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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 76

Monday Morning – Apollonia's Residence – 24 February 2003

Sonny spent the night in Apollonia's bed spooned with her and his cock whether it was totally flaccid or erect rested in the space between her thighs. Even if they moved apart in their sleep they somehow reconnected and in her sleep Apollonia could feel Sonny's cock resting on her thigh. A couple of times during the night as Sonny rose out of deep REM sleep he could feel Apollonia's back and buttocks pressed against his body. Conscious for that moment he would sigh contentedly as he inhaled the remnants of Apollonia's perfume as he lay spooned as if he was her protector.

The internal alarm in Apollonia's head sounded and as she came into full consciousness she reached between her legs to begin her morning masturbation ritual only to find Sonny's erection jutting from between her legs. She sighed contently when the events of the previous night surged from her memory into her conscious thought. She licked her lips when she thought how it felt to stroke Sonny's cock as if it was hers. She pressed her backside against the muscular man that lay behind her and felt his morning wood jump as he reacted to her movement. She took hold of his cock and he moaned in response to her gentle touch.

Sonny Rossi did not move. Sonny Rossi lay still wondering if he was going to have to expend his morning orgasm onto his lover's abdomen. He felt Apollonia move slightly forward, slip his cock from between her legs, and position the head at the gateway to her body. Frozen with expectation of the possibilities, Sonny Rossi couldn't help but sigh with contentment when he felt the wet heat of Apollonia's love nest caress the head of his manhood. The heat emanating from the shaft and head of Sonny's penis surprised Apollonia and in the midst of her desire to have it in her she had to find out if the heat was normal. As she moved herself and his cock, her urgency became much more obvious to Sonny, but as he knew better he just lay behind her letting her control the action.

Her lips spread as the helmet head coursed its way between her naked sex. She wiggled her hips and backside preparing herself for the moment she would place his cock head at her entrance, push back, and impale herself onto his magnificent length of Italian love sausage. She closed her eyes, placed the object of her sexual desire at her opening, and forced herself back sliding a good nine of the ten-and-a-half inches into her body. Apollonia felt Sonny's body twitch unexpectedly as his cock slid into her warm love nest. She also felt his breathing change as she rested not fully impaled on his love muscle but deep enough to surround his head and shaft with her soft interior. After resting for a moment, Apollonia pressed herself back fully impaling herself on Sonny's erection.

"Sweet Jesus," moaned Apollonia, "that is one big fuckin' cock..." Apollonia reached down to her abdomen, placed her hand just below her bellybutton, and to her amazement felt the length and girth of her lover's cock inside her. Again she moaned, "Sweet Jesus... I'm filled... Give me your hand Sonny."

Sonny did as he was told. He moaned when she placed it under hers and he felt his cock inside her body. His eyes flew open when she moved and they both could feel it move down and then back in when she reversed her motion. Inside Sonny was dying because the love of his life was actually letting him touch her body as he was connected to her sexually. Sonny wanted to say something to her, but he knew better than to possibly open Pandora's Box of Humiliation and Pain. He closed his eyes and prayed silently that she would complete their copulation by allowing him to fill her with his potent baby making seed.

Apollonia moved his hand to her hip and began to fuck herself. She kept her hand on his which sent waves of happiness and pleasure throughout Sonny's body. He groaned in response to her movement, the wetness, and the heat of her love tunnel. Sonny saw she allowed him to press into her when she slid back into his body and pressed herself against him trying to suck the life out of his cock with her vaginal muscles. Sonny groaned more forcefully than before.

As she pressed herself onto his cock, she said, "It's ok Sonny... Say it... Come on. I can sense and feel it!!!"

Sonny relieved that he could express himself, "Yes, sweet Jesus... You are so hot, Apollonia... I don't care anymore about how you treat me... Being inside your body, feeling it's heat, how tight you are, just makes me want to bend to your will..."

"You're thinking with your cock, Sonny," said Apollonia as she wiggled her ass to increase the pressure and pleasure on Sonny's cock. "I bet you'd love to roll me over onto my back, force my knees to my ears, and pound yourself into and out of my hot, wet, love tunnel... Huh, Sonny???"

"Busted, again!!!" groaned Sonny as he felt Apollonia's cunt squeeze his cock. "I would love to roll you either way – stomach or back – and just pound myself into your body until I cum."

"That is your problem Sonny... You have to think about me, first and foremost. My pleasure is more important than yours and will always be. So, lay there and let me have my fun, faggot."

Sonny shuddered when he heard her call him a faggot. No matter how he tried to get her to not call him a faggot she did in response to every verbal faux pas of his. He felt a tear begin to roll down his face because he realized that it was his own doing that caused her to berate and humiliate him verbally. His only benefit was she was still impaled on his cock and she was making herself crazy with desire as she fucked herself silly.

Apollonia moved slightly to try and ease the motion of their copulation because it turned out that getting laid in the spooning position was difficult when the male did nothing by lay there. She continued to move and when her frustration grew to a point of anger she pulled herself off his cock. She rolled to face Sonny, pushed him onto his back, and before he knew what was happening, Apollonia was astride his body and impaled anew on his cock. She leaned forward and rested her hands on his muscular chest. Sonny's eyes flew open as the sensation of her cunt on his cock sent waves of pleasure to his brain.

Her fucking became urgent. He could feel her need as the heat of her pussy increased commensurate with the flow of her vaginal secretions. Apollonia used his chest for leverage as she increased her copulation. Sonny watched as her face changed with the increasing speed, increasing desire, and her need to be fucked by a real cock. The only thing that broke his heart was her desire to keep her eyes closed. He wanted them to connect but he knew she wouldn't look into his face and eyes when he pumped his cum into her body.

Apollonia felt her body give in to her impending orgasm. She ground her cunt against Sonny's pubic bone to increase the pressure on her clitoris to send waves of pleasure to her brain. She groaned as she ground her body

down on the largest cock that had ever been inside her body. She knew in her heart that she had to allow Sonny to fuck her just like she watched Viviano fuck her sister.

"FUCK, I'M..." was all Apollonia got out of her mouth.

Sonny timed his orgasm to coincide with hers. He knew it was luck, but it was happening. Taking the opportunity to show he could be a good lover, he gently took hold of Apollonia's hips. He held her down, pressed his hips up, and blew his load into her baby making womb.

Apollonia felt her insides contract around his pulsating cock as the warm liquid of love coated her interior. When he was done she rolled forward onto his chest and together they panted as their bodies began to recover from their orgasms. Each of them had a coating of sweat on their bodies that glistened with the afterglow of copulation. Sonny would call it love. Apollonia would call it one hell of a fuck session. After a few moments, she rolled off of Sonny's body which elicited a cry of pain because he was no longer together with the woman he loved.

"Sonny, time to get up," said Apollonia. "You have to be in the city to take Ming's children to school. I don't expect you to be here for the funeral. Make sure your day is scheduled so you can pick them up and return them to the townhouse. Call Viviano and co-ordinate with him."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sonny. "I'm right on it ma'am."

Apollonia did not like the tone of his response. She sat up and slapped him across the face. When she tried to backhand him, Sonny reached up and grabbed her wrist. He held it above his face but he did not figure she would roll against his arm which forced him to release his hold. Apollonia sprung up to her knees and before Sonny could react she began to pummel his testicles. His cries of pain did not break through her anger. She moved like a cat and positioned herself across his body with her back to his face.

"YOU EVER TRY TO STRIKE ME OR STOP ME AGAIN, SONNY, I'LL FUCKIN' KILL YOU!!!" screamed Apollonia as she relentlessly pounded the shit out of Sonny's testicles as if they were a speed bag. She bounced on his abdomen as she screamed at him and pounded his lemon sized orbs that supplied his manliness. "YOU STUPID-SON-OF-A-BITCH!!! YOU REALLY THOUGHT YOU HAD ENOUGH PHYSICAL SMARTS TO TAKE ME ON IN A FUCKIN' FIGHT!!!"

Sonny was frozen in pain. His muscles were locked as his mind reeled from the pounding he was receiving. He tried to speak but only grunts, groans, and moans came out of his mouth. He couldn't think clearly, but he knew if the crazy psycho bitch that was bouncing in his abdomen continued to pound his testicles he'd be castrated by proxy. He had no choice. He forced himself to move against the pain. When he got control of his muscles he moved his hands to Apollonia's hips, grabbed her, lifted, and tossed her off the bed. Once she was off his body he had ample opportunity to roll onto his side, grab his throbbing testicles, and begin to protect himself by trying to stand up.

Amazingly, wobbly as he was Sonny got to his feet on the opposite side of the bed where Apollonia landed. He face was crimson in pain and rage. He released his balls and screamed, "YOU FUCKIN' CUNT!!! YOU ARE JUST LIKE YOUR SICKO MOTHER!!! I BET YOU'D ENJOY HER SEXUAL DEVIANCE!!! I'M DONE WITH YOU - YOU PSYCHO BITCH!!! FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO TAKE YOUR BULLSHIT!!! I'M OUT OF HERE!!!"

What he didn't see was Apollonia staying close to the floor. What he didn't see was her moving around the bed to the side where he stood red faced screaming at her. With glee in her eyes, a smile on her face, Apollonia sprung from the end of the bed face first, mouth open, headed directly for Sonny crotch. Before he could react, Sonny Rossi felt Apollonia's mouth surround and bite into the shaft of his cock. The pain and the fear were immediate as was his inability to move. He tried to extricate himself from having his cock bit off, but failed miserably when she took hold of one of his testicles and squeezed. He could not comprehend how she accomplished keeping her mouth on his cock, one of her hands on a gonad, and land in a position where she was squatting in front of him.

Apollonia gained control of her body and the situation. She released her mouth from Sonny's shaft, looked up, and said, "Piss me off, Sonny... Piss me off and I'll walk downstairs with your blood all over my face after I've

chewed off your fucking cock and balls.” She stood up which was a relief for Sonny because the only thing he could lose was his testicle. “You couldn’t just say ‘Yes, *Apollonia*’ when I told you what you had to do today. No, you fuckin’ big lummo, you have to be a sarcastic arrogant prick. Then you equate me to my whore cunt of a deviant mother. Do you really think I would take that sitting down?”

Eyes wide with fear, Sonny responded, “You want me to answer?”

Apollonia squeezed his testicle until Sonny cried out in pain. She stood looking up at his pain filled face and began to laugh. She squeezed harder, he cried more, and she laughed at his predicament.

“No faggot, I didn’t want an answer. What I want is your total unconditional subservience to me. I want you to beg me to let you fucking keep your balls. I want you to know that I will make you a very rich man like Viviano. All you have to do I take your arrogant, sarcastic, egotistical attitude and cram it up your faggot ass. I am so close to having you fuckin’ neutered so you can see what used to hang between your legs resting in a jar on one of the mantles in the great room. Then you’ll join Colin and Mario as a totally nullified sissy bitch.”

Yelling at the top of her lungs, “ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS SAY. ‘YES, *APOLLONIA*!!! WE WOULD HAVE ENDED THE MORING A STEP CLOSER TO YOU SPENDING MORE TIME IN MY BEDROOM THAN IN COLIN’S.”

Sonny felt her hand release his testicle. He watched wide eyed as she stepped back thinking she was going to kick him between his legs. He sighed when she move far enough back to remove the possibility of having is balls crushed by her instep. The tears that ran down his face were not tears of sadness, but tears of excruciating pain. He remained quiet fearful of her reaction if he spoke.

“FUCK!!!” she cried aloud as she looked down to see Sonny’s cum coating the interior of her thighs. Instead of lying peacefully on the bed so the sperm could work their way into her cervix, Apollonia had to react like the psycho bitch she was thus losing the copious amount of ejaculate that had filled her body only minutes earlier.

Opening her legs to show Sonny, she said, “Look what you fuckin’ made happen, faggot.” She closed her legs, moved back so she could lean against one of the bureaus that populated the room, and said, “Get the fuck out of my room. Go downstairs, clean yourself up, and make a decision. Tell Colin. If you decide that this little altercation is just another meaningless spat between lovers, then I’ll expect you to take care of business and return home later this afternoon. If you decide that this little altercation is the straw that broke the camel’s back, then be advised that I will find you. I will nullify you and I will ship you to Africa where HIV positive niggers will use your faggot ass for their pleasure until you die from the ravages of AIDS. As you lay there waiting to die you’ll wonder if your brother Viviano completed the task of giving me the children you could have. Get the fuck out of my sight.”

Sonny Rossi waddled in pain to the door, opened it, and before he departed said, “Just a little altercation between lovers. See you later this afternoon, Apollonia.” He closed the door behind him.

Just as Sonny reached the bottom of the stairs he heard Apollonia scream, “FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!!! WHEN WILL HE LEARN THAT I AM TESTING HIM AND WILL ALWAYS TEST HIM?”

When she finally moved from in front of the bureau Apollonia’s head pounded. She made her way into the bathroom, turned on the shower, stepped in, and only then allowed herself to relax under the cascading sheets of hot water.

Colin heard the door to his room open and watched as Sonny gingerly entered. His eyes grew wide when he spied the teeth marks on Sonny’s prodigious member. He also took in that his balls were black and blue and beginning to swell. Colin sat up in bed, looked at Sonny, and said, “Do you want to talk? I’m here for you Sonny.”

Sonny’s face moved to the sound. He stumbled and fell towards the small bed. Colin moved faster than he thought he ever could due to the adrenalin rush from seeing the condition of Sonny and the possibility of being crushed under his weight. Not knowing how he accomplished it, Colin got a hand on Sonny, guided him to the bed, and got him to lie down on his back. Colin didn’t have to put two-and-two together to see that his psycho wife finally truly injured

Sonny. He told him to remain still, ran into the kitchen, found two big freezer bags, filled them with ice, and returned to his room.

Colin found two towels in which he wrapped the freezer bags and placed one between Sonny's legs next to his testicles and one on his injured penis. Sonny's eyes were vacant due to the increasing pain. He had finally reached his point of intolerance. Colin leaned next to his ear and whispered, "Don't move. I'll be right back. You are not going anywhere today." He didn't relate to Sonny what he was going to try to do to his crazy wife.

For some unknown reason, Colin checked the time on the clock radio before he took off like a bat-out-of-hell for the second floor and Apollonia's room. He was still wearing his feminine nightshirt when he crashed into Apollonia's room and into the master bathroom. He surprised Apollonia who was standing under the full blast of the multiple shower heads when he took her by her throat and pressed her against the tiled wall of the shower. He pressed the carotid artery on each side of her neck effectively stopping the flow of blood to her brain. He held her as she slipped to the floor where he released her neck and pressed the electronic buttons that would send signals to stop the flow of water.

Colin knelt down next to his wife, grabbed her neck again, used his free hand, and slapped her face just hard enough to wake her up. Apollonia tried to move but Colin squeezed the arteries closed which were enough to keep Apollonia from getting the upper hand. She looked up at her soaked husband who was staring down at her eyes blazing and definitely not showing any level of fear. She tried to move and he tightened his grip.

"You fuckin' cunt, Apollonia," spit Colin. His anger and venom showed in just four words. "That man loves you. What did he do this time to piss you off so bad you may have castrated him?" He relaxed his grip just a tad which was enough for her to relieve her fuzziness and answer.

Eyes bugging out of her head because she never saw her husband react as he did even when he was a man. She growled, "I didn't do..."

Colin squeezed anew which was enough to make Apollonia woozy. "Don't fuckin' lie to me cunt. Never thought I had it in me. Weak, lily-livered Colin accepting his feminization. That is what you thought, but you never once saw me when I was in my environment – work, finance, and negotiations. What I saw when Sonny stumbled into my room was the last straw. Again, what did he do to make you so fuckin' irate that you may have caused him his balls?"

Apollonia tried to kick Colin but failed. She tried to remove his hand from her neck but his fingers were too long for her to get a hold on his thumb to force a release. "He was sarcastic and arrogant when he answered me. He cannot talk to me like that, ever."

"You know I'm not afraid of what you can or will do to me, but I have the upper hand now. You are going to listen to me and listen good. Sonny Rossi will do anything you ask. Sonny Rossi will give his life for you. Sonny Rossi loves you so much he'll let you strike out at him for no God damn good reason. You owe him an apology, which I know you will not give him. All I have to do is squeeze your neck, stop the blood flow to your brain, and you'll die here on the shower floor. You'll never experience the beauty and pain of giving birth and motherhood. If I release my grip, you promise me you'll sit there quietly while I go back to check and care for Sonny. When you know I'm downstairs you can finish your morning masturbation ritual before you get dressed, but I'm telling you directly to your face, Apollonia Moretti, you come downstairs with any thought of heaping vengeance on me or Sonny I will with my last dying breath take you with me."

To prove his point he squeezed her neck again. Apollonia flinched and said, "Where did this hatred, rage, and masculinity all of a sudden come from Colin. I swear I didn't mean to seriously hurt him. We had a wonderful time together last night. He's a man in bed. He knows what a woman needs. I just flipped out when I thought he dissed me. God, did I really injure him?"

"You make a move and I'll fight you until I'm dead or we're both dead," said Colin. He released his hold on her neck, held his breath, and exhaled when Apollonia did not strike out at him. "He is downstairs with ice on his cock and balls. They are black and blue and swelling. I'm not going to ask how he got your teeth marks on the shaft of his

cock, but... He is not going anywhere today, so if you had something for him to do you better find someone else to accomplish it. Sonny is definitely out of commission for a few days."

They stared into each other's eyes. Apollonia Moretti discovered a new side to her husband. Colin saw her body relax, he stood, and offered her his hand to help her up. She raised her right hand which he took, pulled her up, and wrapped his arms around her naked body. He held her close and whispered in her ear, "Apollonia, he loves you unconditionally. I don't know how he is going to accept your relationship with Ming, but if you let me help I know he'll come around to what I know you want. He will understand and accept. I'm going to let you go, step out of the shower, and go to him. I may just care for him more than you do. I suggest you take care of what he was supposed to do before you stick your fingers between your legs to get off."

Colin released Apollonia. She stood stock still staring at her husband. He turned to walk out of the shower and the bathroom, but stopped at the door, turned to face her, and said one last thing, "When you get back from Dallas/Fort Worth on Wednesday evening we are going to sit and plan my return to Software by Design. I'm no longer going to be your household sissy. Oh, I'll be wearing panties under my suit and I'll change when I get home, but I will no longer live in this house twenty-four seven as your indentured sissy bitch. I want and need to return to the work I was educated and trained to perform. I will still give you what you need when I'm home or out with you and Sonny. I will also continue to take care and watch over Moretti family financial business."

Apollonia watched her husband finally leave the bathroom. She heard the bedroom door open and close. It was only then she collapsed onto the floor of the shower and began to cry.

Forty-five minutes after Sonny stumbled into Colin's room, Apollonia walked in dressed for her mother's funeral. She was wearing the standard Moretti button front custom designed dress in black with black buttons. Underneath she wore a lace garter belt that was attached to a pair of lace topped thigh high nylons. On her feet, she wore a pair of simple black calfskin pumps. Her face was made up with just a touch of color on her cheeks, eyes, and lips. Around her neck was a three inch diamond choker and hanging from her ears were a pair of four inch diamond earrings. Colin stood when his wife entered. Sonny's head was propped up by several pillows and he just shivered when he saw Apollonia enter.

Apollonia walked over to her husband, leaned in and up, and offered her lips for him to kiss. He did as she bid steeling himself against the possibility she would try to grab his testicles. Their lips touched and nothing happened. Apollonia smiled, "Colin, would you please give me a minute alone with Sonny. Also, coffee..."

Colin nodded his head, looked over at Sonny to reassure him, and then walked out of the room. Sonny watched and waited for what he did not know. He tried to remain calm, but the smell of fear exuded from his pores. Apollonia could see his desire to be anywhere but where he was. She stepped over to the door and locked it. She stepped over to the bed, sat down, and took Sonny's hand into hers.

"Sonny Rossi, I owe you an apology. From the bottom of my heart, I offer my sincerest apology for going crazy on you this morning. I thought you were dissing me when you told me you'd be on it in response to taking care of your delegated responsibilities. I never meant to hurt you apparently as seriously as I did. Will you accept my apology?"

Breathing as if he was under great stress, Sonny tried to and did respond, "I think you wanted me to tell you that I viewed the altercation this morning as nothing more than a lover's spat. Isn't that what I said when I left your room this morning. I accept your apology. I'm also very aware of the possibility that it will happen again."

"I really don't want it to happen again, Sonny, but I can't promise it won't happen again. What I want more than anything is your baby. Last night was very special and I want it to continue. I need to hear your forgiveness and I need to see you prove it."

Sonny's eyes buggered out of his head when comprehended what Apollonia had just said to him. "You want me to forgive you and..."

She squeezed his hand and in a whisper said, "I want you to forgive me and I want you to kiss my Moretti cunt or I swear I will rip your genitals from your body."

Apollonia Moretti stood, opened the buttons on her Moretti dress, exposed her pussy to Sonny, moved onto the bed, and straddled his face. Forlorn and in love Sonny said, "I forgive you Apollonia. I forgive you." She watched as he moved his mouth between her legs and kissed her. He kept his mouth on her pussy as he began to cry like a little baby. No matter how much she humiliates or abuses him, Sonny Rossi was in love with Apollonia Moretti. She kept his head between her legs until she felt he had proved his fealty to her.

She buttoned her Moretti dress as she stood beside the small bed. When she was done, Apollonia placed her hand on Sonny's cheek, and said, "I am truly sorry, Sonny. I am. You just need to remember that in the scheme of things, you are not in control. Always answer me with deference even if I have you by your balls."

"Yes, Apollonia," replied Sonny without a hint of arrogance, sarcasm, or ego.

She leaned in, kissed Sonny on the cheek, gently rested her hand on the ice pack that covered his cock, and did nothing to cause him pain. Without saying another word to the man she almost castrated, Apollonia Moretti departed her husband's room thinking about the pain she was going to foist upon his body when she entered the kitchen. Standing outside the door to Colin's room, Apollonia removed her heels so she would be able to enter the kitchen quietly.

Colin sat at the kitchen table reading The Wall Street Journal. Apollonia noticed the full carafe of coffee sitting on the hot plate of the coffee maker waiting for her first mug of the day. She positioned herself just outside the U-shaped kitchen area, faced the breakfast area, and coughed to get Colin's attention. He turned saw her standing, smiled lovingly, and rose to retrieve for her a mug of hot black coffee. Sad, poor, Colin, his display of anger and masculinity gave him a false sense of bravado and security. He continued to smile at Apollonia as he neared her on his way to the coffeemaker and the mug that sat next to it.

Colin Cathcart never saw it coming. Apollonia's stocking covered left foot made perfect contact with the right side of his head just above his ear. The force of the kick pushed him back and to his left. He bounced into the corner of the counter that separated the kitchen from the breakfast area. Apollonia let her foot continue in an arc until she was positioned to regain her stance prepared to either kick or punch Colin. She did not use her full force when she kicked Colin. She just wanted to knock him off his feet so she could and would have the upper hand. The entire action and reaction took place in slow motion for Apollonia. When Colin finally settled on the hardwood floor of the breakfast room she pounced.

The instep of her right foot made contact with her sissy husband's crotch. Colin's eyes and mouth flew open. The sound that emanated from his vocal chords was frightening. His hands went to cover and protect his family jewels. Apollonia watched and waited. When he began to feel the pain recede and his hands were still cupping his genitals she struck again. In an amazing feat of Martial Arts, Apollonia Moretti pummeled Colin's hand covered crotch four more times twice with each of her feet. Colin Cathcart urinated, shat himself, and fainted from the pain. She walked over to the sink, filled an eight ounce glass with ice cold water, and returned to pour it over Colin's head.

The water was enough to revive Colin, but not reduce the pain that thundered from his crotch to his brain. He tried to move his hands only to feel them beginning to swell. He felt that he had messed himself. He looked up to see Apollonia standing over him, fists clinched, and spewing spittle from her mouth as she began to scream at him.

"YOU WANT TO DIE, BITCH BOI!!! WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE TO COME INTO MY ROOM AND MAKE ME BEND TO YOUR WILL??? I CAN SMELL YOUR FEAR!!! YOU SHAT YOURSELF, SISSY BOI!!!"

Apollonia stopped screaming. She looked down to his crotch where his hands still cupped his genitals. Four more well placed kicks to his crotch again caused Colin to faint. Another glass of ice cold water revived him. His eyes were bloodshot. Snot covered his lips and chin. He could not speak because of the excruciating pain. His clothing was urine soaked and his panties and the skin below the leg openings were covered in his fecal matter.

Apollonia knelt beside him, pushed his hands away from his crotch, and took hold of his fecal covered and very sore testicles. She did not react to the odor or the wetness. His panties did nothing to excite or keep her from relinquishing her hold on his useless sperm factories. She held them tight enough to keep Colin awake and in pain.

"You threatened my life, Colin. You think you have the wherewithal to make your threats good?"

She squeezed, he cried out in pain.

"Look at you... On the floor, smelling like shit, sitting in a pool of your own piss, snot all over your face, tears running from your bloodshot eyes, and my hand holding a non-functional part of your anatomy."

She squeezed, he cried out in pain.

"I will make it plainly obvious, Colin. You threaten my life again even in jest and I will snap your neck faster than I did my mother's. You made a decision and you will live by that decision."

She squeezed, he cried out in pain.

"You will suffer like Sonny. Both of you will have black and blue and very sore balls for the next few days. You'll be lucky because you'll be wearing a dress so they'll hang free between your legs. Tell me what I want to hear Colin."

She squeezed, he cried out in pain.

Colin through his inner fortitude found the strength to partially scream, "Enough!!!" He rested a minute before continuing, "I knew you were a sick bitch when I met you. I still fell in love with you. I still love you. God, how can I lay here with my balls at your mercy telling you that it is ok because I love you?" Colin closed his eyes, drew a deep breath, and said, "Go ahead, Apollonia, if you want them they're yours."

"Thank you, Colin," whispered Apollonia, "I knew you'd give them to me. You're such a wimp."

She released her hold on his balls, stood up, pulled the crotch of her panty aside, and pissed on Colin. When she was done she strode to the kitchen sink, and washed her hands. She then went to the coffeemaker, poured herself a hot mug of black coffee, and took her seat at the head of the breakfast table. Apollonia reached for The New York Times, set it in front of her, and before she began to read the newspaper said, "Colin, get you wimp ass up, get showered, dressed, clean up the mess, and then prepare the woman you just ceded your balls to breakfast." She watched her wimp assed husband crawl because he couldn't walk to his room per her instructions.