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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 113

Tuesday – Townhouse on 84<sup>th</sup> Street – 4 March 2003

Viviano Rossi, Mario Moretti, Howard Cohen, Jon Parks, and a very subdued Joshua Goldsmith sat in the front parlor of the townhouse patiently waiting for Apollonia to arrive. Sienna had delivered several trays of coffee, sandwiches, and dessert cakes for them to eat. The five men sat and talked about anything but what they all knew was going to happen when Apollonia arrived. The only two people sitting on pins and needles were Viviano and Joshua; Viviano because he did not want to have to talk his younger brother and Joshua because he did not want to face Apollonia. Thankfully, Sonny was still upstairs in his room not wanting to come downstairs to meet any of the men. He was physically pain free, but not emotionally.

Sitting in the kitchen with Sienna and Giuseppe was Marco Mario Marinelli. He was pleased to be in New York City, but totally at wits end as to why he was being kept away from the people who arrived after him. The elderly woman made him feel comfortable when he arrived by offering him something to eat and drink. Every half hour she would take a tray of water and small amounts of food someplace within the building. The elderly man made a point of telling him that if he moved from where he was sitting, he'd have to use some form of restraint to keep him still. Although he knew he could kick the shit out of the elderly gentlemen, he kept his anger under control. Marco had firsthand knowledge what the beautiful Apollonia Moretti could and would do to him if she knew he was the cause of the older man's injuries or demise.

The car service provided a Lincoln Town car to transport Apollonia and her sissy into the city. The driver was a small mouse of a man. He made it a point to keep to himself because there was no glass partition between the front and the rear of the vehicle. When they pulled up in front of the townhouse Apollonia tipped him handsomely, but made it a point to tell him to have a stretch return to pick her up. Failure by the company to comply she intimated would result in dire consequences for the company and its ownership. The driver left frightened and he understood she meant business.

Apollonia did not say anything to Colin she strode up the steps to the front door, retrieved her key, and opened the front door to let herself in. Colin quickly made his way up the steps and into the townhouse just as his Mistress was pushing the heavy door closed. The sound of the door closing echoed throughout the first floor which was enough to bring Giuseppe from the rear of the townhouse. Apollonia looked past the elderly man and saw that he was alone.

"Where is everyone?" she asked.

"Good afternoon, Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe, "the men are in the front parlor and the young man from Texas is in the kitchen with Sienna. May I take your coat or would you prefer me to do my penance?"

"Don't be a smart aleck," she replied as she simply dropped her coat onto the floor and strode into the parlor. Colin bent over to pick up the coat and received a tongue lashing, "Don't fuckin' help that old incestuous pig, Colin. Drop your coat and follow me, bitch boi, or I'll lock you up in the basement."

All the men except Joshua Goldsmith stood when Apollonia walked into the room. She nodded and waved her hand dismissing them from their penance which included removing their clothing. Colin looked for a corner where he could sit apart from the men and decided on a wing chair that would allow him to look out of the front windows onto the street. The men returned to their seats except for Mario who took one of the side chairs and moved it into a position where his daughter would be seated at the center of the gathering except for Colin who was already intently watching the New Yorkers walking past the building. Apollonia placed a small satchel and her attaché case at her feet. She sat demurely with her knees together and her legs slanted to one side. Her attire did what she hoped it would as each of the men eyed her and could only look at the floor to keep from openly staring at her beauty.

"Excuse me, Mistress," cried Colin, "there is a young lady coming to the door..."

The front doorbell rang two seconds after Colin cried out. Apollonia looked at the men and each of them showed an emotion that they did not know who was at the front door. A rather perturbed Moretti woman rose and went to the front door. She arrived before Giuseppe and shooed him away. Apollonia looked through the clear part of the window to see a flaxen haired beauty standing on the top of the stoop. She appeared to be no more than sixteen or seventeen years old. On her shoulder was a large leather Dooney & Bourke bag. Her coat was a simple navy blue double breasted pea coat. Just before the young girl pressed the button for the doorbell a second time, Apollonia opened the heavy door.

"May I help you, young lady?" asked Apollonia.

The young lass was flustered to see a beautiful sexily dressed woman answer the door. It took a moment for her to regain her composure before she answered, "Yes, I'm looking for Marco Marinelli. Is he here?"

Apollonia frowned wondering how the lass knew the young man from Texas would be visiting the townhouse. The young girl continued to stand in front of the townhouse without making an effort to leave or question who Apollonia was. "May I ask your name young lady?" inquired Apollonia.

"Pricilla Smith, ma'am," she replied. "May I come in? It is a bit chilly."

"Well, Miss Pricilla Smith, before I allow you into my home, I have another question for you," said Apollonia. "How did you come to find out that Marco would be here today?"

Pricilla smiled at the question, "He told me the day he found out he would be travelling to New York City. We arranged for me to come the same day and when he knew where he was located he sent me a text message. That is how I knew the address of your house and where to come."

Apollonia stepped aside and allowed the young girl to enter the townhouse. She closed the door behind her and called for Giuseppe. The elderly man arrived a moment later as was instructed to take the young Pricilla to the fifth floor solarium to wait. It was then that Apollonia introduced herself to the girl, "My name is Apollonia Moretti. I invited Marco to New York City and I will assume that you are his girlfriend." The young girl started to answer, but was stopped when Apollonia put her index finger against her lips, "Don't say a word, Pricilla. Just go with this gentleman to the fifth floor solarium. I'll be there shortly."

She watched Giuseppe guide the girl into the elevator before she returned to the parlor where the men were waiting. Upon entering she screamed, "Fuckin' asshole!!! More fuckin' complications!!! Today is a day filled with nothing but fuckin' complications." Apollonia sat in the wing chair Mario had moved without being asked, put her

fingertips against her temples, and rubbed to relieve the stress pressure she felt in her head. It took close to fifteen minutes before she felt clam enough to get the day's activities started.

"Dr. Goldsmith," she said in a rather unpleasant voice, "take yourself up to Sonny's room and please do an in depth examination of his surgery. I need to know specifically if there are any problems or issues. I know it has only been a few days, but I need to know if he is capable of showing your handiwork to the world."

"The nurse was here first thing this morning," countered the good doctor which was exactly the response that Apollonia didn't want to hear.

Apollonia Moretti rose from her seat, stepped in front of her brother-in-law, leaned forward, and whispered in his ear, "I have to keep what you did from Colin until his sister is found upstate you fuckin' piece-of-dog-shit. If you don't do as I say without question, I will have you incarcerated for the remainder of your fuckin' life in the worst hellhole prison I can find. Upstairs now." She growled, "Don't fuck with me..."

Joshua Goldsmith shivered and took a moment to regain a semblance of composure. After Apollonia returned to her seat, he rose and said he was going to check on Sonny. The remaining men watched and to a man they relaxed when Apollonia remained calm in the face of Joshua's attempt to tell her he did not have to visit Sonny. Apollonia rubbed her temples and after a minute or two she spoke, "Howard, consider whatever you hear or see as privileged. Today I was going to settle the Texas Moretti issue, but I have a complication. The young man that Umberto used to help him ruin Mario's spawn with Teresa has taken it upon himself to invite his girlfriend here. I blame myself for not making it clear to him that he was not to invite anyone else. So, I've decided to use her presence as a lever to get him to tell me the truth. I believe I know what the truth is, but I want to hear it from him."

Apollonia raised her arms above her head and stretched. The thin straps of the dress did not help hold the top of the delicate material in place and her pert breasts were plainly visible to the men seated across from her. She rubbed her eyes not considering what she was doing to her makeup. When she was done she said, "Which one of you feels like taking the virginity of a sixteen or seventeen year old today?"

Howard rolled his eyes and said, "No thank you."

Mario looked at his daughter and said, "Why would you do that to her. She's an innocent bystander, Apollonia." Viviano nodded his head in agreement. "If anything, fake her rape. Make it sound real enough to scare the shit out of Marco, but for God's sake, Appy, don't involve an innocent girl who thought she was here to visit the tourist traps of the city."

Apollonia was stunned at her father's statement. The man who allowed his wife to torture, rape, murder, and ultimately eat the flesh of young boys and girls had the audacity to tell her that using Marco's girlfriend as a wedge was immoral. "Are you telling me that what I'm planning makes you ill, Mario? Please tell me, because I'm just so interested in your logic considering what occurred in this townhouse."

Mario was a bit taken by his youngest daughter's response, "What happened in this townhouse was not of my doing." He held up his hand to stop Apollonia from responding, "Yes, I knew. Yes, I took part. Yes, I wanted to end it, but couldn't or didn't want to end the insanity. And, yes, I feel nothing but disgust for what I allowed to happen here. That young girl has nothing to do with the rape and abuse of Alessa. Her only crime was knowing and apparently loving the young man who was involved."

"What do you suggest?" she asked of the men.

Howard spoke, "Does she know the young man is here?"

"Yes," replied Apollonia.

"That teenager just saved his life, Miss Moretti," said Howard. "By inviting her to this place, he's assured himself of a witness to his whereabouts before whatever evil thing you have in mind for the young man. There is one resolution to the problem."

"What's that, counselor?" asked Apollonia.

"Convince them that by replacing the present caretakers of this townhouse, they saved their own lives," he replied. "Of course, you could just off them both and be done with it. I'd be surprised as hell if she told her parents where she went today."

"Jesus, what a wonderful idea," said Viviano. "Giuseppe and Sienna are getting on in years and it would be nice to allow them to retire from the day-to-day operations of this place."

"I agree," said Mario.

"Interesting take on the situation," said Apollonia, "but, I cannot allow that young man to live a life filled with luxury when he is nothing more than a child rapist. I'm going to need some time before I make a decision. Next order of business. I'm headed upstairs to see Sonny. Viv, I know you don't want to go and I'll address your failure to help your brother later. Mario, I want you to go into the basement and with Giuseppe's help prepare the three guests for today. I want the two whores clean and shaven. I want the sissy boy, clean, hairless, and dressed to the nines. Colin, you come with me. Viv, into the kitchen and keep that young man occupied even if it means using physical force."

Sonny Rossi lay on the bed naked from the waist down. His legs were open and his ass was on the edge of the bed so the good doctor could examine his handiwork. Joshua Goldsmith knelt next to the bed and used his hands to feel the surgical area for any hidden infections. Based upon the color of the skin and the lack of expression of pain from the patient, the good doctor felt the surgery was healing well ahead of schedule. When he was though poking and prodding Sonny's newly formed vagina Joshua told Sonny he could get dressed.

"So doc, how am I doing?" asked Sonny as he pulled up his briefs and then his jeans.

"Fine Sonny," replied Joshua. "Looks like all the sutures are dissolving according to plan and you seem to be in no pain which means there are no internal infections. Are you urinating easily?"

Sonny laughed, "Yeah, you could say that considering I have to sit now. It is awkward forgetting that I have to sit instead of stand."

"Otherwise," said Joshua, "How are you fairing?"

"I'm not suicidal, if that is what you're asking," said Sonny. "I'm trying to figure out what I'm going to do considering I'm under the thumb of that crazy bitch."

"Aren't we all," said Joshua shaking his head as he wondered what was to become of him and his children.

The door opened and in walked Apollonia and Colin. Sonny stared at both of them. The heat rose from his crotch as he thought about how he felt fucking Apollonia or boning Colin's sissy pussy. Then the realization hit that he could not do that anymore. He could not fuck, but he could be fucked. Joshua Goldsmith moved away from the bed and pressed his body against the wall furthest from the antique bed. He fear was palpable. Joshua could not control his emotions and his demeanor showed he was scared shitless. Apollonia stared at him for a moment then turned to Sonny.

"How are you Sonny?" she asked in a sweet voice.

"I'm ok," he replied.

"Are you walking around the house or just staying in this room?" she asked.

"I've been ambulatory," he replied, "at least in the townhouse."

"Good," said Apollonia. "Masturbate?"

"Are you kidding?" asked Sonny not believing Apollonia just asked him if he masturbated.

"No, Sonny, I'm not," said Apollonia.

Sonny looked over to where Joshua pressed himself against the wall. He saw the doctor shrug his shoulders in response to his nonverbal inquiry. The man with a vagina had thought about touching the small piece of his cock head that formed his clitoris, but he refused to give into his sexual desire. Sonny thought he would go over the edge and accept his modification if he masturbated to an orgasm and enjoyed it more than when he had his cock. Apollonia stood waiting for his response and he could see her impatience. Sonny took a deep breath, "No, I haven't because I wasn't told it was ok to do considering I, no you, just had me modified. I'm afraid of what will happen."

Joshua knew he was going to be asked about Sonny's ability to masturbate. He found a modicum of strength and said, "He can, but I wouldn't for at least another ten to fourteen days. Actually, he should not masturbate for at least three months so we know he's completely healed. But, if you have a mind to make him do it, then I'd suggest you be prepared for the consequences. Also, if you have a man push his penis or a dildo into his newly formed yet partially healed vagina and you'll definitely force me to surgically remove all I have done. He'll be totally nullified and if I'm reading you correctly he'll be useless to you."

Colin stood behind his wife watching his brother-in-law taking in the obvious fear he had of her. He wished he was close enough to hear what his bitch of a wife whispered in his ear. He kept his body relaxed and made sure he did not stare at Joshua for longer than a few seconds. His thoughts were more with Sonny than they were with Joshua. Colin hoped Sonny would invite him to stay so they could talk and hopefully make amends. His sissy clit jumped inside his panties as he thought about how much he still loved the big man. The worst thing for Sonny was exactly what he thought Apollonia wanted – Sonny to be fucked today.

"I understand," said Apollonia. "Sonny, think you and Colin could find a place to talk quietly? I think it is time for you two to make amends. Find a place on this floor, leave the door ajar and I'll know you're in the room when I'm through here."

Colin looked to Sonny for a positive response. Sonny didn't look at Colin. Instead he looked at the floor ignoring Apollonia's request. Inside he knew he'd have to face both Colin and his brother. Sonny ashamedly nodded his head in response to Apollonia's request. He did not look at Colin when he left the room. He did not take Colin by the hand or make any physical contact with the sissy whose anal cherry he took. Colin quietly followed him out of the room and closed the door behind him.

Joshua Goldsmith, pressed against the wall, began to silently pray to his God at the thought of being alone with his crazy sister-in-law. He closed his eyes and tried with all his might not to piss all over himself. The man who murdered a nineteen year old nursing student and his wife of ten years was more afraid of the woman who stood across from him than the possibility of being strapped to a gurney and having his life terminated. His eyes grew wide as he watched Apollonia step over to where he cowered.

"I can sense and smell your fear Joshua," said Apollonia. "I can see you're afraid of what I can do to you. You are a total enigma to me dear man. What I want from you right now is a complete explanation of what you were thinking when you took Elizabeth's life. I'm going to sit down on the bed and I'm going to listen to you. I'm not going to

interrupt, well, I may interrupt, but I want to know what the fuck is going on in what appears to be a very fucked up brain."

Joshua watched his sister-in-law back away from him and sit on the edge of the bed. He eyed that her skirt risen up just enough to show a small sliver of skin between the hem of her red dress and the top of her red thigh high stockings. He also wondered how she could comfortably walk in the crazy high heels she was wearing. Joshua never feared anything as much as he feared Apollonia Moretti. The stress inside his body was causing his heart to pump harder than normal and he knew he had to calm down before one of his main arteries exploded. Joshua closed his eyes, made another silent prayer, and when he opened them he saw anger on the face of the only woman he feared.

"Please give me a moment, Apollonia," said Joshua. "I need to put my thoughts in order..."

"Fuck you doc," said Apollonia in response to his request for a bit more time, "in surgery you make life and death decisions on a moment's notice. I bet you didn't hesitate when you committed murder. Don't play me Joshua..."

He held up his hands palms out in one of the universal signs of surrender, "I'm not playing you Apollonia. I just needed a moment to formulate my thoughts. You're asking me to give you information about my life that I've only told two people and they're both dead." Joshua moved away from the wall, found a chair, and moved it to a position in front of Apollonia. He sat down and continued, "If I may, I think it may be better if you ask and I answer. That is, of course, if you agree."

Apollonia smiled at his attempt to turn the conversation into her inquisition of his psychological wellbeing. "Sorry Joshua, you'll do as I ask or I'll just pick myself up and tell Howard to arrange your plea of guilty to both murders. You'll never see your children again, Joshua."

As the last words left her mouth, Joshua began to turn from fear to anger. Apollonia saw the change, but did not react because she knew he didn't have the training nor the skill to subdue her physically. The doctor felt the surge of adrenalin begin to subside as he thought how to formulate an answer to her open ended question. Joshua knew he had no chance against Apollonia physically or for that matter in a psychological battle of wits. He resigned himself to tell her everything.

"It started when I was a boy," he said. "I learned that I was not like other children. I was smarter. I matured emotionally and mentally well before my friends. I could hold intellectual conversations with adults who were amazed at my knowledge. I read. I studied. I became enamored with death and its causes both legal and illegal. I killed my first small animal when I was six. It was a neighbor's long haired rabbit. I used my hands to break its neck. I tried to look into the animal's eyes as I choked the life out of it. My brain flooded with endorphins. I got an erection, but I was too immature to have an orgasm. Over the years I learned that I needed to control this all-encompassing psychosis. I was intelligent enough to know I was headed down a very slippery slope and could end up being Jeffrey Dahmer, Albert Fish, Arthur Shawcross, John Wayne Gacey, or any other serial killer you can name."

Joshua paused because he felt his cock beginning to rise and he didn't want a display of sexual stimulation over the thoughts and verbalization of his desire to kill and its ancillary psychosis. He moved to try and hide his failure at keeping his cock flaccid. He looked into Apollonia eyes and saw she was cognizant of his dilemma.

"Better you let your body tell the story Joshua," she said. "Why don't you just open your pants and give your genitals the freedom they need to expand and contract as needed."

"You're kidding, right?" asked a skeptical Joshua.

"No," replied Apollonia. "Open and pull down your pants so I don't have to watch you wiggle in your chair. Don't be embarrassed. I've seen naked men before."

Joshua acceded to her command. He stood, opened his belt, and lowered his pants and white briefs. When he stood back up his cock was erect and standing away from his body. He made no move to cover his nakedness. Instead, he sat back down and renewed his narrative of his maturity into a controlled sociopathic psychotic.

"From the age of six until I was eleven, I killed at least four animals a year," he continued. "I could not control the need to feel the life ebb out of a living thing. I would always be erect when I did the deed. It was two months after my eleventh birthday I orgasmed for the first time. I killed a small dog that belonged to a neighbor. The animal fought me. The more he fought the more excited I became. When I felt his inner essence leave his body I exploded. My body shook as multiple ropes of cum flew out the tip of my penis. I dropped the dog and fell to my knees. I never forgot how I felt at that moment. I knew I'd never feel that all-consuming orgasm again, but I did many years later."

Apollonia could see a small bubble of pre-cum building at the tip of Joshua's circumcised cock. For a Jewish man, he had a nice sized appendage she thought to herself. She watched as Joshua tried to keep himself under control. The idea of telling his story to her was sexually exciting to him and his genitals showed his excitement.

"Let's cut to the chase, doc," said Apollonia. "You've kept this dark side under control for many years. I'm not interested in the exact number, but I do want to know what made you finally lose control?"

"It had to be when I found out Lizzy was fuckin' a nigger," he replied. "The thought of her giving her body willingly to a low life, dumb assed nigger was more than I could take emotionally. I saw the world around me crumbling as well as my marriage."

"Didn't you take matters into your own hands when you castrated her lover and his friends?" asked Apollonia.

Seeing an opening to show his superior intelligence, Joshua replied, "Emasculated. I removed their genitals entirely except for the young boy. I left his balls inside his body so he'd become horny and the only way he could attain relief was through prostate massage or more simply anal sex. I hoped the ruination of the niggers who fucked and abused my wife would settle the inner feelings I had concerning her infatuation with big black cock. It didn't help."

"How does that fit in with the murder of the nursing student?" asked Apollonia.

"We had a sexual relationship. She was underneath it all as sick as I was," he replied. "I had no idea I would take her life, but when I felt my anger explode the rise of the internal need coincided, I succumbed. I hadn't killed any form of life in a couple of decades. When her life ended I ejaculated as hard as I did when I was eleven years old. I was using Jessica to make Elizabeth pay for her transgressions. I can't explain myself because now that I'm conscious of my deed I rationalize what I did and try to put it in a place where I don't have to face my demons."

Apollonia noted that Joshua's cock was still at full mast, "Jesus, Joshua, you're still fuckin' erect. I thought by now you'd have lost it, but I can see you're taken with your psychosis and probably with me. But, I'm not here for you. Do you need to relieve yourself?"

"No," he replied. "Unless there is something more you need to know, I think it will go down by itself without having to be relieved through masturbation."

"I want to know what happened yesterday, Joshua," said Apollonia. "I want to know what turn of events made you take the life of your wife. Why? That's relatively simple. I have to live with her brother and I have to keep the truth from him. I hate to keep anything from Colin. I hate to see him suffer."

"You have to be kidding me, Apollonia," said Joshua. "Colin suffers everyday he lives as he does. I don't care what you think, but he is a broken man. His love for you makes him do as you command. I'll bet you all the money in the world that he is not as happy as you think."

"You'll lose, Joshua," said Apollonia matter-of-factly. "He is not the center of this conversation. You are. I have the power to make all your troubles go away or I can do as I told you downstairs. How important are your children to you?"

The anger rose. Joshua lost his erection. His hands formed fists, opened, and reformed the fists. This unconscious action happened several times before he growled, "Don't you fuckin' dare bring my children into this conversation. Sarah and Jason have nothing to do with my troubles..."

Apollonia jumped off the bed and landed directly in front of where Joshua sat. She placed her hands on his shoulders and growled, 'You little weasel. You fuckin' tell your dead wife you want to fuck your darling little Sarah. So much for your knowledge of how much Elizabeth confided in me. Calm down or I'll rip your face off you murdering son-of-a-bitch. Jessica Silverstein and Elizabeth Cathcart-Goldsmith had no reason on the face of this Earth to lose their lives. I could end yours here and now...'

Joshua cried, "Please Apollonia!!! I'm a sick individual. I need help as much as I need to see my children grow up in a house filled with nurturing love and caring. Please Apollonia!!! I know what you want to hear, but I can't say it..."

Apollonia removed her hands from Joshua's shoulders. She stood directly in front of him and said, "The only thing you need to tell me is that you're mine. I will never forgive you for taking Elizabeth's life. From this moment forward you are owned by me. I will arrange for all your assets to be transferred to me and you will not stop me. Colin will watch over your children as will his parents. Tell me what pissed you off so much you killed your wife?"

"I didn't like that she regurgitated on my shoes after I made her suck my cock immediately after I ejaculated into her only working lower orifice," he said. "I was in a mood because she was pushing my buttons. She wanted to reconcile so we could work together when it came to dealing with you. If you don't know it Apollonia, she hated your fuckin' guts. Elizabeth thought you were the penultimate incarnation of a bitch. Wrong adjective a cunt is more what she thought of you."

Apollonia laughed at the thought of Joshua and Elizabeth Goldsmith working together to ameliorate any and all difficulties that did or did not exist between them and herself. To keep from smacking Joshua across the face or taking hold of his balls, Apollonia placed her hands on her hips and pressed her fingers into her hip bone. She quietly counted backwards from one hundred until she felt her stress and anger subside. Finally calm, she said, "Here's the deal Joshua. I keep you out of prison. You perform as I command. I will take all your assets including your partnership shares in your medical offices. I will watch over Sarah and Jason, but from afar. You will continue to be a world renowned interventional cardiologist and medical researcher. Step one millimeter out the line and death will be too good for you. Do I make myself clear, Joshua?"

"Perfectly," he responded in a low tone of subservient compliance.

"Good," she growled, "pull your pants up and go downstairs. Wait for me in the front parlor."

Apollonia waited for Joshua to leave and upon hearing the sound of the elevator descending to the first floor she walked into the hall to search for the door that would tell her where her sissy husband and Sonny were. The last door on the right was ajar. Inside a smallish bedroom were Sonny and Colin. Both were seated and not very close to one another. Upon entering, Colin stood up while Sonny remained seated. Apollonia thought it was a curious sight to see Sonny's jeans tented from sitting when she knew he had nothing to fill the void of jean material. She walked over to a spot between both men and waited.

Colin knew she wanted to hear what they discussed. "Mistress, we talked if you can call it that," he said, "We exchanged pleasantries but nothing more. Sonny is still very angry with me. I think it would be beneficial for both parties if we ended our relationship and friendship today."

"Is that what you want Sonny?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," he replied.

"Colin, return to the parlor," said Apollonia, "wait for me there with the rest of the guests." She did not wait until she was alone with Sonny, "I need to know what you're thinking Sonny. I need to know whether or not you're going to live a full life albeit with a pussy instead of a cock."

"I want to know from you what this full life will be like," said Sonny. "If I'm going to be some circus side show, then I'd rather you snap my neck now because I'm not going to do it no matter how much money I'll make."

"Your full life will consist of being with another man as his wife," said Apollonia. "Two men each with their own sexual style and needs. You will be the muscle man with a pussy and your husband will be a muscle sissy. You will live together under the auspices of the Moretti family. The man with the cock will fuck only women who want to be inseminated by a well-muscled sissy bitch. You will provide a pussy for him to use when he's not needed. Both of you will accept unconditionally any and all use by a Moretti man when he needs an orifice to masturbate his Moretti manhood."

"Please!!!" cried Sonny.

Apollonia walked over to where Sonny sat, placed her arms around his shoulders, and pulled him close to her lithe body. She felt his tears wet her dress. Apollonia did not move or get mad, instead she said, "You could have moved back into my house. All you had to do was make peace with Colin. I would have a semblance of inner peace knowing he was fucking you dressed as he always wanted to when he had his cock in a vagina. I would and still would take care of both of you."

Sonny pulled back and looked up at the women he loved so much and hated at the same time for taking his manhood, "Would I have to put up with the bullshit I did when I was being tested?"

"No," she replied. "I will respect you for your decision and for taking care of my sissy husband. You will still be under my thumb and I will not tolerate any backtalk or underhandedness."

"But, I would have to allow Moretti men inside me," said Sonny. "I would have to allow them to fuck me as if I were a woman and I would have to suck their cocks?"

"Yes," replied Apollonia. "The only way I will change my mind about you having to live as a wife to another muscle sissy is for you to say to be that you'll accept your role in my family and never stray or say anything that would force me to do something I really don't want to."

Sonny sat for a minute looking up at Apollonia and then he said, "Would I have to do my brother?"

"If you mean, Viv, yes," said Apollonia, "he is a consecrated Moretti man through marriage."

Sonny groaned. He knew he was between a rock and a hard spot. "I have to ask, if I live with another muscle sissy, will I still have to do Moretti men?"

Apollonia rubbed the back of Sonny's head. She smiled sweetly and said, "Of course you do. You have to repay me for the cost of the surgery."

"I hate you," moaned Sonny. "I hate so you so much that I want to do as you say, because I really and truly do love you, Apollonia."

"Then I want you to go downstairs and reconcile with Colin and Viviano. You don't have to do anything but talk and if everything is copasetic, you can come home with us tonight," Apollonia said as she rubbed his head.

"Thank you, Mistress," said the broken shell of what used to be a virile man.

Apollonia saw the acceptance and resignation in Sonny's face. She leaned down and kissed the top of his head. She stepped away and exited the room.

Pricilla Smith sat quietly but nervously in the beautifully appointed solarium. She wondered what she had gotten herself into when the beautiful sexily clad woman answered the door. Marco and she had decided to wait until they were married to have sexual intercourse. Pricilla knew he was involved in something weird when he would tell her that what he did on the nights they weren't together was none of her business. Anytime she broached the subject, Marco quickly ended the conversation by threatening to end their relationship. Pricilla looked around the room to try and keep from thinking about all the bad things that could or would happen to her. She wondered where her boyfriend was and when she would be allowed to see him.

She turned her head when she heard the elevator stop and the door open letting Apollonia, Jon Parks, and Howard Cohen enter the room. Pricilla smiled sweetly in an attempt to hide her fear and stress. Her inner being and soul told her not to listen to Marco and come to New York. When and if her parents found out she was not at school but in New York City, she would be grounded for a year. Mommy and daddy were not very forgiving when it came to raising their only child. Pricilla Smith had spent the entire time wearing her winter coat. Her Dooney & Bourke bag did not lie on the floor but was clutched against her stomach as if to protect her from something nefarious.

Apollonia pointed to the four chairs that surrounded a small table in front of the floor to ceiling windows that overlooked the rear of the building. Jon Parks and Howard Cohen took seats opposite one another leaving one chair facing the floor to ceiling windows and the other facing into the room. Everyone took a seat except for the young girl; Pricilla had no idea that the beautiful woman wanted her to move from the small love seat to a place situated in the center of the small semicircle. Apollonia maintained her cool and said, "Sweet girl, please take a seat with us at the table. Also, it is not very cold in this room and I think you'll feel much more comfortable if you take your pea coat off."

Pricilla Smith stood and removed her winter coat. She was wearing a pair of Diesel jeans, a white man tailored shirt, and a V-neck sweater. On her feet was a pair of four inch heels which were a good choice for the outfit, but a lousy choice for sightseeing in the city. Her hips were narrow, her legs were thin, and she was flat chested to the extreme. If she had more than peas for breasts, they would have been considered nonexistent. Pricilla carefully folded her coat and laid it on the love seat just above where her Dooney & Bourke satchel lay. She then stepped to the seat where Apollonia stood and sat down.

"Pricilla," said Apollonia after she sat down with her back to the floor to ceiling windows, "let me introduce Jon Parks and Howard Cohen to you. Jon is a private investigator and Howard is my personal attorney..."

Pricilla was no wallflower, "A private investigator??? An attorney??? For what reason???"

Apollonia smiled, "For a young girl, you're quick Miss Smith. The two men are here because I asked them to be in on this conversation. Jon is here to provide you with any background information I asked him to acquire about certain situations. Howard is here to provide legal counsel to you more than me. You see young lady your boyfriend is in a considerable amount of trouble. I want Mr. Cohen to hear what I have to say to you and your responses. For all intent and purpose, this little meeting will then fall under the attorney/client privilege statute."

Ms. Smith did not show any fear or angst at hearing her boyfriend was in some sort of trouble. She said in a quiet but steady voice, "Marco is in trouble? What kind of trouble could he be in, Miss Moretti? I know he had a friend with the same last name, so, did he do something to offend your family? I know he has this thing about being an Italian and being close to family and friends."

"The question for you Pricilla is," said Apollonia, "could you maintain your silence about coming to New York as an uninvited guest if I let you leave now? Forget you ever came to the city. I'll promise to invite you back sometime in the near future and show you a very nice time."

The angst and stress showed their hand when the young girl began to shake from uncontrollable muscle spasms. Everyone in the room was afraid she would fall out of her chair and have a fit or a stroke. Pricilla closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and made the sign of the cross which seemed to calm her nerves. "You're going to do something to Marco. I just know it. I can feel it. You want me to forget I was here to enable you to have no witnesses to whatever you're thinking about doing to Marco. I may be sixteen, Miss Moretti, but I'm no dope."

Apollonia paused for a moment, looked at Howard, Jon, and said, "Yes, Pricilla we're going to make some inquiries about time Marco spent with the Moretti family in Texas." She then rose from her seat, put her face close to the young girl, and said, "Do you know your boyfriend raped a five year old?"

Pricilla's eyes flew open, "NO WAY!!!"

Apollonia continued, "Did you know your boyfriend was at first forced to and then came to adore dressing in women's clothing and performed like a muscle sissy for Umberto Moretti and his friends?"

"NOOO!!!" cried Pricilla. "Marco is a man not a crossdresser much less a homosexual!!!"

"I have the proof," growled Apollonia, "but maybe if you saw him perform you'd understand what a piece-of-shit he is Pricilla. It would be so much easier if you just accept the notion that you were never in New York City today. If you want to protect your boyfriend, then I'll be forced to make you a party to his stupidity."

Pricilla was stunned at the accusations made by the beautiful Italian woman dressed in a thin red dress that left nothing to the imagination. Maybe if she asked some questions based upon her limited knowledge of Marco's involvement with the Moretti family she could get out of the perceived trouble she was in by coming to New York City. "Please sit Miss Moretti," said Pricilla, "you've made your point. Help me understand and I promise not to be a broken spoke in the wheel. I have some understanding, but not completely."

Apollonia returned to her seat. The men at the table relaxed and sat silently listening to the conversation. The two men had eyed the teenager and either of them would have had no problem taking her virginity, forcibly if necessary. "Where do you go to school?" asked Apollonia.

"I go to an exclusive private school in the Austin area," replied the young girl. "But, I don't live at home. I live at the school."

"How often did or do you go home?" asked Apollonia.

"Not very," replied the girl, "my parents require that I stay at school until the scheduled semester breaks and come home for the summer. I am an only child, Miss Moretti."

"So, Marco came to Austin to see you? Did your parents know?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes and no Miss Moretti. He visited when he could and my parents would have freaked out if they knew," she replied.

"He fuckin' you?" asked Apollonia.

"OH MY GOD!!!" cried Pricilla. "I'm a virgin!!!"

Apollonia made a derisive face, nodded knowingly, and continued her interrogation, "Would you like to feel what a five year old felt when Marco raped her? There is a man here who has a really nice nine and a half inch thick cock that would let you feel the pain Alessa felt when Marco raped her. I know you don't want your first taste of sexual intercourse to be against your will."

Pricilla became more frightened. She looked around the table and saw nothing but calm people. Their faces serene considering the questions Apollonia just asked her. The idea that these people would take part in raping an innocent girl made her sick to her stomach. Pricilla always thought she'd lose her virginity on her wedding night. She was so scared and the peaceful looks on the faces of Apollonia, Jon, and Howard frightened her to the bone even more. Pricilla grabbed hold of the edge of the chair and sat like a statue trying to figure out if she was going to leave the townhouse alive. Inside she realized that if the rape occurred she would also lose her life. That she was sure of.

"He raped little Alessa?" asked Pricilla rhetorically. "I don't believe you, but there is something scary about the way you're all sitting there as if you know more than I do. Is there any way I can help you? I'm scared. Very scared."

Howard looked at Apollonia before he spoke and saw her tacit approval of his entering the conversation. "Pricilla, if you're willing to do two things, I believe" he paused "no, I know with certainty, you can return home safe and sound. I'd even venture to say that if you do as we ask, Miss Moretti will be grateful beyond your imagination. Having her on your side is much better than having her against you."

Pricilla Smith knew that she had only once chance to secure a life beyond her sixteen years. Either accept their conditions, perform as asked, or get raped and murdered in New York City. "I'm not sure, but I know inside that if I don't I'll not leave this place alive. I don't know how or why, but my intuition tells me that the only choice I have is to help you. If what you tell me is true about Marco, I do not want to be part of his life ever. Tell me what you want me to do to help you and I will."

"Smart answer, Pricilla," said Howard. "First you must commit verbally to never speak about today to anyone. We will find out if you have and we will take retribution without care for you and your family. Second, you have to act for us today. We want you to provide enough verbal proof to Marco that you're being raped and are suffering the aftermath of the rape..."

Pricilla couldn't believe what she just heard come out of the mouth of the attorney, "You want me to pretend that some man has me on the floor and is raping me?"

"Yes," replied Howard. "It is imperative that Marco think you've been molested and that you're not the same beautiful girl you are now. Do you think you can pull it off?"

"Let me repeat what I just heard," said Pricilla. "You want me to pretend with as much realism as possible that some man is having sex with me against my will. You then want me to forget I was ever in New York City today. By doing those things, I will gain the gratitude and support of Miss Moretti?"

Apollonia interjected, "Yes, Pricilla Smith. Perform for me today and I will take into account how you helped and I will make an incontrovertible verbal contract with you to provide for you when you need my assistance. The only caveat is your continued silence about all aspects of today. I don't care how old you are when you break the silence. A Moretti will know and a Moretti will make sure you never utter another word. If you're married and have a family, they will suffer as will the people you spoke to about today. What I am telling you is meant to scare you."

"You have Miss Moretti," said a shaken teenager. "I will help you because I want to go back to school and forget today ever happened."

Apollonia Moretti stood up and came around the small table to the chair where Pricilla Smith sat. She smiled at the teenager, reached down, and took her hands in hers and pulled her to a standing position. Pricilla was putty in her hands. Apollonia looked into the young girl's eyes and saw fear as well as a questioning look just before she wrapped her arms around the teenager and pulled her into an embrace. The young girl did not try to push away or stop what was happening to her. Apollonia looked down, used her right hand to tip her face back and up, and placed her lips on Pricilla's. She was surprised when the young girl opened her mouth to invite Apollonia's tongue inside. Both females felt a wave of pleasure surge through their bodies. Apollonia knew this flat chested teenager had been kissed by any number of her female friends and could easily be taken by her.

Apollonia broke the kiss, smiled at the young waif of a girl in front of her, and said, "Jon will help you with your performance." She turned to the men and said, "Jon, when you're ready find me and we'll set up where this little acting scenario will occur. Don't worry about anyone hearing her scream, it will just add to the charade. Howard, come with me."

Pricilla Smith having dodged a major bullet watched the beautiful woman and her attorney leave the solarium as she felt her virgin vagina ooze a small amount a vaginal fluid because of a simple kiss.

Marco Mario Marinelli finally got to see the woman who invited him to visit New York City under the pretense that he would visit for the sole purpose of having sex with her. The private jet, the limousine, and the way people spoke to him were beyond belief until he arrived at the townhouse on East 84<sup>th</sup> Street. He sat for a few hours wondering what was going on because people were tolerant of his being there, but were they not very friendly. Thoughts ran through his head and the only incident that made any sense was the one time he met Apollonia Moretti at Adolfo's and Adelina's house. He smiled warmly when the magnificent creature of a woman entered the kitchen, but was chagrined when she did not acknowledge his presence.

"Viv are Mario and Giuseppe still downstairs?" asked Apollonia. She saw the trepidation on Sienna's face and knew the elderly woman was fearful of having to perform her penance in front of the stranger.

"Yes, Apollonia," he replied. "They've been down there since you told them to make things ready. Only Giuseppe came up to retrieve some cleaning materials."

"Good," she replied, "do me a favor and trot downstairs and let me know what the time line is for completing the tasks. I need to have the main room set up to my specifications. Also, call my sister and tell her I want her to take the small ones out of school early. I don't care the pretense. Use the car service."

Viviano stood and without a word headed downstairs to the basement. Apollonia turned to Sienna, smiled, and said in a cheerful voice, "How are you Sienna? Take that look of fear off your face. I'm not going to make you do anything like suck my asshole. Just come over here so I can give you a hug."

The elderly woman walked to where Apollonia stood and allowed the younger woman to take her into her arms. Sienna felt the pressure of the younger woman's arms pull her into an embrace. Apollonia placed her face next to the woman who helped her mother do dastardly deeds in the confines of the basement. She spoke softly so the young man sitting at the small table could not hear, "Today you do as I say Sienna without any hesitation or backtalk. If you're co-operative, no one will die today. I may ask that young man sitting at the table to fuck your seventy something year old pussy to see if he has the ability to do so." A pause, then a short to the point fragment, "Seems that young man likes to rape little girls."

Apollonia could feel Sienna struggling to break away from the unwanted embrace. Her attempts to move away failed. She begged Apollonia, "Please don't make me have sex with that young man. It has been a very long time since Giuseppe and I had intercourse. I beg you, Miss Moretti!!! Please!!! Anything you ask, but not that!!!"

The tight hold on her body eased and Sienna felt Apollonia move her head from next to hers. She looked up to see Apollonia's hypnotic turquoise eyes looking back down at her. The two women connected somehow considering Apollonia had no use for the elderly woman. Apollonia moved her hands to the sides of Sienna's face and placed a gently kiss on her forehead. She said, "Please, make me some coffee. I'm going to sit and chat with Marco in the front parlor. Bring a carafe and a bit to eat. Thank you." The head of the Moretti family stepped back from the elderly woman, looked at Marco, and said, "Ok cunt boy, follow me."

Marco did not say anything to offend Apollonia. Instead, he nodded his head in compliance and followed her out of the kitchen, down the hall, and into the front parlor. His first view of another room made him wonder how much the furniture in the townhouse was worth. Marco had no idea about antiques, but he did have an appreciation of quality furniture which he had learned from his parents. Much to Apollonia's surprise, Sonny was sitting on the couch next to Colin while Howard sat in one of the wing chairs that were on either side of the couch. Although they were not holding hands or sitting close together the sight of Colin and Sonny sitting together peacefully added a bit of good humor to a day of conflict and conundrums. Howard seemed bored and she could tell he didn't want to remain at the

townhouse. Dr. Goldsmith stood in a corner by the front window and watched, as Colin did earlier, New Yorkers walk past the front of the federal townhouse.

"Colin, Sonny," said Apollonia, "please move closer together to make room for Marco on the couch. Howard, not much longer. I promise." To Marco Marinelli, "Sit."

The young man did as he was told. Thankfully he sat at the opposite end of the couch from the cross-dressed man and his partner. Although he didn't want to admit it to the people in the room, he was attracted to Colin. He spoke, "Miss Moretti, I'm wondering if I can speak to you in private?"

"Anything you have to say to me young man," replied Apollonia, "can be said in front of anyone who may or may not be in the same room as you."

Marco lost his alpha personality when Apollonia said he could speak with her with the others present. He was wondering where his girlfriend was as she should have been there some forty-five minutes earlier. His libido was in overdrive and his mind could not stop thinking about boning the older woman. He closed his eyes and tried to think of something other than Apollonia Moretti, but that was turning into an abject failure of effort. "I was under the impression I was to meet you here to spend some time alone with you. I have not been allowed to leave the kitchen until now. I think there is more to this meeting than meets the eye."

Apollonia stood directly in front of the young man. The dress was thin enough to show the lines of her panties and the extended nipples of her pert breasts. The look on Marco's face was all she was hoping for. The young man was definitely sexually frustrated. Howard Cohen sat questioning his commitment to this crazy bitch, but his libido was in overdrive all because of the way she dressed and handled herself. Colin watched his wife and Mistress as she began to make mincemeat of the young man. Sonny sat emotionally crushed but accepting of her dastardly surgical modification. Both were surprised when she turned to talk to Howard instead of the young man.

"Howard, do you know this young man's name?"

"Marco Mario Marinelli," he replied.

"And, what is his girlfriend's name?" she asked.

"Pricilla Smith," he replied.

"Pricilla Smith," she cooed, "I wonder if her family can be traced back to the arrival of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock. Howard, do you know where she is at this moment?"

Howard closed his eyes and wondered where his client was taking the conversation. He knew better than to try and steer it in another direction. His legal training said he should just follow her lead and he did, "I believe she is upstairs comfortably resting in the solarium on the fifth floor."

"Thanks, here is what I need from you, Mr. Cohen," Apollonia spoke knowing the young man would hear and comprehend every word, "I want you to return to your office and find out all you can about the life and assets of both the Marinelli and Smith families. I want your response by no later than this evening, say 8:00PM. If you have a problem, please call my cell phone and advise me. You can go now. Please check on Mr. Whittingham and let me know his condition."

Howard Cohen did not question why Apollonia wanted the information because he knew she was going to buy all the outstanding loans their families had and use them against them. Her father had performed that same trick multiple times to families to gain something he needed or wanted. He gathered up his briefcase, stood, and said, "I will do as you ask, Apollonia. Thank you for not making me stay any longer. I'll call you with the requested information."

Colin chirped, "Bye Howard!!!"

The attorney knew better than to not respond, "Bye Colin." Howard Cohen made a beeline to the door, to the closet where his coat was hung, and let himself out the front door. He was relieved to be on his way back to his office. Thankfully, he did not have to take part in any torture, rape, or murder. Howard knew he had to control two things that were more important – the trouble Joshua Goldsmith was in and his own relationship with Apollonia Moretti.

Apollonia, Colin, Sonny, and Marco sat in silence for a moment before they were interrupted by Viviano, "Appy, everything is prepared."

"Good," she replied, "Get Mario. Bring him here with you. Tell Giuseppe to arrange for X's; three in an arc and the fourth facing into the other three. Tell him to put the two ladies on the ends and the sissy in the middle, but don't fully hog tie the sissy. I need him to be free. OK?"

"Yes, Appy," said Viviano. He left without another word.

Finally able to get a word in edgewise, Marco asked, "What the hell are you doing? Looking into my family's finances? I want to see my girlfriend!!!"

Apollonia looked for her satchel, found it, and opened it on her lap. She pulled out a small black plastic bag and handed it to the startled young man. "Open it, get undressed, and then get dressed," she commanded, "I know you've been attired in what you'll find in the bag."

Marco opened the bag, looked inside, and cringed, "You have to be kidding me..."

He was interrupted when Viviano and Mario entered the parlor. They only heard part of what Marco had just said and Viviano and Mario found two seats in the room at the end furthest from the street. The two remained where they were seated waiting on Apollonia's next request or command. They watched as the young man began to fight his desire to do as she asked. The look on his face and his body language said he was fighting the urge to do as she asked, but his eyes said he wanted to be part of the Moretti family.

Apollonia leaned back in her chair, spread her legs, inviting Marco to look upon her lace covered pussy, and said, "I know you dressed for my Uncle Umberto. I know you sucked his fat Moretti cock. I know you bent over like a faggot to take him up your ass which ultimately became his muscle pussy to use as a masturbation tool. I know your little girlfriend knew nothing about your desire to become a Moretti man by becoming a muscle sissy. Soon after her arrival, Pricilla Smith was informed about your extracurricular activities with Umberto. Want me to continue?"

Marco fell back against the back of the couch, moaned, and then cried out, "OH, MY GOD!!!"

"Get up and get dressed faggot," growled Apollonia.

No sooner than Marco stood up to begin to remove his clothing, Apollonia's cell phone rang. She pulled it from her briefcase and saw it was Jon Parks calling from the fifth floor. She pressed the answer key and said, "Yes, Jon? - Good, but I think I'm going to change my plan. - Yes. - Bring her down to the front parlor in fifteen minutes. - Great!!!"

When Marco heard that his girlfriend may be coming into the room, he stopped removing his clothing. He looked at Apollonia, concern on his face, and a bit of trepidation at being outed to his girlfriend, "I'm not going to be seen dressed in women's lingerie by my girlfriend. I don't fuckin' care what you say or do to me."

The reaction from Apollonia was not physical, she remained seated, and said, "Sonny, stand, and drop your pants. Let Marco see what happens to a man who thinks he's better than me."

Sonny hesitated for just a moment. For some unknown reason, he looked over to his brother and saw he kept his face noncommittal. It took that long for him to realize that if he didn't do as she asked he would end up servicing low life niggers and drug addicts in some run down tenement in the Bronx or Brooklyn. The huge man stood, opened his belt, pulled down his zipper, and lowered his pants and briefs in one motion. He knew that the young man

needed to see what was between his legs so he turned around and bent over. The pose was enough to make Apollonia's point. He remained bent over at the waist waiting for her to let him pull up his pants and return to his seat next to Colin.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," cried Marco. "He has a fuckin' pussy between his legs. What the fuck???"

"Stand Sonny and tell him why you no longer have your ten-and-a-half inch dick," commanded Apollonia. "Also, tell him where it is stored as we speak."

Sonny did as he was told. He stood, turned around to face the young man his pants still around his ankles, and said, "I thought I was better than Mistress Moretti. I was chosen to be her permanent replacement lover, but I failed because I couldn't resolve my need to be in control. I beat up her sissy husband and paid with my cock. I will live the rest of my life with a vagina. I have accepted my fate and I know I will be fucked by men who want to know what it is like to fuck a man with a pussy. My cock is presently in a jar on a bureau in Miss Moretti's atelier. I suggest you do as Mistress Moretti says."

"Pull up your pants and sit." Said Apollonia turned to Joshua and said, "Nice job doc. It looks as if he was born with one."

Jon Parks and Pricilla Smith entered the front parlor seconds after Apollonia complimented Joshua on his surgical skills. Apollonia held her hand out to the young teenager. Jon Parks brought her to Apollonia's side and then found a place to sit near the front windows with Viviano and Mario. He saw the frightened doctor leaning against the wall. Inside his head he took no pity on the good doctor. He was enthralled with the control Apollonia showed and her command. His old cock twitched at the thought of having intercourse with the woman, but he knew she would only end up being a masturbatory fantasy. Jon's could orgasm and produce sperm, but his cock only got erect for the moment before he ejaculated. All of his orgasms were completed with a soft prick. He thought to himself, *'he could dream'*.

Pricilla Smith stood next to Apollonia and when she looked down she could see into the top of the red dress. She saw Apollonia's petite breasts with nipples extended and the gloss of her radiant skin. Much to her amazement, she felt a small amount of vaginal fluid exit her virgin vagina. Marco Marinelli looked up at his girlfriend. The contents of the plastic bag laid by his side. In front of him were a pair of six inch strapped back heels. He tried to make this whole fucked up situation go away by pleading with his eyes. Apollonia saw his attempt and laughed inside at its uselessness.

"Pricilla, tell Marco what you've learned about him," said Apollonia, "and don't be shy about it."

Pricilla didn't move from the side of Apollonia's wing chair. She stood across from her plainly frightened boyfriend and said, "I know he's a rapist..."

"NOOO!!!" cried Marco, "I NEVER RAPED ANYONE!!!"

"Alessa Moretti, five years old," said Pricilla. "You raped her. I believe Miss Moretti."

"NOOO!!!" cried Marco anew.

"I can see from the obvious stuff lying next to you that what she told me about you being a... How did you say it Miss Moretti?" asked Pricilla.

Apollonia responded, "A muscle sissy."

"Thank you, Miss Moretti," said Pricilla. "A muscle sissy. You wore girl's lingerie, clothing, heels, and wore makeup and a wig to please her uncle. You sucked his cock and he fucked you up your ass. Yes Marco, I know how to speak the language of sex. I may be a virgin, but I do know about what goes on between two people when they're having a sexual relationship. Were you going to get dressed for Miss Moretti?"

"Nice," said Apollonia under her breath.

"Well, Marco," said Pricilla, "were you?"

"No," he replied and then he saw the look on Apollonia's face and he knew he was sinking into a morass of shit. "Yes, I was. I don't want to, but..."

"You know your place," said Apollonia. She decided to see if what she needed to know could be found out without having to retire to the basement. Maybe, just maybe, the young man will come clean and Apollonia wanted more than anything to force him to watch her play with his girlfriend's virgin pussy. When she pulled Pricilla around the chair the young waif did not fight her. She allowed the older woman to place her on her left leg with both her legs between her red stocking clad legs. Pricilla allowed her to place her right hand on her right thigh just below her crotch. When she was finally comfortable, Apollonia said, "Change now, Marco or become like Sonny. Or, maybe worse."

Marco Mario Marinelli, red faced and embarrassed beyond belief, stood removed his clothing and carefully pulled the pink lace panties up his legs. He sat down and like a woman who's done it a million times, rolled up one of the thigh high stocking, placed a his foot into it, and rolled it up his leg. He did the same with the other stocking of the pair. Marco then checked for the back of the pink satin camisole and put it on before standing and slipping his feet into the back strapped heels. He sat to close the straps at the front of his ankles. He stood up and pirouetted like a good sissy showing off his wares. He stopped facing Apollonia and Pricilla. The only three things missing were a hairless body builder's body, makeup, and a wig. Marco Marinelli, nineteen, stood red faced, ashamed, and fighting the autonomic reaction of his cock responding to being dressed.

It was obvious he knew about dressing because he had tucked his rather large manhood between his legs to try and foster a smooth look of a woman. Apollonia and Pricilla smiled at his attempt to hide his prick. The older woman began to massage the teenager's thigh as they watched the muscular teenager try to act feminine to the laughter and cat calls of all in the room except for Joshua. Mario Moretti was taken by the look of the muscular teen and could see why his uncle was taken with fucking him. The act of dominance definitely would have given him a total sense of control over the muscle bound lad. Viviano just watched and wondered if Apollonia was going to bed the teenage girl. Colin and Sonny sat together holding hands.

Apollonia pushed the girl off her lap, stood, and moved the wing chair away from its position in front of the couch. She stepped to the side of the room opposite the entry door. She pointed to Colin and Sonny and without saying a word got them to move to the end of the room that faced the street where Joshua stood in what could only be called a catatonic state. Mario and Viviano remained seated along the wall near the rear of the building. Apollonia took Pricilla by the waist and placed her in front of her so her tight ass was pressed against her mons. She held her by her hips.

"Viv, please stand for me, come here, and remove your clothing," commanded Apollonia.

Viviano did as he was asked. Inside he knew he was about to fuck this muscle sissy in the ass in front of his girlfriend. When he was naked he stepped to the middle of the room. His cock was semi-flaccid and the idea of fucking the young man was somewhat appealing. He was hoping that his cock would slide into the tight virgin hole of the young girl, but he knew Apollonia well enough that she wanted it all for herself.

"Ever see a cock that big Pricilla?" Apollonia asked the wide eyed teenager standing in front of her.

"No," replied the girl, "that is the first cock I've seen that hasn't been in a picture, video, or movie.

"Never gave Marco a hand job Pricilla?"

"No, we petted but he never exposed himself to me and I never thought of exposing or doing anything with his cock. And he never touched me between my legs," replied Pricilla.

"Marco, be a good girl and suck Viviano's cock for your girlfriend," said Apollonia.

"Please Miss Moretti," Marco begged, "please don't make me suck cock in front of Pricilla."

Marco watched Apollonia's hands open the front of Pricilla's jeans. He dropped his jaw when Apollonia's right hand snaked its way down to the young girl's vagina. His breath was taken when the love of his short life opened her legs giving the older dominant woman access to her charms. He watched as Apollonia worked her fingers over his girlfriend's clitoris. Marco Mario Marinelli began to cry. The tears of fear and humiliation ran down his face like a waterfall supplied by the spring thaw of snow from a mountain top. He fell to his hands and knees and did not look up. He pleaded and begged for relief from being humiliated in front of Pricilla.

"Did you rape Alessa Moretti, Marco?" growled Apollonia.

"NOOO!!!" cried Marco.

With his denial came Apollonia's anger. She pulled her hand from Pricilla's crotch, pushed her towards Viviano, and swiftly kicked Marco in his stomach causing him to rise up and fall to the floor. Before he could recover she moved between his splayed legs and gave him a full on shot to his balls with her right foot. Marco's eyes flew open, his mouth followed, but no sound was emitted. The pain of the kick caused all the air to be forced from his lungs. His hands grabbed his panty covered crotch to protect his aching genitals. His last act was to piss all over the floor. Marco Mario Marinelli never felt as much pain as he did when the beautiful woman connected her right foot with his family jewels.

As he lay on the floor moaning, Apollonia's cell phone rang. She retrieved it and saw it was her sister, Raffaella, calling her. "Hi sweetie," she spoke as if nothing had just happened, "where are you? - Damn, I'm sorry. - I'll have Colin get the door."

Four minutes later, Raffaella, Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa walked into the parlor. The three children did not say a word when they saw the muscular teen lying on the floor, cupping his genitals, and crying in obvious pain. Pricilla Smith was embarrassed to be standing with her pants open and made a quick attempt to close her jeans. Viviano saw the look on Apollonia's face and moved to stop the teenager from completing her task. Raffaella gently pushed the children to Mario who sat quietly at the back of the room. The Rossi children did not greet their grandfather and Alessa Moretti did not greet her biological father. Mario gathered them together in front of him. He did not stop them from turning around to watch what was going on in the room. Colin and Sonny remained quiet sitting together on the couch behind the prone muscle sissy. Each of them had memories of being kicked in the crotch surge to their consciousness as Marco laid crying and begging not to be kicked again.

Raffaella taken by what was going on in the parlor asked, "Appy, did you do that to him?"

"Him, dear sister, is the scumbag that raped Alessa," said Apollonia. "That pig just keeps on denying he fucked a five year old against her will."

Raffaella nodded knowingly, "And who is the skinny blonde thing being held by my husband?"

"That is Pricilla Smith," answered Apollonia. "The rapist invited her here to party with him after he thought he was going to have sexual intercourse with me. That sweet little girl is definitely a candidate for a lesbian relationship. She knew nothing of her boyfriend's rape and affinity for wearing women's clothing to become a Moretti man. Instead he is going to die, lose his genitals, or become addicted to a concoction of drugs that if he misses one dose he'll fall over and die."

"What about our friends in the basement?" asked Raffaella.

"They're about to have the luckiest day of their lives," replied Apollonia. "I am going to schedule their transport to Africa and Italy. The mother is going to an underground whorehouse here in the States. She'll live a long fruitful life sucking the dicks of AIDS infected men... Well, that is until she dies of the scourge herself."

"Why Antonio, Carman, and Alessa?" asked Raffaella of her sister.

"Alessa is going to have the opportunity to face her rapist. She is going to have the opportunity to emasculate the asshole who wanted more than anything to become a Moretti by fucking a five year old. I will not let that individual live with a cock and balls," said Apollonia.

Marco's head had cleared and he heard what Apollonia said to the other woman in the room. He begged, "Please, listen to me, I did not rape Alessa. Umberto did the weekend he was alone with her. I admit to fucking her, but I did not rape her. Her sister Adelina held her down so I could enter her..."

Apollonia spun around, placed her right foot on Marco's neck, and sneered, "Holding her down, whether it be you or that fat pig Adelina, is rape no matter how you try to rationalize your participation Marco. The little girl whose life you ruined is going to decide if you are a muscle sissy the rest of your life, an emasculated sissy bitch, or fuckin' dead. Care to minimize your chances bitch???"

"Please," cried Marco when he heard who had his fate in her hands, "I only followed orders!!! I only did what Umberto forced me to do. I was fuckin' his son and his daughter. He knew I wanted to be a Moretti!!! Please, I'll do anything you ask. Anything for the rest of my life!!! Please don't take my cock and balls!!! Please!!!"

Apollonia removed her foot from Marco's neck. She called out, "Alessa, sweetheart, come to your half-sister. Don't be afraid."

Alessa came to Apollonia and allowed her to pull her close, but not in front of her but to her side. Marco looked up from the floor and began to cry anew. Alessa looked up to Apollonia, frightened and not knowing what to do. She wished her other half-sister who she lived with had said something to her. She felt Apollonia begin to rub her upper arm and by just her soft touch Alessa relaxed, but she was still afraid. The boyfriend of her sister Adelina lay on the floor crying and begging not to lose his cock and balls. Alessa reacted as if a dam burst; she felt the initial pain of her father pushing his fat cock into her body. Moments later the memories of Adelina holding her down as her boyfriend used her welled up into her consciousness.

"He's telling the truth," whined Alessa. "Adelina held me down every time. He did it with her help. Never by himself."

Apollonia knelt down, turned her half-sister to face her, and said, "Alessa, don't feel sorry for him. He did something to you that should never have happened and so did your step-sister. I know you're scared, sweet pea. I know you don't want to hurt him because you're a good little girl. I need you to tell me the truth. Did he ever come to you by himself and force himself into your body?"

Alessa answered immediately with a strong voice, "No, Apollonia. My sister Adelina was always with him. She told him to do it. He never said no. He never touched or hurt me when we were alone."

Apollonia smiled at her half-sister and pulled her into a hug. She whispered in her ear, "I love you sweet pea. You will never want for anything as long as you tell me the truth. Would you like to see Adelina suffer for what she did to you?"

Alessa moved her head in the negative.

"But, you'd like to know that she could never do that again," said Apollonia.

Alessa moved her head in the positive.

"Would you like to go home, do your homework, and play with Carmen?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," whined Alessa.

Apollonia gently rubbed her head in an attempt to keep her calm. She looked over to her sister for some guidance. Raffaella could see that Apollonia wanted to make the young girl feel wanted and to assuage any pains

from the past that had just welled up into her consciousness. She stepped over to her sister, knelt, and took Alessa from Apollonia's grasp. The child folded into Raffaella's arms and allowed her small body to be pressed into her half-sister's ample breasts. Apollonia could see the relief on the child's face and decided the best course of action was to send her back to Columbus Place.

"Raffy," said Apollonia, "take Carmen and Alessa back to Columbus Place. Antonia stays. He's a consecrated Moretti man. Call the car service. I'll talk to you when I get home."

Raffaella knew her sister was growing into her role and hopefully not sinking into the morass of sexual depravity their mother sank into. There was no reason for Alessa to watch the debasement and defilement of the people who abused and took away her childhood. She released Alessa, stood, and without a care in the world stepped into her sister and kissed her passionately. No one in the room made a sound as the two Moretti sisters showed their undying love for one another. When they were through kissing, Raffaella motioned to Carmen and the three of them departed the front parlor.

After the door closed, Apollonia spoke, "Viv, get that wimp off the floor and guide him to the basement. Everyone in this room is to follow immediately except for Pricilla and Jon Parks."