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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 146

#### Tuesday Afternoon – 84<sup>th</sup> Street Townhouse -11 March 2003

Before departing for the city, Apollonia called Howard Cohen and Jon Parks. Their news was not all bad, but she knew it would take a trip to Williamsport, PA to convince the owners of the DNA lab to sell. Otherwise, she would have to foreclose which would take additional time that she did not have. Ming Zheng departed as she had entered through the back door. Both women were sated, but each knew that it wouldn't take much to excite their sexual desire and replay the morning's tryst at any time in anyplace. Apollonia, knowing what was going to happen in the city, changed into a pair of old loose fitting Levi denims that were held up by a thick black leather belt, a denim shirt, and a pair of black leather motorcycle boots. She did not put on a lot of make-up nor did she wear a bra under her shirt. Over her shoulder she carried a large black leather satchel that looked nothing like a woman's handbag. She decided not to pack additional clothing because the worst case scenario she would call one of her favorite boutiques and have everything she needed brought to the townhouse.

Colina asked and received help from his wife and mistress when it came to what clothing he should wear. Apollonia insisted he dress more like a slut than a businesswoman. He fought her for just a moment before he realized that she was going to use his femininity to fuck with his brother-in-law. She made a point of inspecting his body to make sure he was totally hairless and a smooth as a new born baby. She ran her hands over his skin from head-to-toe feeling its silky smoothness. When she was done, she went into his closet and bureau to find what she wanted him to wear. The lingerie was simple. Because he was going to be involved in some nasty business, she chose a pair of black lace Victoria Secret thong panties. She did not pick out a bra. On his legs was a pair of Victoria Secret black striped lace topped thigh high stockings. His blouse and skirt were nothing more than two small pieces of black lace and satin material that just covered his small sissy breasts and the mini-skirt had just enough length to just cover his sissy clit. On his feet were a pair of unknown six inch fuck me platform heels. Apollonia applied his makeup and combed his hair so it framed his sissy face. When she stood back and admired her handiwork, she smiled, and immediately frowned. Colina's outfit was perfect except for his shoes. Apollonia stepped to his closet, found the one pair of foot apparel that would put her sissy over the top. She handed Colina a thigh high pair of patent leather boots that had six inch heels. Colina changed and when he stood for his Mistress to inspect his outfit he was somewhat surprised when she put her tongue in her cheek, pursed her lips into an oval, and used her right hand to make the universal sign of giving a blowjob. Apollonia Moretti knew her sissy husband had the perfect look for the upcoming activities. To be on the safe side, Apollonia packed a small bag with jeans, a denim shirt, panties, bra, and running shoes for Colina.

Nathan stood silently as he held the door for his employer and her sissy husband. For the first time since he became her driver, he felt his cock stir not for Apollonia, but for Colina. Although he looked like the ultimate slut, Colina tickled something in his brain that sent a small wave of pleasure to his nicely sized black cock. He felt relieved when he sat in the driver's seat because his penis had grown harder than expected. Nathan has never had a problem laying his pipe to a cuckold sissy to cement his dominance, but he was taken that he reacted to Colina without having a sexual relationship with his wife. He knew they were headed to the townhouse so he did not say anything as he pulled away from Apollonia's house and exited the Moretti compound.

The drive was delayed by a fairly large accident on the Long Island Expressway. Nathan did not change his route. He moved to the more freely flowing lane ( if you could call it that ), closed the gap between the Town Car and the car in front, and did not allow a single vehicle to worm its way in between. It took forty-five minutes to traverse the accident and then it was clear sailing into the city. Nathan was not prone to checking out his passengers, but he had to force himself to keep from looking at his employer's sissy husband. He couldn't stop thinking how sweet it would be to press his big black cock into the spectacularly beautiful sissy's ass pussy. *'Fuck,'* he said to himself, *'I'm not gay or bi, but Colina is one fuckin' beautiful sissy.'* He sighed, put his hand on his crotch, and willed his erection to subside.

Once they exited the Midtown Tunnel, the ride up to 84<sup>th</sup> Street was uneventful. Nathan pulled the Town Car into the driveway cutout, exited, and opened the door for his employer.

Apollonia and then Colina exited. Colina with the small gym bag stepped to the stoop that lead to the front door and patiently waited. Apollonia stepped close to her driver and said, "We'll be awhile. I'll call you when we're finished. I saw you eyeballing and staring at Colina. If you have any expectation of bending him over, I'd think twice about it. If you're in a mindset to fuck a sissy, then ask me and I'll supply you one. Remember, he's a Moretti and I hope I do not have to explain. . ."

Nathan bent his elbows, raised his hands palms outward, and interrupted, "No, Miss Moretti. You don't have to explain. I'm not gay nor am I bisexual. I have on occasion used my size to humiliate a husband at the behest of his wife, but I have to admit, he is one hot shemale."

The smile on Apollonia's face was sincere, "I'll tell him. Please keep your cell phone on and wherever you go, make sure you can leave at a moment's notice."

"I promise," he replied. Without saying another word, he returned to the vehicle and pulled out into the light traffic on East 84<sup>th</sup> Street.

Before Apollonia reached the top step of the stoop, Giuseppe opened the door, and stood aside to let them enter. After she stepped through the front door followed by Colina, she saw Sienna standing head bowed halfway down the hall. Behind her stood a partially clad Mario Marinelli; he wore a pair of thigh high stockings, three inch high heels, a black velvet choker, and a small white frilly apron. As he closed the door, Giuseppe said, "Mistress Apollonia, please go to the kitchen where we will perform our required greeting."

Apollonia showed no surprise at his statement although she did wonder why Sienna was willingly going to kiss her ass. Not saying a word in response, Apollonia made her way to the kitchen. She moved to the small table, opened her jeans, pulled them down with her panties, and leaned over enough to expose her anus.

Giuseppe was first. He went to one knee, leaned in, and placed a chaste kiss on the pink skin of Apollonia's asshole. Mario Marinelli went second. He too went to one knee, leaned in, and instead of placing a chaste kiss on his owner's asshole, he French kissed her anus forcing as much of his tongue into her rectum as he could. Apollonia did not respond and to his chagrin his French kiss did not elicit the response he had hoped for. Apollonia turned her head to see Giuseppe whispering in Sienna's ear as he guided his sister to a position behind Apollonia. Giuseppe caught her eye and nodded very slightly to acknowledge to his boss that his wife and sister would perform as required. Sienna was helped to her knees by her brother whereupon she closed her eyes and placed a light kiss on her boss' asshole. To her surprise, Apollonia did not force her to keep her lips on her asshole for any longer than she had. Giuseppe helped her up, took a step back, and stood waiting.

Apollonia pulled up her panties and jeans. She cinched her belt, turned around, and stepped in front of Sienna. She placed her hands on the elderly woman's cheeks, leaned in, and kissed her on her forehead. "You have performed as you should Sienna Moretti. I expect that I will no longer have any issues with you when it comes to showing me the respect I deserve and acknowledging who is subservient to whom."

Sienna Moretti continued to look down at the floor in front of her. She answered, "Yes Mistress Apollonia."

Mario Marinelli was surprised when the bitch that came close to removing his cock and balls walked over to where he stood. He looked into her eyes and tried with all his might to keep his fear of her from showing in his body. He took a breath and held it when he felt her hand slip behind the small white apron and take hold of his cock and balls. Her touch was enough to cause pain and make him flinch. Mario held his breath because he knew if he didn't control everything about his physical and emotional being his Mistress would finish removing his genitals. He breathed a sigh of relief when she relaxed her hand and just let his junk rest on her palm.

"So fag boi," she said as she looked up from his soon to be useless cock, "have you been a good sissy-in-training?"

"Yes, Mistress Apollonia," he replied trying affect a sissy lisp.

She tightened her grip which made him yelp in pain. "Listen to me and listen good fag," she said "I have business to tend to in the basement. I may need your help, but I'm not really expecting that I will. If I do, I expect you to do as I say and keep everything you see and hear private. You ever mention a word of it, I will bring Pricilla here and force you to watch as I abuse her the way I abused you. Her death, if it happens, will be because of you and only you."

"Please Mistress," Mario whined, "I will do as you command. Just don't hurt my Pricilla."

Apollonia laughed as she released his genitals. She stated matter-of-factly as she turned from him, "She is never going to be yours. When she returns to New York City, I will take her virginity and I will train her to be the biggest piece-of-shit to you. In the end, she will own you and you will lick her clean when she's done using the toilet."

Quiet in a little boy's voice he said, "Yes Mistress."

"Giuseppe, what does he have to do now?" asked Apollonia.

"Mistress," replied the elderly incestuous man, "he has cleaning to finish on the fourth and fifth floors."

Without batting an eyelash, she asked, "Does he have a butt plug inserted into his pussy?"

"Um," hesitated Giuseppe, "he does not. Would you. . ."

Apollonia's face changed. Giuseppe remained frozen waiting for the punishment, but nothing happened. "I don't want to see it, but take that bitch upstairs, insert a nicely sized butt plug into his pussy, and only remove it to administer his daily enemas and when the fag needs to defecate."

"Excuse me Mistress, but those items are in the basement. There is no reason for anything like that to be kept any other place in the townhouse. I hope you understand."

Apollonia could not contest his statement, but she did turn to look at Mario Marinelli when she said in reply to Giuseppe, "Take the faggot downstairs with us and before we deal with the asshole, I'll insert the butt plug."

Mario could not contain himself, "PLEASE!!! NOT YOU!!! ANYTHING!!! BUT NOT YOU!!!"

Apollonia was swift. She turned, took a half step forward and planted the instep of her black boot between the faggot's legs, and came very close to crushing his useless testicles in their bag of flesh. The sound of pain that

emanated from the young faggot's mouth was loud enough to wake the dead. Sienna moved to the window and used a chair to protect her body from any potential assault. Her action was not lost on Apollonia. She smirked at the woman, turned to her incestuous brother, and spat, "Take the faggot by his useless cock and pull him downstairs. I better hear him crying as you drag him downstairs. I will follow shortly."

Giuseppe knew better than to argue with his employer. He stepped over to the young man, pursed his lips, and without any compunction took hold of his healing cock and balls. Per his instructions, he squeezed the injured piece of flesh and pulled the screaming lad behind him as he descended into the basement.

Once she knew they were downstairs, Apollonia approached Sienna. She moved the chair from in front of her so that they were standing just inches apart. Sienna tried to control her fear when she felt her employer take her hands into hers. "Sienna Moretti," said Apollonia, 'relax. I do not know what your brother said to you, but by performing as you did just moments ago, you have shown me that your life is more important than not kissing my ass. There is no need to hide or fear me as long as do your duty. You kiss my ass when I arrive and you kiss it when I leave. Sienna Moretti, you do that no matter where we meet and you will return to the life you had when my father was in control of you and your brother. Understood?"

The tears streaking down her cheek was proof enough, but she said, "Yes Mistress Moretti. I understand."

Apollonia released her hands, smiled, and without another word, turned and walked towards the door to the basement. Colina followed. Once they were in the basement hall, she noticed the door to the main dungeon was open. Taking her sissy husband by the hand, she entered the room to find Mario Marinelli bent over the back of a chair crying his eyes out. Beside him stood a small table with several butt plugs and some KY jelly. Giuseppe, hands behind his back, stood waiting for his employer hoping the hope of futility that she would not choose the largest butt plug and force it into the lad's ass without any lubrication. What he hadn't expressed to his employer was how much he was impressed with the young man's acceptance of his feminization and his desire to please by working his ass off to complete his duties in the shortest amount of time.

Apollonia stepped up to Mario and placed her right hand on the left cheek of his soon to be a Moretti whore's ass pussy. She nodded her head approvingly when she felt how soft and smooth his skin had become in such a short period of time. Apollonia looked at the table, nodded her head before she leaned forward next to Mario's ear and said, "So bitch, I need to hear why you don't have a training plug in your pussy?"

Sniffling and gasping for breath, Mario Marinelli whined, "I begged Master Giuseppe to let me work without it so I could finish my chores faster. I promised him that I would allow him to insert a plug the moment I was finished."

"Is that true Giuseppe?" asked Apollonia.

Knowing his charge had just bitched him out, Giuseppe replied, "Yes Mistress Moretti. I would allow him to perform his chores without having to have a plug in his ass. Once he was finished and I approved of his work, I would lube the plug, stretch his asshole, and then insert it into his rectum. He kept it there until he started his chores again the next morning."

"He's only been free for a couple of days," asserted Apollonia as she stood up. "There's more to it and I demand to know because you're on the hook now Giuseppe. He's dressed as I demanded, but he does not have his pussy filled as it should be."

"I know that I have not done as you asked," stated Giuseppe without any fear in his voice. "If I may say, he's been completely docile. He's offered to help in any way so far as to offer sexual favors to both Sienna and myself. Naturally, we refused. I'm asking you to allow me some latitude with him. I promise you will not be disappointed."

"Has he sucked your cock?" asked Apollonia.

Emphatically, "No!!!" answered Giuseppe. "I just informed you that he asked and we refused."

Apollonia stared hard at her incestuous relative, wagged a finger at him, and said, "Pick a plug, lube it but not his pussy, do not relax his sphincter, and insert it now. Going forward, I'll give you the latitude, but once I enter my townhouse, he is to have a plug in his pussy. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress," replied the elderly man. Whereupon, he chose a slightly smaller plug than she would have used, squeezed a large dollop of KY jelly on it, stepped behind the whimpering sissy, and without giving him notice pushed the butt plug into his rectum.

Mario Marinelli grunted but did not cry out. He accepted his fate and noted that his mistress was truly the center of his new universe.

"Stand, get your sissy ass upstairs, and finish your chores," commanded Apollonia.

Mario Marinelli did as he was commanded. Both Apollonia and Colina chuckled as they watched him walk every so gingerly out of the dungeon to keep from expelling the butt plug from his pussy. They both knew it wouldn't happen that easily, but it was funny to watch him walk.

Once he was out of the room and on his way to the stairs Apollonia asked Giuseppe, "How is the good doctor?"

"I'll let you decide," he said, "because, I don't think he's all there anymore."

"Really," she said in response to his estimation of Dr. Goldsmith's mental state. "We brought him here Sunday and today is Tuesday. You kept him under the influence of the drug the whole time?"

Shaking his head yes Giuseppe replied, "Per your instructions Mistress Apollonia. Not that I have to say this, but you can see for yourself."

Apollonia turned and walked across the room to the door, into the hall, and because of his paralyzed state she did not have to worry about a crazed individual trying to attack her. She opened the door to Dr. Goldsmith's cell. The single bare light bulb was illuminated. On the cot, lay Joshua Goldsmith. He was bound to the cot which only added insult to injury. There was no way in hell he would have the strength to free himself from his bonds. She could see he was still paralyzed from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. Surprisingly, she was impressed that the cell did not smell from piss or shit, but then again he couldn't eat so why would he have to evacuate his bowel or his bladder. She walked over to the cot and when she saw her asshole brother-in-law she gasped. His eyes were bulging out of their sockets and she knew if he had the ability move the muscles in his face they would be twitching uncontrollably with fear and unbridled anger.

She turned to Giuseppe and asked, "When did you last inject him?"

"Exactly at 9:37 AM," he replied. "He is overdue for his next injection, Mistress."

"So, give or take a few minutes he should start to gain control of his muscles," said Apollonia. "Good. Means I don't have to wait too long before I can hear him beg for his useless fuckin' life."

She turned back and leaned over the cot so her face was above his. She smiled. She watched to see if he would recognize her. Apollonia waited for at least ten minutes before she saw a minor change in Joshua's eyes. She knew he had recognized her. She also knew he could hear everything that would be said to him.

"Joshua Goldsmith," said Apollonia, "how does it feel to be totally out of control unable to move or speak?"

She waited and watched his eyes. She knew he could not enunciate a response to her question. What she wanted more than anything else was to see him seethe with anger at his inability to move a single muscle in his body. His eyes did not completely settle back into their sockets, but the amount that they had gave Apollonia enough physical information to know he knew who stood above him and spoke to him.

"Sarah was a sweet fuck, Joshua," she continued knowing the lie was a skewer into his heart and bring forth unmitigated anger at her. "She cried for her mother. Not her father only her mother. She begged me to stop, but I didn't care. I wanted to see the fear in her eyes as I lovingly stroked the twelve inch strap-on that I was going to shove unceremoniously up her hairless virgin cunt. Little Sarah cried her eyes out. What was even more interesting was the erection Jason had as he stood tied to the bureau watching the rape of his sister."

She saw his eyes change as Joshua wanted to strike out at the bitch that was causing him so much mental and emotional pain. Apollonia knew he was trying with all his might to break the bonds of the drug that paralyzed him, but she also knew he knew it was futile. Joshua watched crazed as she licked her lips, moaned, and moved her hips as if she was reliving the rape of his darling daughter. Apollonia moved her hand into her pants and without any fear of retribution began to masturbate as she thought of fucking Sarah Goldsmith. She faked an orgasm, took the fingers of her right hand, and placed them under Joshua's nose.

"Smell me," she cooed with an evil lilt to her voice. "Smell the sex of the woman that fucked your daughter, then fucked your son, and is going to fuck you until you die. Your death is going to be painful and will take as long as I care to keep you alive. But know this asshole, when I leave you will be dead. No one will mourn your loss. Your body will be fed to the sharks. And your daughter and son will live their lives as Moretti whores. Suffer now because the spawn of your loins will never see their old age because I will take from them what you took from my husband."

Apollonia opened the black satchel and removed a small black case. Inside were six syringes. Three syringes held enough sexually stimulating drugs to turn him into a sniveling whining horny bitch while the other three held enough potassium chloride to stop the heart of an elephant. She removed one that would stimulate his libido and sexual desires. She held it above Joshua's eyes and said, "With this syringe, I turn you into a man who cannot satisfy his carnal desires. I have more of the paralytic and I have two more of the sex stimulant drugs. I also have three syringes of potassium chloride. The milligrams contained in those syringes would stop the heart of an elephant. I understand that if I very, very slowly give you very minuscule doses of the potassium chloride, I will cause you an extremely painful death. Or, I could bend you over, put an insidious razor toy on Colina's cock, and let her fuck you to death."

Apollonia took the sex stimulant syringe and returned it to the case. She turned to Giuseppe, "Do you have the strength to move him into the main dungeon room?"

"I can manage Mistress," he replied.

"Good. Do it and when I return I expect to see him face down, bent over, and strapped to a small whore's table or some such device that will give me access to his mouth, cock, balls, and ass. Be sure to secure him so when the drugs wear off he cannot move."

"Would you like a gag of some sort or a mouth ring inserted so he will not be able to scream, yell, or talk?" asked Giuseppe.

"No," replied Apollonia.

Colina said nothing when his wife and mistress took his hand and guided him upstairs to the kitchen. Apollonia turned to him, put her arms around him, and whispered, "I need a cock. I need to get fucked and as much as I shouldn't, I need you to fuck me. You're dressed and it should not be a problem for you to perform. I saw you with that Rheingold bitch. Push me to the table, pull down my jeans, and fuck me. NOW!!!"

Colina did as she commanded. He pushed her back to the small table that was used for meals by Giuseppe, Sienna, and Mario. She allowed him to open her belt, open her pants, and pull them down. The he realized that he would not be able to take her from the front. Without asking, he turned her around, pushed her face down to the tabletop, and because of his excited state he did not have to do much to maintain his erection. He thought for a moment as to whether or not he should warn her, but he decided against it. Instead, he positioned the head of his cock at her entrance and pushed it in to the hilt.

"FUUUCCKKK!!!!" cried Apollonia. "DO ME YOU SISSY BITCH!!! GIVE ME WHAT YOU CAN'T WHEN YOU'RE A MAN!!! THIS IS THE ONE CHANCE YOU HAVE TO FUCK ME, SO MAKE IT GOOD!!!"

Colina did not need to be told a second time. He gently grabbed his wife's protruding hip bones for leverage and began to fuck her hard and deep. He looked down as was impressed with how wet she was and how easy it was for him to maintain his erection while he fornicated with his wife. Neither of them cared that they were fucking in the middle of the small kitchen. Apollonia needed what she was getting and Colina was more than ecstatic that he could provide the cock. He fucked her for a good twelve minutes and as his cock began to thicken he got the surprise of his life.

"DON'T FUCKIN' CUM IN ME YOU SISSY FAGGOT," cried Apollonia. "PULL OUT AND CUM ALL OVER MY PUSSY. DON'T YOU DARE ALLOW ONE DROP OF YOUR SISSY MILK ENTER BODY!!!"

Colina was stunned but compliant. He used her pussy to stroke his cock a few more times and when he knew he was going to ejaculate he pulled his cock from her cunt. He stroked his penis to maintain his level of excitement and pointed at the lips of his wife's ravaged pussy. Colina put the head just below her anus and without a grunt or a groan released his cum so it could drip down to cover her womanhood.

Apollonia felt seven strong ropes of her sissy husband's sissy milk land on her body. The need for cock was borne of her lie to her soon to be dead brother-in-law. It also provided some warm cum for her to humiliate him with. It was her intent to rub it on his face while Colina fucked his ass. Apollonia turned around, lifted her foot, and said, "Remove my boots, my jeans, and my panties. Fold them and put them on the table. When I return to the basement I will be wearing just my shirt and the boots."

Colina did as she asked. He stepped back and watched as his fuckin' beautiful wife bent over and pulled the black motorcycle type boots onto her feet.

The look was nothing short of amazing, hot, and fuckin' one hundred percent sexual. With her sissy husband's cum cooling on her Moretti pussy, Apollonia Moretti took her sissy husband's hand and descended into the basement. Their surprise was how much Joshua had regained the ability to move and to speak. They listened as they walked towards the center of the room where he was strapped to a fuck me, abuse me bench that supported him from the side and left his abdomen open below.

'FUCKIN' CUNT!!! WHEN I GET FREE I'M GOING TO WRAP YOUR CUNT AROUND YOUR EARS!!!' cried Joshua. "YOU FUCKIN' HURT MY CHILDREN AND I AM GOING TO TAKE MORE THEN REVENGE ON YOU, YOU FUCKIN' PIECE-OF-DOG-SHIT MORETTI CUNT!!!"

Apollonia came up to where he was strapped to the bench, took the three middle fingers of her left hand, and unceremoniously shoved them sans lubrication up Joshua's ass. She did not care that there was the possibility of them getting covered in fecal matter. The force of the push stopped Joshua's rant and elicited a blood curdling scream of pain. The nails on her hand were not short nor were they dull. With her hand twisting in his rectum, she said, "You have something to say to me, doc?" She waited for a response, but only heard his screaming at the pain she was causing him.

After five minutes, she pulled her hand from his anus. She looked and with a bit of surprise noted that not a single drop of blood ran from his asshole. Her fingers were clean, but she knew that they had to smell. Apollonia looked at Giuseppe and wagged a finger for him to come to her. He stepped over and she whispered, "I believe there is an insidious device that I can attach to my husband's cock that contains razor sharp ridges or blades. Am I correct?"

Giuseppe sighed remembering how Lucia used the device on anyone she decided needed to die as she got off on having an ersatz cock protruding from her crotch. He shivered and did not care that his employer saw. "Your mother designed that implement of death. I watched her use it on men, women, and children. I was hoping never to see it used again. I am going to ask that you leave it where it is stored, but if you insist, I will bring it to you."

"I insist," she replied. "And, I insist you help me with it, because if you don't, I will teach myself and then I will force you to watch me use it on your sister."

"You wouldn't!!!" he cried.

Apollonia placed her hand on his cheek, smiled, and said in a cruel voice, "You should know better. Now, get it!!!"

Giuseppe returned with a gold encrusted black onyx and jade box. He opened it, presented it to his employer, and when she took it he stepped away.

Apollonia had read about the device, but never thought she would actually put it to use. The box was velvet lined and resting inside it was a ring that looked quite innocent. She lifted it out, let it rest in the palm of her hand, and felt the weight of the metal. She was more than astounded at its size because she had read that it would fit nicely around the girth of a twelve inch cock or dildo and length was a non-issue. Apollonia knew it would fit from a seven inch to a fourteen inch phallus. Its design was short of amazing. The device had two small clasps that needed to be opened before it could be expanded to any size. As she started to undo the first clasp, Giuseppe interrupted.

"Mistress Apollonia," he said. "Please be careful. If you open it incorrectly, you will slice open your hand. The palm and at a minimum two of your fingers will be sliced open wide open. You will need to go to a hospital for stitches."

"Do you know how to open it without any damage being inflicted upon your person?" asked Apollonia.

Giuseppe nodded, stepped forward, and took the innocent looking ring from her hand. He stepped to the platform, laid the ring down, and while pressing down undid the clasps. Once they were released, he slowly raised his hand allowing the device to expand to its minimum length. He turned to his employer and said, "You can now handle it because the blades will not open until the proper amount of pressure is applied to the end that should be closest to the base of the penis or dildo. Once the blades are open the only way it can be removed from the user's penis or dildo is with the special combination tool that is in the case."

"Fuck me," said Apollonia. "That is one devious design."

"Yes," said Giuseppe. "Your mother was the embodiment of pure evil."

"So, I can handle it without any issues?" she asked.

"Yes," Giuseppe replied.

Joshua had continued to scream about how he was going to kill Apollonia. As he yelled his head off, she stepped in front of him, lifted her leg, and said, "See the splooge that covers my cunt? That is the result of your son jerking off into a container. The amount you see is the result of me tying him to a bench and milking his boy testicles until he cried for me to stop because of the pain. You want to know what I did next?" she asked.

His muscles were regaining their ability to expand and contract, but their strength was nowhere near optimum because of the paralytic drug and their lack of use. He could see and smell his sister-in-law's cum covered cunt. Joshua could not stop from groaning as sick sexuality showed itself. He closed his eyes and yelled, "FUCK YOU!!!" He struggled, but to no avail. No matter how much he tried, he could not free his body from the bonds that kept him tied to the 'fuck-me bench'. Out of the blue he screamed, "GET IT OVER WITH ALREADY!!! IF YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME THEN DO IT!!! OR, FUCKIN' UNTIE ME SO I CAN RIP YOUR HEART OUT FROM BETWEEN YOUR LEGS!!!"

Apollonia forgot about the insidious sexual tool of death. She forgot about promising Colina that he would have his hands around Joshua's neck as he gazed upon the sick bastard's eyes as his life ebbed away. She decided it was time to just kick the shit out of him. Her action took everyone by surprise. She placed the ring back in its box,

closed it, and handed it to Giuseppe. He held it but did not return it to its hiding place in the closet of sexual toys and cruel tools. Apollonia turned back to her prone brother-in-law, stood next to him, and began to release his bonds.

Colina cried, "No!!!"

She knew Joshua would try to spring up from the bench. She timed the release of his legs and then his arms to her stepping back in preparation to being attacked by a crazed serial killer. Joshua did just as she expected, but once he was vertical on his two legs, they gave way. His muscles could not support his weight. He tumbled to the floor landing on his back. He tried to roll to his side to force his body into a standing position when his muscles gave way again. She saw his inability to control his muscles and knew his death would not be as pleasurable as it could have been if he was able to defend himself. Apollonia Moretti wanted more than anything to beat Joshua to death.

Colina watched his brother-in-law tried to use all his physical strength to will his muscles listen to his needs. He looked over at his wife and saw she was going to take from him the one thing he wanted more than anything including the fuck he gave her upstairs. Colina bit his tongue for a moment and then he said, "You promised me. You said that it would be me who took his life." He stopped, took a deep breath, and as he broke into tears, "Let me drain him of his life's essence. I don't want him to die quickly. I want him to suffer a slow painful death."

"How?" she asked after hearing the pain and need in his voice.

"I will tie him in a chair in front of a three mirrors just like the ones in a clothing store. I will force him to watch as the two essences of his body are drained. I will put a vibrator up his ass and use it to drain his balls non-stop. I will also have a small IV needle or catheter placed in his wrist that would allow his blood to slowly drip out of his body. His death would take some time, but I will revel in his inability to save himself. It will be very satisfying to continue to induce all forms of sadistic pain on his body," Colina said.

"Shit," said Apollonia. "I just want to beat the shit out of him, but you really want to sit and watch him suffer?"

"So much so," he said, "that I would prefer to change my clothes so I would not give him something to fantasize about as his mind succumbed to the inevitable. I'd also say that if you trusted me as you did before I accepted my cuckolding you can leave and go about your business. I know you have to accomplish the purchase of the DNA lab and if what you said to me this morning was true, then maybe you should make a phone call to that someone you mentioned."

"Are you sure?" she asked knowing him as she did that he was one hundred percent with what he wanted to end Joshua Goldsmith's life.

"Yes," he replied.

Joshua Goldsmith tried to stand and almost made it before he fell a third time. "FUCK YOU!!!" was all he said over and over again. "FUCK YOU!!!" "FUCK YOU!!!" "FUCK YOU!!!"

Apollonia, Colin, and Giuseppe all knew he did not have the strength to stand or move.

"Mistress Apollonia, should I put the device away and help Colina?" asked the elderly guardian of the Moretti townhouse.

Their eyes met. She turned to her husband, saw him pleading with his eyes, and said, "Yes. But, when everything is said and done, be sure to contact me."

Colina stepped to his wife and Mistress, put his arms around her, hugged her, and said, "Thank you."

Apollonia responded, "You're welcome and if you want some teenage ass, take the bitch from Texas."

"Truthfully," he said, "I'd rather jerk off while I watch that sick son-of-a-bitch expire. Maybe I'll fuck him once or twice just to add to his pain."

"I'm going upstairs to take a shower," she said. "When I'm done we'll talk about the rest of the day and night."

Apollonia departed the basement.

Giuseppe knew Joshua would not be able to move, so he went into the closet and returned with the perfect piece to tie Joshua to so Colina could live to see the death of his hated brother-in-law. The piece was not upholstered. It allowed the Master or Mistress to place the submissive in several demeaning positions which always provided for access to their genitals, mouths, and any other body part they desired to abuse. The next items Giuseppe brought into the room where three mirrors that could be positioned so the submissive could see close to everything. Pausing for a moment Giuseppe went back into the closet and returned with a mirror and stand that could be placed behind the bondage piece so the submissive could see what was being performed behind the individual.

Colina watched Giuseppe prepare the space and was surprised when he did not ask for help to place Joshua on the piece that resembled a saw horse. At the head end of the piece was a U-shaped device with a large leather strap that would hold the individual's head just below the neck. At the hips was another piece that supported the individual's hips and provided straps to hold the individual's hips and legs to the device. The beauty of the piece was its ability to position the individual's arm or arms as needed.

Joshua had finally given up trying to stand, but he did not cease his continuous screaming of "FUCK YOU!!!"

The room allowed the screaming to echo, but because of how it was designed and built, no one outside of the room could hear anything. Giuseppe unceremoniously picked up Joshua and slammed him down on the device forcing most if not all the air out of his lungs. The lack of breath provided Giuseppe with enough time to cinch all of the straps around Joshua's body. He positioned Joshua's left arm parallel to his shoulder. This allowed for the insertion of a narrow gauge catheter in his wrist or the nape of his elbow. Either way, the blood would drip at a slow pace because the exit point was not below the heart. The final figurative coup de grace was the placement of a large glass bowl below Joshua's arm to collect his life's essence as he slowly expired.

"Miss Colina," said Giuseppe, "may I show you the available vibrating dildos and with your permission, I will choose and show you the needle I believe you should use. Also, if I may, the gauge of the needle will be small enough to allow a minimal flow of blood without having to be cleaned every hour on the hour."

"I'm not going to ask how you know what you know, but if you would," replied Colina. "Where can I change?"

"If you're embarrassed," he replied you can go upstairs, "but I would not be offended if you went somewhere in this room to change; although it may be a bit more intimidating to the individual on the device if you remained dressed as you are."

"Interesting thought," Colina stated still not one hundred percent with his remaining dressed as he was.

"Dr. Goldsmith took the lives of young girls and of course your wife," stated Giuseppe. "It would only be fitting to have him have to face his slow agonizing death while looking at the bane of his existence."

"But," said Colina, "I'm not the bane of his existence."

Giuseppe came to where Colina stood and said in a whisper, "True, but if I am correct, it was a woman, a female that made him into what he is today. He should be forced to see the female form taking his life. Fucking his ass and draining his balls as if he was some faggot bitch. Inserting the needle that will drain his life's essence from his body and her standing back to watch as it drains. If I may, you are extremely beautiful and I would. . ." Giuseppe paused and at his elderly age, blushed. "I'm sorry. I embarrass myself."

Colina laughed quietly. He placed his right hand on the old man's shoulder and said, "It is fine. I understand. If you were a younger man without the encumbrances of being held to your incestuous life, you'd probably enjoy sex with a transvestite. I see your point about remaining dressed, but for some reason deep within my soul, I want to be the man that takes his life. But, why don't you do as you said and get the vibrators and the needle. I'll make my decision while you're gone."

He laughed and said, "You'd better hurry, because you won't have much time. All I have to do is go to the closet at the other end."

The decision was simple. Colina remained dressed in his '*fuck me*' attire. He agreed to use the catheter that Giuseppe had chosen. He held it in his hand and wanted more than anything to foul it with some of his fecal matter, but that could hasten Joshua's death and that was not what he wanted. Not afraid to show his ineptitude, Colina asked Giuseppe to insert the needle in the place he thought would be best for a slow drip. He did not watch the insertion. Instead, he went to the small table that held a box of various sizes of penis shaped vibrators. Colina smiled to himself as he inspected them. Being the sissy he was, he wondered how some of them would feel sliding in and out of his sissy pussy. He pushed the thoughts from his mind and opted to take an eight inch by four inch latex dildo that had ten levels of vibration available.

He was surprised when he heard Joshua scream, "FUCK YOU, YOU OLD FUCKIN' INCESTUOUS BASTARD!!! GO FUCK YOUR SISTER!!! FUCK YOU!!! WHEN I FREE MYSELF I AM GOING TO SHOVE MY HAND UP YOUR INCESTUOUS ASS AND RIP YOUR GUTS OUT!!!" There was a pause and then Colina heard, "FUUUUKKKKK!!!! PLEASE TAKE IT OUT!!!"

Colina knew that for the first time that day, Joshua Goldsmith was facing a long painful road to his death. No sooner than he quieted down and began to whimper, Colina pressed his lips to Joshua's ear and said, "I watched Apollonia fuck your daughter. I saw the fear in her eyes. I heard her cry for her mommy. I watched as she milked the boy cum from your son's balls. Now, I'm going to do the same to you. I hope you savor the last of your painful non-orgasms. Fuck you Joshua Goldsmith."

Colina stood up and with all the force he could muster, shoved the eight inch vibrating cock halfway into Joshua's ass. He flipped the switch on the base to ten and pushed the remaining half into the now screaming serial killer's rectum. Colina wanted to insert the entire vibrator into his ass and leave it there, but he knew he'd have to use it to massage the soon to be dead doctor's prostate to evacuate the essence of his balls without the global all-encompassing feeling of an orgasm.

Joshua saw red as he felt the large cock shaped dildo enter his rectum. Having regained his ability to control his muscles, he tried to wiggle out from under the leather straps. The futility of his attempts took whatever physical strength he had gained and drained it from his body. He looked into the mirror to see his wife's sissy brother beginning to fuck his ass while smiling at his reflection. Joshua tried to move his hips and ass, but realized that it was a futile attempt as was his trying to escape. He couldn't drop his head in defeat. He looked at the reflection in the mirror and began to beg without yelling, "Please Colin. Please don't take my life. I have so much to give to the world. Please!!! I'm sorry!!! I'm sorry for taking her from you!!! Please don't do this to me!!!"

Colina shoved the dildo deep into Joshua's rectum. He held it there as she growled, "I should just shove my hand up your ass and rip your insides out. You can't even remember her name." He released the pressure on the dildo, slid it out of his brother-in-law's ass, and noticed how his anus would not close. It remained open and Colina decided to give Joshua the ultimate fucking. He turned to Giuseppe and mouthed, "Lube."

Giuseppe nodded in response, picked up the tube he had brought out for Mistress Apollonia, and handed to Colina.

Colina showed the tube to Joshua via the mirror. He obnoxiously coated his left hand, wrist, and forearm with the KY. He smiled a sick smile at Joshua and without any warning shoved his entire left arm to the elbow up Joshua's ass.

"FUUUCCCCKKKK!!!!" cried Joshua. His anus was stretched beyond its natural limits. He tried to raise his head only to be stopped by the leather straps. He screamed, "FUCK YOU!!! TAKE IT OUT!!! YOU'RE KILLIN' ME!!! IT IS UNNATURAL TO HAVE YOUR. . . FUUUCCCCKKKK!!!!"

Colina rotated his arm and without a care in the world began to fuck his brother-in-law's ass with his arm. He did not glance away from the image of his sick brother-in-law crying, begging, and pleading for the rape of his ass to stop. The feeling of his rectum around his arm did not elicit any form of sexual desire. His sissy clit remained flaccid and his brain did not produce any sexual hormones. For shits and giggles, Colina pressed his arm up to his elbow, laughed the sickest laugh he could produce, and opened his hand. He spread his fingers as wide as they could go. The response was instantaneous.

"NOOOOOO!!!!" cried Joshua. "ENOUGH!!! I'M SORRY!!! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT!!! PLEASE!!! NO MORE!!! IT HURTS!!!!"

Joshua felt the hand close, but the arm remained in his rectum. The interior of his body could do nothing to evacuate the intruder. Try as he might, his lower bowel did not respond but it began to go spastic on its own in an effort to force Colina's arm down and out. The room was quiet for the first time since Joshua entered. Giuseppe stood quietly watching and waiting for the inevitable. Seeing the taking of a life was nothing new to the elderly man. Inside he thanked God that the individual losing his life was not a child. No matter how indebted he was to Mario Moretti for saving Sienna and him from dying at the hands of the Moretti moral code, he could not and would not accept the murder of innocents.

Colina leaned to whisper in Joshua's ear and saw that his movement was limited by the fact that his arm was inserted into the serial killer's rectum. Not caring in the least, he moved his upper body forward causing his arm to put extreme pressure on the inside of Joshua's rectum. The walls of Joshua's rectum took only so much before they began to give way under the pressure. Colina felt it and rather than rip his insides apart, he stood and pulled his arm out. He looked at it as was immediately surprised at the lack of dark fecal matter. He put his arm to his nose, smelled, and immediately stepped to Joshua's face.

He placed the arm under his nose and said in a clam voice, "Lick it clean. Prove to me you want to live, but if I don't see your tongue not only will you rue your decision, I will shove it back up your ass. This time I will force the entire length of my arm to my shoulder into your serial killer's lower bowel. I'm not going to choke the shit out of you the way you choked my sister. I'm going to find something so insidious to torture you with that I will spoil my panties with gallons of sissy milk. Then if you're still conscious I will wipe your face with my soiled panties. I bet your mother did that to you when you were a boy except it was probably rank pussy juice. Is that how she started humiliating you? Did she make you fuck her because your father is such a fuckin' wimp? You'll do anything? Then tell me who and what made you into the sociopath that gets off choking the life out of defenseless women."

Joshua Goldsmith could smell the acrid odor of shit. He saw that his tormentor's arm was not coated or splotched with his feces. The odor was more than enough to tell him that the lubrication mixed with the interior slime of his rectum on Colina's arm. He tried again to move. His muscles were beginning to gain some strength, but no matter how he tried, he could not wiggle free from the leather straps. Joshua's mind began to put into perspective his death. If he tried to beg, it would fall on deaf ears. If he tried to apologize, it would fall on deaf ears. If he tried to explain the reasons for his deviance, it would fall on deaf ears. He knew the only way to save his life was to accept his place on the road to his death and maybe by doing whatever he was commanded, no matter how disgusting, he may just live to see another day.

The arm pressed against his mouth underneath his nose. The smell was more than he could take. Instead of licking Colina's arm, he opened his mouth and bit. The taste was more than disgusting, but inflicting pain on his wife's sissy brother was more than enough to give him an erection.

Colina did not cry out in pain. He took the thumb of his right hand and pressed it into Joshua's left eye. He felt it slip behind the orb and knew with just a flick of his hand, he would pop the eyeball out of its socket. Joshua released his bite. Colina moved, but did not take his thumb from Joshua's left eye. "I could pop it out. But, I want you to watch what I do to you as you die a very slow and painful death." He left it there for a good two minutes before he pulled it out.

Joshua Goldsmith knew his life was over. His erection faded and his bladder released a minuscule amount of urine. He began to cry uncontrollably. He did not scream or yell. With a calm that scared Colina and impressed Giuseppe, he said, "Just get it over. Take me. Give me the ultimate release. If you have an ounce of forgiveness in your heart, let me ejaculate as you end my life. Hopefully I will be a better person on the other side. I cannot modify what I am or what I have done. All I can do is beg, plead, and ask you to have just an ounce of mercy. I don't care how you end my life, just do it as I ejaculate. Please!!!"

Colina could not contain the laughter tinged with anger. He leaned down and said, "Did you make that offer to my sister? Did you let her have one last sexual orgasm as you choked the life out of her? Did you force your shit covered cock into her mouth when you knew she did not want to suck it after it had been up her ass?" Colina paused, stood, up, and exposed his rather nicely sized sissy clit. He waved it in front of Joshua's face. It grew and when it was erect he said, "Remember when my Mistress made you suck me off as I lay in the hospital." Again he paused when he saw the look of disgust on Joshua's face. Colina laughed as he said, "Once bitten is enough. I'm no dope. I may be a content sissy cuckold, but I'm not in the least bit stupid. I'm not going to force you to suck my clit. But, I am going to piss on you."

Good to his word, Colina let go a stream of urine. He pissed all over Joshua's face who tried rather unsuccessfully to avoid being pissed on. Before he could close his mouth, Colina made sure a good amount filled his mouth. When Colina finished, he turned to Giuseppe and asked, "Would you please get me a hose? I think I need to clean this piece-of-shit up."

No sooner than he asked, Giuseppe returned with a green garden hose with a brass nozzle attached. He handed it to Colina and did not say a word. He could see that Colina knew the garden hose was charged. What the cross-dressed sissy did next made the old man gasp. He watched Colina place the first inch of the brass nozzle into the doctor's anus and turn on the water.

Joshua Goldsmith yelled and tried to move his ass so he could dislodge the nozzle. "FFFUUUCCCCKKK!!!" he yelled totally forgetting he had the acrid taste of urine in his mouth. He felt his lower bowel begin to fill and wanted more than anything to expel the liquid invader.

While Colina held the nozzle, he turned to Giuseppe and mouthed, "A large butt plug."

Giuseppe nodded, walked away, and returned with a fairly large butt plug. He saw that Colina wanted him to hold it until he was asked for it. Again he quietly watched as the water began to distend Joshua's stomach. He knew the liquid was beginning to rise past his bowel and into his large and small intestines. Then it would be a matter of time before he exploded or drowned from having his digestive tract filled to where it flowed out of his mouth. 'Ugh!!!' thought Giuseppe, 'What a disgusting way to die.'

Joshua tried to raise his head. As he strained against the leather strap holding his head in place, he cried, "PLEASE!!! STOP IT!!! PLEASE!!! IT HURTS SO BAD!!! PLEASE!!! TAKE IT OUT!!! I'LL DO ANYTHING!!! PLEASE!!!"

Colina held the nozzle, knelt next to Joshua, and used his free hand to rub his distended abdomen. Not being a doctor, he did not know how much water the human body could take and absorb when it was being forced through one's anus. He continued to rub and caress Joshua's growing abdomen. "So bitch, how much water can I force into your digestive tract via your faggot ass? I'm wondering what it would be like to fill you up, take long needles, and push them into your body. I'm guessing some would miss their mark and others would pierce your intestines. If I place them correctly, I bet I could even get a few into your stomach."

Joshua screamed, "NNNNOOOO!!! PLEASE!!! I GIVE UP!!! KILL ME BUT BE KIND ENOUGH TO DO IT QUICKLY!!! GOD, FORGIVE ME!!!"

Upon hearing that, Colina forgot about the nozzle, and went to Joshua's head. He grabbed his nose, squeezed and growled, "Did you make it quick for my sister? Or for that matter, for anyone else you murdered so you could have your orgasm!!! Fuck you Dr. Goldsmith. Beg all you want because you will die today, or tomorrow, or the day after; but it will be when I allow you to and not before. Your suffering is just beginning asshole."

"Excuse me," said Giuseppe, "but Miss Colina, I think you need to check his abdomen. I'm not quite sure, but by the force of the water entering his body, I don't think he'll be able to accept much more."

Colina smiled at Giuseppe, "Maybe I should just let him explode; you know, like the character in the Monte Python film that gorged on food and all it took was one thin mint to be the morsel that caused his stomach to explode." He knelt and looked at his brother-in-law's abdomen. He could see the skin tightening and the blood vessels beginning to show through the skin. He stood, went behind Joshua, and said, "I'm going to turn off the flow of water. You will then give me the plug and when I tell you, you will pull the nozzle from his ass. As soon as the nozzle is clear, I will shove the butt plug up his ass. Hopefully, we will not lose a large amount of water."

The swap took place as Colina planned. There was a small amount of water that escaped before he could force the large butt plug into Joshua's asshole. Joshua's abdomen was at least ten times its normal size. It looked like he was pregnant with a rhinoceros or some such large animal. Colina remained behind Joshua and just stared into the mirrors. All he heard was a constant low groan being emitted from Joshua. The sick son-of-a-bitch could not scream, yell, or talk with his abdomen in its bloated state. What Colina also noted was his inability to breathe easily. The water was not allowing his abdominal muscles to move in a normal manner to allow air to flow into and out of his lungs.

"Shit!!!" cried Colina. "That son-of-a-bitch may just die from asphyxiation and not from being tortured." He slapped Joshua's balls as he went to the side of the bench and looked at the distended abdomen. He watched as Joshua tried to breathe and knew if he remained in the state he was it wouldn't be long until he succumbed. "FUCK!!!" cried Colina. "Giuseppe, I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to make a mess."

"Do not worry," was all the elderly man said.

Colina nodded, stood, stepped to the side of Joshua, and without any ceremony, he leaned as far forward as he dared and pulled the butt plug from his brother-in-law's ass. The contents of the sick bastard's innards spewed from his asshole. The brackish water sprayed a good four to five feet just from the pressure of being inside Joshua's digestive tract. The odor was tolerable but the amount of water amazed both men. Once the flow stopped because of the internal release of pressure and Joshua's facedown position on the fuck-me bench, Colina decided to leave the remaining water inside his bowel.

"FUCK!!!" cried Joshua. "FUCK YOU!!! WHEN I GET FREE I'M GOING TO WRAP YOUR ASSHOLE AROUND YOUR FAGGOT EARS!!! THEN I'M GOING TO RIP YOUR SISSY COCK FROM BETWEEN YOUR FAGGOT LEGS!!!"

Colina responded by kicking Joshua in his balls several times. Each time he made contact with Joshua's testicles, the sound emanating from Joshua made Colina smile. Just as he made contact the last time he heard his name called. He turned to see Apollonia standing just inside the door to the dungeon. She was dressed in her denim outfit. "Mistress," he said.

Smiling she asked, "What the fuck have you been up to? This place smells like a sewer or honey farm."

"Um, I filled the asshole's digestive tract with a large amount of water," replied Colina. "So much his abdomen became distended and it actually came close to stopping him from breathing. I didn't want him to die from asphyxiation, so I pulled the plug so to speak."

She could see that Joshua was barely alive. "How long?" she asked.

"I was hoping that I could take my time," Colina responded. "I love hearing him cry, beg, plead, and ask to have his life ended quickly. If I have a choice, I'd like to torture him for at least a few days."

"Come here," she said to her sissy husband.

Colina stepped around the puddle to where his Mistress waited. He stopped in front of her and as a good submissive dropped his head and looked at the floor. His hands went behind his back where he clasped them waiting for her next command or question.

"Look at me," she said.

Colina raised his head and stared into her dynamic turquoise and gold flecked eyes.

"I cannot allow you to stay here for several days and torture that useless piece-of-dog-shit," she said. "I'm sorry, but if you're not going to do it soon, I'm going to be forced to snap his neck like a pretzel. I have made a phone call and I expect company here by seven or earlier. I'm sorry Colina, but you have to do it and do it now."

"Yes Mistress," he said.

Apollonia watched her sissy husband go over to Giuseppe Moretti and ask, "May I please have the device that you so hate because I want to kill him with my cock."

Giuseppe turned to Apollonia, was about to speak, when he heard her say, "Do it." He returned to the closest, picked up the black onyx and jade box, and returned to where Colina stood. He noticed as he walked from the back of the dungeon his Mistress had left. "If you please, I would like to help you. It is important you understand that once it is on your genitals, opened and used, only someone with the knowledge of its methodology of removal should touch it. It is that sharp."

Colina nodded.

Giuseppe placed the round stainless steel ring on the raised platform, used the palm of his hand to press down, and release the mechanism that held it together. He turned to Colina, took hold of his sissy clit, and masturbated him to an erection. He careful slid the device over the head of his sissy clit and down the shaft to the root. He used his right hand to press the ring against his pubic bone and knew it was in place when he heard the soft click of the internals fall into place. He slowly turned the ring just below Colina's sissy clit head until the mesh tightened around the shaft. He carefully used his left hand to test the placement of the mesh and when he was satisfied pressed a small button which clasped tight enough to remain behind the head of Colina's sissy clit without causing him to lose his erection.

"Please listen to me very carefully," said Giuseppe. "Do not touch or put pressure on the ring that is at the base of your penis. It is pressure loaded and if it releases you will not be able to use it as it is designed to be used. Once you've inserted your penis into. . ." Giuseppe paused for a moment before he continued, "into his asshole, the first time the second ring presses against his body the device will spring open. If you want to induce fear, anxiety, and stress, then you show it to him, explain how it works, and then simply walk behind him and ram it up his ass or slowly fuck him until you're ready to literally slice his insides to shreds."

"Thank you for your concern," replied Colina. "I will be careful."

Joshua Goldsmith was not completely coherent, but he was conscious enough to hear Colina and see some device wrapped around his penis. He forced a level of consciousness to return and spat, "WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT THING ON YOUR FAGGOT COCK?"

Colina cackled like a witch. He saw the surprise on Joshua's face which warmed the cockles of his heart. He understood Giuseppe's warnings and to be sure he was careful, Colina placed his hand underneath the shaft of his sissy clit, picked it up slightly, and said in a loving and soothing voice, "This my dear serial killer this is going to be the implement of your death. You like to choke girls to death. I'm going to fuck you to death and watch your reflection in the mirrors as you succumb to what I hope will be a very painful and evil death."

"FUCK YOU COCKSUCKER!!!" growled Joshua.

Colina strode with a purpose behind his hated brother-in-law. He noted that his anus has closed close to ninety percent after the removal of his arm, the water hose nozzle, and the water. Being extremely careful, Colin placed the head of his sissy clit at Joshua's opening and to make sure he knew everything that was going to happen to him, he slowly entered the doctor's rectum.

"FFFUUUCCCCKKKK!!!" cried Joshua. "TAKE IT OUT!!! TAKE IT OUT!!!"

"I'm inserting my sissy clit into your faggot ass, Joshua," said Colina. "I'm going to fuck your faggot ass for a few minutes. When I know you're comfortable with having my sissy clit up your ass, I'm going to press my body against the globes of your faggot pussy. I won't have to look down at our connection. I will be looking in the mirror at your reflection as the surprise I have for you is opened. I'm hoping that the look on your face will be enough to make me coat your insides with my sissy milk."

Before Joshua could get any sort of expletive out of his mouth, Colina began to ever so gently fuck his ass. Colina grabbed his hips, pushed in just to the point of no return, pulled back, and slid his sissy clit back. Once he had a rhythm, he started verbally abusing Joshua. "Bet you love the feeling of a thick steel cock up your faggot ass. Did your witch of a mother fuck you with a steel dildo? Did she use metal implements on your useless genitals because she hated men? I can see it in your eyes. Is that a smile of recognition I see on your face, bitch?" Colina looked down and saw Joshua's anus moving in concert with his inward and outward movement due to the added girth of his sissy clit. He looked back up and saw Joshua trying to stop the abuse of his ass and lower bowel. "God, I love watching you trying to stop me from fucking you up your faggot ass. Come on Joshua, say something. You're not yelling or screaming. SAY SOMETHING BITCH!!!"

Joshua tried to move his head but realized the only way he could see Colina behind him was to use just his eyes. He raised them and saw his sissy brother-in-law slowing fucking him. He could feel every inch of the metal device sliding against the walls of his bowel. His mind was in turmoil and his cock was flaccid. Joshua Goldsmith could not enunciate anything coherent. He just blabbered, "FUCK YOU!!!" multiple times. Earlier he realized he could see a clock on the wall of the dungeon. In his daze and confused state, he noted that Colina had been fucking his ass for a good ten minutes. Again using all of his strength he brought a level of consciousness to the fore and screamed, "SO, YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO FUCK ME TO DEATH SISSY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAKES YOU THINK A METAL SHEATH WILL CAUSE ME TO DIE, BUT GIVE IT YOUR BEST SHOT. I WILL TELL YOU THAT I LOVED THE LOOK ON YOUR SISTER'S FACE AS I FUCKED HER NIGGER LOVING CUNT AND CHOKED THE LIFE OUT OF HER AT THE SAME TIME." He stopped speaking for a moment and when he started anew, "FFFUUU" was all that came out of his mouth.

The last thrust Colina made after Joshua said how much he loved seeing his sister die at his hands was enough for him to slam his lower body against Joshua's buttocks. Colina felt the device expand and begin to rapidly rotate around the shaft of his sissy clit. He did not move. He looked at Joshua's face and the surprise on it was worth all the money in the world. Joshua felt the razor sharp tines of metal that were released by the pressure lock. He knew they were rotating around in his lower bowel. The small razor wires cut through the interior walls of his bowel severing the tissue, arteries, and veins. The surprise on Joshua's face came from the initial shock of pain that dissipated rather quickly as the tissue gave way to the rotating razor wires.

Colina couldn't believe what was happening as held his sissy clit inside Joshua's rectum. He could feel the insidious device as it rotated around his sissy clit ruining the interior of Joshua's body while being a gentle as a lamb to his genitals. It took a moment, but he figured that the device was wound when it was closed and somehow gained additional torque as he fucked Joshua's ass. The one thing he wanted more than anything at that moment was to spew his sissy milk up Joshua's ruined bowel as if his sissy milk would poison the asshole that would soon be his dead brother-in-law.

Joshua knew. He understood what had just happened to him. His mind was as clear as a bell. He knew he had just moments before he descended into the realm of unconsciousness caused by the lack of blood getting to his brain. He knew his lower bowel was filling with blood from the severed arteries and veins. He knew as long as Colina kept his cock pressed against his asshole it would stem the loss of blood through his anus. Joshua looked up at Colina. He nodded to the sissy bitch that ended his life telling her he understood what had just happened. His brain began to fog as he tried to humiliate Colina one last time, "She was nothing more than a . . ."

Colina did not let him finish. He began to fuck his anew knowing the razor wire spines would do their best to slice and dice the interior of Joshua's rectum. The final fucking of Joshua Goldsmith was in the end ( pardon the pun ) was not as satisfying as Colina thought it would be. He watched as Joshua's body began to twitch, his eyes roll back into his head, and his last breath croak from his mouth. Colina looked down at the connection, pulled his cock out, and was amazed to see the razor wire tines just cut through the skin and muscle of Joshua's ass. He stepped back, saw the small puddle of urine on the floor was larger than before, and knew Joshua Goldsmith was dead. He did not care that a large amount of blood and tissue ran from the dead serial killer's mutilated anus.

Giuseppe came to Colina's side, gently took him by his arm, and guided him to the rear of the dungeon. Without saying a word, he used the special tool to release the device from Colina's sissy clit and very carefully placed it on the counter next to the sink where they stood. "Do you want me to help you clean up? Or, would you rather do it yourself?"

Colin turned his head and said, "I thought I would feel better. Feel ecstatic at his demise. For a moment, I wanted to ejaculate into his ruined bowel, but when I didn't and he died; I did not feel any form of closure. My emotions were neither happy nor sad. He's dead, but so is my sister. You'll excuse me, but I'm going to go upstairs and take a shower. I feel so dirty. I know I don't need to say anything about cleaning up."

Giuseppe released his gentle hold on Colina, stepped back, and said, "Not to worry Miss Colina. I will take care of everything. Please use any bedroom and bathroom on the fourth floor. Before you leave, please wrap your genitals in this towel."

Colina nodded, did as Giuseppe asked, and departed the dungeon without looking at the defiled body of his sister's murderer.

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Apollonia found Colina in the rear bedroom on the fourth floor. The room was one of the smaller bedrooms in the townhouse, but like all of the others it had been modified to have a full private bath. The furniture was antique from the 18<sup>th</sup> Century and one could not tell it was over three hundred years old by the way it was kept. He was naked as the day he was born, except he had pert breasts, smooth skin, and a totally hairless body. She was surprised to see him standing quietly next to the window staring off into space. Colina's fuck-me clothing was neatly folded on the double bed. Next to them he had laid out the denims, the work shirt, clean panties, and his female running shoes. His sissy clit hung flaccid and showed no signs of wear from being used as the instrument of Dr. Joshua Goldsmith's death.

Apollonia whispered, "Colina."

The sissy turned his head, looked at his Mistress, his wife, the love of his life, and began to cry uncontrollably. Apollonia stepped over to him and wrapped her arms under his and pulled him tight to her body. Her right hand went to the back of his head where she began to massage his head. There was nothing sexual about their embrace. Apollonia Moretti knew her sissy was now facing the ultimate truth. Murdering someone; even someone as hated as his brother-in-law, did not bring forth the emotional, psychological, and physical release of hatred and the satiation of the need to seek revenge for an unspeakable crime.

"I know Colin," said Apollonia. She purposely used his given name instead of his sissy name. "Believe me sweetheart, I know."

Colina pulled his head back, looked down into his wife's beautiful eyes, saw a welling of tears, and said, "I thought I would feel like the weight of the world was taken off my shoulders." He paused, moved his right hand to his Mistress' face, and said, "Maybe we should have let him live and abused him for the rest of his natural life." Again, he paused, pulled his hand down, began to quietly weep, and said, "I'm so lost, Appy. Elizabeth is gone and I feel so lost. We may not have had the best relationship, but she understood me and accepted my decision to be a cuckold and a

sissy. Please don't take this wrong, but in the end, I knew I could confide in her, but she's gone and I'm alone. Murdering that bastard has not brought the closure I thought would allow me to accept Elizabeth's death."

"If you expected closure, then you've just learned the bottom line truth," she said in her quiet voice continuing to try and soothe her husband's feelings. "Murder is a dirty business. Do it enough and you become immune to what is does to your psyche. The first time is always the most difficult. A person has to learn to separate oneself from the act. It needs to be cold and totally impersonal. Did you look into his eyes when you released the razor tines?"

"Yes," he replied. "At first, I felt a surge of power and I thought I would ejaculate knowing I wore the implement of his death. When I didn't I lost all feelings of authority and accomplishment. I watched and felt him expire. I did not feel relief. All I wanted to do was to get away from him. Why didn't I revel in his death?"

"You're not a murderer, Colin," stated Apollonia. "You're a man who is happier living the life of a sissy. You tried to bring back the feel of your masculinity, but truth be told, you couldn't because the man you murdered wasn't worth your time or your energy for you to change back to who you were. It probably would have been a lot more satisfying if you stayed home and knew when I returned he was gone. Torture will help you feel something, but it ultimately runs its course and leaves you unfulfilled. Torture that results in a quick death because that is the torturer's ultimate end game usually does the trick for the torturer, but torturers do not get off sexually upon accomplishing their ultimate goal – the death of the individual. Only sick assholes like Joshua get off sexually."

Colina nodded his head. He knew she was right in her assessment. He hugged her for a moment, released his hold, forced her to remove her arms, stepped back and said, "How long?"

She knew what he was asking. "That is up to you Colin," she said. "Only time will heal the wounds both physical and psychological."

"But, you just accept that you've ended the life of a human being," he said. "Are you that cold hearted?"

"In the beginning, I wasn't." she responded. "It took quite a while for me to push the core human emotions deep inside. I knew I could end a life without any issues after I did what I had to do to protect. . ."

"Ming," he said. "In college."

The surprise on her face was genuine. "How, When, What?" was all she said.

"The one mistake you made was leaving the itinerary of the individual in a place that you thought was secure," he said. "I knew who you were by your family name. I accepted the nights you told me that you had to do things by yourself. Your deep commitment to the martial arts and shooting gave me some insight. The one time I was going break my rule of not following you was when you went to Lloyd Harbor on one of your scouting missions. I did not pursue nor did I want to make known to you that I knew some of what you were up to. I knew from your demeanor the night you did the deed. I can only imagine how cold hearted it was. I knew you were doing what needed to be done to that individual to protect the true love of your life. But. . ."

"Say no more. The one thing I will tell you is that I had justification to take his life just like you did with Joshua Goldsmith. Now and forever, just leave a sleeping dog lie," she said. "Never bring it up again. And, never say a word to Ming. She has no knowledge of what happened. I've already forgotten that you know. But, remember that I am here for you no matter that you think she is the true love of my life. Do not regret what you've done. Force yourself to accept it as part of life and ultimately you'll come to know that you did the right thing."

"It is going to take a while, but I know that I have the strength to get through what I've done," he said.

"Good Colina," stated Apollonia. "Get dressed. I plan to call Alessandro and invite him to dinner. If he agrees the three of us will find a quiet place to eat. If not, we're headed home to Lawrence and we'll eat with Ming."

Colina stared at his Mistress, remained silent, and watched her depart the bedroom.