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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 152

Thursday Afternoon/Evening – Columbus Place - 13 March 2003

Apollonia departed her hated father's house after she had tied both of the men against the wall in the basement. For all intent and purpose, the Cardinal would not remain long in the main house. He would be transferred to the townhouse by Friday afternoon at the earliest and Saturday afternoon at the latest. Depending upon his desire to live, she would consider letting Cardinal DeTomaso remain in the main house rather than a cell in the basement of the townhouse. As she departed, she did not say a word to Mario about when he would be released. She knew he would have to return to a semblance of normality for his court appearances. Even if he took his own life, the purchase of the DNA laboratory in Williamsport, PA would not have been in vain or for naught. She still wanted to shove a ten foot pole up the ass of the Nassau County District Attorney. Apollonia would love nothing more than to see Melanie Margolis and her husband prostrate their bodies in front of her and beg for their lives.

She returned to her house just and the crew from Moretti Construction was finishing up the repairs. The superintendent explained the need to be careful on the freshly stained floors. He mentioned that when they left there would no need for any equipment to be left behind. She reassured him that they take whatever time they needed because the family understood what it takes to restore the walls and floors to their original beauty.

Apollonia made her way up to her bedroom where she found Alessandro sound asleep in her bed. He was quietly snoring. His breath was not labored, but she could see his face cringe as he moved in his sleep. Rather than awaken him, she smiled, and decided to let him sleep uninterrupted. As much as she wanted to feel his sex in hers, she was more than happy to go to her sister's house and spend time with Ming.

As she entered her sister's house, she was surprised at how quiet it was. She expected to hear some signs of life within its walls. She figured Raffaella's children would be in the family room watching television or running around playing some game. No one was in the kitchen or breakfast room. She stuck her head into the family room and found it empty too. Apollonia did not want to call out to her lover, so she made her way down the hall to the great room. On the couch facing the entrance were Ming, Shen and Lian. They were sound asleep. She tiptoed up to the conversation pit and saw Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa bunched together like a pack of wolves sleeping soundly. Intuitively she knew they started out holding each other for emotional support as their tired bodies gave in to much needed sleep to help relieve the emotional pain of being kidnapped.

Apollonia slid between the couch and the coffee table, bent over, and placed a soft kiss on Ming's forehead. It did not awaken her which gave a moment for Apollonia to stare longingly at her face. Her beauty was exponentially greater than any other Oriental woman and she felt inside that Ming was light years more beautiful than she. She'd heard through the years, men as well as women, debating who was prettier, but seeing her contently sleeping holding her two sons was for Apollonia the proof. Hands down, Ming was prettier. Her own beauty aside, Apollonia was in seventh heaven that it was her that spent nights holding Ming instead of someone else. *'Fuck society,'* thought Apollonia. *'My life is my life and my love will always be the beautiful Asian lady – Ming Zheng.'*

Not really wanting to disturb her, Apollonia kissed Ming a second time and when she pulled her face away she saw her open her eyes. Ming smiled, her eyes twinkled, and maybe, just maybe, the craziness from the night before had begun to dissipate from her reality.

"Hi. . . I didn't want to wake you," said Apollonia.

"It's ok. I'm up. What time is it?" asked Ming.

"A bit later than you think; it's three PM."

"I hate to ask, but any chance I can take the boys back to the house?"

Apollonia placed her right hand on her lover's face, smiled, and replied, "Absolutely. I'll watch my nephew, niece, and half-sister. You take care of the boys and just do what you need to begin the healing process. We may not be together tonight, but that is only one in many that we'll be together in the future."

"Where is Raffy?"

"I sent her to Great Neck to be with Viviano. It was bad enough that I forced her to stay and admit some things that proved to be partially true. Don't ask, but I promise to tell you when and if I get the truth out of her. What's important is Shen and Lian. I will say this, but you know I don't have to. We'll do everything to mitigate the trauma no matter what it costs."

"I know," said Ming as she slowly moved so she could wake her boys and take them across the street to their home. Once she was out from under her boys, she stood, wrapped her arms around Apollonia, and said, "I love you. Don't forget what I said about Alessandro. Make him extremely hard because he wants you. Then fuck his brains out. The one thing you don't have to worry about is me becoming jealous. I know the strength of our love. Just fuck him and fuck him good, Appy."

The smile on Apollonia's face was heartfelt as she said, "I don't think so. Not because I don't want to; he is physically unable. He was beaten up pretty bad all to save my Colina's face. He's sleeping in my bed and I don't plan on bothering him. I may just slip in next to him for the night, but fucking him is definitely out of the question. I'll check in with you later."

Ming nodded, squeezed her love a bit tighter, and said, "Love you Apollonia Moretti." Apollonia held her a bit longer, released her from her arms, and allowed her love to gather up her boys to make their way home. She watched them leave, sighed, and looked at the couch to see that Antonio was awake. Carmen and Alessa were both sound asleep. Apollonia was not going to awaken them. She saw Antonio looking at her so she rose and whispered, "Let's go to the family room."

Antonio followed his favorite aunt into the family room and without asking sat next to her on the couch. He leaned close to her and felt his troubles begin to fade. He was close to the one woman he would do anything for. Antonio Rossi was totally smitten with his Aunt Apollonia. He looked up at her face and said, "Thank you."

"For what?" asked Apollonia.

"For saving us and allowing me to sit so close to you on the couch that I can feel your body against mine," replied the youngster.

Apollonia wrapped her arm around his shoulders and held him to her side. His cheek rested on her right breast. She felt his body tense and then relax. The information about his unrequited love for her was so obvious to her. The boy was at an age where he could not completely control the sexual aspects of his body. His erection tented his pants. Apollonia decided not to mention it to him, but she could see he was uncomfortable.

"Are you ok?" she asked. "Were you scared?"

"When those men took us, I was very scared," said Antonio. He stopped for a moment of thought, looked up at his favorite aunt, smiled from ear-to-ear, and replied, "But now, I guess you could say I am ok Aunt Apollonia. I am worried about my father. I tried to be a man, but when it came to those men, I was just a frightened little boy."

She nodded her head knowingly and said, "Am I the cause of your erection?" She did not mince words with her nephew.

Embarrassed, he replied, "Yes. . ."

She decided to take the dive, "Would you like some help? I'm willing to help you, but you also have to help yourself."

Antonio blushed. His face was a bright deep red. His hand moved to his crotch for a split second. He realized what he was doing and stopped. "Um, it would be nice, but, you're my aunt and we're not at a Moretti celebration where you could help me."

"Well, if you don't tell anyone – I won't." she stated.

He leaned back and stared into his favorite aunt's eyes. He could not tell if she joking or serious. At the tender age of ten, he took the plunge, "I would be nice to have some fun with you."

"Fun???" she jokingly asked. "What would you like to do?"

"U-u-um," he stuttered, "I w-w-would love to. . ."

"Fuck me?"

Antonio's eyes flew open. She actually asked him what he wanted more than anything. To feel her around his preteen cock as he looked into her beautiful eyes as he thrust into her body. His cock jumped in his pants. A small wet spot formed as his body began to involuntarily produce precum due to his excitement. He groaned just before he said, "I just died and went to heaven. I would love to be inside you and fill you with my seed."

"You would; would you," said Apollonia trying to keep from laughing in his face and ruining his budding love for pussy. "I'm glad you told me the truth as you see it, but I'm not going to let you fuck me. You can stand between my legs, masturbate, ejaculate on my vagina, and after you've settled down from your orgasm, you can kneel and lick up and swallow your splooge."

Eyes wide he said, "You want me to lick my cum from your pussy?"

"Yes," she replied. Her voice did not waver or give him a reason not to believe her.

"B-b-but, I'm a Moretti man," he stuttered. "I though only submissive men licked their or other men's cum from a. . ."

Apollonia interrupted, "Your father, more times than he'd care to admit to, has gone down on your mother and sucked his warm cum from her Moretti pussy. You, young man, are not a true one hundred percent Moretti. Your mother is a Moretti, but your father is a Rossi. Therefore, you are only fifty percent Moretti. The Rossi family has no lineage back through the Moretti family. Yes, you passed the Moretti Rites of Passage, but your blood is only one half Moretti."

"Oh," was all he could say in response to the dressing down he just received from his favorite aunt.

"After all that has happened to you, if you need to ejaculate and do not want to masturbate while fantasizing about me, because you know we frown upon that type of masturbation; then I suggest you stand, pull down your pants and underpants while I expose the sexual organ you desire most, and you can gaze upon it as you jerk off. I don't care what you think about to help you get off as you gaze upon my vagina, but once you spend on it, you will lick your splooge off and swallow."

Apollonia saw her young nephew was clearly frightened. His desire for her was put asunder by her telling him he could not have intercourse with her. She also comprehended that his kidnapping was pushed deep into his unconscious, because his desire for her was eminently clear and driving his desires. She saw the doubt in his eyes and on his face. The only thing that was still showing his desire was the boner that was tenting his pants. Apollonia decided to be the bitch the family knew her to be.

"Antonio," she said in a commanding voice, "stand. Remove your clothing."

As if he was hit by a right cross, Antonio whined and began to beg and plead, "P-p-please Aunt Apollonia. Please, I'm sorry. P-p-please!!! I don't want to have to eat my sperm."

"Do it young man or should I say young sissy boi? Don't forget who and what I am."

Hearing the words '*sissy boi*' made Antonio mad. "I am not a sissy!!! I am a Moretti man," he cried.

Apollonia removed her arm from around his shoulders, lifted his face, and said, "I bet you're a sissy. I am going to make you remove your clothing and sit next to me. I am going to play with your asshole and it better be clean. If you ejaculate, which I believe you will, I will take you upstairs to your sister's room and dress you as you should be. You will honor me by kissing my ass every day for the rest of your faggot life."

Antonio pulled his head away from her hand. He slipped off the couch and onto the floor. He lay partially covered by the coffee table. He rolled into a fetal position and began to cry uncontrollably. Through his tears, he moaned, "I am not a sissy!!! I am not a sissy!!!"

"GET YOURSELF TOGETHER AND STAND, YOUNG MAN," cried Apollonia. She was not fearful of waking Carmen and Alessa.

The words struck Antonio hard. He gained control of his body and his young mind. He stood per his aunt's demand. With eyes tearing, mucous running from his nose, and his face burning from his crying, he looked at his favorite aunt frightened at what she was about to do to him. This little face-to-face with his favorite aunt was more frightening than being kidnapped.

"Look at your crotch," commanded Apollonia.

Antonio did as she commanded.

"What do you see?" she asked.

Still frightened and not knowing how to respond, Antonio whined, "I don't know what you want me to answer Aunt Apollonia."

Surprised at his ability to remember to address her as Aunt Apollonia, she relented but only slightly. "Put your hand on your crotch. Tell me what you feel?"

He did as she commanded. His right hand rested on the front of his pants and it immediately became clear. "I think I know what you wanted me to answer, Aunt Apollonia."

"So tell me bitch boi," goaded Apollonia.

He shivered with fear and expectation that he may be wrong, but he said with a sure voice, "I do not have an erection anymore. I'm soft. I have a wet spot on my pants, but nothing else. I did not cum."

"Do you still want to fuck me, Antonio Rossi?"

Torn about his answer, he pleaded, "Please Aunt Apollonia; I'm sorry. You asked me; and I thought because of yesterday and last night's activities you were being more than nice to me. I told you the truth, because I know that is what you demand to hear."

Apollonia smiled, "Tell me again."

Antonio closed his eyes, "God, no!!!" He opened them and said, "I love you Aunt Apollonia, but I'm not going to repeat what I said to you."

"And to show your love, you want to fuck me," she said. "Isn't that what people who are in love do? They fuck."

"No Aunt Apollonia. They make love," he replied. The error of his asking to fuck his aunt came to his understanding. "When a Moretti man gives a baby to a woman, he fucks her. But, when a Moretti man has sex with his wife; he makes love to her."

"So, you understand now," said Apollonia.

Embarrassed he answered, "Yes Aunt Apollonia."

"Good," she said, "Now, take down your pants and underpants. Sit on the couch next to me. Raise your legs and give me access to your sissy pussy. I am going to finger you until you ejaculate. Then I am going to take each puddle of sissy milk and feed it to you. When I'm done with you; you will call your mother and tell her than you want to become her little sissy boi. You're not a Moretti man. You're a faggot. Admit it and I'll be lenient."

Antonio fell to his knees in front of his aunt. He laid his head on her thighs and wrapped his arms around her hips. Apollonia could feel his body shivering. With his face looking at the end of the couch, he said, "I am not a sissy, but, if you want me to become one, I will for you Aunt Apollonia. My mother and father will be heartbroken, but for you and only you I'll become a sissy. I will serve you as you wish."

"Will you suck cock?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Say it."

"I will suck cock for you."

"Will you swallow their offerings?"

"Yes Aunt Apollonia. I will swallow."

"Will you give your boi pussy without reservation to men and women wearing strap-on dildos?"

"Yes, I will bend over and give my boi pussy to any man or woman you say can use me."

"Will you sit to pee like a female?"

"Yes, I will sit to pee."

Apollonia touched his cheek when she asked, "Will you dress like a girl, act like a girl, and give to me your undying love and allegiance?"

Broken and so in love with his aunt, Antonio whispered, "Yes. Anything you want from me. I will do it for you. I will become a pussy boi, a cocksucker, and a flaming faggot."

"Good," she said, "I will hold you to it, but I am not going to force it on you now. Remember what you've committed to today. I want you to be a boy that grows into a full-fledged Moretti man. Fail and I will make you live up to your commitment to me." In the back of her mind, Apollonia knew she was pounding another nail into her sister's coffin. Viviano would hate her, but he wasn't a natural born Moretti, so she'd added reason for him to hate her.

"I will, but," he raised his head and asked, "may I cum on your pussy and lick it off?"

"No," said Apollonia. "You may jerk off into your hand and eat it for me."

"Would you do it for me?" he asked. "Let me cum in your hand and I will lick it from there."

"No, but I will finger your boi pussy until you cum," said Apollonia.

"No thank you," said Antonio. "I'll just wait for the weekend when I can do it with Nancy."

Apollonia smiled, rubbed his face, and said, "Sit, let's watch some television. Then we'll decide on dinner if your mother isn't in home in time."

"Ok," said Antonio. He sat next to his favorite aunt. He cuddled close to her happy that he was not going to be turned into a sissy. He looked at Apollonia as she was pointing the television remote at the TV and asked, "How is my daddy?"

"He was lucky," replied Apollonia. "But, he was still shot in the abdomen. So, we'll know better when the doctor or your mother calls."

"Thank you," he said. Then without any fear of reprisal, he said, "I love you Aunt Apollonia."

"I love you too, Antonio Rossi," said Apollonia.

Antonio groaned and felt his cock begin to grow. He quietly said, "Control yourself. Please. Not again." He hadn't wanted his aunt to hear him.

"Something wrong Antonio?" asked Apollonia having heard the boy pleading to himself not to get another erection.

Embarrassed, he replied, "It won't stay down. I'm so sorry Aunt Apollonia, but I can't control myself. You smell so good to me. I just want to be..." He paused, put his hands to his face, and said, "I want to be yours. I want to make love to you. My mind keeps on returning to being inside you." He removed his hands, looked into her eyes, and said, "I will suffer if I have, but I need to say it to you. I love you. I want to make love to you and I'm not going to deny it anymore. If the only way to show you how much I love you is to be your sissy, then make me into Antonio. Never

refer to me as a boy or a man. Please let me jerk off for you. Laugh at me. Make fun of me. I don't care. I love you!!!"

"Antonio, you're just a boy," said Apollonia. "You're at a stage in life when your hormones are beginning to rage. Your penis gets hard at inopportune times and over the craziest things. Sure you love me, but it isn't the kind of love a man expresses for a woman. You're too young to be my lover. And, I know you'd fail when you tried to make love to me. If you attempted to make love to me and you failed, I will be forced to sissify you. I will put you on hormones and your cock and balls will shrink to nothing. I understand why you get hard. I'm not mad nor am I offended. If you have a need to jerk off to relieve the desire for me and cannot control that desire; then, I do have a solution. You won't like it, but it will control your need to play with your penis."

He did something he knew he was going to regret. He may be only ten, but he was a consecrated Moretti man. The use of the word man may be a misnomer, but he still had a large cock, produced sperm, and could when asked fornicate with a client to impregnate her. Antonio sat and without hesitation opened his pants. He pushed his underpants underneath his balls releasing his rampantly erect cock. It stood proud and hard from his hairless crotch. His balls were as smooth as his ass. A small bubble of precum oozed from his piss slit. It was painfully obvious that he was in need of relief.

"I can't help myself," he moaned. "I'm so in love with you. I know to think of other things, but I can't. I will do anything for you. Please, Aunt Apollonia. Help me."

Stunned at his show of bravado borne of his need to release his seed, Apollonia leaned close to his ear and said, "Take off your clothes."

Antonio did not hesitate. It took but a minute to remove all his clothing. His cock remained hard as he leaned back expecting his aunt to help him get off. Instead, he felt her hand go to his mouth. She rubbed his lips with her index and middle fingers. He tried to keep his lips closed, but he knew what needed to be done. His saliva would be the oil to ease the friction of her hand on his cock. He opened his mouth and sucked her fingers into it. His tongue wrapped around them as if he was sucking a cock. Antonio remembered what it felt like to have his father's and his grandfather's cock in his mouth and throat. He covered her fingers with as much spit as he could. He sighed with the expectation of having his cock stroked by his favorite aunt.

Apollonia took his legs and pulled him forward on the couch. She raised them exposing his pucker. She looked into his eyes and said, "I am going to finger fuck you. You are not to touch your cock. When you cum you will tell me what you are."

Antonio felt her fingers slide into his ass. Not one, but the two. He jumped when he felt them pass through his sphincter. It reminded him of the night his father came into his room and took him without a concern for his wellbeing. Antonio did not cry out in pain. He suffered silently as his favorite aunt forced her long thin fingers into his ass. Then he felt it. Something electric flowed from his ass throughout his body. The pain slowly subsided and was replaced with pleasure. His cock began to tingle. He felt like he was going to pee, but something else was happening to his body. Antonio wanted to press his body against the intrusion of her fingers, but every time he tried to take advantage of the feeling, his aunt moved her fingers and reduced the pleasure.

Their eyes met. Apollonia could see the need. She thought, *'Too bad for him. His orgasm will not be satisfactory. He will spend his seed but it will not give me the relief he is seeking.'* She continued to stare into his eyes and finger-fuck his ass. She knew exactly where to press. His slightly immature prostate gland would force his balls to give up their sperm. When he was taken anally by his father and grandfather he was pressured not to ejaculate, because if he did, it would be taken as a sign of his inability to control his orgasm. It would also prime the pump for his ultimate fall into sissidom.

Antonio woke to what was being done to him. He froze and said, "No!!! Please don't!!!! I'm not a sissy!!!!"

Staring into his eyes which were now filled with fear, Apollonia said, "You're mine Antonia. You will spill your sissy milk. I will train Nancy to milk you every weekend. You will never experience the beauty of an orgasm or experience the smooth velvet feeling of a pussy surrounding your cock. Your penis will forever be called a sissy clit. It

will experience only sex with other sissies and faggots. It is large and inviting, but not one woman or girl will ever touch it again. You will be owned by me for the rest of your life. When you finish college you will move into my house. You will serve me and one indiscretion will put you onto the streets as a male whore. Now, spill your milk."

"No-o-o-o!!!" cried Antonio. "Please, I'm so-o-o-o s-s-so-o-r-r-r-y!!!"

"Just think of the beautiful dresses you'll be wearing," chided Apollonia. "The beautiful panties and stocking against your soft smooth sissy skin. Let it finally come out Antonia. Be the girl you want to be. Just like you know you wanted to suck Colina's sissy clit the other night. You ejaculated in the limo not because of your love for me, but to show me how much you wanted to be a sissy. Now shoot your sissy milk!!!"

Antonio knew he was on his way to be forever known as Antonia. His body was alive as his favorite aunt continued to humiliate and fuck him up his ass with her fingers. He wanted to stop her but the pleasure his ten year old body was feeling was beyond belief. He'd fucked Nancy numerous times. She sucked his cock. He fucked her up her ass. But, never did his body feel as it did now while he was having sex with her. Yes, he'd feel the same feeling the moment he ejaculated and then it would dissipate to nothingness. His aunt knew what she was doing. His body felt alive and his sex was centered in, of all places, his ass. No, he knew when he shot his seed; it would be forever his sissy pussy, boi pussy, or his masturbation hole.

He could not hold his seed any longer. "O-o-o-h!!! W-w-what is h-h-happening??? I-I-I-I c-c-can f-f-feel i-i-it!!! N-o-o-o-o!!!"

He cried in defeat as his cock spewed out six hard ropes of his seed. The first two hit him on his chin. The second two splashed down between his breasts. The last two dribbled out of his piss slit to collect at the base of his still hard cock. The feeling in his body stopped the minute his favorite aunt removed her fingers from his ass. He frowned as his mind became aware that he really did not have a pleasurable orgasm. His cock was erect, but not hard as a steel rod when it was inside Nancy's body. His reaction was to burst out in tears because his embarrassment was completely taking over his psyche.

"I don't understand," he said. "I released my seed, but I did not feel the pleasure I feel when I'm fucking."

Apollonia presented her fingers to her nephew. She placed them in front of her mouth and pressed them on his lips. Antonia did as she expected. She opened her mouth and began to suck them and coat them with saliva. When she felt her sissy-to-be nephew had sucked her fingers enough she removed them from her mouth and without a warning shoved them to the hilt back into Antonia's sissy pussy.

The young boy's eyes flew open. He felt her fingers enter and go directly to his prostate. He reacted by raising his hips and pushing against her hand.

"You present very nicely, Antonia," said Apollonia. "What I am going to do to you is something your mother, your sister, or me will do to you every day. The first ejaculation was somewhat pleasurable, but, every time I cause your balls to give up their seed the pleasure will be reduced. It will be replaced by pain. You will beg for the person milking you to stop. I will not listen to you nor will they. I will finger fuck your boi pussy and force sissy milk from your sissy clit until your sissy eggs are empty. You will learn that it keeps you from allowing your clitty to get hard."

The tears of shame could not be stopped. They cascaded over his lower eyelid and down his cheeks. Antonio wanted his aunt to stop, but he knew she would not. He gave up his seed while being finger fucked up his ass. He would no longer enjoy sex with Moretti clients. His sole purpose in life would be the offering of oral and/or anal stimulation to Moretti men and any guest he was told to pleasure. He tried one more time to stop from being called she or her the rest of his life. "Please Aunt Apollonia!!! I'm begging you to stop!!! I know I cannot control myself when I'm around you. I know it is wrong, but I cannot push my desire for you out of my head." He paused, raised his head, and begged, "I'm so sorry!!! I'm begging you to stop and let me be a boy that grows into an adult male. Please!!!"

"Say it like you mean it, Antonia," chided Apollonia. "Tell me how much you love to feel my fingers in your boi pussy."

Antonio screamed, "I AM NOT A SISSY!!! I WILL NOT TELL YOU I AM ONE WHEN I AM NOT!!!" Antonio tried to move so his aunt's fingers would slip out of his ass. He tried three times before he screamed, "FUCK YOU, BITCH!!! I HOPE YOU FUCKIN' ROT IN HELL!!!"

The laughter added to Antonio's embarrassment. Apollonia did not remove her fingers from his anus. She pushed them in to the hilt and said in a gentle loving voice, "No Antonia, fuck you. I'm not the one going to rot in hell. You're just a boy and have no idea what it is to be a man. I am going to remove my fingers and when I do, you are to go to your sister's room with me. There I will find panties, ankle socks, a dress, and shoes for you. When your mother returns you will present yourself to her. After she finished slapping the shit out of you, you will stand with your head bowed as all good sissies do."

Apollonia removed her fingers from her nephew's ass. She stood and pointed to the great room. Antonio stood and reached for his clothing. Apollonia's slap was quick and hard enough to make her point. He stopped trying to put on his clothing. "Go," was all Apollonia said.

"What if my sister is up?" he moaned.

"She'll ask why you are naked and you will answer," said Apollonia.

"No-o-o-o!!!" moaned Antonio. "I am not a sissy. You want me to be a sissy because you hate men. That is why you're a fuckin' lesbian."

The result even scared Apollonia. The open handed slap sent Antonio a good three feet before he came to a stop on the family room floor. It took a moment for him to regain his surroundings and when he did, he rose, and screamed, "FUCK YOU!!! YOU'RE A CUNT LAPPING BITCH!!! YOU PROBABLY NEVER HAD A REAL MAN UP YOUR CUNT!!! YOU HATE MEN!!! I HOPE YOU FUCKIN' DIE!!!"

"ENOUGH!!!" screamed Apollonia. She was truly afraid she was going to unrecoverable harm her nephew. The game had gone too far, but maybe it was enough to break the unrequited love he held for her. She did not console his bruised ego. Instead she turned as said as she walked out of the family room, "Get your fuckin' ass dressed. You say one word of this to anyone and I will rip your balls from between your legs."

It was getting close to dinner time and by all things serendipitous, Colina entered the house just as Apollonia was thinking about eating. She had not heard from her sister or the doctor. It was close to six in the evening and she was beginning to get worried. Not about her sister, but about Viviano.

"Colina," she said, "check the refrigerator and see what you can whip up for dinner."

"Yes Mistress," replied Colina who immediately went to work checking out the store of food in the Rossi house.

Apollonia returned to family room where the three children sat watching television. She announced to them that dinner was being prepared. They were to remain in the family room and not make a sound. The first one to break the silence rule would be severely punished. If Carmen and Alessa wanted to know about the punishment, all they had to do was to ask their brother. She returned to the kitchen and interrupted her sissy husband, "Please make a pot of coffee."

"Yes Mistress," replied Colina.

As he was working in the U shaped kitchen, she approached and asked, "Were you telling the truth about Antonio?"

Colina almost dropped the carafe, caught it, and said, "I have no reason to lie Mistress. Why are you making an inquiry about something that is in the recent past? I thought it was settled."

Apollonia paused for a moment, thought about what she was going to say, and decided to put forth what had happened with her nephew. "I forced Antonio to admit he was a sissy. He sat next to me with an erection that he says was due to his love for me. I asked if he wanted to fuck me and he lit up like the fireworks along the East River on the Fourth of July. I went overboard and I finger fucked him to a prostate induced orgasm."

"Oh my fuckin' God," said Colina. "Whatever possessed you to do such a thing? He is only a boy. A boy that knows more than he should, but still, he's a ten year old boy Apollonia. A boy that has not truly finished going through puberty."

"Yes, but the night he spent with you after your sister's funeral," stated Apollonia before she asked, "Did anything happen between the two of you?"

Colina finished preparing the coffee before he answered. He turned to his wife and Mistress and said, "The doubts are there, but again, he's just a boy. Does he like prancing around? I couldn't say. He wasn't as embarrassed as I thought he would be having to wear panties and thigh highs. But, when push came to shove, he did not want to engage in any form of homosexual sex with me. I offered and he refused."

"Adamantly?" asked Apollonia.

"That is the catch," replied her sissy husband. "You could say he left the door ajar for something to happen. But, I'm still well on the side that he is not a sissy."

"He fuckin' shot a big load when I finger fucked him," said Apollonia. "The second time I inserted my fingers he responded as any accomplished sissy would. He raised his hips and pressed his body down as I pressed my fingers into him. That is not what a heterosexual boy should do when his is being violated anally."

Colina went to the refrigerator and took out some fresh made ravioli, broccoli, and a jar of homemade Italian red sauce. He placed the food on the counter near the sink, turned, and said to his wife, "I know he passed the Moretti Rites of Passage. I know his father brutally raped him because his wife would not open her body to him. With that knowledge, I'd have to ask either or both men who were with him when he was used as part of the Rite of Passage if they thought he showed signs of preferring taking a cock rather than giving his. He may be leaning towards a life of sissidom. That is not your call. That is his and his parents."

Apollonia knew Colina was right. She went to the cabinet that held the coffee mugs, picked one, and filled it from the still steeping coffeemaker. She took a sip and said, "I've been thinking about something and I am going to tell everyone to use feminine pronouns with you. I will never say he or him. From now on you shall be she or her."

"I was wondering how long it was going to take you to make that change," he replied. "I have no issues or problems with you addressing me as a female. I'm fine with it Appy."

"Ok," she said. Then she asked, "By the way, were the ice chests picked up?"

"Yes," replied Colina. "And, I've confirmed they are already on the way to the Vatican."

"Last but not least," said Apollonia, "I want you to come on to Antonio. I know you're not into young boys, but I need to know. If he is leaning towards being homosexual and becoming a sissy, I need to know so I can make things easier for his parents."

"And, if I say no," stated a shocked Colina.

"That is easy to answer," said Apollonia. "Tell me you will not do it and I will make short shrift of your denial by injecting enough heroin into your body to addict you in less than twenty-four hours. You will be tossed to the side like a useless pair of shoes. Your life will depend upon how many cocks you will suck and/or fuck to make enough money to buy your drugs. I need you to do as I ask."

No matter how much she expressed her love for him, he knew she would kick him to the side in a heartbeat. He looked at her and nodded his head. He did not verbalize his answer. Colina accepted her threat and returned to making dinner.

Twenty minutes later, Apollonia, Colina, Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa sat around the breakfast room table eating ravioli and broccoli covered in a nice homemade garlic tomato sauce. The children drank water with their dinner while Apollonia and Colina drank some Moretti red wine. Colina noted Antonio's silence and occasional hard look at his aunt. By his estimation, Colina thought that Apollonia had really put an emotional and physical hurt on the boy. Now it seemed imperative for him to get close to his nephew to help ameliorate the insanity of his wife as well as softening the emotional blow of his being kidnapped at the behest of his grandfather.

Just as they were finishing dinner the backdoor slammed shut. Raffaella walked into her house and stopped short when she saw Apollonia, Colina, and the children sitting eating dinner. She continued to the breakfast area before she said hello to her sister. Raffaella removed her lightweight winter coat, tossed it into the family room, and said, "Children, you are now finished with dinner, go to your rooms. I don't want to hear a sound out of you. Now go."

Antonio looked at his mother questioning her angry command for the three of them to go to their rooms. Their eyes met and Raffaella won. Antonio turned to his Aunt Apollonia and said, "Please come to my room and let me know how my father is since my mother is being a total bitch." Antonio stood and left the breakfast room followed by his sisters.

Raffaella did not respond to her son calling her a bitch. She waited until she heard the door to each of their rooms slam shut before she turned on her sister. Her heart was beating at an exceptionally fast rate. The veins on her forehead were bulging. She counted to ten and when that did not work she let her venom fly, "YOU FUCKING CUNT!!! VIVIANO IS NEAR DEAD. HE SURVIVED THE OPERATION, BUT JUST BARELY. THE DOCTOR TOLD ME HE HAS A SEVENTY PERCENT CHANCE OF NOT SURVIVING." She used the sleeve of her shirt to wipe her mouth just before she spat, "YOU FUCKING KILLED MY VIVIANO!!! YOU WAITED TOO LONG TO GET HIM MEDICAL ATTENTION!!!"

Apollonia did not move from her chair, because if she did, her sister would be dead. With a steady hand, Apollonia poured additional wine into her glass. She took a sip, smiled, and said, "Sit, before I wrap your whore cunt around your ears. Give me the opportunity to do it and I will."

She took another sip of the wine and waited for Raffaella's response. When nothing was said or done by her sister, Apollonia growled in a low guttural voice, "GET YOUR FUCKIN' WHORE ASS DOWN ON A CHAIR BEFORE I PUT YOU THERE MORETTI."

Raffaella saw her sister's eyes begin to change and knew her attempt at changing their interpersonal dynamic was not going to happen. Viviano was out of surgery, but he had a good seventy-two hours before he could be deemed out of the woods. Her gambit failed as did her father's. Stunned at her sister's continuing treats, Raffaella sat and did not say another word.

Apollonia fiddled with her wine glass as she ignored her sister. She did everything in her power to make her sister sit and wonder what was going to happen next. The glass rose to her lips as she took another sip of the homemade wine. She savored the taste of the grapes, the blackberries, and the cassis for a moment before she looked at her sister, and said, "My dearest whore of a sister, you have but one remedy to your outburst and your denial of all things that have come to my attention. I am commanding you to go upstairs to your son's room. You are to take him to your daughter's room; where you will strip him naked in front of Carmen and Alessa and dress him in something that will enhance his femininity. Tonight your sissy son is going to sleep with me. I am going to rape his ass and make him into my bitch."

"No-o-o-o," cried Raffaella. "W-w-what precipitated this action?"

"He asked me if he could fuck me," replied Apollonia. "Not make love to me, but..." She paused stared hard into her sister's eyes and growled, "HE WANTED TO FUCK ME." So instead of him fucking his favorite aunt, I finger fucked his boy pussy to a giant prostate induced orgasm. He enjoyed it so much, he begged me to fuck him again. Your son is a fuckin' faggot. He will only dress as a girl. He will sit to pee. He will service Moretti men. Upon graduation from high school, he will move into my house and assume the duties of a kept sissy. College is out of the question. He will serve the Moretti men as a designated family cocksucker. His ass will receive large cocks that need relief. Any love he makes will be with another sissy or he will masturbate into the toilet where all good sissy milk goes. He will never have a relationship with a girl or a woman. This weekend I will train Nancy to milk him and fuck him. Antonio will forever be Antonia."

"You can't be serious!!!" cried Raffaella. "Viv will rip your heart out through your lesbian cunt!!!"

Hearing her sister call her a lesbian cunt was the last straw. Apollonia rose from her seat, stepped around the table, and pulled her sister from her chair by her hair. Raffaella tried to stop the assault by flailing her arms and trying to fall to the floor. The result was not pretty as Apollonia connected with a left to her solar plexus. The perfectly placed punch forced all the air out of Raffaella's lungs. Her hand went to her stomach as she gasped for breath. Apollonia put her right foot on her sister's neck and applied just enough pressure to keep her sister from rising up from the floor.

"Go get that little faggot and bring him downstairs," yelled Apollonia.

Colina knew the command was directed at him. He rose and made a bee line to Antonio's room. The boy was sitting on his bed as it was nowhere near bedtime. Colina just pointed and Antonio rose and made his way to the kitchen. He stopped short when he saw his mother on the floor gasping for air as his favorite aunt held her on the floor with her foot. Colina took him by his shoulders and guided him to the table.

Apollonia scowled at her nephew and growled, "Tell you mother what you asked to do this afternoon."

Antonio's eyes flew open, his jaw dropped, as he tried to comprehend what was happening. He raised his head to look over his shoulder at Colina with a questioning look on his face. He returned his gaze to his aunt and said, "I asked you a lot of questions . . ."

"You fuckin' little cocksucking faggot," cried Apollonia. "You tell your mother what you asked of me or I will personally feed you your cock and balls – RAW!!!"

Colina could see that Antonio was about to collapse from fear. He grabbed the boy under his arms and pulled him to his body. He held him as his wife threw daggers at him. Colina whispered, "Just say it Antonio. If you don't, I won't be able to help you."

Raffaella had regained her ability to breathe. Apollonia removed her foot from her neck which allowed her to stand, albeit a bit shaky. She looked at her sister and then to her son. "What did you do Antonio?"

"Answer her," whispered Colina.

Shivering with fear, Antonio said, "I asked Aunt Apollonia if I could fuck her."

"Whatever possessed you to ask such a thing!!!" cried Raffaella. "You're a fuckin' ten year old boy who knows nothing about how to make a woman happy. You fuck a little whore but all you do is use her holes to masturbate in. You little shit!!!"

"That's not the end of it," said Apollonia. She looked at her nephew and spat, "Tell her now!!!"

Again Antonio tried to keep from answering his aunt who was falling from her high position on his list of women he'd love to fuck. He looked up at Colina, but knew he did not know what his aunt wanted. The only response was to plead stupidity which he did by simply turning his hands palm up and shrugging his shoulders. He looked at his aunt and scrunched up his face trying to impart that he did not know what she wanted him to say.

"You have exactly ten seconds to tell you mother Antonia," growled Apollonia, "or I will personally shove that bottle of Moretti wine up your faggot sissy ass."

Shock took over the ten year olds body. He began to shake uncontrollably as Colina fought to keep him upright. The only thing he remembered clearly was telling his aunt that he wanted to fuck her. That he was in love with her. He knew his life as a Moretti man was ending and he fought the inevitable release of his bladder. "Please Aunt Apollonia I don't know what you want me to tell my mother. Please, I'm sorry for what I said to you this afternoon. All I want is your love."

"To get that love, what did I tell you? What did you have to do?"

Tears welled in his eyes and in a spilt second, they rolled down his cheeks. He sniffled and wiped his nose on his sleeve before he said, "I would be your sissy because I love you. I would suck cock. I would bend over without question for Moretti men and Moretti women. I would do the same for any guest given permission to use my boi pussy. I would sit to pee. I would dress and act like a girl. Why? Because, I love you Aunt Apollonia. And, I'm suffering because I asked to fuck you instead of asking to make love to you."

Raffaella fell to her knees. She covered her face with her hands and cried as if she lost the only person in her life that meant anything to her. Viviano was near death and her only son was relegated to the shit heap of rejected Moretti men. She knew his life would be one of pain and sexual deviation. He was a good boy and underneath he would do anything for the family. She wiped her eyes on her right sleeve, looked up at her sister, and begged, "Take me!!! Give him his life!!! He's just a boy!!! He is at that stage where his cock thinks for him. If you crush his ego and his desire to procreate, you will take from this family a boy that would have grown up to be a special Moretti man."

Before Apollonia could react, Raffaella wrapped her arms around her sister's legs and pleaded, "Please take me!!! You can have Viviano!!! Let him fuck you every day as he would me. He'll give you the family you want or you can take my children and your half-sister as your own. Do not sissify my son!!! I am yours to do with as you wish. Just bury me next to my mother."

"MOM, NO-O-O-O!!!" cried Antonio.

Apollonia moved her legs breaking her sister's hold giving her the opportunity to move and take Antonio by the scruff of his neck. She pulled him to where his mother lay in the fetal position on the breakfast room floor. She kept a tight grip on his neck as she said, "Raffaella, if you want your son to be a man, take his cock out and suck it like the twenty dollar whore you are. Show him what his mother really is. Show him how you sucked the cocks of the very men who came here to kidnap him. Tell him how you played your father to get him to fuck your girly ass. Come on Raffy let your sissy son know why he's just a bitch like you are."

As she rose to her knees, Raffaella said, "I will not suck his cock."

"You allowed him to fuck you two months ago when he completed the Moretti Rites of Passage. You want to save him; then suck his cock, now whore!!!"

Where it came from no one would know, but Raffaella Moretti rose from her knees and struck out at her sister. She did not care a bit that her son was standing in front of Apollonia. Raffaella went for her face with her hands bent to use her nails as weapons. Apollonia pushed Antonio to her right, tried to move her head to mitigate the force of Raffaella's lunge, and felt her sister's left hand scrape her right cheek hard and deep enough to draw blood. The act of being attacked so viciously by her sister was the straw that broke the camel's back. Apollonia Moretti regained her composure, eyed her sister to figure her next move, and before Raffaella could respond, Apollonia threw a right cross that connected with Raffaella's left cheek.

It was a one punch fight. Raffaella fell like a just cut tree in the forest. She was out cold. Not dead. Not severely hurt and as she would find out when she awoke, her jaw was not broken. Her pain would be extreme to say the least.

Apollonia turned to Colina, "Take this faggot piece-of-shit to his room. Strip him and make him go to his sister and take something for her to wear. When he is dressed take him to his mother's room and put makeup on him. Then bring him to me. If Carmen and/or Alessa gives you any shit, tell them I will come upstairs and they'll know what it means to be punished. Fuck, check his pussy. If it needs to be cleaned, do it. Give him three enemas minimum."

"Please Apollonia," said Colina in a quiet pleading voice. "Please don't do this to Antonio. He's just a boy. If you want to do anything, then make him humiliate himself, but don't throw him onto the shit pile of broken Moretti men before he even attained his adulthood. If you're going to toss Raffaella out of the family, then let me care for him. I will make sure he knows everything there is to know why he does not want to be a Moretti sissy."

"Come here Antonia," ordered Apollonia.

The frightened young boy stepped over to his aunt. He did not look at her. Instead he stared at the floor in front of him. Apollonia grabbed his chin, raised his face, and said, "Give me one good reason why I should rescind my command to make you into a bitch boy, a cocksucker, and a fuckin' faggot. Come on Antonia, tell me." She paused for a moment, released his chin, and took ahold of his genitals when she growled, "I FUCKIN' SAVED YOUR LIFE, BOY. YOUR FATHER IS RECOVERING FROM A PRETTY BAD GUNSHOT WOUND AND HE TOLD ME HE WOULD DIE TO PROTECT YOU AND THE OTHER CHILDREN. AND, ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT IF FUCKING YOUR FAVORITE AUNT!!! WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF!?!?"

Antonio Rossi felt her hand release his genitals. He fell to his knees and placed his face into her crotch and said, "I will kiss your ass every day for the rest of my life. When I get married, my wife and my children will do the same. I will give my life to protect you. I know more than you think Aunt Apollonia. I know what it took to save us. I'm so sorry to have asked you to let me fuck you. I understand why you're mad at me, but please let me prove to you that I am worthy of growing into a true Moretti man."

Apollonia looked at her sister, who was just coming out of her punch induced blackout, and back to her oldest child. She placed her hand on Antonio's face and said, "Here, right here, I want you to take your mother. You want to fuck someone, fuck her. She's nothing but a Moretti whore. She deserves to be abused by her son. You fuck her and I will not turn you into a sissy. Show me that you accept your indentured life to me and fuck your mother. And, as you fuck her, you are to spit in her face and call her a whore. When you ejaculate you are to tell her that in your eyes she is nothing but a fuck hole like your little whore Nancy."

His face was blank, but his eyes were bulging out of their sockets. "You want me to fuck my mother? I can't do that. . ."

The slap was not hard but it was sharp. His face went with the slap and he did not try to hide his pain. As Antonio rubbed his cheek, he heard his aunt say, "You can't fuck your mother, but you'd fuck me? Listen boy, fuck her or I will castrate you on the breakfast table. Then I will shove your balls down your throat and let your stomach acid destroy them. You'll know they truly gone when you shit them out of your faggot ass."

Raffaella raised her body from the fetal position enough to see her son and say, "Come Antonio, fuck me. Do it, because if you don't, you'll regret ever being born. You will be dead before you're thirty. Come fuck your mother and I'll show my sister the truth about me. I am a whore. I worked my childish charms on your grandfather and got him to fuck my ass and let me suck his cock. Your grandmother knew and she allowed it to continue. Come my boy, give me your cock. Your father isn't here and I could really use a good fuck."

"See Antonio," said Apollonia, "she admits to being a whore. Her husband, your father, is fighting for his life and she is thinking about how nice it would be to have her son's cock up her cunt. Only a true whore would put her sexual needs before anything else. Now, go to her and let me see you take her the way you wanted to take me."

Antonio stood tall, threw out his chest, and said, "I will not fuck my mother. I did it once and I swore to myself I would never do it again. You can sissify me. You can force me to be a faggot for any Moretti man or woman. I can deal with sucking cock and taking up my ass, but I will not fuck my mother. In fact, I'd rather fuck you Aunt Apollonia because I know that after I'm done you'll put me out of my misery."

"And what misery is that?" asked Apollonia.

"The misery of knowing that I mean nothing to you," said Antonio. "My life means nothing to you Aunt Apollonia. I have what you desire and it is something you never can have. You are mean to men because you don't have a cock. I'll be your bitch, but I know when my father comes home no matter how much in pain he is he will make your life miserable. In fact, I hope he fuckin' kills you!!!"

"Your father is not going to lay a hand on me Antonia," stated Apollonia as she stared at him. "Viviano Rossi owes me his life. I have given him more than his status in this family. You want to know why your father will not hurt me."

"YES!!!" shouted Antonio.

Quietly Apollonia stated, "Raffaella Moretti is not your mother. Both you and your sister are the product of his fucking a young Moretti girl that was brought here from Italy. Your whore mother cannot have children. She is what we call barren. . ."

"YOU BITCH!!!" cried Raffaella. "YOU PROMISED ON THE HOLY BIBLE THAT IT WOULD NEVER BE DISCLOSED THAT I DID NOT GIVE BIRTH TO THEM. YOU FUCKING CUNT!!!"

"Is it true mom?" asked Antonio. "Tell me, please!!!"

Raffaella stood trying to comprehend the incomprehensible. She looked at her sister, then at her sissy brother-in-law, before she turned her eyes to her son and said, "Come to me baby. Come to me and let me love you as I always have. My sister is lying to you. I swear."

Totally confused, Antonio asked the one person he knew would not lie to him, "Colina, is Aunt Apollonia telling the truth or is my. . ." He fought getting the word 'mother' out of his mouth.

The truth be told and everyone would suffer the consequences. "Aunt Apollonia is telling the truth. Your father mated with Lucia Moretti to produce both you and your sister. Your mother is barren. She can have sex until the end of time and she will never produce an heir or heiress. Your mother lives somewhere in Italy. She was told to never seek you or your sister out. The family would end her life if she returned to find you or your sister. She was paid very well to carry your father's spawn."

Antonio turned to his mother and screamed, "I HATE YOU!!! I HATE MY FATHER!!!" He turned to Apollonia and yelled, "I HATE YOU MOST OF ALL!!!" Once he gained some control of his emotions, he ran to his room. He opened and slammed the door shut, fell onto his bed, and cried tears of pain and hatred for all things Moretti.

Raffaella did not move to go after her son. She stared at his back as he disappeared down the hall to the great room. She turned to her sister and in the calmest voice said, "Thank you Appy. Thank you for letting my children know they're bastards. I hope you're happy because from this moment forward I will never love you as I have. You are nothing to me. You told me you were going to take my life, then do it now. In fact, call the children down so they can see what a fucking insane bitch you are. Let them witness the only mother they knew taking her last breaths as her psycho bitch sister takes her life."

Raffaella paused and when Apollonia did not respond, she continued, "To think, I went down on you to show you my love. To give you everything I could, because you were living up to the family agreement concerning my inability to bear children. Now, with my husband lying near death, you take from me the only thing I have that makes me whole. The children the young Moretti girl from Italy bore to keep my inability to have children a secret. Did you

ever think that it you may not have the ability to bear children? You just may have to use a surrogate. Wouldn't it be funny if your children looked Oriental because Ming bore them for you?"

Again she paused for a moment. Apollonia did not show any emotion. Raffaella continued, "My time on this earth is over. Antonio has lost all respect for me. Carmen will follow his lead. Alessa is our half-sister, the bastard of our father and that sick cunt from Texas. I am going to ask one thing. Let me have a moment alone with Viviano when he wakes, if he wakes. Then and only then, will I allow you to take my life. I don't care how you make me suffer. All I want is to talk to Viv before I die."

Her voice showed the finality of her statement of the situation to her sister. Apollonia stepped close to her, placed her left hand on her face, and said, "Raffaella Moretti, with the power vested in me as the head of the Moretti family, I cast you out. You are to leave Columbus Place to reside in the 84th Street townhouse until such time as I decide when and what I will do with you. You will prostrate your body in front of me now and beg for your life. You will come clean about everything you did up to and including this day. The only way you will continue to live as my sister, but not as an heir to the Moretti fortune and the family ties, is to tell your children the truth. Now."

Apollonia turned to her sissy husband, "Colina, upstairs, bring the three down here now."

Raffaella Moretti did not argue with her sister. She remained standing as she watched Colina leave to gather the children from their rooms. Apollonia remained close to her sister. From the time they were children, Apollonia knew her sister was precocious. Raffaella did everything to make men fawn all over her. Her father was the first because he had access to her every night. The priests were another story, but in the end, she gave them what they wanted because she wanted it too.

Three minutes later Colina returned with Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa. The girls were frightened. Antonio was agitated and was in no mood to be with his mother and his aunt.

"Take them into the family room," said Apollonia, "and seat them on the couch."

Colina guided the children into the family room and did as he wife commanded. She decided to stand behind the couch rather than take a seat in another part of the family room.

"Go into the family room," said Apollonia to Raffaella. "Go in there and tell your two children the truth about who brought them into this world. I will be there and only I will decide if you've been forthright enough to mitigate my hatred for all things Raffaella."

Raffaella turned to walk into the family room and as she did, she said, "You cunt!!!"

The children sat quietly as their mother entered the family room. They watched their mother and their aunt enter the room. Raffaella sat on the coffee table while her sister stood just inside the door as if she was guarding it. The room was eerily silent as the three adults and three children held their breath before the proverbial shit hit the fan.

"Now Raffaella," commanded Apollonia, "or I will do it myself."

"I don't think Alessa needs to hear what I have to tell my children," stated Raffaella, having gained some of her Moretti backbone back after being punched in the stomach by her sister.

"Fuck you," said Apollonia. "She's as much of a whore as you are except she was raped into being one. She stays."

Alessa shivered after hearing what her half-sister said about her. Although she was a youngster, she knew what had been done to her was wrong. But, since he arrived in Lawrence, she did everything in her power to prove she was not a whore. She kept her mouth shut.

"Antonio, Carmen," started their mother, "what you heard about me is the truth. I am not your biological mother, but that does not diminish my love for you both. The Moretti family prides itself on its ability to produce heirs. Sadly, my body would not produce eggs as any healthy woman does. Your grandfather and grandmother made a decision to hide my inability to have children so they would not have to fight off other Moretti family members who would try to take over the family reigns."

She paused and looked each of the children in the eye. Raffaella wanted more than anything to sit with them, hug them, and tell them that everything was going to be ok. She hoped the futile hope that her sister would relent and allow her to continue to live as their biological mother. The idea of doing whatever was necessary to remain on Columbus was not abhorrent to her. If she had to have sex with her son to save herself, she would in a New York minute. Raffaella rubbed her hands on her thighs and sat waiting for something to be said by her children.

Out of the blue, Antonio said, "So, if I fucked you as Aunt Apollonia wanted, you would do it because you know you cannot have a baby?"

"I would do it," started Raffaella, "because I love you and I love my life. As your father has almost done, I would give my life to save you. If my bitch of a sister wants to murder me, then so be it. What I want for Carmen and you is to grow up, be good Moretti family members, and live a happy fruitful life. But, I know, my shit assed sister will do everything to make both of you miserable. She'll make you into a sissy Antonio and for you Carmen I believe she'll take you to her bed. You'll be her virgin pussy until such time as she fucks you with a dildo. Then you'll be tossed to the side to live in fear of her with your sissy brother."

Apollonia did not respond to her elucidation of the possibility of what would happen to her bastard children. She wanted her sister to come clean.

"Tell them about their grandfather," said Apollonia, "and do not forget to tell them about the young girl from Italy."

"There is nothing to tell about her," cried Raffaella.

"Bullshit, Miss Raffaella. I know for a fuckin' fact that you were in the room every time your husband had sex with that girl. I know for a fact that you were and still are the cuckold in your family. Tell them how you watched your husband make love to a young girl as you helped by sucking his balls and licking his ass. I know you even sucked his cum from her just fucked teenaged pussy. Don't deny it, because I read about it in Lucia's journals. She was pretty explicit in her descriptions."

"Why don't you just tell them," she groaned, "seems you know everything from reading Lucia's journals." Raffaella turned to her son and daughter and said, "I am not proud of what I did. But, the one thing I can hang my hat on is the undying love I've given both of you. True, you were not pushed out of my body. The moment after the doctor checked you out, you were handed to me. The young girl never held you or bonded with you. She was just a vessel to bring you into my and your father's life. I am not going to diminish what I did as a girl growing up, but I am definitely anti-church and anti-priest after what those men did in the name of all that's holy. And, if you're wondering, yes, I did suck priestly cock in the rectory and I did let all of them over time fuck and shoot their holy seed into my ass. I am not proud. I am a whore in every definition of the word by deed and action."

She took a deep breath, "Antonio, I am here for you right now. If you are in need, then come to me. I am willing and available to you right now. All you have to do is rise from the couch and present yourself to me. I will give you the pleasure you desire and let you complete the act anywhere you want. You can call me names. You can make me humiliate myself in front of my sister, her sissy husband, and your two sisters. Antonio, sweetheart, if you do not do as I am asking, you will spend the night with Apollonia. She will use you like a sissy street whore. She will fuck you so hard and so long you will not be able to sit for weeks. Everyone at school will know that you're not a boy anymore. The family will take notice and I know that many of the Moretti men will want to taste a piece of your boy pussy. So, come here, let me expose your genitals, and give you the relief you need."

"No," said Antonio. "I will not because I don't believe anything you're telling me. I will believe it when I see it." He turned to his aunt and said, "If it is in grandma's journals, then bring me one so I can read it for myself. If it is

true, then I will do more than fuck the woman who raised me. I shall shit and piss on her. I will not live the lie of her posing as my biological mother."

"I can bring one here to you right now," said Apollonia.

"Then please do so," said Antonio. "And, one last thing, if what you say is true, then I want you to bring to Carmen and me our biological mother. If you don't agree to my demand, then I will take matters into my own hands."

The smirk and the derisive laughter that came from Apollonia said it all. Antonio knew that she was not going to accede to his demand concerning his biological mother. In defiance of all things Moretti, Antonio Rossi stood, slipped a six inch folding knife from his pants, opened it, and without a care in the world, ran the razor sharp blade across his neck. He severed the carotid artery on the left side of his neck. Tore across and through his larynx and nicked deep enough the carotid artery on the right side of his neck to sever all blood flow to his brain. The liquid essence of his body spewed from the wounds. He dropped the knife, stared at his now hated aunt, and collapsed to the floor. He was dead when he hit the floor.