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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 114

Tuesday – Townhouse Dungeon – 4 March 2003

The conversation with Pricilla Smith and Jon Parks was a short lived one. Both wanted to remain and be part of whatever justice Apollonia was going to inflict upon the Marinelli teen. What Pricilla Smith was not aware of were the other individuals that were ensconced in the basement for the past week. She was aware of her desire to see her boyfriend humiliated and possibly emasculated. She also wanted to get to know Miss Moretti a lot better than she presently did. In fact, she wanted to get to know her on an intimate basis. Jon Parks reiterated his commitment and allegiance to Apollonia. The money aspect of his present and future work for the head of the Moretti family was very enticing. Jon was beyond caring where the money originated. He verbalized his knowledge and ability to keep things that needed to be kept quiet – quiet.

Apollonia kept Pricilla by her side when she descended into the basement. Before they entered the dungeon, Apollonia took the thin waif of a girl and held her close to her body. She cupped the girl's bottom, kissed her, and again found the teenager willing to engage in a deep French kiss. When she ended the kiss, Apollonia whispered, "I want you. I want to make love to you. After I make tender love to you, I want to fuck you hard. I want to do you today. I want Marco to watch as I take you the way a man would the first time. I want to walk into the room with you naked, begging me not to fuck you. Sweet girl, I am going to take you and then make you beg for real cock when I'm done."

Pricilla Smith's body became taut. Her muscles froze when she heard that Apollonia was going to fuck her. She had played along to the point where she thought she would see Marco receive his punishment for raping a five year old. The idea of losing her virginity to a woman and then having to indulge in promiscuous sex with the Moretti men was finally becoming a reality for her. She wanted to be alone with the older woman. Taught by the older woman, but not used like a twenty dollar whore. Pricilla Smith was better than that and she instinctively knew it.

"Please Miss Moretti," whispered the young teenage waif, "I know you want to take me, but please, I beg you, take me in private. I'm so close to giving you my virginity. The feel of your body pressing on mine was more than I could take. Your presence and command of all people and things around you make me want to be just like you. I feel a hunger, a desire, but please not here in front of everyone. I know you want to humiliate Marco and I want to see him humiliated for what he's done. Just don't force me to do something I want to do in private alone with you."

Apollonia looked into Pricilla's eyes and could see her pain, fear, and desire. The older woman wanted this teenager more than anything except for Ming. She placed her hand on the youngster's face, felt the softness of her

skin, and whispered, "I accept your request, but you must watch and be naked if I deem it. I want you to know that I will not force you to do anything this afternoon or evening, but I will expect you to keep in contact with me. I plan on making passionate love to you while my lover is in the room. When I'm done she will have a chance to enjoy your sweet feminine charms."

"Oh, my God," breathed Pricilla, "you're in a long term lesbian relationship with someone."

"Yes," replied Apollonia, "and you will be part of it."

Pricilla pursed her lips signaling Apollonia to kiss her and seal the deal. She felt the older woman take her right hand and place it between her legs. Pricilla felt her heat and moaned as their tongues played in each other's mouth. Apollonia kept her hand there throughout the kiss and only let her take it away when they broke the kiss and remained standing before the entry door into the dungeon. Apollonia made it a point to keep the young girl faced away from the doors that gave entry to the individual cells that lined the opposite wall.

Sienna Moretti remained in the kitchen thankful that she did not have to be present or take part in any of the dungeon activities. Giuseppe Moretti made sure everyone was situated per his Mistress' instructions. Teresa and Adelina Moretti were strapped to the X-crosses on either side of Teresa's sissy son and Adelina's sissy brother Adolfo. Per her instructions, Adolfo was dressed to the nines in lingerie. He was wearing a pair of the smallest bikini panties that had just enough material to cover his cock and one testicle. His legs were covered in a matching color pair of thigh high stockings and on his feet were six inch 'fuck me' platform soled shoes. On his torso was a short cami that just covered his small girlish breasts. His face was made up accentuating his eyes and his pouty lips. His mother and sister were tied by the wrists and ankles to the X-crosses. They were both totally naked and anyone could see that they had each lost a considerable amount of weight. The stress and small amounts of food were the main culprits. When they saw Mario Moretti, Viviano Rossi, Sonny Rossi, Jon Parks, Colin Cathcart, Joshua Goldsmith, and a very scared Marco Marinelli enter the dungeon they knew Apollonia had kept her word about seeking revenge for the rape of her half-sister Alessa.

Marco Mario Marinelli froze when he saw Teresa and Adelina Moretti totally naked tied spread eagle to two X-crosses. His body began to shake with fear when he saw his good friend Adolfo standing in front of the center X-cross dressed completely like a ready to fuck sissy whore. Attached to his right ankle was an iron ring that tied him to the base of the insidious S&M tool. Behind the three standing X-crosses he saw what could only be a stage. Marco looked around the room and knew he was in a room used for deviant sexual activities. His head moved from side-to-side trying to take in all the chains and hooks that hung from the walls and timbers that ran horizontally and vertically along the ceiling. Viviano took the bull-by-the-horns and forcibly pushed the frightened teenager into the center of the arc created by the three X-crosses. He knew the X-cross behind him was going to be his for the duration of the sadistic trials and tribulations he would face. His fear overtook his ability to control his bodily functions and for a second time that day he pissed himself.

No sooner than Marco finished urinating on the floor, Apollonia with her arm around Pricilla's shoulder walked into the dungeon. She announced that Mario and Antonio needed to remove their clothing. Apollonia kept Pricilla close by as she ordered the naked men to take positions to one side of the arc of X-crosses. Giuseppe and Jon Parks were ordered to remain leaning against the wall, to keep quiet, and to only move if ordered to do so. Joshua Goldsmith was ordered by Apollonia to stand opposite the three naked Moretti men. He did so without saying a word. When Apollonia was satisfied that everyone was positioned where she wanted she removed her red dress. All she wore were her red panties, red thigh high stockings, and her red seven inch high heeled shoes. She did not care where Colin and Sonny placed themselves as she had no real need for either of them to be part of the afternoon's activities.

Per her instructions, lying on the side of the stage partially hidden to keep their presence from the participants and observers were a medical bag containing scalpels, syringes, and lidocaine, a velvet box of glass and metal soundings bars, various clamps of all sizes, wooden handled metal piercing pins, dildos, anal beads, and a metal box that contained a Burdizzo and an Elastrator with a large supply of bands. The most heinous of the devices was hidden behind the stage. It consisted of a custom forged six sided knife that tapered from the twelve inch wide hilt to point and had overall length of eighteen inches. Inserting the tool into a vagina or anus always resulted in rupturing of many blood vessels, exsanguination, and a very slow painful death.

The urine puddle that formed between Marco's was smaller than the one that littered the floor in the front parlor. His panties and thigh high stockings near the tops were soaked in urine. He smelled like a toilet. Apollonia ordered Viviano to tie the muscular teenager to the X-cross that faced the Texas Moretti family. When he was positioned with his arms and legs spread and attached to the arms of the X, she retrieved several stainless steel alligator clips and brought them over to where Marco was tied frozen in fear. She opened and closed a medium sized clip directly in front of his face. His eyes saw, but his brain did not comprehend. It took a moment for Apollonia's olfactory senses to get used to the smell of urine and fear.

"Marco Mario Marinelli," intoned Apollonia, "you see Teresa and Adelina Moretti in front of you. What I'm holding are razor edged alligator clips. When I attach them to any part of their bodies the pressure will incise their skin drawing blood and causing them extreme pain. You can keep me from inflicting pain on either or both of them. Did you rape Alessa Moretti?"

Marco looked directly into Apollonia's turquoise eyes and sputtered, "N-n-n-no, I, I, I d-d-d-did n-n-n-not." He began to sweat and his skin took on a coated sheen even though the temperature in the room was only set to sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

Apollonia turned away from the teenager, walked over to Adelina, and placed an alligator clip on each of her nipples. Her scream pierced the silence in the room. Blood began to dribble down the underside of each of her breasts and onto her chest. She writhed in her restraints and cried out to have them removed. Apollonia turned away from the girl and strode back to where Marco stood. She stared into Marco's eyes and saw that he was getting sick to his stomach and at the same time feeling Adelina's pain. Apollonia slowly opened and closed a larger pair of alligator clips. Her eyes were aglow with devilish glee at his uncontrolled fear of what she was going to do next.

"Marco Mario Marinelli," she said in a soft, breathless voice, "did you rape Alessa Moretti?"

For whatever reason, Marco did not relent, "N-n-n-no, I, I, I d-d-d-did n-n-n-not."

For a second time, Apollonia turned away from the muscular teenager. She strode over to where Teresa Moretti was bound and with her left hand began to massage the clitoris of the woman her hated father copulated with to produce her half-sister Alessa. The heavy woman could not stop the inevitable rise of her clitoris from beneath its hood. When the small bud of tissue was distended with blood, Apollonia took the larger alligator clip and attached it to Teresa's magic button. The pain and the scream were immediate as the razor edged clamp cut into her. The older woman could not control her bodily functions. She pissed all over the floor beneath the X-cross. Adelina moaned and Adolfo began to cry uncontrollably.

Apollonia cackled like a wicked witch at the sight of Teresa pissing because of the pain she was suffering. She returned to where Marco was bound and looked up to see he was underneath a station where she could attach his arms over his head. The decision was complicated because she wanted him to remain tied to the X-cross, yet she wanted to give him an opportunity to strike out at her. Apollonia thought about taking him down and forcing him to stand, but decided to keep him without any ability to defend his physical being. She still had two alligator clips in her hand. Marco realized that the next person to get clipped had to be Adolfo. He looked over at the crying sissy, closed his eyes, and prayed to God that he would survive the hell he was going through. Marco Mario Marinelli was beginning to come to terms with his desire for Adolfo Moretti. Marco was beginning to understand his love for his best friend.

"Miss Moretti," he said as he tried to breathe, "w-w-w-what do you w-w-w-want? I t-t-t-told you the t-t-t-truth. I did n-n-n-not rape A-A-A-Alessa M-M-M-Moretti. I only f-f-f-followed Umberto's o-o-o-orders."

"The fuckin' Nazis followed orders Marco and six million people died," Apollonia retorted. "You had a choice. Your choice now is who is going to get the last pair of razor sharp alligator clips. Adelina? Teresa? Adolfo?"

Marco screamed, "NOOO!!!"

Apollonia knew from his reaction that he wanted to protect Adolfo. She walked over to the sissy, grabbed him by the arm, and pulled him as close to Marco as his leg chain would allow. The young sissy cried and begged that

he be spared being hurt because he had already lost one testicle to Apollonia. He swayed on his 'fuck me' heels as his brain began to lose blood. To make matters worse, Apollonia reached into his panties and began to masturbate the sissy. His cock grew and he could do nothing to stop it. When he was totally erect, Apollonia pulled aside the small piece of material that covered his sissy clit and attached one of the alligator clips to the skin just below the base of his cock at the front of his scrotum. Adolfo screamed and immediately lost his erection. The last alligator clip was attached to his perineum; the surface region of skin that was between the back of his scrotum and his sissy pussy. The pain coupled with his loss of blood to his brain caused the sissy to fall on the floor in a dead faint.

"Get up you fuckin' cocksucker," cried Apollonia. She didn't think he was out completely. She used the spike of her left shoe to press against the side of his head at the temple. The pain caused the sissy to immediately open his eyes.

Adolfo tried and failed to rise from the floor. He rolled onto his other side, cupped his genitals, and begged, "P-P-P-Please Miss Moretti!!! T-T-T-Torture will not get you the t-t-t-truth. R-R-R-Release my mother and my s-s-s-sister and I will s-s-s-spill my g-g-g-guts to you. Make me into w-w-w-whatever you w-w-w-want, but don't hurt them anymore."

"Viv, pick this piece-of-dog-shit up off the floor," commanded Apollonia.

Viviano released his hold on Priscilla and moved her to his father-in-law's care for the moment. He stepped over to the prone Moretti son, bent over, and picked him up by his underarms. Adolfo had no way to stop what was happening to him. The pain from the alligator clips had not subsided, blood was oozing from the incisions, and he was fighting the need to vomit. Viviano wrapped his left arm around the camisole covered chest and used his right hand to steady the physically weak sissy boy. Much to everyone's amazement, Adolfo found his center and leaned against the muscular Viviano. He felt Viviano's taut muscular body and flaccid cock press against the muscles of his sissy pussy. His sexual need rose above all things and he pressed his body into Viviano's surrendering to his uncontrollable needs.

"Fuckin' son-of-a-bitch!!!" cried Viviano. "The faggot wants my cock. He being tortured and he fuckin' wants to get butt fucked."

Apollonia stepped up to Adolfo, gently rubbed his face, and said, "Would you like to get fucked?"

Adolfo's eyes opened, "N-N-N-No... Y-Y-Y-Yes... I-I-I-If it will s-s-s-stop this i-i-i-insanity..."

"Adolfo did Marco rape Alessa?" inquired Apollonia.

"Ask him you crazy CUNT," replied Adolfo without stuttering and with a sense of renewed ego and self-importance.

The opening Apollonia wanted had finally happened. Neither Teresa nor Adelina had spoken through their pain to curse out Apollonia. Adolfo, the sissy bitch who preferred cock to pussy, had the backbone to curse her out even though his body was wracked with pain. Everyone expected her to lash out at the scrawny lingerie clad teenager. Instead, Apollonia reached between his legs, grabbed hold of the alligator clip that was attached at the back of his scrotum, and removed it. She showed it to the boy whose eyes opened wide when he saw the coating of blood on the teeth of the clip.

"Stick out your tongue," she demanded.

Adolfo clamped his mouth shut and shook his head no. Viviano kept a tight hold on his body. Apollonia slid her left hand under his camisole, grabbed this right nipple, and twisted it for all she was worth. The ensuing pain was more than enough to get the young teen to open his mouth. Apollonia continued to twist his right nipple. Adolfo's legs began to shake as the pain continued unabated. He bounced on his 'fuck me' heels but the hold Viviano had on him was more than enough to keep him upright. Finally, Adolfo opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue. Apollonia immediately placed the razor sharp alligator clamp on the tip and released it. Viviano moved back as Adolfo released his bowel and his bladder. The odor of his excrement and urine filled the room.

Giuseppe Moretti without being asked moved to the end at the rear of the townhouse, opened a small door next to the closet that stored all the tools a sadist would need to ply his or her trade, and flipped a switch. Within seconds, exhaust fans came to life and the noxious odor was removed from the room. If needed, he could flip another switch to activate a system which forced lightly perfumed air into the room. For now, he knew the exhaust fans would do their job.

Jon Parks had never taken part in any form of torture based interrogation, sexual sadomasochism, or sexual bondage and discipline. He watched Apollonia and tried to divorce himself from the craziness he was witnessing. If he were on the job, he'd have taken Apollonia out with a single shot from his service revolver. But, as he stood watching his insane boss wreak havoc on four individuals, he felt a tinge of sexual excitement. Jon Parks, conservative by nature, was morphing into a consensual acceptor of sexual deviance. His hand went to his crotch and he actually felt a partial erection. Jon closed his eyes and nodded at his nascent introduction to sexual deviance.

Mario Moretti could feel the young girl getting turned off by what she was witnessing. He leaned down and whispered in her ear, "Is there something you want to say or do? Apollonia is my youngest daughter. Tell me what you're feeling or what you need."

Pricilla Smith started to dry heave. It took her a few moments to regain her composure before she could speak, "I don't want to witness anymore of this insanity. I need to get out of here."

Mario whispered, "If I get you out here, what would you do for me?"

Pricilla froze. She couldn't believe what she just heard. The older man wanted to have sex with her as a reward for getting her out of the room and away from the craziness she was witnessing. She tried to turn around to face the man, but was held by him so she could not. "Nothing," was her reply.

"Then stay here and watch," said Mario as he continued to keep a tight hold on the teenager.

Apollonia watched as Adolfo tried and failed to get his tongue back into his mouth. The clip was large enough to keep him from doing so. Blood began to drip from the multiple razor cuts. He tried to cry out but he could not use his tongue to help form his words. His eyes pleaded with Apollonia to remove the clip. She stepped away from the crazed sissy and stood beside Marco. She reached in and took hold of his penis. Marco did not move as he felt the small hand of his nemesis begin to slide up and down his growing erection. As his cock rose, Apollonia moved his panties down, as far as they could go considering he was spread-eagled on the X-cross, freeing his growing member. Marco could not stop from moving in a modified syncopation with her masturbation strokes.

"Hmmm," she sighed, "I remember how big you are Marco. I can't believe you'd allow a man to fuck you in your ass. With a member like that you should be a proud man instead of a sniveling child rapist. I'll ask again, did you rape Alessa Moretti?"

As she masturbated Marco, Apollonia turned to Joshua and said, "Joshua, next to the stage you will find a medical bag and a velvet pouch filled with sounds. Please be so kind as to bring them here."

Under his breath Joshua said 'fuck', but it was loud enough for Apollonia to hear. She gave him a cross look which told him to move or she would do something he'd regret. The doctor went to the side of the stage, found the two bags, and brought them over to Apollonia.

"Don't leave Joshua," said Apollonia. "Inside the medical bag you'll find syringes and bottles of lidocaine. I believe it is a two percent solution. Please inject just enough lidocaine to slightly deaden the urethra. I want Marco to feel what I'm about to do to him."

Joshua did as he was told. With a small needle he injected about 2 milligrams of liquid lidocaine into Marco's urethra through the piss slit. Apollonia held Marco's cock and watched with glee as the teenager tried in vain to pull back from the needle. His cry of pain was short and very shrill. When Joshua was done Apollonia pointed to the velvet bag which he handed to her immediately.

"Kiss his cock," commanded Apollonia.

Joshua's eyes bugged out of his head. He knew she was serious, so he moved close, leaned down, and placed his first kiss ever on the head of another man or boy's cock. He was ecstatic that she did not make him open his mouth and take the teen's cock into his mouth. Joshua thought she would make him do what he made his wife do before he murdered her. Thankfully, all he had to do was kiss it.

"Good boy, doc," said Apollonia with a derisive tone to her voice. Her next move was to release Marco's cock and retrieved several solid glass rods of various thicknesses from the velvet bag. She obnoxiously turned them over in her hands making faces as to which one she was going to choose.

Marco freaked, "W-W-W-What are you going to d-d-d-do with t-t-t-those?"

Deciding on the next to thinnest, Apollonia took hold of his cock, placed the small ball end at the opening, and said, "I'm going to push it into your rape machine," which she did to Marco's amazement and extreme pain.

"N-N-N-NOOO!!!" he cried as the glass tube slid through the length of his cock and into his bladder. "FUCK!! T-T-T-TAKE IT O-O-O-OUT!!!"

"Did you rape Alessa Moretti?" asked Apollonia.

"P-P-P-Please," cried Marco, "I did not r-r-r-rape Alessa. U-U-U-Umberto did."

Apollonia released his cock, put the velvet bag on the floor, and went to the side of the stage where the implements of sexual torture were waiting for her. She retrieved a stainless steel tool and some small rubber bands. She went to where Viviano held Adolfo and took control of the boy. She pointed to Pricilla and Viviano returned to holding the very frightened teenager. Taking her sweet time, Apollonia placed a small rubber band on the three prongs of the tool and squeezed the handles opening the band to its maximum size. She held up the device to Adolfo's face.

"Know what it is, sissy boi," said Apollonia.

"It is a device for performing a-a-a-animal c-c-c-castrations," replied Adolfo. "A-A-A-Are you g-g-g-going to use it o-o-o-on m-m-m-me?"

"Depends," replied Apollonia "depends on whether or not you want to tell me the truth." To the room she announced, "You know I've already crushed one of your testicles. You want to lose the second and your sack? I could also make it a home run by taking your cock too. Then the good doctor will have to reroute your urethra to enable you to sit and pee just like a good little girl. Did Marco rape Alessa?"

"F-F-F-FUCK Y-Y-Y-YOU AND THE H-H-H-HORSE YOU R-R-R-ODE IN ON B-B-B-BITCH," screamed Adolfo.

Apollonia slapped his face. Pushed him back against the X-cross and kicked him in the crotch. Adolfo grabbed his remaining gonad and fell to the floor screaming in pain. Apollonia pulled his hands from his crotch, put the Elastrator device over his one ball, and pulled the crying sissy's scrotum though the band. She tried to look into his eyes but his were closed tightly waiting for the inevitable rush of pain to emanate from between his sissy legs when the band closed around his scrotum. Adolfo did not feel the immediate rush of pain. He opened his eyes to see a smiling Apollonia still holding the handles of the Elastrator squeezed shut with a look of 'should I or shouldn't I' on her face.

Adelina saw that her brother was about to be castrated and cried out, "OH MY GOD!!! DON'T!!! YOU FUCKIN' CUNT!!!"

Apollonia turned to face the girl, released the handles, and allowed the band to snap tight around Adolfo's scrotum effectively finishing his ability to function as a man. She held the Elastrator in her hand as if nothing happened and stepped over to the X-cross where Adelina was tied. Both brother and sister cried out in pain, one for real and the

other in sympathy for what was being done to her brother. Teresa Moretti moaned when she saw her son rolling in the floor in more pain than a human should have to endure. His hands were pressed into his crotch as he kicked his legs and he cried and screamed in pain.

"See your faggot brother, Adelina," growled Apollonia, "watch him become a eunuch all because he wouldn't tell me the truth." Apollonia took her by her face, spit, and yelled, "Tell me you useless sack-of-dog-shit, did Marco rape Alessa?"

The slightly less than obese teenager tried to wiggle out of Apollonia's grasp and by trying to do so only enraged Apollonia more. She did not wait for an answer. She took one of the alligator clips that was attached to her nipple and twisted it causing the razor sharp tines to cut through and deepen the incisions. Blood oozed from the wound, Adelina cried out, and Apollonia responded by twisting the alligator clip on the nipple of her other breast. Adelina Moretti fainted from the pain. Teresa Moretti tried vainly to free herself from her bonds. Marco Marinelli twisted in his bonds and vomited. Mario Moretti prayed because he saw the same level of insanity in his wife when she tortured another human being.

Mario had enough, "APOLLONIA MORETTI!!! YOU ARE THE QUINTESSENTIAL EMBODIMENT OF YOUR CRAZY MOTHER. LUCIA MORETTI WOULD BE PROUD OF YOU. STOP THIS INSANITY NOW," he cried in what he knew was a vain attempt to forestall any further physical harm.

Apollonia ignored the man she no longer called father. She walked back to where Marco was bound, grabbed him by the hair, and pulled his face so he was looking into her eyes. His cock was still straight out from his body due to the glass rod that was inserted into his urethra. Luckily for him the glass rod did not break or shatter when he began to writhe on the X-cross after seeing Adolfo castrated and Adelina's nipples almost excised from her breasts. He felt an increasing pain in his scalp and knew if the crazy bitch continued to pull his hair she would rip out a portion. Marco tried to move his head, but found out rather quickly he was only adding to his dilemma. He stopped moving and when he watched Apollonia take hold of his cock just behind the flare of its head.

The young man groaned as she took the portion of the glass rod that extended out of the tip of his cock and began to rotate it within the confines of his cock. He could feel the ball end moving inside his bladder. Marco could not stop the rising feeling of sexual pleasure borne of extreme pain. His brain was telling his body that it enjoyed the feeling of pain being felt inside his manhood. Apollonia watched and when he was beginning to react in a sensual way she began to pull up and then push down the rod as if she was churning milk into butter. In concert with the movement of the glass sound, Apollonia masturbated the shaft of Marco's cock. She continued playing with him to the point where he was ready to blow his load.

"Don't you dare fuckin' cum," she said to the sexually stimulated and frustrated rapist.

"P-P-P-Please," cried the teen, "n-n-n-no m-more!!!"

Apollonia pulled the sound from his cock. She held the glass rod in front of Marco's face. She dropped it on the cement floor and it shattered. Priscilla groaned when she saw how fragile the rod was. Joshua Goldsmith didn't have to think about what the consequences for Marco would have been if the rod had shattered inside his penis. Apollonia picked up the velvet bag, pulled the thickest glass rod of the bunch out of its storage container, and held it up for Marco to see. She stepped up to me, took hold of his cock, and squeezed. She yanked it and twisted it causing renewed pain for the young man.

"DID YOU FUCKIN' RAPE ALESSA MORETTI???" she screamed.

Apollonia Moretti's face told the story to Marco. He cringed in fear. His fucked up alpha personality took control of his emotions. He found some level of inner strength and growled, "I DID NOT FUCKIN' RAPE ALESSA MORETTI YOU FUCKIN' SICK CUNT."

"BINGO!!!" cried Apollonia. She took the ball end of the thickest glass rod and unceremoniously shoved it down the full length of Marco's cock. The sight of the ball stretching the shaft of Marco's cock was incredible.

Apollonia actually felt a small bit of pain for the young man she was torturing, but the wetness between her legs told her she was enjoying it more than hating it. Unbelievably to everyone in the room, Marco Marinelli did not writhe and flail as the rod penetrated the length of his cock. When the rod was fully embedded into his nine inch cock a good six inches still protruded from the head. His piss slit and shaft were stretched wide enough to drive another rod into his manhood through the center of the already embedded rod.

The antagonist and protagonist stood in front of each other. The protagonist towered over the antagonist, but the protagonist's face told the story of fear and hatred. Anyone watching the interplay between Apollonia and Marco could see who had the upper hand, but also would be impressed with the young man's stamina in the face of unrestrained infliction of pain. His mind reacted to the pain, but his body maintained an ability to remain still in the face of the infliction of extreme pain. Their silent war was broken by the moaning of Adelina as she awoke after fainting from the pain inflicted on her nipples. Apollonia looked over to the three Texas Morettis and decided it was time to exchange the X-crosses to I-beam benches.

"Giuseppe, take the Moretti women down," commanded Apollonia, "bring out the I-beam benches. I want them face down lengthwise down the beam. Make sure their masturbation holes are available for use. Viv and Mario help the old man. Pricilla come to me."

The two men plus Jon Parks untied the two women and helped them to recline on the floor. Adolfo only needed to have his ankle bracelet removed from his leg. Marco remained tied to the X-cross with his cock obviously stretched and protruding from his crotch. When the women were on the floor, Joshua Goldsmith came to their side to check on the cuts inflicted by the alligator clips. He did not remove them, but he did inspect the areas to make himself feel better about taking part in Apollonia's insanity. His inspection of Adolfo's scrotum provided empirical proof that the Elastrator was doing its job. The color of the scrotum was a deep purple slowing turning to black. Joshua knew that within the next hour Adolfo's castration would be irreversible. The clip on his tongue kept it from returning to its proper place inside his mouth and he could see the teen having problems keeping it extended. The worst case scenario was the involuntary decapitation of the tip of his tongue and losing his ability to speak clearly.

Pricilla stepped over to Apollonia afraid of what could happen if she did not comply with the woman's wishes. Her mind made up that she did not want to be involved in any way, shape, or form with this insane individual; Pricilla Smith stood quietly in front of what had to be one of the most beautiful women she'd ever laid her eyes on. An involuntary flow of vaginal fluid exited from between her labia. Her mind said no, but her body said yes. Pricilla Smith was falling in love with a beautiful monster.

"I have to ask you a question," said Apollonia. "When you were alone with Marco was he as pig-headed as he is now?"

Pricilla frowned, "I don't understand your question. Miss Moretti."

Apollonia smiled. "First, call me Apollonia. In time you'll be able to address me as Appy. Second, is Marco always so hard headed. Has he always denied things that he knows he's done? I know beyond a reasonable doubt that Marco in concert with Adelina used my half-sister against her will. Her mother used her also. Forced her to perform orally on her especially after my uncle dumped his morning load into her fat cunt. Would Marco do something with you and then deny it ever happened?"

Pricilla unconsciously relaxed and said, "I see where you're headed. I have to admit that he would change historic events that dealt with him or at times us. He sees the world through his rose colored glasses. I don't think he truly understands what he did was wrong. But, he never, not a single time, ever tried to force himself on me. One time he moved my hand to his crotch and I refused to touch him. He never tried to move my hand to his crotch after that attempt."

Now Apollonia was a bit taken by the girl's statements Protestant like purity, "You mean to tell me he never laid on top of you and dry humped until he ejaculated in his underwear? Please Pricilla, don't take me for a fool."

"You don't have to believe me, Miss Moretti," continued Pricilla, "I would not let him do that. We would sit side-by-side and kiss. I never allowed him to French kiss me. As you have learned, I have and know how to French kiss. I never did so with Marco."

"What did you see in him?" asked Apollonia.

"Fuck," said Pricilla in frustration. "I saw a giant of a boy I could possibly control. He was and still is head-over-heels in love with me. I told you Miss Moretti, I see myself as you see yourself up to and including having a lesbian relationship with the woman of my dreams. I'm a bit put off by your display and truthfully, I'd like to leave."

Apollonia's turquoise eyes took on a shape and color that frightened the young girl. The flare of her nose and the tightness of her lips added to the quiet display of anger. Pricilla Smith didn't know what hit her. Apollonia slapped the young girl across the face – once. Hard enough to make the waifish girl fall to her right before regaining her balance. Pricilla's left hand went to her cheek where she rubbed it and lost the battle to keep from breaking out in tears. Apollonia grabbed the youngster by her throat.

"DON'T!!!" cried of all people, Colin. He made his way over to his wife and with a major amount of backbone took her right wrist and pulled it from the neck of the very frightened girl. "Don't you dare harm a single hair on her head, Appy!!! Pricilla is not here because of what the Texas Morettis did to Alessa. She is an innocent. I'm seeing a part of you I don't like. Take your vengeance out on the four, but let Pricilla leave now."

Pricilla held her breath. She was stunned that a cross-dressed man would take the crazy woman's hand from her throat and scream at her to cease and desist. Apollonia felt the pressure of Colin's hand around her hand using the thumb as a lever to rotate the forearm against its normal rotation. Astounded that he got the better of her, Apollonia relaxed and let him maintain the pressure. It also gave her time to consider what she was about to do to the young teenager all because her stupid boyfriend invited her to New York City. Viviano, Mario, Jon, Sonny, and Joshua did not move a muscle as they waited for Apollonia's response. To a man, they thought Colin was dead.

In a quiet soothing tone of voice, Apollonia said, "Release me, Colin. I'm back to reality. Pricilla Smith is an innocent. She doesn't belong here." She looked at the young waifish girl, "Pricilla, I apologize. I shouldn't have struck you and I never should have forced you to come downstairs." Apollonia looked at her sissy husband, "OK??? Satisfied????"

Colin did not trust her, but knew he had no choice. He released her arm and was immediately slapped across the face. He steadied his body on his heels and prepared for the worst. Instead, Apollonia smiled at him, stepped up to Pricilla, and guided her to Viviano. She ignored Colin and said to Viviano, "Keep her under control. Today, I'm going to give you a present. When I'm done here you will take her to the stage, strip her, and fuck her in every hole. She bites your cock break her neck. Understood?"

Viviano held the girl against his body. Pricilla's back was against his body and he could feel the tension rise as Apollonia ordered him to rape her. He was not of a mind to take this pretty young girl's virginity. He agreed with Mario and Colin about her status and why she should not be a participant to the Texas Morettis' stupidity. His cock was not reacting as it would if a young girl was pressed against his body. Viviano knew he had to take a stand as did his sissy brother-in-law, "No, I will not. Pricilla is not party to what occurred in Texas. Pricilla is an innocent. Pricilla came here under the false impression that she would be spending time with her boyfriend visiting New York City. I'll suffer the wrath of Apollonia Moretti, but I will not allow you to harm a hair on the girl's head."

"What the fuck is going on here, people," cried Apollonia.

Mario responded, "Time for you to wake up Apollonia. Time for you to see what you've become young lady. I will not allow you to fall into the abyss your mother did. Look at them. They're half dead, broken, and they still won't admit to raping Alessa. Give it a rest, let them be, and ship them where you want. They'll die a death no one should ever endure. Give it a rest Apollonia. Pricilla should be on her way home not standing here wondering if you're going to make her suffer through a rape and the inevitable ending of her life."

Apollonia Moretti was growing more and more impatient with everyone. Her eyes grew smaller and the color changed to the dark black that foretold a psychotic break. Her body tensed. She slipped out of the seven inch heels so her feet would be bare and give her the ability to move, strike, and recover without worrying about breaking a leg. Apollonia moved away from Pricilla and Viviano while maintaining a hard look at both of them. She backed herself to the rear of the stage where she found the insidious six-sided razor knife. Apollonia picked it up, admired it, and walked back to where Viviano and Pricilla stood. The look on the faces of everyone in the dungeon, except Giuseppe, told her that they did not expect anything as dastardly to be used on anyone today.

"Pricilla," said Apollonia as she turned the knife in her hand, "who should be the first beneficiary of this wonderfully cruel implement?"

Pricilla looked back and up at the man who was holding her against his naked body. "Um," she said, "I don't know."

"How about the man who has you in his arms?" asked Apollonia. "He's married to my older sister. Viviano should have known better than to tell me he wouldn't fuck you. I know he'd love to fuck you, because he loves virgin pussy that is tight. Isn't that right, Viv?"

The teenager didn't know whether to shit or go blind. The crazy woman had just told her to pick someone so she could use the crazy implement she was rotating in her right hand. Her mind gave way to her fear, "Use it on Marco. He raped your half-sister. He deserves to feel the pain of it entering his ass."

While this little interplay was going on between Apollonia, Viviano, and Pricilla, Giuseppe and Jon Parks changed the X-crosses for I-beams. They quietly and quickly bound by their wrists and ankles of the three Morettis to an individual I-beam. The arc now had two female asses and pussies and one male sissy pussy available for whatever Apollonia had in mind to continue their torture. Marco remained bound to the X-cross that was centered across from Teresa Moretti. His cock remained distended by the large glass rod that was embedded though its length. When their work was completed they moved to the wall opposite the entrances and stood quietly. Neither man made Apollonia aware that they had complete their task.

Apollonia looked behind her to see the changeover had been completed. She looked around the room to see where all the others were situated. Colin and Sonny were in a corner, standing, each in their own world. Sonny a bit happier that Apollonia had totally forgotten about his presence. Joshua Goldsmith sat on the floor against the rear wall furthest from the center of the activities. Giuseppe and Jon Parks were along the wall opposite the entrances. Viviano and Pricilla were on the side opposite the entrances but centered in the small ring of unwilling participants. Every so often one of the participants would moan or groan as their pain subsided and increased according to the way they moved or did not move.

"Release her to me," said Apollonia to Viviano. She placed the razor knife on the floor in anticipation of taking Pricilla into her embrace.

Pricilla Smith did not move when Viviano released his hold on her. Apollonia gently took her by the arm and moved her to the center of the participants. Pricilla began to lose her ability to stand and had to lean into Apollonia to remain erect. She did not want to fall to the floor where puddles of urine remained. Apollonia spun her around so her back was to Apollonia's front. With deft hands, Apollonia opened the teenager's shirt and pants. Pricilla did not fight or try to stop Apollonia from opening her clothing. She felt the older woman's hands begin to caress her skin. Pricilla reacted as she felt the light touches of Apollonia's finger tips as they moved across her stomach and small pea sized breasts. The sensuality of Apollonia's touch was incongruent with the craziness of the torture of Teresa, Adolfo, Adelina, and Marco. The young waif tried with all her might to stop the rising feeling of sexual stimulation, but she couldn't.

Apollonia felt Pricilla's body begin to respond to her soft touches. Marco Marinelli watched as his girlfriend succumbed to the crazy bitch's touch. He tried in vain to break the bonds that held him on the X-cross. None of the Texas Morettis could see, but they heard the deep intake of breath and the soft moan of sexual stimulation that exited Pricilla's mouth. The young girl responded by relaxing and pressing back into Apollonia's body. The final culmination

of Apollonia's touch was allowing her to be turned towards Marco so Apollonia could show him her pea sized breasts. Marco groaned as his cock jumped at the sight of his girlfriend's naked body.

"Like what you see, Marco?" asked Apollonia. "Your cock seems to have forgotten about the glass rod."

"Pricilla," cried Marco, "don't succumb to her. Please!!! W-W-W-What do y-y-y-you w-w-w-want???"

As Apollonia continued to cup and massage Pricilla's breasts, she responded to Marco, "Did you rape Alessa???"

Pricilla couldn't keep from adding, "Tell her Marco!!! Save yourself!!!"

Marco struggled anew in a useless attempt to free himself from his bonds. His muscles strained to the point of breaking. His eyes bulged, his lips tightened, and he ultimately gave up exhaling and relaxing his body. He looked at Apollonia and Pricilla, "I DID NOT RAPE ALESSA MORETTI!!!! UMBERTO DID!!!!"

Apollonia leaned in and whispered in Pricilla's ear, "Care to make him tell the truth???"

Pricilla responded, "You know I can't."

"Yes you can," continued Apollonia, "but you have to have nerves of steel. You complete what I tell you to do and I promise not to hurt the Texas Morettis any further. Marco will suffer an ignoble end to his manliness."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Pricilla.

"Don't ask," whispered Apollonia, "just do as I tell you or suffer as Viviano takes that beautiful nine-and-a-half inch Italian sausage and uses on you."

"Oh my God," cried the girl, "you wouldn't!!! He wouldn't!!!"

Apollonia laughed, "You think because he told me not to hurt you he wouldn't fuck you. He is married to my sister and as the matriarch of the Moretti family, I say jump, he says how high. Believe me young lady, he knows which side his bread is buttered on. And I have to admit, you have such soft skin, so, so, baby like."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Pricilla.

"First I want you to take off all your clothing except your panties," said Apollonia.

Pricilla felt the older woman release her hold. She turned to face Apollonia and shaking she removed her shirt, pants, knee high stockings, and her shoes. Apollonia eyed the sprite, licked her lips, and smiled as she felt a small amount of vaginal fluid wet her red panties.

"Good girl, Pricilla," said Apollonia. "Now, go over to Marco, take his cock in your hand, and give him a gently stroking. You'll feel him get sexually excited, but don't take him over the top. Do you understand?"

"Don't let him cum," said Pricilla.

"Yes," replied Apollonia. "I'll be right back." She turned and found Giuseppe, said his name, and pointed to the closet.

Pricilla never touched a man or boy's cock until today. Today was the first time. She felt the heat of the sexual organ even though it was straight out from his body because of an inserted glass rod. Marco looked down at his naked girlfriend, moaned at her beauty, and tried to keep from reacting to her masturbatory motions. Everyone in the room wondered what Apollonia was up to. Their curiosity was satiated when Giuseppe returned carrying a chopping block. He placed the block of solid wood in front of the X-cross and quickly made his exit. Apollonia arrived

carrying what appeared to be a hammer. She placed the hammer on the top of the chopping block and pushed it so it was underneath Marco's outstretched manhood. Apollonia eyed the space between the top of the chopping block and the underside of Marco's cock. Taking her time and checking after every fourth adjustment, she was satisfied when the underside of Marco's cock rested on the chopping block without the supporting aid of Pricilla's hand.

"Pricilla no need to stroke his cock," said Apollonia. "Take the hammer and show it to Marco."

Pricilla did as she was told. The hammer was a twenty-two ounce framing hammer. The face was not smooth. It had a milled/waffle face. Marco Mario Marinelli groaned, used his muscles to try and move his cock, and ultimately began to beg, "Please don't!!! P-P-P-Please don't!!! N-N-N-Not my c-c-c-cock!!! Pricilla, h-h-h-how could y-y-y-you!!!"

Apollonia stepped to the side opposite the young teenager's girlfriend and began to gently stroke Marco's cock as it rested on the top of the chopping block. His cock did as all cocks do when gently stroked. It responded by becoming harder and straining to be in a warm place like a mouth, pussy, or rectum. She turned her head to see the three Texas Morettis face down, asses in the air, not knowing what was going to happen to Marco. Apollonia decided that it was more important for them to watch than not.

With an air of sarcasm, she said, "Ok, I've changed my mind. Unbind the assholes and Viviano, Mario, and Sonny come and stand behind them. Hold them and make sure they don't look away. Damn, I forgot all about him. Where's Antonio?"

Viviano said a very low '*Damn*' because since they all went down to the basement she realized that Antonio was not to be found. He had placed the boy in an area that was hidden by some column in the hopes that he would not have to watch or take part in Apollonia's craziness. Viviano Rossi knew he had to expose the boy and did so, "He's in the corner behind the columns."

"Come here now, Antonio," yelled Apollonia.

A few moments later, a naked and scared Antonio Rossi emerged from the corner of the building where extra columns were placed for added support for the weight of a modern kitchen. He did not walk over looking at his aunt Apollonia, instead he ashamedly walked with his Moretti manhood behind his hands and his eyes looking at the floor in front of him. He did not look towards his father or grandfather as he moved to where his aunt Apollonia stood. Viviano, Mario, and Sonny unbound the three Texas Morettis, stood them up, and turned them to watch what Apollonia had planned for Marco. Pricilla eyed the youngster and saw that he was ashamed to be naked in front of everyone. She smiled at him which only added to his shyness.

"I'm here aunt Apollonia," said Antonio in a quiet little boy voice. His hands still covered his genitals.

"No, Antonio," said Apollonia, "come to me." Antonio did as requested only to have his favorite aunt squat down and move his hands from his genitals. "My, my," she asked rhetorically, "what do we have here? I think Antonio has an erection. Isn't that right little man."

Antonio blushed a bright red even though his skin was naturally a dark tan. His large boy cock stood away from his body. He had no pubic hair to speak of so his genitals were naturally bare and not shaved like his father or his grandfather. His large balls hung between his legs and made and inviting place for his aunt Apollonia to make contact with him. Antonio felt a small twinge of pain as Apollonia gently massaged and squeezed his testicles. He knew she was crazy enough to squeeze them to get him to respond to any question she asked. Their eyes met and Apollonia saw his fear.

"So, what has you so hard, Antonio?" Apollonia asked as his young balls rested on the palm of her left hand.

"Pricilla," said Antonio.

"Would you like her to play with your boy cock," she said, "because a Moretti man would not have an erection. You know that."

"I lied," said Antonio, "it isn't Pricilla. It is you. I was in the corner looking at you and I couldn't help myself." He looked down at the floor, sniffled, and continued, "I want to..."

Apollonia placed her right hand on his mouth while leaving her left hand holding his scrotum. She smiled at her nephew, licked her lips, and said, "Young man, you control your Moretti manhood right now or I'll never let you fuck me. I know that is what you want. If you tell me the truth, I will not take this erection out on you. How many times have you played with it thinking about me?"

The boy closed his eyes, swayed, and said, "Every night I'm not with my slut. When I'm alone in my room I think about you and I can't help myself aunt Apollonia. I get so hard that I have to relieve myself. I'm sorry and ashamed."

He felt his favorite aunt and masturbation fantasy remove her hand from his balls. The relief he felt was immediate. His cock twitched when Apollonia took it in her hand and stroked it gently. She stood and by his cock guided him to a spot next to the chopping block. He looked over at Pricilla and saw she knew he just lied to his aunt. Antonio Rossi was hard because he was attracted to the teenage girl. He didn't lie about jerking off thinking about fucking his aunt. He stood next to his aunt across from a very pretty sixteen year old wishing he didn't have to witness up close and personal what was going to happen to the teenager bound to the X-cross. When his aunt let go of his cock his erection subsided much to his relief. When Viviano saw that he was becoming flaccid he also felt a surge of relief course throughout his body.

"Bring Adolfo," commanded Apollonia.

Sonny Rossi, the man with a vagina, guided the young sissy over to the chopping block. His tongue was still protruding from his mouth because of the alligator clip and his scrotum was getting darker and blacker with each passing minute. Adolfo's eyes sprung open when he saw the bitch from New York reach for his tongue. Apollonia made a slight motion to twist the clip, but did not; instead she removed it from the tip of his tongue. Blood dripped from the incisions as Adolfo pulled it back into his mouth. He swallowed and tasted his blood. He tried to speak but could not from the residual pain and the size of each of the incisions. Adolfo Moretti stared at his boyfriend and tears ran down his face.

"So, Adolfo," said Apollonia, "you've lost your balls and possibly the tip of your tongue. I'll allow you to suck off Marco one last time if you get him to tell me the truth. Would you like to be the last person to suck him off? You can show your mother what your sister already knows; that you're a cocksucker supreme. All you have to do is convince that big lumox to tell me the truth. Again I ask, did Marco rape Alessa?"

When Adolfo tried to speak a river of blood flowed from his mouth. He tried to enunciate something but his tongue would not allow him to form the words. He looked up at his boyfriend. The person who allowed him to find his true self, that of a homosexual sissy. He eyed the nine inch cock he so loving sucked for several years and began to cry anew. He could not express himself and therefore, he could not answer the bitch's question. With his thin girly arms pinned to his side, he could only shrug his shoulders, face the palms of his hand out, and entreat Apollonia to forgive him for not being able to answer her.

Marco answered the question for Adolfo, "I did not rape Alessa Moretti. I'm sorry Adolfo. I didn't really love you. You were just a person that loved to let me use you. Again, you fuckin' crazy cunt, I did not rape Alessa Moretti."

Apollonia reached around Antonio and grabbed Adolfo by his flaccid penis. Antonio seeing he was in her way moved to the other side of the chopping block and stood next to Pricilla. Sonny allowed Apollonia to pull him by his cock and guided the broken and scared teen to the chopping block. When he was standing facing Marco with his back to his mother and sister, Apollonia pulled his cock by its head so it was stretched out and resting on the chopping block. With her left hand extended, she asked Pricilla for the framing hammer. Before anyone could say or do anything, a piercing scream emanated from deep within Adolfo as the thud of the hammer hitting his cock resounded throughout the dungeon.

Priscilla turned and regurgitated on the floor. Nothing came up but stomach acid and bile. Antonio stood open mouthed as the sight of the crushed penis shaft that no longer needed to be held in place. The head of the framing hammer pierced the sinew and skin of Adolfo's penis and implanted pieces of it into the wood thus nailing it to the chopping block. The milled/waffle face of the hammer had done its job. Sonny kept the thin teenager upright by holding him under his arms but he knew the boy had fainted from the pain. Marco Mario Marinelli saw the result of the hammer, shit himself, and finally began to realize that he had no choice but to admit to raping Alessa Moretti.

"Show the fat bitch and her daughter what happens when you lie to me," commanded Apollonia.

Viviano and Mario moved the two Texas Morettis so they could see what the framing hammer had done to Adolfo's penis. Both women cried out. Teresa got control of her emotions and said, "You win!!! Enough!!!"

Apollonia took two steps up to the woman who fucked her hated father to conceive her half-sister and showed her the bloody head of the framing hammer. She took Teresa by the chin, placed the head on her cheek, and said, "Enough what, Teresa??? Do you have something to say to me?"

Teresa Moretti gritted her teeth, looked into the dark turquoise eyes of the woman who would ultimately take her life, and said, "Umberto gave him permission to fuck Alessa. Umberto told him to use whatever means he had at hand to facilitate the sexual abuse and use of Alessa. Marco Marinelli did what his master wanted to attain entry into the Moretti family as a stud. Umberto used his guile and dominance to get Marco to become his muscle sissy. Satisfied???"

Apollonia screamed, "NOOO!!! I WANT TO HEAR IT FROM HIS MOUTH!!!" She turned to Marco, "DID YOU RAPE ALESSA MORETTI?"

Marco did not answer, because he could not answer. His ability to talk was taken away when he saw his homosexual lover's cock mashed with a twenty-two ounce framing hammer. Marco found he could hardly breathe. His body felt like a ton of bricks had fallen on it and crushed his chest. Marco sputtered and spit, but no words, sentences, or grunts came out of his mouth. It was as if he was totally aphasic.

Teresa Conti watched as the useless penis of your faggot son gets its just desserts. Apollonia turned to the chopping block, swung the framing hammer with all her might, and made contact with the base of Adolfo's penis. The first blow did not completely sever the sinew and muscle from his body. This pissed off Apollonia beyond words. Sonny saw what was coming and braced himself to make sure the unconscious teen would not fall out of his grasp. WHAM!!! WHAM!!! WHAM!!! Apollonia slammed the head of the hammer onto the same spot on Adolfo's cock. The fourth and fifth connection finally severed his penis from his body. Apollonia dropped the framing hammer on the chopping block next to the severed portion of Adolfo's cock which was pointing directly at the head of Marco's stretched cock.

She looked up at Marco and said, "Joshua, get over here, and take care of this mess." She continued to stare into Marco's eyes seeing nothing behind them. Not one scintilla of anger, fear, or hope showed in his eyes. She turned to Teresa and Adelina and decided to hog tie them to the cold cement floor. She ordered Viviano and Mario to make it happen. Priscilla had regained a level of calm and Antonio just stood wide-eyed not believing that his favorite aunt had just severed the penis of the teenager named Adolfo Moretti who was his cousin. Colin remained in the corner praying that his wife's insanity would come to an end shortly.

Joshua knelt and inspected her handiwork, "Apollonia, this young man needs to go to the hospital. If he doesn't, he's going to expire." By the look on Apollonia's face, he knew he had just opened Pandora's Box. "Ok, ok, I'll take care of it here as best as I can, but if you wanted to emasculate him you have. You also made it impossible to relocate his urethra so he's going to have a terrible time urinating."

"Good for the little prick," replied Apollonia. "If you need room to work, have Sonny carry him to his cell across the hall and you can fix him up there. I'm done with the asshole."

"Yes, ma'am," said Joshua. "I'm going to need my medical bag which is upstairs."

Sonny carried the unconscious, bleeding, and emasculated teen across the hall to his cell. Joshua followed after he got approval to retrieve his medical bag. It took Viviano and Mario several minutes to chain Teresa and Adelina to the rings that were spread around the floor. Apollonia approached both mother and daughter to remove the alligator clips from their bodies. Each of them began to ooze blood from the small but deep incisions. The pain they alligator clips caused was renewed when Apollonia removed them. Neither mother nor daughter could move to ameliorate any of the pain, so each of them moaned and groaned as they lay on the cold cement floor.

"Jon, come here," commanded Apollonia.

Jon Parks stepped up to his employer. "Yes," was all he said when found his place in front of her.

"I'm of the opinion, Jon, that you don't really need to be here," said Apollonia. She stepped very close to the retired police detective and whispered, "I hope that today's events will not force you to do something like report me to your friends at One Police Plaza. I'm taking you at your word, Jon. Your expertise is invaluable to me and the Moretti family. I trust you understand that I will do everything humanly possible to undo anything you accomplish by going to the authorities. What we discussed about the Nassau County District Attorney is more important than what I'm doing here. Are we in total, one hundred percent agreement?"

Jon Parks hesitated before he replied. He wanted to think about what Apollonia Moretti just said to him. Thirty-five years of police work, commendations out of his ass, and respect from his peers all to be tossed aside because of his first foray into retaliation when he helped Dr. Goldsmith find the niggers who fornicated with his wife. He was cautious about delaying a response, but saw that his new boss was attentive to his thinking about his reply. "Thirty-five years of police work down the toilet just because I have this urge to be around you, Miss Moretti. Sexually speaking, I can't hold a candle to any of the men you've been active with much less Mrs. Zheng. I say that with the utmost respect. I'm not partial at all to your methods, but, *'in for an inch, in for a mile'*, as the saying goes. I only wish I had the ability of my youth to maintain an erection, because I believe opportunities will be presented. Enough said. I told you one hundred percent commitment. My only caveat is that you assure me that if anything happens, nothing and I mean nothing comes back to bite me in the ass."

Jon was astounded when Apollonia Moretti wearing nothing more than a pair of panties, thigh highs, and barefoot threw her arms around him and planted a big kiss on his lips. No tongue, but a big wet smooch that could only be interpreted as a sincere show of affection. The speed of the kiss took him by surprise and all he could do was stand there frozen not from fear, but amazement. When she pulled back from him, Apollonia smiled, rubbed his face, and bowed while pointing to the exit. Jon Parks took his leave of the dungeon knowing she assured him nothing would come back to him and she expected him to get results concerning the Nassau County DA.

Next to face Apollonia were Pricilla Smith and her nephew Antonio, but before she spoke to them she called for Colin. Her sissy husband made his way over to the area where Marco was tied to the X-cross and the chopping block was still positioned beneath his cock. He looked at the severed cock and winced. Apollonia smiled and winked at her sissy husband before she went over to the young teenager to talk to her. Antonio looked upon his uncle Colin and was surprised at how pretty he was dressed as a sissy slut. He was also surprised at his cock's reaction to what he thought about his uncle. Luckily, he thought, no one noticed his cock twitch when he smiled at his uncle.

Apollonia for the umpteenth time saw fear in Pricilla's eyes and on her face before she looked down at the cement floor. Apollonia made a Herculean effort to allay those fears, "Don't look down at the floor Pricilla. You're not some submissive little bitch. Of course, if that is what you want, then you have to verbalize it to me. For now, I think you've had enough..."

Pricilla brightened, "Yes, Miss Moretti. I would appreciate it very much if you let me leave the townhouse and return to school."

"That is not going to happen, Pricilla," said Apollonia. "You are going to go upstairs with my sissy husband and my nephew to the front parlor. You will sit on the couch and wait for me."

"When will I go to the airport?" she asked. "I'm supposed to catch a flight to Austin at 11:10PM tonight."

"You won't make that flight, Pricilla," replied Apollonia. "It isn't a problem. I'll send you home in a private jet tomorrow. The rest of today and tonight you have to prove to me beyond a shadow-of-a-doubt that I have no worries. Do you remember what I told you would happen? Do you remember what you said to me about how you feel?"

Pricilla closed her eyes, nodded her head, and said, "But, I didn't expect to see the level of your cruelty. You severed Adolfo's penis with a hammer. I didn't expect to witness sexual torture all in the name of finding out if Marco raped your half-sister."

"We have time to discuss that later, Pricilla," said Apollonia. "Go upstairs. I'll bring your clothing up later. Colin take her to the door and wait. I want to talk to Antonio."

Apollonia knelt in front of her nephew. She didn't care that his father and grandfather were standing behind her and watching everything she did. Apollonia reached for and took hold of Antonio's nicely sized cock and began to masturbate the boy. As she did, she said, "I want you to sit next to Pricilla when you go upstairs to the front parlor. I want you to do everything you can to get her to give you a hand job or a blow job, but don't you dare fuck her." She lowered her head so she was looking out from the top of her beautiful eyes, pursed her lips, and placed them on Antonio's as she continued to massage his growing cock. After she broke the kiss, "You understand me, Antonio? You're a Moretti man. You do as I tell you or I promise I'll have you in panties."

"I will try, aunt Apollonia," replied Antonio withholding his fear of his aunt Apollonia's threat. "Hand job or blow job, but don't fuck her."

"Good sweet boy," said Apollonia, "next time don't let your cock give you away. I saw it twitch when you returned Colin's smile. We'll talk about it later, now go." Apollonia released Antonio's cock and gently pushed him towards the door where Colin and Pricilla waited.

When the three exited the dungeon Apollonia returned to Marco, Teresa, and Adelina. Joshua and Sonny were still across the hall attending to Adolfo. Giuseppe rested against the wall having been involved with activities in the basement for many years. His passive attitude was borne of many years of watching and cleaning the results of Lucia Moretti's madness. Viviano and Mario stood by the two Texas Morettis waiting for Apollonia's next shoe to drop. Neither man was beyond saying to Apollonia that she had already inflicted enough pain and suffering on the Texas Moretti family. They would be better off being packaged and shipped to their ultimate destination. Again, both men were amenable to doing something to keep Marco under the Moretti thumb in New York.

"Fuck," said Apollonia, "where are Sonny and Joshua? Please go get them."

Viviano departed and a few minutes later returned with the two men. Sonny was pale and Joshua's hands were covered in blood. The three came to where Apollonia stood. Joshua spoke, "He'll survive, but he really needs to go to a hospital. If he doesn't, he'll have a horrible life trying to piss sitting forward facing the rear of the toilet or leaning forward with no ability to aim his stream. You did a number on his genitals Apollonia."

"Fuck if I care," she replied, "that fuckin' homosexual fuck toy helped his family rape my half-sister." The look on Mario's face was enough to make her turn to him and spit, "You fuckin' piece-of-shit!!! You're standing there thinking I wouldn't find out about her? I should take you by your Moretti manhood and cream it with the framing hammer."

Mario wanted to answer his daughter but thought better of it. All he wanted was for the insanity to end. He could see that Viviano, Joshua, Sonny, and Giuseppe were thinking as he was. Mario looked at the Texas Morettis and decided to relate the obvious to his youngest daughter, "Appy, Teresa has given you what you wanted. She admitted that Marco did what he did to win a position in the family. I know you're sending Adolfo to Africa and Adelina to the monastery in Italy. I don't know what you're going to do with Teresa, but there is no reason to terminate her. Why don't you leave them be. Have Giuseppe prepare the shipping containers, paperwork, and have them picked up by midnight tonight. That is when all shipments of that type were facilitated. You can take Marco down, put him in a cell, and decide later in the week what you want to do with him. Enough is enough."

Apollonia looked down at the floor and everyone thought she was thinking about what Mario just said to her; when in reality she was looking for her shoes. When she found them she took the time to clean her feet and slowly place the shoes on them. Feeling comfortable, she turned to the chopping block, picked up the twenty-two ounce framing hammer, and began to tap it lightly on the wood. Joshua shivered because he immediately thought about the impending damage the hammer and the glass rod would inflict on the young man's penis. Viviano and Mario waited and silently prayed for Apollonia to come to her senses.

Teresa tried to roll over only to find out that she was bound in a position that did not allow her to move or to see her daughter Adelina. She picked up her head, tried to look around, and finally spat, "YOU FUCKIN' CUNT!!! YOU FUCKIN' CUNT!!! IF I EVER..."

Apollonia dropped the hammer, looked at the floor, and found what she was looking for. She picked it up and went over to Teresa. She hid the implement she had picked up from the floor, knelt down behind the woman, and said, "If you ever what Teresa Conti? Tell me you fat bitch!!!"

Teresa could feel her presence and wanted to react but her bindings were tight and specifically placed to keep her on her left side with her knees to her chest. She was bound in a fetal position and she could not see what was going on behind her. When she tried to lift her head and turn it to see with her peripheral vision what Apollonia had up her sleeve it turned out to be a fruitless effort. Teresa grew tired of trying. She rested her head and said, "If I ever get out of here alive, I promise that I will do everything in my power to bring you to justice. You are not a Moretti. You are a two bit piece-of-human-excrement. I fuckin' lied," was all she got to say when she felt something begin to probe her rectum.

Mario shouted, "FUCK!!! NO!!!" as he watched his daughter begin to probe Teresa's rectum with the knife.

Viviano closed his eyes. Sonny actually watched. Joshua turned his head. Giuseppe Moretti just stared at the wall opposite.

Teresa Conti last words were actually spoken as the six sided razor sharp knife slid into her rectum and into her lower bowel. The razor sharp blades severed the external and internal anal sphincters, the inferior rectal artery and vein, the pelvic floor, the obturator internus, the middle rectal artery and vein, and the superior rectal artery and vein. Apollonia watched in total awe as the insidious instrument of death slid unimpeded into the startled woman. The razor edged blade slid through the muscle and skin severing major arteries and veins without any blood seeping out of the incisions. Teresa Conti felt it enter her body and it wasn't until it was inserted fully she realized why her lover, Mario, screamed.

"WHAT THE HELL!!!" cried Teresa. "What in God's name did you do to me?"

Apollonia leaned into her and whispered, "I lied to you Conti. What you felt was the last anal fucking you'll ever receive. You have anything to say to your God or me before I remove the implement of your death."

"F-F-F-FUCK Y-Y-Y-YOU..." was her last words as she felt the invader leave her bottom and blood rush from her wounds.

Apollonia Moretti watched as blood spurted and ran from the six wounds that terminated the fat bitch's life. She did not care that her shoes were now covered in her blood. The knife exited from her body relatively clean considering all the damage it did. Apollonia thought about the damage she could have caused by plunging the knife in and out and twisting it several times. She stood, went over to Adelina's face, knelt, and showed her the knife. The teenager was not crying. Her face showed her fear as did the pool of urine that formed beneath her. She did not want to look at the sick woman who emasculated her brother, murdered her mother and father, and was about to do something to her.

"Adelina Moretti," said Apollonia, "Teresa Conti no longer exists. She lied to me for the last time and she got her just rewards. The warm liquid you feel against your back is the essence of her shit filled life running out of her

useless fat body. This beautiful piece of mayhem just severed her lower bowel and anus. Open your fuckin' eyes, cunt!!!"

Apollonia reached down, took Adelina's left ear, and twisted it. The young girl responded to the pain by opening her eyes. She looked at what was held in Apollonia's right hand. She saw traces of blood and knew it was her mother's. She tried to close them again only to have the sadistic bitch twist her ear to cause her more pain, but nothing like the pain of the alligator clips. Adelina opened her eyes and said, "I'd rather d-d-d-die than g-g-g-give in to y-y-y-you. Go ahead, bitch, take me and I hope you have nightmares about what you did to my family."

"Nightmares," said Apollonia, "never, dear Adelina. What I'm going to do is relish the fact that Alessa is alive and well while you're used by the God fearing men of the Church to satisfy their earthly carnal pleasures. I'm not going to give you what you want. What I'm going to do is have all your teeth removed tonight so when you suck cock the men of the church will thank God for the smoothness of your mouth. Then I'm going to have your clitoris removed so when they fornicate with you all in the name of God you'll receive no pleasure from the act. See, they don't care about you. All they care about is using your holes for their sexual relief and nothing more. Today through tonight the last indignations you'll suffer are the removal of your teeth and clitoris. I know I'll sleep soundly tonight while you're prepared for and shipped to Italy to begin a life servicing the assholes that run the Catholic Church."

Adelina did not respond. Her will to fight was at its lowest. Her mother and father were dead. Her brother would be dead soon from the abuse he would take in the gay brothel somewhere in Africa. For the first time in days, Adelina Moretti cried and silently prayed that she would not survive the transatlantic voyage to Italy.

"Viviano take this cunt into her cell. Joshua, I don't care what you have to do to facilitate what I'm ordering you to do, but I want my brother-in-law to report to me later tonight that his cunt has all her teeth removed from her head and her clit is in a jar. Failure is not an option, Joshua," ordered Apollonia.

She turned to Sonny, "Go upstairs and prepare to return to Columbus Place. Remember what you agreed to Sonny. Now get going cunt man."

To the man she did not acknowledge as her father, she said, "Upstairs and into the kitchen. When I get there you better be sitting at the kitchen table quietly drinking some hot coffee. Don't fuck with me Mario. Lucia's journals gave me all I need to know about your complicity in her craziness. Don't fuckin' respond, just get the fuck upstairs."

Sonny lowered his head and departed the dungeon to prepare for his return to Columbus Place. He did not say a word to his brother, Mario, or Apollonia.

Mario followed Sonny out of the dungeon. His head was also lowered instead of held high as he was taught by his father.

Viviano removed the chains that kept Adelina bound to the floor. When he picked her up she saw her mother's body and the result of the six sided razor knife. She expected to see a horrible sight but was stunned to see six slits in her mother's backside and blood running from her severed anus. Joshua followed Viviano and the girl out of the dungeon and across the hall. Viviano knew that Joshua would need access to the girl's mouth and to facilitate that access he tied her on the iron bed with her head hanging over the edge. Joshua found a surgical tool that could be used to hold her mouth open against her will. He placed it and before he started told the girl he would numb her mouth to help with the pain. Viviano did not rescind the idea of a painless operation. He did make it a point to stay and watch the removal of all Adelina's teeth and clitoris.

The only person left in the dungeon was Marco Mario Marinelli. His head hung to his chest. His cock softened around the glass rod that had been inserted by Apollonia not as a sexual turn on, but to inflict pain. He opened his eyes and looked down when he heard Apollonia pick up the hammer and begin to tap it on the chopping block again. He did not move or make an effort to show his fear although inside he was cringing at the thought of her severing his cock from his body with the hammer. Marco had no more urine in his bladder and no fecal matter in his lower bowel. There was no way in hell he could show his fear by pissing or shitting himself. No words came from his mouth because he knew better than to try and convince Apollonia he did what he did because he wanted to impress Umberto Moretti.

"Giuseppe," called Apollonia. When the elderly incestuous man arrived in front of her she whispered, "Make the two teens ready for travel. I want them out of the city tonight. Take care of the fat bitch's body. I'm going to make a command decision and not worry about you doing something wrong. But, to reinforce my control, you fuck it up and I will use that razor knife on Sienna. Make Teresa's cell ready for the rapist. When I'm done chain him and make sure he cannot break out."

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe. He returned to his spot against the wall knowing it was not the time to take the dead woman's body out of the dungeon.

Marco watched Apollonia pick up the remains of Adolfo's penis and toss it over to the lifeless body of his lover's mother. In his addled brain, he thought he heard the crazy bitch call Adolfo's mother Teresa Conti and not Moretti. His arms and legs hurt and he could not do anything to mitigate the pain. His entire body hurt. His mind was clouded from the torture and the resulting pain. For the first time that day, he thought he would be better off dead. It wasn't in his personality to give up, but he did what he did because he wanted to be a Moretti stud. Marco closed his eyes, prayed, and did everything in his power to take control of his body and mind.

"Apollonia," called Marco, "I give up. I'll tell you what you want to know. I won't lie. I won't tell you what you want to hear because I'm in excruciating pain. Just give me back my manhood."

Apollonia tapped the hammer. She gently rested the milled/waffle face on the shaft of the boy's cock. His reaction was immediate. Marco tried to move in a way that would allow him to sway his cock from under the head of the framing hammer. Of course, it was a futile effort. Apollonia smiled at his frustration, looked directly into the teenager's eyes, raised the hammer, and brought it down in one swift motion.

Marco Mario Marinelli screamed at the top of his lungs. His scream, high pitched like a woman's, pierced the silence of the dungeon. The sound of the milled/waffle head hitting the wood of the chopping block and not his manhood did not assuage his fear and the expected pain. Once he had expelled all the air in his lungs, he stopped screaming to see Apollonia laughing at him. The hammer landed on the chopping block next to his manhood. He could see that the head was embedded at least an eighth of an inch into the hard wood. Marco realized that if she had struck him with the force she expended the glass rod would have shattered and his cock would be a useless piece of human flesh.

"Scared you," laughed Apollonia, "didn't I? If there was any shit left in your body, it would be on the floor beneath you Marco. I have plenty of time young man. I have plenty of nasty things to use to probe your body and inflict enormous amount of pain on you. I am going to ask you again. Did you rape Alessa Moretti?"

Marco watched for a moment. He saw that Apollonia did not pick up the framing hammer. The six sided razor knife remained on the floor next to her feet. The fingers of her left hand stroked the portion of the thick glass rod that extended out of the head of his penis. Every so often she would tap the end of the shaft or the shaft itself of the glass rod sending small amounts of pain and incredibly, pleasure through his body. He watched her as she waited for his answer. Her patience made him more afraid of what she was planning if he gave her his stock-in-trade answer. His muscles began to spasm uncontrollably as he tried to come up with an answer that would satisfy her without an admission of guilt.

"Cat got your tongue, Marco?" asked Apollonia.

"N-N-N-No, M-M-M-Miss M-M-M-Moretti," he replied.

She began to gently massage the shaft of his nineteen year old penis. As the sinew grew in length, she began to gently move the glass rod that was inserted down and through his urethra. The effect was immediate. Marco began to moan in response to the gentle pain and unusually erotic feeling that he felt though the length of his cock. Apollonia loved watching the young man's penis grow into a harden length of skin, sinew, and muscle. As she made nice to his cock, she asked, "Marco, did you rape Alessa?"

"Please, I-I-I-I..." moaned the teenager, "p-p-p-please..."

Apollonia continued to be kind to Marco's penis. His testicles were not completely tight to his body, but she could see the skin of the scrotum had tightened in an effort to protect his sperm production factories. She admired the size of his balls, because a lot of men with big cocks had for some unfathomable reason, very small testicles. She felt the heat of his cock rise against the smooth skin on the palm of her small hand. The hand that could in a moment crush his gonads and render his cock useless. She looked up, smiled coquettishly, and asked, "Marco, did you rape Alessa?"

"P-P-P-Please..." was all that came out of Marco's mouth because a plaintive cry from across the hall interrupted him. It was the muddled voice of Adolfo Moretti. His severed tongue took from him the ability to enunciate his words. Marco heard it and groaned in response to his faggot's plaintive cry for help. Somewhere deep inside his being Marco found strength. He cried, "Adolfo, I love you!!!" which was loud enough to get Adolfo to quiet down.

"Fuckin' faggot," said Apollonia as she maintained eye contact with the teen. "You actually love that piece-of-shit, don't you? His father turned you into a muscle sissy and you fall in love with his sissy son. I need an answer Marco. Did you rape Alessa Moretti?"

"If I t-t-t-tell you the t-t-t-truth," sputtered Marco, "w-w-w-will y-y-y-you unbind m-m-m-me and l-l-l-let m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-s-s-s-spend Adolfo's r-r-r-remaining t-t-t-time with him s-s-s-so he w-w-w-wont b-b-b-be a-a-a-alone?"

"Maybe," replied Apollonia, "if I do that for you, what will you do for me?"

"B-B-B-Besides telling you the t-t-t-truth," groaned Marco, "l-l-l-l have information about U-U-U-Umberto that would be useful to you, M-M-M-Miss M-M-M-Moretti."

"You are a piece-of-work Marco," cackled Apollonia, "you think you have information about Umberto that I don' already know. You are dumber than a rock boy. Everything you think you know is already in my knowledge base."

Marco breathed deep and said, "Do you know Umberto stole millions of dollars from the family? He never remitted the entire amount to your father or you."

"Let's see," said Apollonia, "the total amount Umberto kept from the family amounted to three million four hundred and seventy three thousand dollars and sixty-two cents. Every penny was recovered plus some when I took control of all his assets." Apollonia grabbed the teen's cock just behind the head, squeezed, and pushed the glass rod further into his bladder. The pain was intense. She pulled it back enough to alleviate the pain and said, "Want to try another one, Marco? Better yet, I know Umberto and three of his good buddies fucked you over the length of a weekend and you just begged for more. Did you know they had plans to rape your sweet Pricilla in front of you?"

"NOOO!!!" cried Marco. His mind raced because the crazy bitch proved she did know more than he did about Umberto's family. "P-P-P-Please, M-M-M-Miss M-M-M-Moretti... l-l-l-l c-c-can't t-t-t-take a-a-a-anymore!!! P-P-P-Please!!!"

Apollonia stepped away from the X-cross, went to the side of the stage, and returned with a small leather box that had a flap and snap to keep it closed. She opened it, turned it around, and showed the contents to the bleary-eyed teenager. "Know what these wonderfully crafted pieces of sadomasochistic pain are used for? I know you don't and I don't think you want to find out. Again and for the final time today, did you rape Alessa Moretti?"

Marco Mario Moretti made a promise to the man that gave him more than anyone ever did including his parents ever did. Umberto Moretti promised Marco to keep him under his wing, tutelage, and protection as long as he never admitted to the rape of Alessa Moretti. How could he have not told the head of the family about his commitment to the teen who with her step-father's consent fucked her for the weekend after he had raped the child? His only option was to break the agreement to test if the crazy bitch really knew it all.

One last coherent statement was all he wanted to say before he fainted from the hours of suffering and pain, "Umberto Moretti promised I would be protected. He made me promise to never divulge the content of our agreement..."

Apollonia Moretti took the longest needle from the box. She placed its point behind the beautifully shaped head of Marco's cock. She ripped the glass rod from the organ and just as the sound of relief came from Marco's mouth she pushed the six inch needle through the shaft and into the wood of the chopping block. Marco screamed as he felt the needle pierce his skin, sinew, and muscle. He looked down to see his cock literally nailed to the chopping block with a large round wooden handled needle. His brain went into pain mitigation overload and he promptly fainted. Apollonia found a bucket, told Giuseppe to fill it, and to toss it on the unconscious teenager.

The cold water did what was expected. Marco eyes opened, he sputtered, and groaned. He looked down to see his cock still had the needle though it and cried, "You bitch!!!"

The second needle pierced the skin at an angle, but did not transverse the shaft and become embedded in the wood. Apollonia stopped the insertion about halfway through the organ. She rotated the needle and caused it to widen the hole it had created. She stopped her rotation, held the needle still, and said, "Umberto lied to you Marco. Umberto was never going to protect you. Why would he protect a muscle sissy? Why would he protect the male bitch he fucked whenever he snapped his fingers for you to give him your ass? Please, please, please all you want asshole. Did you rape Alessa?"

"You're the liar, cunt!!!" cried Marco.

Apollonia had enough of his alpha-male stupidity. She finished pushing the needle through the shaft of his manhood. Four more were pushed through at odd angles to increase the length of their insertion. His balls were then riddled with six needles each. They looked like a pin cushion in a sewing kit. When she was finished she admired her work and called for Giuseppe, "Let him stew. Give him a good two hours before you knock him out with a sedative. Then drag him to his cell and bind him to the iron bed. Give him no room to move. Make sure the needles remain in his cock and his balls. The only reason you call is if he gets an infection or gangrene sets in otherwise, let him stew all because of his own stupidity."

"Yes, Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe, thankful she had not murdered the young muscular teenager.

Apollonia turned, walked to the door, exited, and entered the cell where Joshua was busy removing Adelina's teeth. Viviano leaned against the dirty cobblestone wall with a bored look on his face. Apollonia watched for a moment and then interrupted, "How much longer?"

Joshua did not stop working on the tooth that was partially extracted. Apollonia waited for him to finish. He turned to her and said, "At least an hour maybe two if you include her clitoral circumcision. I'm not a dentist, but I do know you have to be careful of the extractions on the lower jaw. Dry socket can form and it is a very painful condition if it is not treated properly. I'll inject her with some antibiotics and I'll assume a sedative that will keep her out for at least fourteen hours"

"Good," said Apollonia. She crooked a finger at Viviano and stepped out of the cell. Viviano followed to find her standing a few steps from the doorway. She said to him in a low voice, "Take whatever precautions you need to make sure that stupid son-of-a-bitch finishes and then goes directly home. Inform him that when he is home he is to speak to no one. He is not to call his in-laws so he can talk to his children. Tell him if he breaks down and does what he isn't supposed to his life will not be worth living. Call the car service to take him to Westchester and then have them take you home. I'm expecting you to rise to the occasion Viv. Don't let me down."

"I understand, Apollonia," replied Viviano.

"I know," she said, stepped up, and hugged him feeling his naked skin against the soft skin of her face. Apollonia looked up at her brother-in-law, stepped back, nodded, turned, and walked up the steps to the main floor of

the townhouse. Viviano returned to the cell and wondered what it would be like to spend night in bed making passionate love to his sister-in-law.

Sienna sat with Mario talking quietly and both stopped upon Apollonia's entrance. Mario was still nude and his nakedness did not have a detrimental effect on the older incestuous woman consenting to sit with him. Sitting in front of both of them were cups of coffee and sandwiches. The smell of the coffee was enough to make Apollonia desire a cup or two or three. Instead of requesting Sienna get her a cup, Apollonia stepped to the coffeemaker and poured a mug which was conveniently sitting next to the machine. As she sipped the hot brew, she said to both of them, "I'm in a pretty fucked up mood and I believe that it would be nice to stand here, sip my hot black coffee, and watch you suck Mario's cock Sienna."

Mario couldn't believe his ears. Sienna crossed her arms and dropped her head onto the small kitchen table. Neither of them moved to comply with her command. Mario said, "I'm not interested Apollonia and neither is Sienna. Why don't you just leave her alone?"

"Lucky for you Mario," said Apollonia, "I'm not really interested in watching her suck your cock. What I will tell you - you'd better think about having her do you because I intend to lock your cock up tonight." Apollonia turned back to the coffeemaker, topped her mug with fresh coffee, and walked out of the kitchen without waiting for a response. Just before she opened the door to the front parlor she screamed, "Mario Moretti, get your fuckin' bitch ass into the front parlor now!!!"

Upon entering the front parlor she, was presently surprised to see Antonio and Pricilla sitting next to one another on the main couch. Colin was in the wing chair that Mario had centered in front of the couch. She took a sip from her mug and surreptitiously checked Antonio to see if he had remnants of a hand job on his stomach. There really wasn't enough time for Antonio to convince Pricilla to give him a hand job. The one thing she did note was their ashen pallor which she surmised was the result of their witnessing the activities in the basement. She parked herself next to the wing chair that her sissy husband sat in, "Colin, sweet sissy, go sit in the chair next to the couch."

Colin rose and changed his seat. Apollonia replaced him making sure that when she sat both Antonio and Pricilla got a view of her panty covered sex. She sat with her legs slightly apart as she sipped her coffee and watched the faces of Antonio and Pricilla. Colin was immune to her little game. Antonio began to react to sitting across from his aunt naked as she exposed her panty covered vagina to him. Pricilla Smith did not react, but she did squeeze her legs together in an attempt to quiet her rising self-induced sexual stimulation.

"Antonio, you lied to me downstairs," said Apollonia in a voice that was kind and loving. She did not want to scare the youngster.

Shocked at her accusation Antonio sputtered, "What did I lie to you about?"

"Young man," she said, "you lied to me about why you had an erection. You admitted to masturbating and thinking about me, but you saw Pricilla and you wanted her. You could not control your Moretti manhood. Your sexual desires overtook your ability to be a man."

"How..." was all he said before Apollonia interrupted.

"I know young man, because I am a whole lot smarter than you are," continued Apollonia. "You're all of ten years old. You don't know or understand half the shit you'll learn as you grow into your role in this family. The question is, which do you prefer Antonio, pussy or cock?"

Antonio realized the game his aunt was playing, "I'm a Moretti man aunt Apollonia. I prefer the feel of a woman. I am not like the boy downstairs or my uncle Colin."

"Are you sure?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Antonio. "One hundred percent."

"Would you like to spend some time alone with Pricilla?" she asked.

"That would be nice," he replied, "but, I know that I'm too young for her."

"Pricilla, what do you think?" asked Apollonia.

Just as she was going to answer the door opened and Mario walked into the parlor. He quietly went to the wing chair on the opposite end from where Colin sat and took a seat. Pricilla eyes gave her away to Apollonia as she watched Mario not looking up at his face, but eyeing his Moretti manhood as it gently swung between his legs. Once he was seated, she unconsciously recovered, and said, "He's just a boy Miss Moretti..."

Apollonia snorted, "Yeah, sure, Pricilla... That boy has a slut that comes to his house every weekend and fucks and sucks him. He may be young, but he knows more about sex than you presume to know sweetheart. I have to ask you something and I want an honest answer. Did you have any idea that Umberto Moretti intended to rape you in front of Marco?"

Pricilla was shocked at the question Apollonia Moretti just asked her. Her lack of knowledge of the event showed when she looked around the room trying to focus on something innocuous so she could gain control of her fears. It took her a minute or two and when she was finally calm she said, "No, I did not..."

For some reason that she could not pin down, Apollonia believed her, "I know that to be the truth, Pricilla. Umberto had planned to have Marco dressed as his muscle sissy, tied to a chair with a butt plug up his ass, and force him to watch as you were used by Umberto and several of his friends. Luckily for you, Umberto met his maker and Marco is learning that he has sold his soul to the devil incarnate – me."

Pricilla Smith's eyes opened wide and from the tone of Miss Moretti's voice and her body language, she knew she was not being told a lie. Again, she looked around the room. She tried to keep from looking at Mario and Antonio's crotch, Colin's panty covered cock, and Apollonia's pussy. Pricilla stared at the ceiling, at the floor, at the walls, but not into Apollonia's eyes. Her stomach ached. Her head ached. She wished that she never met Marco Marinelli. "I'm so sorry, Miss Moretti... I'm so sorry..."

"Sorry for what, Pricilla?" asked Apollonia.

"I don't know," replied the young girl, "but I know I'm in over my head. Never in my life did I think I would be sitting in a room wearing just a pair of panties scared out of my wits. I may be smarter than my age, but I'm scared and I want to go home."

"Tomorrow you'll be on a private jet headed home, Pricilla," said Apollonia, "but it all depends on you."

"What do you want from me?" asked the frightened teenager.

"I want your total devotion to me," said Apollonia. "I want you to commit to your life to me by simply acknowledging that I have the power to make you suffer. Make your mother and father suffer. And, to make your future husband and children suffer all because of you breaking your commitment to me. It is a lot to ask of a sixteen year old, but I believe you want this day to end without you being physically or emotionally devastated."

"Devotion?" she asked.

"Yes, devotion," said Apollonia. "I want you to take Antonio's cock into your right hand and I want you to give him what he needs."

"Needs?" queried the young girl.

"Can't you see he needs relief," said Apollonia. "His cock is begging to be played with, made hard, and masturbated until he has an orgasm. Look at his face and you can see his desire for you. Do I need to explain any further Pricilla."

"N-N-N-No," said Pricilla, "but, I c-c-c-can't. I don't want to. He's only a boy."

"Would you prefer to have my brother-in-law take you upstairs and force his nine-and-a-half inch cock into your lithe thin body?" asked Apollonia. "All you have to do is sit there, stroke Antonio's cock, and watch it explode like a volcano. It's not like you're raping him, Pricilla. Go ahead. His cock won't bite you."

"I-I-I-I can't," she cried, "I don't like boys. I hate boys. I think they're dirty and disgusting. I touched Marco because I had to. P-P-P-Please don't make me."

Apollonia sat back amazed at the statement that was just uttered by the teenager. She stared into her eyes and saw the pleading look of a girl who just came to terms with her desire to be with another woman. Apollonia felt the subconscious memory of the first time she became self-aware of her desire to be sexual with another woman rise into her consciousness. Pricilla looked into Apollonia's eyes and she saw the color change to a brighter turquoise and the muscles on her face relax. The older woman and girl had what could only be considered a cathartic meeting of the minds. Apollonia would not force her to do anything with Antonio, but she needed to know if she was being conned by the teenager.

"Come," said Apollonia in a soft voice, "and kneel between my legs." Apollonia parted her thighs to reveal the small patch of red material that covered her bare vagina. "Place a soft kiss on the material that covers my sex. Before you place your lips on my sex, you look into my eyes and say 'I honor the center of my universe.' Just one kiss Pricilla and I will take you where you want to go sweetheart."

Pricilla Smith closed her eyes thankful that by telling the truth she closed the door to anything happening that she did not want to happen. Every muscle in her body was relaxed, her mind was clear, and the stress she felt was totally gone from her body. She moved off of the couch and onto the floor. Pricilla moved between Apollonia's legs, touched the skin just above the lace of the red thigh highs, drew a breath borne of doing something for the first time, looked into Apollonia's eyes, and said, "I honor the center of my universe, Miss Moretti." She leaned in and placed her lips on the material that covered Apollonia's womanhood. Her insides shook as she pressed her lips for a moment and as Miss Moretti requested she did not keep them there long.

The kiss on her material covered pussy was soft and short. Apollonia reached down and touched Pricilla's face. The young girl allowed her to keep her hand on her cheek and unconsciously moved her head so she was pressing against the soft skin of Apollonia's hand. They did not move for several moments until Apollonia nodded her head and said, "Return to the couch Pricilla. I will honor your request. Colin, please return to the basement and retrieve everyone's clothing. Also, check with Viviano about the work Joshua is performing."

The parlor remained quiet until Colin returned with several piles of clothing. He placed them in the middle of the parlor. He said to Apollonia, "Viviano said it was going according to plan. He said that if you're done here, he'd finish with Joshua and help Giuseppe with what needed to be completed. He said not to worry about Joshua as they had a short conversation concerning what occurred here today."

"Good," said Apollonia, "Call the car service. Make sure they send a stretch limo. Everyone get dressed or ready as we're returning to Columbus Place."