze for a split second before answering her daughter's fearful look with a gentle push on her back and some kind words, "Carmen, go give your Aunt Apollonia a kiss. She loves your sweetie."

Fear consumed the seven year old. The one thing that she could not forget was the look on her Aunt Apollonia's face when she killed her grandmother. Carmen was dressed in a very short black cotton pleated skirt, black nylon leggings that stopped just above her knees, a black silk blouse, and a pair of three inch black leather heels. The shirt would have looked a lot nicer if she had the breasts to fill out the front. Still for a girl her age, her mother dressed her a bit more provocatively than she usually would.

Carmen stepped into the outstretched arms of her aunt Apollonia and allowed herself to be surrounded by her arms. Apollonia pulled her niece into her body and felt the fear, but did not stop from reveling in the feel of the young girl's body. She put her head next to Carmen's right ear, hugged her for a minute or two, and then released her to hold her by her upper arms so she could stare into her sweet honey colored face. Raffaella surreptitiously kept her fingers crossed that her sister would not do anything to scare her youngest child.

"Carmen, would you please give your Aunt Apollonia a kiss?" She held the child's arms but did not relax hers so Carmen could move forward to give her the requested kiss. The unmistakable shudder of fear was felt by Apollonia. "It has been a long time since you kissed your aunt, you know that?"

Carmen did not move. She did not smile. She just remained frozen in front of her aunt scared that she would hurt her. Finally she found her voice, "MOMMY!!!"

Raffaella moved quickly to her daughter's side. She stared hard into her sister's eyes trying to transmit her anger. Seeing daggers returning from Apollonia's eyes, Raffaella took her daughter by the shoulders and pushed her forward. Apollonia felt the pressure, relaxed her arms, and for a second time pulled Carmen into her grasp. This time she did not move her head to one side. She slipped her hands up to Carmen's head, grasped it by her ears, and placed her lips on the frightened little girl's small mouth. Raffaella cried inside as she watched her psychotic sister begin the process of making her youngest into her *'Dama di Corte'*.

Apollonia broke the kiss and with a look of total love all over her face said to her niece, "Carmen, when I kiss you; kiss me back. Press your lips onto mine. This isn't a peck on the cheek, but a sincere kiss of love. If you feel my lips open; open yours. If you feel my tongue try to enter your mouth,..."

Raffaella cried, "NOOO!!! NOOO!!! PLEASE APOLLONIA. NOT CARMEN!!!"

Carmen felt herself being pulled back into Apollonia's embrace. She began to whimper as she felt her aunt press her head into her shoulder and neck. Apollonia looked up at her sister and said, "Why not Carmen, Raffy? She is blood, Raffy. You should be honored that I would choose her." Still pressing her niece into her body and now with a bit of temper in her voice, she repeated, "WHY NOT CARMEN, RAFFY?"

Raffaella prostrated herself in front of her sister. She looked up at her and said, "Because I want her to be like me, Appy. I want her to feel her belly grow with a baby. I want her to bring forth Moretti children although she may have a Rossi surname she springs from a direct descendent of a Moretti. Please, Apollonia don't destroy her life by making her into your prepubescent cunt lapping bitch. She should mean more to you than that, Apollonia. For God's sake, she's your niece!!!"

Apollonia released her tight hold on Carmen. Moved her face in front of hers and renewed her kiss with the child. Carmen remained frozen. She did not respond to her aunt's lips. Raffaella began to cry and beg her sister not to take her into what a female progeny of any Moretti man could be made to do for her. Apollonia released

Carmen allowing her to step away from her aunt. Raffaella calmed down enough to crawl over to her younger sister, lift up her mini-skirt, and begin to aggressively lick and suck her femininity. Carmen watched her mother degrade and humiliate herself to save her from what she did not know, but was soon to find out.

Apollonia moved to the bed making sure her sister maintained her connection with her naked pussy. She sat back on the edge of the bed, opened her legs, and raised them enough to give her sister access to her asshole as well. Apollonia reached for Carmen and pulled her close. She kissed her again this time forcing the young girl to kiss her back. Raffaella maintained her position between her sister's legs while Carmen stood next to her aunt being made to watch her mother degrade herself.

Apollonia breathing hard took control of herself and said, "Your mother is saving you from becoming my '*Dama di Corte*' Carmen. I have lusted after you since you were a toddler. It is my right to take you from her. Jesus Raffy, take it easy on my clit." Apollonia paused to let the pain emanating from her blood engorged clit recede before continuing. "I love your mother more than any sister could love a sister. Look at what she does to show me how much she loves and respects me. Oh, Carmen, I know you don't understand, but to take your virginity would mean the world to me."

Raffaella pulled her face away from her sister's cunt, "Please Appy, she doesn't understand what you are saying. Last week was the first time she ever touched anyone in a sexual way. Please, I will do anything you want whenever you want, just please let her become the woman she should. I beseech you to relent and take your psychotic sociopathic mental, emotional, and sexual desires out on me."

Apollonia released her hold on Carmen and used the tips of her shoes to push her sister from between her legs. She stared hard down at her sister. "Are you telling me you think I'm a fuckin' psycho?"

Raffaella had to make a quick decision. Agree and probably end up like Lucia or disagree and still end up like Lucia. She felt stuck between a rock-and-a-hard-spot. '*Fuck*' she said to herself, if I'm going to die, it might as well be after telling her the truth, "Yeah, Appy, I think you're too intelligent for your own good and as fuckin' crazy as a dodo bird."

Apollonia Moretti fell forward off the bed onto the floor in front of her surprised sister. He grabbed her around her shoulders, pulled her into her body, and kissed her the way they kissed when they made love together on the couch in Raffaella's great room. It wasn't a long kiss, but it was deep and it made Apollonia's point. "Fuckin' Raffy, I love you. You have the balls of a man. You have the guts to tell me I'm a psycho bitch to my face when we both know I am. I am so relieved..."

Apollonia stood, offered Raffy a hand, and helped her up. She naturally pulled her sister into her embrace and kissed her deeply. As they kissed, they caressed each other's body without a care that Carmen was standing open mouthed watching her mother and aunt kiss passionately. Carmen finally got tired of seeing them kiss tried to get them to stop by pulling at the hem of her mother's dress. The girls broke their kiss, looked down at Carmen, and together began to laugh out loud.

"Raffy, take her downstairs. I don't know how you're going to do this but you have to explain to her what happened. Make sure she doesn't say anything to Viviano, but truthfully I think he knows. Also, I can't release you from your submissive obligation to me and whether you like it or not Carmen will have to start honoring me the same way. I'll table her initiation for a while, but as God is my witness, Raffaella, it will happen."

Raffaella Rossi touched her sister's face. The caress spoke volumes to her sister. "Apollonia Moretti, I tender my heart and soul to you for the rest of my life. I thank you for not taking my sweet daughter away from me and allowing her to grow into the woman she is destined to be. I will explain to her all she needs to know about why you are greeted the way you are and you will be surprised when she does it the first time. I am now and forever indebted to you, Apollonia Moretti, the leader of the Moretti family."

Flushed and horny from the short make out session with her sister, Apollonia found the house intercom, pressed the kitchen button, and requested Sonny and Colin come to her room. She looked at time on the clock radio and saw she had more than enough time to prepare anew both Sonny and Colin. The conversation was short and

sweet between them. Both Sonny and Colin knew the plan and accepted the methodology Apollonia was going to use to consecrate the cuckold wedding. Sonny asked and was told to change in the master bathroom. Colin was told to return to the room at 11:30 so he could be prepared for his ultimate humiliation. Apollonia decided to lay on her old bed and rest until the appointed time when Colin would appear to be dressed and made up for his wedding day.

Marco and Donnetella arrived fifteen minutes before the appointed time for Sonny to fellate Antonio to prove his willingness to become a quasi-Moretti man. Raffaella welcomed them to Mario's house, took their coats, offered them a drink, and informed them that as soon as everything was ready she would bring them to the room where the indoctrination would take place. Donnetella Rossi excused herself and sought out her oldest son. Marco remained near the glass-fronted breakfront that served as the wet bar. As they quietly spoke, Donnetella and Viviano watched Marco throw back five straight shots of Jack Daniels bourbon. Both of them knew he was getting tanked so he could control his pederast urges by falling over dead drunk. The only explanation Donnetella needed for Viviano was the reason he was not wearing clothes. She nodded as if she understood, but had absolutely no understanding of Apollonia's taking control of the Moretti family.

The appointed time was only minutes away. People were arriving and Raffaella had to ask Viviano and Donnetella to help welcome the invited guests, put their coats away, and offer them something to drink. They both graciously accepted knowing that Raffaella had to be in the room, where the private ceremony would occur, in place of her father who no longer held the reins of power in the Moretti family. Donnetella asked about the naked child wearing the slut choker and was surprised when her oldest son advised her that she belonged to her grandson Antonio. She expressed a satisfaction that her husband would fall over drunk and be unable to fornicate with the girl. It was then she was called from the balcony by Raffaella because she totally forgot that she also had to witness the indoctrination of her youngest son.

Standing in Apollonia's room were Marco and Donnetella Rossi, Raffaella Rossi, Sonny Rossi, and Antonio Rossi. Everyone was dressed except for Antonio. Marco Rossi eyed the boy and did not care that he was his grandson. His desire for young boys overrode his conscious thought and moral compass. Per her sister's instructions, Raffaella Rossi looked at her father-in-law and said for all to hear, "Marco, you make one move or one obnoxious remark about your grandson or what you see occur here today, I will personally watch as your lovely wife castrates you. She will then feed you your balls and you will swallow them. I can smell the liquor on your breath, so, just lean against Donnetella if you have to. Am I understood, Marco?"

"Yes, Raffaella," said a sodden Marco Rossi. The message from Apollonia via her sister Raffaella was received loud and clear.

Raffaella guided her son to a small wooden bench that was placed next to the end of the double bed. It was placed there in case the boy fainted or could not control his body when he ejaculated in his uncle's mouth. He stepped up and turned so his back was toward the end of the bed. Marco and Donnetella Rossi stood to his left perpendicular to the bench. On his right stood Apollonia dressed in her custom-made white satin wedding dress. Antonio looked from her visage to see his uncle Sonny standing a few steps in front of him next to his mother. Sonny's humongous cock hung out of the front of his black gabardine trousers. Antonio knew Sonny would forever be banned from his role in the family if he became hard and/or ejaculated while he sucked the only Moretti man's cock available for the cuckold wedding ceremony.

Apollonia nodded to her sister. She stoked Antonio's back and felt him shudder which she interpreted not as fear but as desire. The proof was the boy's cock. It jumped not once but twice because she knew he wanted to fuck his aunt more than fucking his slut Nancy. Raffaella noticed her sister's nod before she noticed her son's cock beginning to grow erect.

"Mr. and Mrs. Rossi you were invited here today to witness the humiliation and debasement of your son Sonny as he is indoctrinated into the Moretti family as the man chosen to replace Apollonia Moretti's husband in her bed. The young man standing in anticipation of having his Moretti cock kissed, sucked, and suckled is Antonio Moretti, is your grandson sired by your son Viviano and Raffaella his Moretti wife."

Raffaella stepped next to her sister leaving Sonny standing alone in front of his nephew. Shame showed on his face as he fought the desire to leave the room and forego becoming Apollonia's lover. Both Moretti women knew

he would do as commanded because his love for Apollonia and the feel of her body around his manhood was everything he wished for in life. Antonio Rossi was about to receive a blow job from his uncle Sonny, but the preliminary actions could titillate him and to cause him to spew his boy cum before his cock ever entered his uncle's mouth.

Raffaella said, "Apollonia, please prepare the Moretti man."

Antonio Rossi gasped when he felt the soft hand of his favorite aunt take hold of his ten year old cock and begin to gently stroke it to total erection. He could not control himself as his hips began to thrust against the movement of Apollonia's hand. Both sisters saw the trouble Antonio was having keeping himself from spewing his boy cum all over the floor of Apollonia's childhood room. Before he exploded, Apollonia grabbed his testicles with her free hand and whispered forcibly to him, "Spill your seed Antonio before your Uncle Sonny sucks you off and the balls I have in my hand will no longer be attached to your body. I know you want to fuck me and you will lose all possibility of that happening if you lose your orgasm to the touch of my hand."

Antonio froze for a moment, nodded, and to the amazement of all got control of his body. He allowed Apollonia to continue to maintain his erection without thrusting against her hand. Raffaella satisfied her son would not spew his seed all over the floor, continued, "Sonny Rossi, step forward, and assume the submissive position of cocksucker to a Moretti man."

Sonny Rossi, like his brother before him, stepped forward in anticipation of having to take his nephew's cock into his mouth. He knew his brother Viviano sucked the cock of Raffaella's father and because of his fall from grace, he would have to totally humiliate himself by sucking the cock of a ten year old boy. He heard Raffaella ask if he was prepared to perform his duty. Head bowed, Sonny Rossi in front of his father and mother said, "Antonio Rossi, the direct descendent of a Moretti daughter may I have the honor of licking, kissing, and sucking your cock and balls until you fill my mouth with your Moretti sperm. I will honor your manhood as mine remains flaccid and if I should become erect and/or ejaculate my seed because of my licking, kissing, and suckling your genitals, I shall willingly suffer the consequences of being forever known as your personal sissy cocksucker. May I commence?"

Antonio Rossi looked from his uncle's face to his mother's because he was so excited from being stroked by his favorite Aunt Apollonia, he forgot what to say. Raffaella and Apollonia chuckled as he became a bit distraught at having forgotten what to say. Raffaella prompted him, he nodded his head to signal he remembered, and said, "Sonny Rossi, to assure your acceptance into the Moretti family you must suck my cock, allow me to ejaculate into your mouth, show me my superior Moretti cum coating the inside of your mouth and your tongue, and when I tell you, you will swallow my load. I am prepared to accept your mouth on my Moretti man's cock."

Sonny Rossi squatted in front of his nephew, reached with his right hand to grasp the boy's nicely sized cock, and leaned forward to take it into his mouth. He reached with his left hand to grasp the boy's testicles so he may massage them as he fellated the boy's cock. No sooner than Sonny's lips touched the base of Antonio's cock, Marco Rossi ejaculated in his pants. Everyone present except for Antonio expected that to happen. Sonny Rossi hadn't sucked a cock since he was forced to suck his father's as a young boy. The memory of the taste, the hardness of the shaft, and the softness of the head rose from his suppressed memories. When the memories surfaced he remembered how he sometimes enjoyed having a hot hard cock sliding into his mouth and down his throat. Those memories were based on the times his dad did not force him to deep throat his bigger than average cock.

His own cock began to twitch and he knew he had to stop thinking of the times he enjoyed sucking his father's cock. He never approached another man or boy to seek out and suck their cocks. He set his mind to sucking Antonio's cock as if he was being forced instead of willingly accepting the boy's hardness in his mouth. He knew he would have to work the boy's cock with his mouth because it was his responsibility to get him to ejaculate. Sonny Rossi renewed his efforts at pleasuring the boy. Per his instructions, he slid his mouth down the length and allowed the boy cock to enter his throat. He pressed his nose into the pubic bone to prove he had the ability to keep a Moretti cock in his throat. Sonny Rossi's cock remained totally flaccid as he blew his nephew. Time was his only enemy.

Luckily for Sonny, Antonio could not keep himself from ejaculating because his horniness was more powerful than his desire to force his uncle to suck his cock for a long time. He began to move his hips. Sonny felt his cock begin to expand in his mouth and the balls in his hand rise closer to the boy's body. Two more strokes of his lips was

enough to get Antonio to spew his seed. Sonny slid the pulsating cock so just the head was beyond his lips and allowed the boy to fill his mouth. He counted five strong and two weak pulsations. When he knew the boy was finished he squeezed the length to get all the remaining cum into his mouth and gently removed the spent flaccid cock from his mouth.

Sufficiently recovered from his orgasm, Antonio ordered Sonny to show him his cum filled mouth. When he did he deepened his humiliation by forcing him to show his mother, sister-in-law, and the love of his life his cum filled mouth. After doing so and per Antonio's command, Sonny Rossi swallowed the boy's load. He licked his lips and waited to be told he could stand. Antonio did not make him suffer and allowed him to stand after performing his act of fellatio.

Raffaella took Antonio and Mr. and Mrs. Rossi out of the room and downstairs. They had some time to visit with the other guests before the cuckold wedding ceremony commenced. Sonny stood, his cock exposed through the fly of his pants, and waited for Apollonia to say something to him. It did not take long.

"Sonny Ross, you fought yourself when you sucked Antonio's cock. I saw your cock twitch." Apollonia reached for and took his cock into her hand. "Fuck Sonny, this has to be the hottest cock. Temperature wise as well as fuckin' beautiful in length and width. Tell me what went through your head as you fellated your nephew."

Sonny couldn't look her in the face. He looked at the floor, "I had a surge of unconscious pleasure. I remembered the times my father did not force me to suck his cock. I remembered how I did enjoy sucking his cock, felling it in my throat, and tasting his jizz. I knew if I popped a boner I would never experience the beauty of your body. I fought the feeling. I won because I know not one drop of precum formed on the head of my cock. I proved I could suck a cock and not get excited. It was just a means to an end,"

"Yes, Sonny a means to an end, but you have to remember that any Moretti man, woman, or child can order you to suck and/or be fucked by a Moretti cock. No questions asked as to why, but just compliance by kneeling or bending over. Also, Raffaella and I have access to your backdoor. If we want to use you with a strap-on, you bend over and spread your cheeks. Understood?"

"Yes, I understand," said Sonny.

"Good. You have completed the first step in becoming my live in lover. When my sissy puts your cock into me and masturbates you to orgasm, you will have completed the first half of the second trial."

With a quizzical look on his face, Sonny fell into the trap, "What is the second half of the second trial?"

Having already dropped Sonny's cock, Apollonia touched Sonny's face and said, "It is imperative you make Colin happy when he receives his sissy name. I want your rejuvenated cock stuffed up his pussy ass fucking him as I announce his new name. It is imperative that when he cries his name for the first time it is because your ten-and-a-half inches are buried to the hilt spewing your seed into his sissy pussy. Do that Sonny and I promise tonight you will experience the fucking of your life."

Sonny groaned, "Yes, I can see it now. I fuck Colin and later tonight you take one of your obnoxiously big strap-on dildos and shove it up my ass to prove you're in control. Am I barking up the wrong tree or what Apollonia?"

"Hmmm, that sounds appetizing Sonny, but I was planning on taking you into my bed tonight - alone." She removed her hand from his cheek, stepped in, lifted her face, and kissed him on the mouth. "Tonight... The two of us... Alone in my bed... Your cock sliding unencumbered into my body... Making passionate love to one another... Whispering sweet nothing into each other's ear... Finally feeling yourself ejaculate your love into my vagina without anyone else's help... No fear of retribution... Lying together in the afterglow of lovemaking..."

Sonny stood dumbfounded. Apollonia again kissed him on his mouth. She pushed him towards the door and said, "Go downstairs and be sure to put your schlong away before you get yourself into trouble."

Ming Zheng stood quietly in the corner of the great room separated from the other groups of invited guests. She felt uncomfortable because she didn't really know anyone and wasn't really used to seeing naked children and men with pink tubes on their genitals. She did as Apollonia asked and dressed somewhat provocatively. She wore a very short little black dress with a Mandarin collar, black lace topped thigh high stockings, and a pair of high heel shoes Apollonia of all people bought her when they were living together in college. Raffaella saw her standing in the corner and just as she was about to approach her Viviano came up behind her and whispered in her ear. She nodded in response and immediately ignored him. He took the hint and departed.

"Hello," said Raffaella, offering her hand to the beautiful Oriental woman. "I'm Raffaella Rossi. Apollonia's older sister."

Ming Zheng smiled and took Raffaella's hand into hers. In a quiet, whispery voice she said, "Nice to meet you Raffaella. Apollonia invited me here today and a nice gentleman picked me up in the city this morning. I've never been here before, but I've heard about and now I see how beautiful this house is. I'm so nervous."

Once she knew who the beautiful woman was and what she meant to her sister, Raffaella took her around to introduce her to the people she needed to get to know. As they became more comfortable with one another, Raffaella could see why her sister fell so deeply in love with her. She made sure that Ming was looked after by Viviano and Antonio. Their nakedness had to be explained and when Ming heard the reason she immediately smiled and nodded her head in appreciation of Apollonia's non-subtle humiliation of the male of the species.

Joseph and Elizabeth Goldsmith arrived shortly before the noon hour giving them about an hour to commiserate with the other invited guests including Elizabeth's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart arrived ten minutes after the Goldsmiths. Lillian Cathcart immediately sought out her son, but was told to relax because he was upstairs with Apollonia getting dressed for the ceremony. Saddened because she could not see her son she returned to where her husband, daughter, and son-in-law stood talking amongst themselves. She could see that her daughter was not comfortable and decided to find out why.

Lillian Cathcart gently pulled her daughter aside apologizing for taking her away from her husband and father. Only as a mother would know she asked, "Elizabeth, are you feeling ok? You're not standing as confidently as you usually do."

She shook her head from side-to-side letting her shoulder length red hair flail around her head in response to her mother's question. "I'm fine, just a bit under the weather."

"I don't think so. Not the way you're standing and walking. I'm your mother and I can see something is physically wrong with you. Does Joshua know and do you need to get to a specialist or the hospital?"

Elizabeth Goldsmith looked for a corner she could guide her mother to so she could explain to real world aspects of her illness to her. Taking her mother's arm she guided Lillian to the same corner Addison Marks made his appearance from when Antonio complete his Moretti Rite of Passage. Positioning herself between her mother and her husband, Elizabeth Goldsmith explained the situation to her mother.

"Mom, I did something very wrong and I've suffered some very disabling consequences. Several months ago I met a black man at the gym. We became fast friends and made a connection. Joshua is always working and I found myself wanting."

Lillian Cathcart interjected, "Don't tell me you had or still are having an affair with that man."

"No mother, Joshua found out and before he reacted, he made sure he had more than enough information to confront me about my lovers."

"Lovers???" said Lillian a bit amazed at her daughter's use of the plural.

Tears began to flow as Elizabeth recounted how she allowed herself to fall under her lover's influence. She told her mother how she fell into his web and allowed herself to be used by his friends and his twelve year old nephew. Elizabeth also explained how Joshua found out about her lover when they had sex after returning home from Antonio's ceremony last Sunday. What she didn't tell her mother was Joshua's fantasy because she didn't know how Lillian would react to his desire to have sexual relations with his daughter. She also didn't tell her that she knew his desire was all fantasy.

"What did he do to you, Elizabeth?"

Painfully she replied, "He performed the female equivalent of male emasculation on me mother. He surgically removed my clitoris, my labia minor, and sewed my vagina closed. I am not a functional woman anymore. I cannot have an orgasm ever again the rest of my natural life."

Lillian shocked that her son-in-law could perpetrate such an obnoxious cruelty on her daughter pushed Elizabeth aside, found her son-in-law, and made a bee line to where he was standing. She walked up to Joshua, yelled at him, and before he could react slapped him across the face. "HOW COULD YOU??? YOU ROTTEN SON-OF-A-BITCH!!!" She attempted to strike Joshua a second time but this time he was ready for her and caught her wrist with his right hand.

He did not make an attempt to hurt his mother-in-law. He looked around the room and saw that everyone had eyes on them. He spoke in a loud voice, "It is ok. Everyone please relax. My mother-in-law and I had a bit of a disagreement. Please, return to the party." Joshua Goldsmith saw his wife standing behind her mother and nodded for them to follow him to a different corner of the room. Joshua, Elizabeth, Lillian, and William stood in a small circle, but anyone looking at them could see it was Joshua who was in control.

"Lillian what I perpetrated on your daughter was the result of her own doing." He looked at her and his face told her she better keep her mouth closed and listen to what he had to say. "Your daughter did more than have sexual relations outside our marriage. She allowed herself to be used like a twenty dollar whore. Spending three days a week in a flea bag motel in Valhalla, New York getting used in all her female orifices. I have still photographs, videos, and sound of her loving every minute of making me into a cuckold. I will never willingly or unwillingly consent to be her cuckold like your sissy son Colin will forever be to Apollonia."

William Cathcart, his legal mind working, asked, "What did you do to my daughter?"

Lillian responded, "William, you don't want to know."

"I do, Lillian, because if there is a legal remedy, I will take it," growled Elizabeth's father.

"Please William, I'd be more than happy to face you in a court of law. By the time the case comes before a judge you and your whore daughter will be destitute. I don't think Colin will have the resources to support your asinine legal action." Joshua waited for a response and when he didn't get one he continued, "First, you should know what I did to her lovers. I removed their genitals. Not just their balls. I removed everything. They are as smooth between their legs as a child's asexual doll. Second, they are now addicted to a combination of drugs that will cause their hearts to explode if they don't seek me out to get infused. Third, I took my pound of flesh from your whore of a daughter. I performed a clitorrectomy. I removed her labia minora. I made it so she could menstruate, but would need to use a device to flush her menses out of her body. I sewed her vagina closed. She will never know the feeling of an orgasm. She will never be able to masturbate to an orgasm. She will never be able to orgasm from having a cock inside her body."

William, "You son-of-a-bitch!!!"

Laughing in his in-laws faces, Joshua put the final nail into his and Elizabeth's marriage, "She is now my cuckold. If she wants to leave me, she leaves with the clothes on her back. Sarah and Jason stay with me. She starts divorce proceedings the court will know all about her whoring and what an unfit mother she turned into. I will play the sound bite of her committing to give my daughter Sarah to her nigger lover and that will be the preverbal nail in her

coffin. If she stays, which I believe she is going to, Elizabeth will be the female counterpart to your son except she will be my cuckold. I already have my eyes on a beautiful young lady that I want to spend the rest of my life with. Of course, Elizabeth is welcome to stay and suck my hot virile cum from her cunt."

Elizabeth began to cry. William and Lillian Cathcart stood seething but unable to respond to their son-in-law's explanation. The last thing they heard was him saying, "Enjoy today's activities and remember William and Lillian, to see your grandchildren you have to be extremely nice and very condescending to me." Joshua Goldsmith turned and walked away from his wife and his in-laws satisfied that they would never do anything in retribution to his reaction to his wife's philandering.

One PM arrived and Raffaella requested that all the attendees find seats so the cuckold wedding of Apollonia Moretti, Sonny Rossi, and Colin Cathcart could commence. She had politely minutes earlier denied Lillian's request to see her son and her offer to walk with him down the aisle. Standing on the faux stage she watched as the small gathering of people took their seats and made a point to seek out her sister's lesbian lover to be sure she sat where Raffaella said she would be most comfortable.

The first order of business was the explanation and introduction of Mario Moretti. Although no related Moretti family members were in attendance, it was imperative that the attendees understood why Mario was not leading the ceremony. When he entered the great room the attendees gasped not in horror but disbelief. He was wearing nothing but the sissy tubes, pink ankle socks each with a white bow on the back, and a pair of large black Mary Jane children's shoes. His body hair was intact except for his genitals and his backside. Apollonia listened to her sister and did not force him to wear makeup or humiliate himself by having a butt plug that extended out to a broom exiting his backside. The whole way down the central aisle and up to his position on the faux stage Mario Moretti cried. He hoped this would be his final public humiliation. Raffaella was told by her sister that during the entire ceremony Mario would have his face and his tongue shoved into his grandson's asshole.

Raffaella stood wearing her shortest micro-mini, no stockings, and a halter top that just covered the nipples on her large bountiful breasts. On her feet were six inch fuck-me platforms shoes. She wanted everyone seated to see she was not wearing any panties. She felt like a total whore and loved every minute of it. Her next introduction was her son Antonio. He was called to the faux stage because of his status as the only Moretti man in attendance. Raffaella made sure he son would not walk down the aisle erect, so after his experience with his Uncle Sonny she made Viviano use two condom covered fingers to massage his prostate gland until he dribbled multiple times and begged to have his father's fingers removed from his rectum. Embarrassed because his boy cock flopped in front of him as he marched down the aisle instead of being hard and proud, Antonio Rossi took his place on the faux stage in front of his grandfather where the Moretti men would have stood, proud of their heritage.

Raffaella stepped to a place behind her son and pointed to his backside. She was staring at Mario and he moaned his disapproval. Loud enough for all to hear, "Mario, present your mouth and tongue to the only Moretti man in attendance. Apollonia Moretti has commanded that the only thing you see and taste during this ceremony is the asshole of your grandson. Make it so or lose your precious genitals."

Mario Moretti moved forward, fell to his knees, and began to the process of licking, kissing, and sucking his grandson's ass. Antonio looked at his mother, she nodded her approval when he bent forward and sighed as the pleasure of his grandfather's tongue began to expand throughout his body. He could get used to having a tongue caress his asshole for long periods.

Next to be introduced was Sonny Rossi, Marco Rossi, and Donnetella Rossi. Viviano sat smiling to himself that his brother fellated his son, but he was totally pissed that Apollonia forced him to do it in front of the man who abused him as a child. He didn't even consider his mother's reasons for allowing him to release his pederast desires on two of his children. Everyone sat quietly eyeing the package that was soon to be exposed not because he had to be naked in the presence of Apollonia, but because it was going to replace the sissy cock she married. Donnetella held Sonny's hand as they walked to the faux stage. She offered him her lips and he kissed them hoping she wasn't really trying to taste Antonio's seed. When Marco offered his hand to his son, Sonny rejected him and by the look on his face he wanted to slap-the-shit out of his pederast father.

Raffaella pointed to her left and down to the X that marked the spot where Sonny was to stand. The black gabardine pants, white shirt, and black loafers he wore were the same articles of clothing he wore when he knelt and fellated his nephew. Much to Raffaella's and soon to be Apollonia's knowledge, there were no telltale signs of Antonio's boy cum on Sonny's face, shirt, or pants. He stood to his full height and made sure he pressed his hips forward to show off his gabardine covered manhood. The murmur of the attendees gave him the emotional support he needed especially since he knew Apollonia would not cease and desist when it came to making his life miserable. He kept himself focused on the ceremony and Apollonia's hint of his impending night alone with her.

Raising her hands above her head as a signal, Raffaella got everyone to stand up in anticipation of the arrival of the two brides. She signaled Viviano who had left his seat to station himself next to the stereo so he could start playing lines from songs selected by Apollonia. The speakers that surrounded the room blasted lines from different songs:

The Beatles, Girl:

"She's the kind of girl who puts you down when friends are there,
you feel the fool"

"When you say she's looking good she acts if it is understood"

Carry On by Crosby, Stills, and Nash:

Now witness the quickness with which we get along
To sing the blues,
you've got to live the dues,
And carry on.

Somethin's Goin' On by Blood, Sweat & Tears:

"You know I woke up this mornin' people
The first thing I did was to look into your eyes
In that space where I used to find so much truthfulness
There was a stone cold pack of lies."

I Can't Quit Her by Blood, Sweat & Tears:

"I can't quit her
She's got a hold on me
She got her hand on my soul
I can't quit her."

And finally the selected words from Helplessly Hoping by Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young repeated as the two identically dressed brides walked down the center aisle holding hands:

"Helplessly hoping her harlequin hovers nearby
Awaiting a word
Gasping at glimpses of gentle true spirit
He runs, wishing he could fly
Only to trip at the sound of goodbye

Wordlessly watching, he waits by the window
And wonders at the empty place inside
Heartlessly helping himself to her bad dreams
He worries, did he hear a goodbye
Or even hello

They are one person
They are two alone
They are three together
They are for each other

Stanby the stairway, you'll see something
Certain to tell you confusion has its cost
Love isn't lying, it's loose in a lady
Who lingers, saying she is lost
And choking on hello"

Apollonia had made up Colin's face so he would as close as possible resemble her. The two custom made dresses fit each of their bodies perfectly. Colin's week of external hormonal treatment was just enough to allow his budding breasts to be the only thing filling the front of the dress. Apollonia removed the stainless steel chastity tube that had encased Colin's cock for the past week. His relief was evident but short lived because she squeezed his balls enough to make him recoil in extreme pain to reinforce his need to keep his sissy clit soft until the time was right. Neither of them looked to either side as they proceeded down the aisle. Their attention was forward and riveted towards Raffaella and Sonny. When they arrived at the faux stage, Apollonia moved up at to Raffaella's right where she placed herself in front of a strategically placed table that was covered in a double thick soft down comforter. Colin assumed his position next to Raffaella which put him between Apollonia and Sonny. When they were finally in place, Raffaella signaled Viviano and the music stopped. She waited a moment to give him time to return to his seat so he would be next to their daughter.

The room remained hushed except for the occasional snuffle of tears. Elizabeth Goldsmith wiped her eyes and then returned he gaze to her brother Colin who she finally admitted looked better as a female than she did. Her brain thought her clitoris was still part of her body and she moved as if she had just flushed with sexual pleasure at her finally accepting her brother's feminization. William Cathcart seethed as he sat watched his son put the final nail into his masculinity. Lillian Cathcart still not recovered from hearing her oldest daughter's horrifying news sat tight lipped wondering if Colin would survive being married to and cuckolded by what appeared to be a cunt of a wife. Ming Zheng sat quietly by herself farthest from the faux stage happy because when she saw her lover walk down the center aisle she became extremely wet.

Arriving late but in time to see the actual cuckold wedding ceremonies where Judge and Mrs. Hillman. Mrs. Hillman politely begged off attending the cuckold wedding, but relented when she and the judge were visited by one of the Moretti family's strong armed men. The judge wore a simple navy blue suit, navy and white striped oxford shirt, a solid red tie, and navy loafers. His wife, per a note left by the strong armed Moretti man, was dressed like a total slut. For a woman her age, she carried it off very well, but her embarrassment at having to expose her body as she did was palpable. Unbeknownst to the judge sitting across the room was the defendant that he was going to have to find not guilty or suffer the slings and arrows of Apollonia's announcing to the world his deviant sexual proclivities.

"Ladies and gentleman," intoned Raffaella, "we are gathered here together not in the eyes of God but in the eyes of the Moretti family to merge together in cuckold holy matrimony Apollonia Moretti, Sonny Rossi, and Colin Cathcart. For the past eighteen months, Apollonia Moretti has tried without success to conceive a child borne of the sperm of her husband Colin Cathcart. Apollonia Moretti has accepted Colin's desire to be feminized and cuckolded. As part of his cuckold wedding ceremony, he will perform in front of you, honored guests, an act of contrition and humiliation. I am proud to be standing here in place of Mario Moretti who will forever be known as the modern day Moretti man who lost his masculinity to a superior woman. His youngest daughter and my loving sister Apollonia Moretti."

There was supposed to be a smattering of applause, but the honored guests just sat intrigued by the ceremony and Colin's transformation from a husband into a blushing bride. After pausing for the nonexistent applause, Raffaella continued, "Colin, do you give your wife Apollonia willingly and with love to Sonny Rossi from this day forward?"

"Yes," said Colin in a soft feminine voice.

"Colin, do you agree to abide by all the rules and regulations set forth in your Cuckolding Document?"

"Yes,"

"Are you now and forever going to live your life to honor and obey Mistress Apollonia and perform without question whatever she commands you to do?"

"Yes."

"Colin, what am I seeing beginning to peek out of your wedding dress?" asked Raffaella while making the universal sign of a small cock being masturbated.

Blushing, Colin looked down and said, "My sissy clitty, Mistress Raffaella. It is reacting to my humiliation in front of all the people gathered to witness the sexual dissolution of my marriage."

"No one is touching you, Colin," said Raffaella, "So, what is stimulating you, pussy boi?"

The only groan heard from the attendees when Raffaella called Colin a pussy boi was verbalized by his father. As much as he wanted this son to be happy, William Cathcart was not happy seeing his son used like a cheap whore. Although he had thought about inserting his cock into his son's ass, the week was enough to change desire to revulsion.

"The thought of becoming Mistress Apollonia's indentured servant, cuckold, sissy, and provider of oral and anal pleasure to whomever she desires to use me," said Colin.

"Sonny Rossi step forward," commanded Raffaella.

Sonny Rossi took two steps toward his sister-in-law which positioned him perfectly in the middle of the faux stage. He patiently waited to begin his role and finish Colin Cathcart as the man Apollonia wanted between her legs.

"Sonny Rossi are you prepared to honor, love, and obey Apollonia Moretti no matter how cruel she treats your dumb Italian ass?"

He wanted to scream at Raffaella, but he knew she was only saying what Apollonia told her to say. "I do," in a loud powerful voice.

"I am going to step back and allow Colin to do his duty as the blushing cuckold bride."

Colin and Raffaella exchanged places. The front of his dress was beginning to tent and the attendees were surprised at the size of Colin's growing cock. Sonny remained still, allowed Colin access to his pants, and answered all his questions in a loud masculine voice. Colin did not kneel, but squatted down in front, but to the side, of Sonny. He reached up for the tab that would allow him to open the zipper to Sonny's pants.

"May I expose the object of Apollonia's and my desire, Master Sonny?"

"Yes you may, Colin." Sonny knew better than to call him a sissy.

With the deftness of a highly paid prostitute, Colin Cathcart pulled the zipper that protected the ten-and-a-half inch cock that he would be suckling in just a few moments. He reached in and found the base of Sonny's cock. He didn't have to struggle because Sonny, per instructions, was not wearing underwear beneath his pants. As he extracted the length of Sonny's cock, the room began to take on an air of an orgy but it was only the sound of the gasps of people who never saw a cock that big.

Once it was out Colin allowed it to hang free so the attendees would see its size and he could relish the idea of having it in his mouth publically for the first time. He looked up at Sonny and said, "Master Sonny, may I suckle your prestigious love muscle until it reaches its full length and width?"

Again all Sonny said, was, "Yes."

Marco Rossi blew a second load of his jizz in his pants when he saw the size of his youngest son's cock. Lillian Cathcart open and closed her legs ever so slightly as she thought about taking into her vagina the biggest cock she'd ever seen other than those in pornographic movies. Ming Zheng wondered if Apollonia was going to allow her to partake in Sonny's abundant manhood. Sonia Hillman felt the first dribbles of vaginal fluid begin to wet her panties as she fantasized about what Sonny's cock would feel like sliding in and out of her pussy. Judge Walter Hillman shifted in his seat trying to hide his erection as he thought about his childhood and the neighbor who fucked him on a regular basis with a cock that had to be just a half an inch shorter than the one that hung from Sonny's crotch.

Apollonia rested against the edge of the table feeling her sexual fluids begin to flow as she watched her feminized sissy husband work his magic on her soon to be lover's cock. Sonny looked over at Apollonia and saw her staring lovingly at Colin the man who was in the process of debasing himself because his love for her was too much for him to leave the marriage. A tear formed in the corner of Sonny's eye when he realized that Apollonia was more concerned with her sissy husband than with his ability to make love to her.

He groaned audibly when he felt Colin's lips surround the beautifully shaped helmet head of his cock. His immediate inclination was to take Colin by the ears and shove the entire length of his prick down the sissy's throat. Forewarned that any action that would be perceived as him forcing Colin to accept his penis in his mouth would result in his immediate removal as Apollonia's lover. To keep himself from doing what he wished he could, Sonny Rossi kept his hands clasped behind his back. He gazed down and watched Colin gently and lovingly suckle his cock. The natural course of events took place and within minutes Colin removed his mouth from the erect cock and displayed it to the gathering.

Apollonia did not need to be told to get herself prepared to receive Sonny's prodigious Italian sausage. She slipped up and onto the down filled comforter and just as Alison told her the hem of her wedding dress rose to expose not only her pussy but her anus also. Much to Antonio's chagrin he was denied a view of his favorite aunt's nether regions, but the thought of him possibly enjoying even just one sexual relation with her stirred his cock. What the young boy did not see was Apollonia eyeing his boyhood and smiling when she caught him trying to gaze between her legs. She took a deep breath, released it, relaxed, and prepared herself to lay still as her sissy husband masturbated her chosen lover's cock until it erupted in her.

Colin Cathcart gently pulled on Sonny's erection which was his signal to move across the faux stage to a position just in front but not yet between Apollonia's legs. Without asking, Colin reached up, opened the black alligator belt, the closure to the top of the gabardine pants, and then gently pulled them down to Sonny's ankles. Now that he had total access to Sonny's genitals, Colin again gently pulled on Sonny's cock putting him close enough to allow his cock to enter his wife.

"Master Sonny, I am going to stroke your cock as I lean into my wife's gorgeous sex and suckle it in preparation of placing your magnificently proportioned cock head into her." Colin used his left hand to masturbate the shaft of Sonny's penis to keep it hard. He realized that he would have to move fifteen degrees to his right to have a good angle and position to lick and suck Apollonia's pussy. He lapped at her sex and could tell she self-lubricated without physically touching herself. He didn't want to deny the attendees a good show, so he continued his oral ministrations for a good seven minutes before he changed position so he could begin using the head of Sonny's cock to lubricate and excite his wife.

"Now I am going to use Sonny's cock head to lubricate and excite my wife in expectation of feeling the thick head slip into her pussy. I do this with pleasure because although I am getting quite erect I could not maintain an erection when I was dressed and acting like a man. The cock I hold I honor for its ability to remain hard and its ability to deliver the potent seed needed to impregnate my wife." Colin took the head, placed it in front of his lips, licked, and then kissed it making sure he transmitted to the gathering his desire to be a feminized sissy bitch.

Sonny looked down at Colin and nodded his readiness to be placed into Apollonia's body. Colin took the cue and forwent rubbing the slick head up and down his wife's vagina. He placed the helmet head at her opening and guided it into his wife to the point where her labia minor closed around the thick shaft. Once Apollonia felt the head resting just inside her vaginal opening she raised her legs giving her sissy easier access to her lover's cock. Sonny realized that if he took hold of Apollonia's legs he would help her and have another connection to her while he was suckled and masturbated by Colin. He held her legs and at the same time situated his body so the gathering could watch Colin masturbate his cock and suckle his balls.

Neither Apollonia nor Sonny made a sound as they were connected. Neither Apollonia nor Sonny expressed any pleasure while Colin humiliated himself by being their sexual facilitator. They expressed their feelings though eye contact. Sonny felt relieved that Apollonia kept eye contact with him because it gave him a sense of belonging to her instead of to Colin. Colin's excitement began to show when his cock emerged from beneath the hem of his wedding dress. He could not restrain himself any longer. A week without an orgasm was long enough for him to spew his sissy milk on the floor of the faux stage without having manual stimulation.

Colin ceased masturbating Sonny's cock for the short moment in time it took him to spew his sissy milk and that gave an opening to his wife. "See everybody, Colin proved he's not a man anymore."

Colin actually began to cry as he returned to suckling Sonny's balls. He renewed his stroking with vigor. He placed his head between Sonny's legs and licked the soft tissue between Sonny's scrotum and asshole. The sensation of having his perineum licked and kissed was enough to make him move as if he was pushing himself into Apollonia. Colin kept his hand on the shaft which did not allow any more of Sonny's cock to slide deeper into his wife. Colin pulled his head from between Sonny's legs because he felt the telltale signs of Sonny's impending orgasm.

Colin moaned audibly when he felt the signs. His voice a few octaves higher, breathy like a little girl, lisping like a good sissy, Colin narrated the inevitable. "I can feel the cock that my wife will have in her instead of mine growing harder in my hand. His shaft is beginning to thicken and his manly balls are rising to their task. I know my love can feel the head of this magnificent beast beginning to flare as it prepares to open the slit that allows the copious amounts of Sonny's baby making seed to exit and enter her body. Yes, Sonny, give my wife your seed. It is my honor to be her sissy and the first to permit you to expend your seed into her body. Give it to her Sonny!!!"

Everyone watched as Sonny tried to keep from pushing his throbbing cock into Apollonia's body. He did allow himself a low moan of pleasure and he pumped his seed into her hot cunt. Apollonia on the other hand remained calm, cool, and collected. She did not want Sonny to feel as if she turned a corner with him. When she felt his cock stop spewing his seed she spoke up, "Colin you have two things to complete and you will only be allowed to suckle my cunt when I need you to."

Colin did as he was expected. He pulled Sonny's cock from his wife's just spewed in cunt and licked her and his masturbatory fuck juices from it. When he was satisfied Sonny's cock was clean, he turned to Apollonia to find her pussy wide open and Sonny's cum dripping down to the crack in her ass. He immediately dropped to his knees and drove his face between her legs. Sonny kept her legs up and open. The attendees watched Colin suck Sonny's cum from his wife's just spewed in cunt for the next eight minutes. When he was finished she was clean and his face was covered in her and her lover's fuck juices.

To signal the end of Colin's humiliation, Raffaella come forward and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen I would like to thank you all for witnessing the completion of Colin Cathcart's humiliation and debasement because of his desire to be Apollonia's sissy bitch. One last item, as soon as Sonny Rossi is able, Apollonia will whisper Colin's sissy name in his ear, then Sonny will formally consecrate his relationship with his sissy lover by screwing him in his sissy pussy until he again spends his seed; at which time his sissy will moan aloud his new sissy name. Thank you and for those of you in need feel free to relieve your sexual pressure at your convenience.'