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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 153

Friday Just Past Midnight – Columbus Place - 14 March 2003

Raffaella Moretti held her bastard son in her arms as she rocked on the floor not caring that she was covered in his blood. Carmen and Alessa were taken from the family room to the second floor bathroom where Colina undressed them and helped them bathe away the blood that covered their faces. He did not care that a small amount of Antonio's blood had splattered on his face and was still there. His mind was centered on the girls. It was imperative they were cleaned and dressed in fresh clothing or pajamas to remove the physical memory of watching Antonio commit suicide. Apollonia Moretti, the cunt that she was, did not show any emotion. She watched her sister and without saying a word, found her cell phone and called her Uncle Gino to come and clean up the mess.

Uncle Gino was not fazed in the least by his return to the Moretti compound. He arrived to find the family room floor covered in blood. There were arterial spatter on the coffee table and the couch. He did not question or ask what happened to the youngster. He and his number one assistant were used to seeing dead children, but the fact that the grandson of Mario Moretti was dead by his own hands did not make for an easy clean-up.

"Miss Apollonia," stated Uncle Gino, "I need to gather up the boy. Is he to be buried in the family plot?"

"No," said Apollonia. "He is to be cremated. I want his entire body reduced to ash. If that means you have to burn his remains numerous times then do so. Do not make me make an issue of my request."

"No Miss Apollonia," said Uncle Gino. "Your request has been asked of me before by Mr. Moretti. You have nothing to worry about, but before I can clean-up, I need to remove the body."

Apollonia turned to her sister, "Raffaella let him go. He needs to go with Uncle Gino. Antonio cannot stay here and you know it."

The tone and tenor of her voice sounded as if it was coming through gravel pit, "YOU FUCKIN' CUNT!!! YOU MURDERED MY SON!!! I WILL NOT. . ."

Apollonia did not wait for an opening. She stepped over to her sister not caring that her shoes were getting soak in her bastard nephew's congealed blood. She decided to go to her knees rather than bend at her waist and once she was level with her sister, Apollonia grabbed her by her hair and said in an even voice, "Release him to Uncle

Gino. Don't make this harder than it has to be Raffaella. He is gone. He decided to take his own life to spite everyone. Moretti's do not commit suicide and those that do are not buried they are reduced to ash and thrown in a landfill."

She paused for a moment and when Raffaella did not respond, she took command of the situation. Apollonia released her hold on her sister's hair and without a care for her sister's safety began beating her around her face. They punches were not pulled to reduce the contact and the possibility of breaking bone. It took only two full power punches for Raffaella to release her hold on her bastard son. Antonio's lifeless body fell from her lap and onto the floor. Raffaella skidded backwards on her ass to separate her body from her sister. The movement by her sister was exactly what Apollonia wanted to happen. Once she was far enough away from Antonio's body, Apollonia made a grab for Raffaella's upper body to reign in her desire to hurt her enough to put her in the hospital.

Uncle Gino and his associate quickly wrapped the young boy in a body bag and removed him from the house. Uncle Gino asked if the couch was to be cleaned or discarded. He nodded when he was told by Apollonia to reduce it to ashes. The clean-up took just under two hours to complete. It included the clothing worn by all. When they departed the Rossi house there was no telltale signs of what had occurred earlier in the evening. Even the smell of death was not lingering in the house.

Colina returned with Carmen and Alessa to the breakfast room. He made the girls sit at the breakfast table and not in the family room. He poured milk for each of them. In the pantry he found a box of Oreo cookies and decided it was something that may help alleviate their pain. When he had them situated and quiet, Colina stepped into the family room. He stopped short when he saw Raffaella's bruised face and her arms wrapped around her sister's torso holding for dear life. He did not say a word to either of them. He listened and prayed that the sister's would somehow make it through the suicide of Raffaella's bastard son.

"I'm stunned," moaned Raffaella. "How could you??? All he wanted in his young life was to show you he loved you. He was just a boy. I swear Apollonia Moretti that I will do whatever it takes to make you take responsibility for his death. If it takes me a thousand years, I will avenge his death so help me God."

"The only thing you're going to do whore," said Apollonia, "is to go upstairs with me to the master bathroom. We are going to shower and put on clean clothing. These paper pants and shirts will be collected and burned later today by Uncle Gino. Get up and go with me to your room."

"NO!!!" cried Raffaella. "I AM NOT YOUR BITCH!!! I AM NOT YOUR SLAVE!!! I AM NOT YOUR SISTER!!! YOU ARE NOTHING TO ME!!! FUCK YOU!!!"

Saddened not in the least by what her sister just spewed out with a voice filled with venom, Apollonia did what she knew she had to. The cry of pain was extreme as Apollonia twisted her sister's right ear to the point of ripping it off of her head. She did not relent when she growled, "Stand up and come with me. I promise that I will not hurt you. Failure to heed my commands and I will disembowel you and feed your entrails to wild animals that live on the compound."

Raffaella's head screamed with pain. She saw the evil look on her sister's face and in her eyes. Raffaella knew it was time to begin plotting her revenge no matter how long it took her to accomplish. Antonio Rossi was dead and she knew it would take time, but she would get her pound of flesh in revenge for what her sister did to the youngster. Her right hand went to her right ear in an attempt to get her sister to release the hold. It did not work. Raffaella moved in an attempt to stand which was enough of a signal to her sister to ease up on the inducement of pain.

Nothing was said between them until they reached the master bathroom. Both women stripped out of the paper pants and shirts. Apollonia found a trash bag, placed the garments in it, and tied it shut. She turned to her sister, "Raffaella Moretti, kneel in front of me."

"No."

The slap was quick and sharp. Raffaella's head twisted with the contact. Her right hand went to her cheek in an attempt to reduce and alleviate the pain. Her eyes were wide and her face showed nothing but unmitigated hatred for her younger sister. She did not move or go to her knees.

"You will kneel in front of me or I will rip your heart out of your chest through your asshole. I am not in a mood to put up with your unmitigated hatred for me. Your bastard son was and will always be a fuckin' sissy faggot. You accept that as the truth and I may just let Carmen live."

"YOU WOULDN'T!!!" cried Raffaella.

"Don't test my mettle. Now onto your knees."

Raffaella could not and did not want to show any form of subservience to her sister. She stood stock still and just stared. Her eyes betrayed nothing. The pain shot from between her legs. Her hands went to her crotch. The fact that Apollonia had the wherewithal to strike a perfect blow on her vagina was more than enough to get Raffaella to sink to her knees. Her eyes welled up with tears and no matter how she tried the culmination of the strike was a cascade of tears that rolled down her cheeks. She looked up her sister and waited.

"I own you, body and soul, Raffaella Moretti. Your life is mine to do with as I please. Your husband will learn of your verbal indiscretion when it comes to your son. He will believe me when I tell him it was your stupidity that let it become known to Antonio that he was not of your body. Of course, all you have to do is place your mouth on my pussy and beg me to let you live as a whore to keep from Viviano finding out my truth. No matter how you try to sell it to Viviano that I was the cause of your son's death, he will not believe you. I will make sure of it."

Raffaella Moretti could not believe her ears. The shiver that ran up and down her spine confirmed her fear of her sister's words and actions. It would be impossible for her to express the truth to her husband to convince him that what he heard was a bold faced lie. She had a decision to make and the truth of the matter was she had no power to make things right. All she could do was keep her mouth closed and wait for the opportune time to take her pound of flesh revenge against her sister. She believed she had all the time in the world.

"Dearest sister," said Raffaella, "I accept you as my mistress. My life is yours to do with as you please. My only request is to please keep my Carmen safe. Please do not harm her. Please do not take her into your bed. Ask anything of me and I will do it unquestioningly to keep her safe."

Her anger not diminishing, Apollonia kept up the one-sided pressure, "Tell me what Carmen is to you. . ."

"She is my bastard daughter."

"I want her," snapped Apollonia.

Raffaella flinched when she heard the words pass from her sister's mouth. Her body shook when she realized Carmen would not attain the rights of a Moretti blood daughter. Her sister was going to do something nasty to her. Raffaella leaned forward and put her arms around her sister's thighs. She rested her head against the front of her legs and pleaded, "Please Apollonia!!! She is just as innocent as Antonio was. They were not responsible for my inability to bear children. Antonio is gone. Please do not take her. Let me continue to love her as if she were my own. Let her grow up understanding that we did something to give her a fantastic life. She is a Moretti. Let her blood flow onto the pillow of her lost virginity as her husband takes her for the first time. Do not make her into the whore I am. She is a pure child. Please Apollonia!!! I'm begging you. . ."

"Begging will not make me rescind my command," said Apollonia, as her voice did not break or change in its tenor. "That young pussy will be mine. In a way, your bastard son was right when he said I hated men because I did not have a cock. My power to take her as mine is as universal as the physics of the sun rising in the east and setting in the west. She has not a milliliter of Moretti blood in her veins. The cunt that she came through was not a Moretti cunt. It belonged to some beautiful young girl whose family owed the Moretti's. Just like Nancy was given to your bastard

son, this girl came to American to fuck your husband and bear the children you would ultimately raise. By doing so, she paid her family's debt to the Moretti family."

Raffaella squeezed harder as she tried to get her sister to change her mind. "Please Appy. Please, let her grow into a Moretti woman. She may not have pure Moretti blood, but she has begun to understand what it means to be a Moretti woman. I've watched her masturbate her father. Unquestioningly, giving to him the one thing she can at her tender age. She has her father's pride and intelligence. Please, please, please let her continue to grow into a young virile woman who will bring forth healthy Moretti children."

Apollonia laughed, "You know that Alessa has more Moretti blood running through her veins than your bastard daughter does. It should be Carmen who sucks Alessa's cunt in reverence of her Moretti family status. It is too bad that our half-sister will never attain what it genetically hers. Both girls will never gain the power and the monetary wealth that should be granted to a pure bred Moretti offspring."

"You're just like Lucia," cried Raffaella. "She looked upon non-Moretti children as something that could be used and abused for her sexual pleasure. You are doing what you said you would never do. You broke my son. . ."

Apollonia slapped the back of her sister's head and screamed, "HE WAS NEVER YOUR SON!!! FROM THIS MOMENT FORWARD BOTH ARE TO BE KNOWN AS YOUR BASTARD CHILDREN. I SWEAR I WILL MAKE YOU SAY IT THAT WAY OR I WILL DO CARMEN RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF YOU. WHAT IS SHE???"

After taking a deep breath, Raffaella moaned, "She is my bastard daughter."

"Yes, she is your bastard daughter as Antonio was your bastard son. You fucked him because you knew he was not of your blood and you could not get pregnant. You grew up precocious and the result is staring you in your face. You're a whore. You sucked any cock you could find and didn't even think of the consequence when you spread the cheeks of your ass inviting them to fuck you anally. It is imperative that you suck my cunt now or I will make your bastard daughter do it. My power is inviolate. Your life is worthless to me Raffaella Moretti. You will suck your husband hard and place him into my body. You will suck his balls and ass as he fucks me. You will not cry nor will you denigrate the relationship that will bloom between us. I will fuck him and he will enjoy it more than he ever has when fornicating with you."

"Please don't take him from me!!!"

"You will also fellate Alessandro, make him hard, and place his manhood into my body. The remainder of your life will be satisfying my desire to see you cuckold yourself to try and maintain a small amount of feminine dignity. The last humiliation you will face and do is the sucking and fucking of my driver in front of your father. You are going to show Mario what a low life piece of shit you are. No Moretti fucks a nigger. No Moretti sucks a nigger. All black men are nothing because of their history of the rape of the Sicilian people and the pillaging of their cities. I do not care how long ago it was. We have never forgotten just like the Jews who never forget about Hitler, the Nazis, and the holocaust. Raffaella Moretti your life as a pure bred Moretti is over. I need to piss and you are now my toilet."

Raffaella shivered thinking how disgusting it would be to have to drink her sister's urine and lick her sister's dirty asshole clean. She thought, 'Enough is enough.' Raffaella decided she was not going to let her sister shit all over her. She stood and tried to punch Apollonia in the face. It took but a moment for Apollonia to block the roundhouse right thrown by her sister and to react in kind by punching Raffaella, for the second time, directly in her solar plexus. The air rushed from Raffaella's lungs. She fell to the floor holding her abdomen. Her eyes lost focus as she tried to regain the ability to breathe.

Apollonia put her bare feet on either side of her sister's head, squatted, and released her bladder. The stream of urine ran all over Raffaella's face. She tried to get away from the hot stream of piss that was splashing all over her face but failed because of the way her sister had her head between her feet. The one thing that she was thankful for was Apollonia's decision not to force open her mouth. Raffaella closed her eyes and just allowed her sister to finish urinating over her face. The best she could hope for was a taste of her sister's urine and not a mouth full of the acrid smelling and salty tasting liquid. Raffaella fought the desire to scream at Apollonia because she knew it would only cause the yellow liquid to enter her mouth.

The relieving of Apollonia's bladder took about thirty-five seconds to complete. When she was done she stood and said, "Now it is your job to lick my pussy clean. You will rise to your knees and lick the remaining drops of my superior piss from my pussy. Refusal to do the job will result in my kicking the shit out of you. So, make a decision. Get the shit kicked out of you or show me what a loser you are by licking the remaining urine from my pussy."

Nothing and no one could help Raffaella now. The boy she raised as her own took his life rather than face being turned into a sissy; but it had to be the knowledge that he was a bastard that solidified the young boy's desire to take his own life against all that he was taught as a Moretti. Her youngest child was probably confused by everything she had heard and frightened by what she had witnessed. Now, by edict, Raffaella would have to forever refer to Carmen as her bastard daughter. Because of that, Raffaella could not protect her from the insanity of her sister; but, there was one person that could possibly save the day and Carmen's future. Raffaella decided to take a chance.

She rolled to her side and pushed herself to a kneeling position. She looked not at her sister's bare cunt, but up to her face and directly into her eyes. She bit her lip said a quick prayer even though she knew praying to God was an act of futility because after the past two day's events she knew there was no God. She silently counted to three and said, "How are you going to explain what you have done to Ming? The love of your life will take you by your hairless cunt and wrap it around you ears. Ming will never stand for what you have done to my Antonio."

Apollonia closed the space between her crotch and her sister's face. She grabbed the back of her head and pressed it into her still wet pussy. She held it there for a good two minutes before she relaxed her hold and pushed Raffaella's face from between her legs. Her lips curled in anger as she said, "Say nothing of this to Ming. She will know only what she needs to know. You say anything to her and I will do something so patently nasty to you that you will never forgive yourself for saying anything to her about this incident. I have said it once and I will say it numerous times to you, do not fuck with me."

"There is nothing you can do to me that will make me hate you as much as I hate you now. Piss on me every day. Although I know you're sick enough to do it, why don't you shit on me also? Make me eat your shit because that is what I know you want. Believe me dear insane sister, nothing you could or would do to me would make me take my life to end my misery. For now, living is my revenge."

"You are so fuckin' stupid. I do just one little thing and your life as you know it will come crashing down all around you. With your last dying breath you will acknowledge that I truly owned you."

"Fuck you Appy. Try me by telling me what you think would make me slit my wrists."

Apollonia reached for her face, turned it up more than it was, and said, "I will set you up as the rapist and murderer of Ming's children. They will find one or both of them with evidence that will implicate you beyond a reasonable doubt. You will spend the rest of your life sucking nigger pussy in a women's penitentiary and wondering how I could do such a terrible thing to you. Ming Zheng will beg me to allow her to skin you alive and then draw and quarter you. Again Raffy, do not fuck with me."

Her jaw hung open. Her eyes bulged out of her eye sockets. She just heard her sister say she would murder her lover's children and pin the deaths on her. She thought, 'What a cold hearted bitch. Maybe Antonio was right. Maybe Apollonia was the way she was because she wasn't a man. Maybe I just found her Achilles's heel.' Raffaella felt something course throughout her body and she put it to her realization about her sister. "I wouldn't put it past you to do something as dastardly as you just expressed. Murdering one or both of you lover's children to make her hate your sister as much as you hate me. I tried to bend to you will. I sucked your pussy. I licked your asshole. I would have fucked Nathan to assure that you would never hate me enough to really take my life, but, killing Shen and/or Lian to bolster your position within this family is just beyond insane. You are definitely in need of something and I know what that something is."

"Sure, like you know. You're too fuckin' stupid to know what I need or desire."

"I do," said Raffaella. She smiled and said in a sweet voice, "You want, no need, a cock. You don't want six, seven, eight, or nine inches of cock. You want sixteen inches. Maybe even eighteen inches. You want to have it

stand proudly from your crotch with the knowledge that you have the biggest penis in the world; a Guinness record for length, width, and its ability to produce extreme amounts of cum, which means you also have the largest testicles in the world." She paused, gathered some saliva in her mouth, smiled, spit it up to her sister's face, and said, "Too bad Apollonia. The only thing you can be proud of is your holier than thou insanity. I hope you fuckin' rot in hell."

Apollonia did not wipe her sister's spit from her face. She reached down and wrapped her right hand around her sister's neck, but she did not squeeze. Instead she used her jawline to raise her to her feet whereupon she pushed her backwards so her body rested against the edge of the vanity that held the two sinks. Raffaella did not try to fight the movement of her body, but she did feel frightened at what was about to happen to her. She looked into her sister's eyes and just as they came into focus she felt it.

Raffaella screamed so loud the walls of the house shook. She felt her repaired perineum give but not rip. She knew Apollonia had just forced her hand into her vagina. Her head started to spin. She became weak in the knees but did not fall to the floor. Apollonia's hand and wrist kept her upright. Raffaella's eyes focused again on her sister's face and she cried and pled, "Just kill me Apollonia. Then you can have Viviano. He will not fight you. I've always known he wanted to sleep with you. He'll let you have Carmen. He doesn't care about our half-sister and whatever you do to her will be fine with him. Push your hand into my cervix. Grab what you can and rip it out of my body. Just make it quick."

"You're not torn again. Your fuckin' cunt just sucked in my hand as if it was a natural thing for it to do. I'm not going to take your life; at least not tonight. You mean too much to me Raffaella. You are going to bend to my will and serve me as you would serve a cock except your life will revolve around my pussy. Your husband will rise to the occasion when his cock enters warm interior of my body while he feels your tongue and lips suckling his balls and his asshole. You will hear him moan with pleasure as I give him something you never could. You will never wear a Moretti skirt again. Women who have become pregnant because of Viviano will no longer honor your pussy. They will look upon your nakedness and see the tattoos of a whore. You will be available to any and all comers at a Moretti celebration or in the privacy of your own home. Everyone will know you have served your purpose when they see streams of cum leaking from your cunt and your asshole. To make matters worse, if a Moretti decides to paint your face with his ejaculate, you will wear it proudly to honor your position as the family whore."

With her statement over she pulled her hand from her sister's cunt. Raffaella fell to the floor. Her insides hurt like the dickens. She curled into the fetal position and remained still. Raffaella Moretti had lived the life of luxury and had seen the highest highs as she now felt the opposite lowest of lows. Her life had sunk deeper than the Titanic. She closed her eyes and knew the only response she had for her sister was one of total submission.

Raffaella took a deep breath, rolled to her knees, and opened her arms. She looked up at her sister and in a quiet loving voice begged, "Please let me honor the pussy that owns me. Let me kiss and suckle the provider of what is to be my lifelong humiliation. Take from me what you want and I will always give it to you willingly. You have opened me up to ridicule for my inability to bear children. No one in the family will look upon me as being a Moretti anymore. You have taken my bastard son away from me. You will take my bastard daughter, too. And, the final humiliation will be the taking of my husband. Please Mistress Apollonia let me suckle the one thing that I have to show my love to - your pussy."

"No bitch," said Apollonia. "You to get into the shower and clean your bastard son's blood from your body. Then you go the kitchen and bring your bastard daughter to me. You will remove her clothing before she enters the room. She will be naked as the day she was born of the young girl's body. You will sit quietly as I ask her questions and answer any questions she has for me. Now, get up and get moving."

Raffaella stepped into her shower and with a heavy heart washed the blood of her bastard son from her skin. In his ten years, she never once threw into his face his status as a bastard. She loved him unconditionally, so much so she supported his accusation that his father raped his ass in a fit a pique at his inability to have sex with his wife. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she watched the last of her bastard son's blood circle the center drain in the shower. Her body shivered as if she was standing under freezing water. Raffaella Moretti knew she was going to spend the rest of her life serving her insane sister and whoring her body to anyone that Apollonia sent to her. The pain of losing her son was not cause enough to keep her from slipping her right hand between her legs and masturbating to an orgasm.

Twenty-five minutes after she entered the shower, Raffaella stepped out of the master bathroom and into her bedroom. Apollonia sat on her bed. Her face and hands were still covered in Antonio's blood. Raffaella stood just inside the room and asked, "May I at wear a bathrobe to get Carmen?"

"Remember I told you no clothing," replied Apollonia. "From this moment forward you shall only wear clothing when I deem it necessary. There will be times you will be dressed but not wearing any undergarments. Your ass and your pussy will always be available for use. Your lips will be coated in a bright red lipstick to show the world that your mouth is another vessel for a man's cock. Now, get Carmen."

Raffaella returned with a still dressed Carmen and someone Apollonia had forgotten about. Colina entered his sister-in-law's bedroom to find his wife sitting on the bed still coated in Antonio's blood. He frowned and tried to put two-and-two together as to why she had not showered as her sister had. He was about to ask, when Apollonia said, "Colina, this is none of your concern. You are to return home. When Alessandro wakes you are to take care of him. Make him breakfast. Keep him comfortable until I return. If you need, suck his cock or let him fuck your sissy pussy. I expect you to care for his needs. Now go."

Colina did not argue with his wife and Mistress. The tone of her voice and the coldness with which she spoke to him told him not to question or argue with her motives. He nodded his head in assent and without saying anything to his niece, he departed the Rossi house.

"Carmen," ordered Apollonia, "come to me and remove your pajamas. Your mother was ordered to bring you here naked." She turned to her sister and said, "I will take it that you decided to refuse to listen to my orders because Colina was with the children in the breakfast room. Next time you refuse to perform an order, I will take it out on Carmen."

The seven year old looked to her mother, confused, and said, "Mommy. . ."

Raffaella went to her and whispered, "It is ok sweetheart. I'm naked and I'm not embarrassed. Go to your Aunt Apollonia. I promise she will not hurt you." She looked to her sister and said, "It won't happen again Mistress."

Carmen Rossi did as her mother asked. She stepped over to her aunt and removed her pajama top and bottom. She shivered as the cool air of the room hit her skin. She knew it would take a second or two for her body to become accustomed to the temperature of the room. Carmen looked at her aunt, but did not speak. She was still coping and dealing with seeing her brother commit suicide and now with being naked in front of her Aunt Apollonia.

Apollonia reached for her face with her right hand. She rested it on Carmen's left cheek for a second before she moved it to the back of her neck so she could pull the youngster close to her body. Apollonia, Carmen, and Raffaella were all naked. The only person of the three still somewhat coated with Antonio's blood was Apollonia. She did not shower for a reason.

"Carmen, how old are you?" asked Apollonia.

"Why are you asking me when you know how old I am," replied Carmen.

The retort from the young girl was not what Raffaella expected. She held her breath. Apollonia's reaction was swift. Her right hand made contact with Carmen's left cheek just hard enough to give her a stinger. The youngster shivered but had enough to presence of mind and strength of character to keep her balance.

"Answer me when I ask you a question young lady," said Apollonia. "How old are you?"

"Seven," replied a very frightened Carmen.

"When is your birthday?"

"December 10th," she replied a bit calmer.

What year were you born in?"

"1998."

"You turned seven this past December?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Carmen.

Apollonia froze for a moment. She stared hard at her niece and said, "You address me as Ma'am or Mistress. Every sentence or question starts and ends with either one. If you fail to address me properly young lady, I will take you over my knee, spank you, and as an ultimate punishment and humiliation insert a butt plug up your ass." Apollonia felt Carmen shake which was exactly what she wanted to happen. "Now, how many times have you had your hand around your father's cock?"

Carmen froze. She tried to turn and look at her mother, but was stopped by her aunt.

"You look at me and only me," commanded Apollonia. "The whore standing behind you is of no concern to you. She will not help you answer my questions. Now, how many times since your seventh birthday have you had your hand around your father's cock?"

Carmen used her fingers to count the times she masturbated her father. When she was done counting she realized that she had done it only one time each month since her birthday. "Four times Aunt Apollonia."

"What did you forget?"

"Oh God," whined Carmen, "Four times, Mistress Apollonia."

"You played with your father's cock only one time each month?"

"Yes, Mistress" she replied. "Mistress Apollonia, why are you asking me about something I was told I have to do? Have I done something wrong Ma'am?"

Apollonia was impressed with the youngster's ability to remember and use Ma'am and Mistress when addressing her. "You have not," replied Apollonia. "unless there is something you want to tell me. Is there something you want to tell me?"

Carmen crossed her legs. She wanted to pee. The fear of having to say anything to her aunt was growing exponentially and it was affecting her ability to hold her bladder. "Please Mistress Apollonia, I have to pee," cried Carmen.

"Raffaella, do your duty," commanded Apollonia.

'Another humiliation,' thought Raffaella. She quietly stepped over to her daughter, knelt behind her, and gently spread her legs. "Carmen," she said, "I am going to lay beneath you. Squat down and pee in my mouth. There is no need for you to use the toilet."

"No-o-o-!!!" cried the youngster. "I-I-I can n-n-not." She looked to her aunt for guidance.

"You heard the whore," said Apollonia. "If you have to pee, pee in her mouth."

"No-o-o-!! I will not!!! Please don't make me!!!" Carmen totally forgot about addressing her Aunt Apollonia properly.

Apollonia relented. She pushed the youngster and said, "Go into the bathroom and do your business. Come right back to me."

Relieved, Carmen ran into her mother's bathroom, sat on the toilet, and urinated. She wiped her vagina, flushed the toilet, and returned to her aunt.

"You're scared," said Apollonia, "and I understand why. Your sissy brother did what he did because he couldn't face up to his homosexuality. Did you know he was a pussy boi?"

Carmen stated to turn her head to look at her mother and was immediately stopped by her aunt. She knew better than to lie. Carmen wanted to run away from her aunt. She did not know what would happen if she told her aunt the truth. She wanted her mother. She tried a second time to look at her mother and was rewarded with another slap to across her face.

Apollonia took her by the chin and said, "Do not look at the whore. I will not tell you again. The whore behind you is not your mother. You heard me tell your brother the truth about who is your mother. You are to forget who that woman is to you. She as of this moment in time, she is nothing to you. From this day forward you are mine young lady. You answer to me and only me. Tell me you understand."

"I-I-I understand Mistress Apollonia," said Carmen in a quiet little girl's voice.

"Now, answer my question," she demanded. "Did you know your brother was a pussy boi?"

"Please!!!" cried the frightened girl.

Apollonia lost her control. She grabbed Carmen's chin and spat, "He's fuckin' dead!!! Nothing can hurt him now!!! If you don't want to end up like him, then tell me the truth!!!"

As her aunt held her chin, Carmen said, "Yes Mistress, I knew. There were three boys from the public school that would come across to our school at the end of the day. They would take Antonio to the back of one of the empty houses behind the school. I know because I watched fearing what would happen to Antonio."

"What did he do?" asked Apollonia.

Raffaella was in a state of shock. Neither she nor Viviano knew what was going on right in the middle of Cedarhurst where St. Joachim's was located. 'If I only knew,' thought Raffaella, 'I could have been a positive influence on Antonio and a negative influence on those boys.'

Carmen waited and when her aunt did not release her chin she began to cry. It did not help her cause, so she told what she saw, "Mistress, Antonio went to his knees. He opened the first boy's zipper, pulled out his thing, and he put it in his mouth. He did it to all three. I did not hear what was said to him, but I think they threatened him Mistress Apollonia. I could be wrong because he seemed to have wanted to do it."

Relieved, Apollonia released her chin and asked, "Was that all he did? Did you say anything to him?"

Tears started to flow down her cheeks, but she knew she had to finish telling the entire truth. "No ma'am, the second time I followed and watched was several days later. The boys took turns putting their . . ."

"Say it. Don't be afraid. I won't punish you," said Apollonia.

"They put their cocks up his ass," she said. "I did hear them tell him what a good pussy he had. Later that night in his room, I told him that is saw him with them. He made me promise not to say anything. When we were caught playing his stupid game he knew it would come out that he was a faggot. That is the truth Mistress Apollonia."

"I knew it," said Apollonia more to herself than to her niece. "What else have you done?"

"Only what I was told to do ma'am," she said frightened that she had done something wrong beyond letting Antonio masturbate onto her pussy.

"You never put your father's cock into your mouth?"

"No ma'am. That would be wrong according to my mother."

The third slap was the hardest. Carmen burst out into uncontrollable tears. She rubbed her cheek trying to alleviate the sting of the slap.

"Listen to me," said Apollonia. "Your woman is not your mother. Your father is your father, but that whore standing behind you is nothing more than a low-life piece of shit. For the remainder of her life, you will not call her mother. You will address her as whore. Do you understand Carmen?"

"B-b-but . . ." stuttered the seven year old.

"Say it!!!" demanded Apollonia. "Turn, look her in the face, and call her what she is; a whore."

Carmen turned, looked at Raffaella, red faced, ashamed, and said, "Whore."

"No Carmen!!! Say it like you mean it!!!"

Frightened, but learning to not question her aunt, Carmen growled, "WHORE!!!"

"Now, tell me Miss Carmen; have you had your father's cock in your mouth?"

"No Aunt Apollonia." She did not use Ma'am or Mistress and when she realized it she prepared her body for another assault by her aunt.

"Tonight you are going to sleep with me in this bed," said Apollonia. "This is a whore's bed. It is the perfect spot for you to learn to serve me."

"S-s-serve you???" asked the youngster.

"Yes," said Apollonia as she pulled the youngster into her nakedness. "You will serve me as my concubine. You will lick my pussy. You will play with my clitoris. You will finger my vagina. You will lick and finger my ass. I will teach you to use your mouth, your ass, and your pussy to please both men and women. Then I will fuck you. You are not a Moretti. You have no Moretti blood in your veins. Your life will be lived in servitude to me. Helping you with your service will be the whore that raised you. When I deem it is the proper time, your biological father will fuck you. He will be the first to fill your young pussy with seed. After that, you will sleep with Raffaella and the two of you will continue serve me in my capacity as the head of the Moretti family. If either of you want out of your indentured servitude, I will allow it, but you will not survive. I am telling you, Carmen, if you want to live a long life, it will be because I am allowing you to. Your mouth, your ass, and your pussy will be whore holes for the Moretti family and their guests. I tell you this so you can resolve whatever hatred you have for me within yourself as you grow into your whore's life. The whore that is standing behind you will not interfere with any decision I make concerning you, because you are not a Moretti."

"I-I-I d-d-don't un-un-understand Aunt Apollonia," cried Carmen. "I-I-I didn't do anything wrong. Antonio did. He was the faggot. All I did was what I was told to do. P-p-please explain it to me. . . W-w-why???" The seven year old began to cry anew. Her tears were just as strong as they had been moments ago when her aunt slapped her across her face.

"Raffaella hold her here," said Apollonia. "I'm going to take a shower. When I reenter the room, I expect to see her on the bed dressed to entice me between her legs. She wants to know why; then you tell her why you are a whore and why she will become one."

Apollonia rose from the bed, ignored her sister and her bastard daughter, and entered the master bathroom.

Both Raffaella and Carmen remained silent until the sound of rushing water emanated from the master bathroom. Raffaella took Carmen into her arms and hugged her to her naked body. She rubbed the youngster's back and occasionally caressed her backside. Carmen pressed her head against Raffaella's breasts and cried uncontrollably. Raffaella allowed her bastard daughter to cry only a short time before she released her hold on the girl. She gently pushed her back so she could talk to the frightened child.

"What your aunt told you is the truth," said Raffaella. "You are not my biological child. What that means is you were not inside my body. Your father did not make love to me to impregnate me. His sperm did not meet an egg within my womb. Carmen, I am barren and that means I cannot bear children."

"Why did you keep it a secret?"

"We did so your grandfather would not have to fight for control within the different familial segments of the family. It was bad enough that he had daughters, but when his oldest, me, was found to be barren he had to make a decision. Viviano and I agreed that your father would impregnate another girl. She was brought to America from Italy. She lived here in this house and carried the baby until birth. Then I assumed the role of the mother of the child. She had two children with your father - Antonio and you. I raised both of you as if you were delivered from my body."

"What is Aunt Apollonia doing? Why is she being so mean?"

"Your aunt is not right in the head. She hated your grandmother for doing bad things to children. Now, she is taking out on you my failure to bear children. And to inflict pain on me because Antonio took his own life."

"She hates me!!!" cried Carmen. "She hates me!!!"

Raffaella pulled the youngster to her breast. For a moment, she could not believe what she just felt. The soft skin of the girl she raised as her own felt so sweet against her body. She rubbed the back of her head as she cooed, "She doesn't hate you Carmen. She is not well. She won't hurt you. All she wants is your sex. Once she takes your virginity she will leave you alone."

"She will???"

"Not totally sweetheart," said Raffaella. "Some nights you will have to sleep with her. She will expect you to pleasure her. Other nights you will sleep with your father or with Mr. Alessandro. Yet other nights you will sleep with me or you will sleep alone."

"I don't want to be a whore!!!"

"Blame me for that," said Raffaella. "This would have never happened if I could have gotten pregnant. I promise you that I will look after you as I have done since you were born."

"Please!!! No-o-o!!!"

"I'm sorry sweet pea," said Raffaella. "We need to get you dressed. If you aren't, your aunt will turn the remainder of our night into an ordeal. She will torment the both of us without caring about whom we are and what we mean to her. I promise you I will protect you, but if you do not do as she says, I may not be able to. I am so sorry, but we must perform as she commands. I will be right back with some things for you to put on."

Mario Moretti used his ability to close of the world and center on his physical situation to get through the pain of being bound to the wall of the basement. Cardinal DeTomaso was not tolerating his situation at all.

"Mario," moaned the Cardinal, "how long will we be tied down here? I am hungry and I am thirsty. I have to go to the bathroom."

Mario wanted to laugh, but thought better of it. Seems the old cleric did not have the strength to keep his mind and body from falling into the deep well of personal neediness. He turned to the man that thought the church would have the strength, the ability, and the desire to return him to power. The fact that they were both bound to the basement wall was proof enough of the church's failure. Mario thought, 'Would have been better if I never involved the Vatican. Now, my life is tied forever to my youngest daughter's insanity and the failure of the church we supported. God help the Moretti family.'

"Cardinal DeTomaso," said Mario, "the simplest thing to do is to think about anything but eating and relieving your bodily functions. If you do not have the strength to do so, the piss in your pants, but have the courtesy to please not shit yourself. I really don't want to have to spend the night breathing your stench."

Flummoxed, the Cardinal responded, "You have to be kidding!!! We're going to spend the night here? You have to be kidding!?!?"

"Welcome to Apollonia's world, your eminence,"

Cardinal DeTomaso shook his head in frustration at his situation. Never in his eighty some years had he been treated so poorly. It was imperative that he make contact with the Vatican. For all they knew or suspected, he was dead and that was not acceptable. He tried to remove the bonds, but his movement only seemed to make the ropes tighter.

Mario saw the struggle and said, "Your eminence, I suggest you stop moving or trying to free yourself. The ropes are tied and knotted in such a way as to cause them to tighten rather than loosen. You continue to move and you will do yourself great harm. Trust what I am telling you. I know from experience."

"From being bound?"

"No, from teaching my daughter to tie the knots and bind you as you presently are. You move and you will end up cutting off the circulation in your arms and your legs. If I gauge her correctly, we will be released in the morning. You continue to fight your bindings and tomorrow you probably will have to have both of your hands and feet removed to save your life."

Mario Moretti witnessed something he had never seen. He watched as the Cardinal ever so slowly and quietly began to cry at the futility of his situation.

Ming Zheng rolled in her sleep and almost rolled over her son Shen. She took both boys to bed with her. She started on her back with one son wrapped under each of her arms. Both their heads rested on her bare breasts. She did not have any issues with them sleeping together in the nude. She had taught the boys that the human body was something of beauty and that it was acceptable at times to be nude together as a family.

She had to remember that she was not sleeping with her lover or a man that she would readily take into her body. She was on her side facing Shen when she felt Lian's dream induced erection press against her backside. As much as she would have liked to have a man or Apollonia inside her, she was not about to allow her five year old son to enter her body.

With the special almost imperceptible movements of a mother, Ming moved the boys to one side of the king sized bed and rolled to the other side. She opened her eyes for a split second to see each of her boys penises erect. Ming smiled and thought that one day some sweet young girl will take one of those penises and bring it to an explosive ending. She sighed, closed her eyes, and returned to dreamland. Tomorrow was going to be another day making sure they survived the insanity of being kidnapped.

Alessandro Bruno woke to see the time on the clock radio read three AM. He gently rolled away from the light of the clock radio in an attempt to return to his bruise induced fitful sleep. His body ached. Alessandro knew he could easily take another oxycodone pill to relieve the pain, but he did not want to begin the roller coaster ride of potential addiction. He stopped on his back, opened his eyes, and got quite a fright. Standing at the end of the bed was Colina.

"Um, how long have you been standing there?"

"Not long," replied Colina. "I came up around one AM and you were sound asleep. I just returned to check in on you."

"Where is Apollonia?"

Colina pursed her lips and decided now was not the time to tell Alessandro that Antonio had committed suicide. He told the truth as to her location, but not the underlying reason, "She is at her sister's house. She is staying there to help with the children. She sent me here to look after you. That is why I am standing at the end of her bed."

"Did you sleep?" asked Alessandro.

"A few hours. I'm not wound down enough to let myself fall into a deep sleep. Although, with the right inducement, I could easily fall into a wonderful dream state."

Alessandro frowned, "Inducement?"

Colina licked his lips, opened his eyes wide, and pointed.

"Oh," said Alessandro. "I suppose if Apollonia sent you hear to watch over and take care of me, it could, would entail satisfying my sexual needs."

"I would not be wrong in making that assumption."

Alessandro froze for a moment. He couldn't believe that he was about to invite a sissy faggot to join him in bed. He was going to allow another male to bring him to an orgasm orally or by him fucking him up the ass. He shivered and said, "I'm not homosexual at all, but, there is something that I cannot explain or fathom about. . ."

Colina interrupted, "Apollonia. Alessandro, you can point to only one reason you are thinking about sleeping with me. It is the woman you want underneath you taking your manhood. I understand your confusion. For me, it is something I love to do. Fellating another man or taking him in my sissy pussy is the fulfillment of my desire to be a woman. I have only three things to give you. I can give you a hand job. I can fellate you. Or, you can slip your magnificent manhood into my medicinally clean sissy pussy and fuck me until you fill me with your man seed. Or, you can relax and realize your erection is the result of an interrupted dream. Tell me to return to my room and you can roll over and fall back to sleep. No matter what you decide it will be between the three of us."

"You won't be offended? I mean I have relieved my balls in your pussy at the behest of your wife." Alessandro thought about what he just said to Colina. He shook his head and said, "I apologize. I'm not trying to offend you, but this is such a strange situation for me. Usually, I meet a woman and decide if I am going to see her again. If I want to bed her, I make an effort to connect with her. You know emotionally as well as physically. I wine and dine her and nine times out of ten I have sex with her, but I haven't really had sex with Apollonia. She sucked my cock a bit and ultimately gave me a hand job, but I've never had my cock inside her body. She's made me do things I've never even thought of doing, especially to myself. I mean she is your wife. You're legally married. Jesus, am I being an asshole?"

Colina chuckled, "No. You're doing what any red blooded man would do. Thinking about how sweet it would be to press his manhood into Apollonia's svelte body. I have seen the looks on men's faces when it comes to my wife. Their faces show uncontrollable desire to bed her in reality or in their sexually addled minds. When I was a man I saw their hatred for me because I had what they obviously wanted and couldn't get."

"I can't believe you gave that up. I mean, you did have coital sex with her. How could you give that up?"

"For me it was easy," said Colina. "I would enter her, go through the motions, and I would ejaculate before we even got started. I am madly in love with her but, I wanted to be her. I wanted to feel a man inside my body. There was a time I prayed that I would go to sleep and wake up in the morning with breasts and a vagina. Ultimately I came to know what I am. I am a feminine man with an anally oriented sex drive. I want to feel a man pressing inside my rectum. It took me looking at myself in the mirror wearing panties and thigh highs to realize that I was better suited living as a sissy than as a man. I went to Apollonia, bared my soul, and cried my eyes out. Our love transcended my desire to be her cuckold and her to toss me out on my faggot ass. I know that she would be more than happy to find you had accepted me into your bed."

Alessandro covered his face with his hands and said, "Would you lie in front of me and allow me to enter you? I don't want to kiss you or hold you tight. I want to take you by your hips and use your sissy pussy to masturbate myself to an orgasm. When I finish, I would like you to leave the bed." Alessandro uncovered his face, looked at Colina, and said, "Am I being an asshole?"

"Yes," replied Colina, "but I understand that you cannot accept that you are basically fucking another man up his ass even though that man lives like a woman. If your need is that great, I would be glad to provide you with an orifice to use to relieve the pressure that you feel and satisfy your need to ejaculate."

Alessandro move to the middle of the specially built king sized mattress and raised the feather comforter inviting Colina into the bed.

Colina stepped to the side of the bed his wife always slept on, dropped the short bathrobe she was wearing, and slipped into the bed facing away from Alessandro. She pressed her sissy pussy back inviting Alessandro to enter her and drew a breath as she felt the large head of his cock press through and into her sissy pussy. As she was taught, her sissy pussy was prepared to take a man, but she knew Alessandro's size and prepared her sissy pussy with a fairly large amount of lubrication. Inside, Colina smiled to herself. The man that would spew his cum into her ass would also be the man to impregnate the love of her life. Colina Cathcart had absolutely no problem accepting for the second time the cock of the man that would be her wife's lover.

As he slid into Apollonia's sissy husband, Alessandro Bruno accepted that he was no longer totally heterosexual. The heat of the sissy's pussy enveloped his cock. He was surprised to feel that her hole was prepared to be taken, but he should have expected nothing less. Alessandro's hand took ahold of Colina's hips as he began to gently thrust into and out of her pussy. He felt Colina press back onto his cock as he thrust into her pussy. Her body was supple and very smooth which amazed him. He did something that he thought he would never do. He slid his right hand from Colina's hip up her side to her right breast. Alessandro cupped the small breast and ever so gently squeezed it in the palm of his hand.

Colina reacted as any good sissy would. She moaned as she felt his hand take and play with her breast. What she did not allow her love to know was how hard her sissy clit was becoming. Colina did not want to have an anal orgasm. She wanted her sissy pussy to make love to Alessandro's cock. She wanted to feel him explode inside

her as he released his balls into her body. The reason they were mating was simple. Alessandro needed relief and she was here to provide it for him. She forced her sexual desire to recede and with it her sissy clit shrunk back to a flaccid state.

What she did by offering him her sissy pussy, she did because she loved feeling him inside her while at the same time he cupped her right breast. Colina quietly moaned with desire. She made sure the orifice of her sissy pussy grasped the thick shaft of the manhood that was sliding ever so gently inside her body. Colina knew Alessandro was being gentle and she thought more of the man for doing so. As he moved, she felt something that totally surprised her. On her neck were Alessandro's lips and they were moving ever so slowly to her right ear. Colina closed her eyes and sighed as she felt the tip of his tongue slide inside her ear and into the auditory canal.

The feeling of Colina's ass around his cock was more than he expected sexually. The first time he used Apollonia's sissy husband it was a quick stick it affair. He did it more to satisfy Apollonia's need to be in control of him, her sissy husband, and their masturbation mating. Somehow, this union felt different. Colina felt totally feminine against his body. Her smallish hips, she pert breasts, and the softness of her skin belied to Alessandro that hanging from his crotch was a decent size male phallus. As he fucked her, Alessandro knew she was responding not as a man, but as a woman. Her moans as he pressed his ten-and-a-half inches into her pussy were a true reaction to her being taken oh so willingly. Colina's warmth surprised him as did his own desire to press his lips on her soft feminine skin.

Alessandro moved and surprised Colina. His body rose as his right hand slipped from her breast to rest on the inside of her right thigh. He pressed her leg which told Colina he wanted her to roll onto her back. The only way it could be accomplished without making a scene was to allow Alessandro's cock to slip out of her pussy. The empty feeling was immediate, but she knew he would return as soon as she raised her legs to offer her sissy pussy to him.

Once she was on her back, Alessandro knelt between her legs. Their eyes met as Colina reached for the rampant manhood that stood from Alessandro's crotch. She didn't smile because her eyes said it all. Alessandro allowed her to place the head of his cock at the entrance to her sissy pussy. He saw her lick her lips and mouth, "Fuck me."

He rolled forward and pressed his cock into her body in one deep thrust. Her breath was taken away as the ten-and-half-inches slid into her sissy pussy. Colina was full and falling in love with the man that wanted nothing more from her than a choice of holes to masturbate in. Now he was on top of her making love to her as she always wanted. The crown jewel was when he leaned down, pressed his cock balls deep into her, and pressed his lips to hers. She did not need to be told what to do next. Colina wrapped her long thin sissy legs around Alessandro's hips and opened her mouth to allow his tongue to seek and play with hers.

Their mating rose to another level of urgency and lovemaking. Alessandro was gentle but forceful. He stopped for a moment when he felt Colina's sissy clit against his stomach and fought through the disgust that was rising in his brain. It was just a piece of the body of the woman that was making love to his cock. It would bear no fruit during this copulation. Colina felt him pause and knew he was becoming disgusted because his cock was in an ass and not a vagina. When he pulled back so just the head of his cock was just inside the entrance to his sissy pussy, Colina held her breath. The feeling of his cock returning to the depths of her rectum solidified in her mind that he had made it through whatever doubt he had about copulating with a sissy faggot.

His lips went to her left ear. She felt her body tingle as he kissed and sucked on her ear lobe. Colina Cathcart was in seventh heaven. More than she had ever been with Sonny Rossi. Alessandro Bruno, a man's man, was more than fucking her. He was in no uncertain terms making love to her. He was doing what any hot blooded man would do with a woman he desired. His thrust was powerful when they needed to be and so sweetly gentle as he showed her that he could be a lover and not simply a masturbation rapist.

"You're so big and so strong," cooed Colina. "Fuck me. Give me the essence of your love. Fuck me Alessandro."

The well-hung Italian Stallion responded to his lover's request. He moved his body up so he was not resting on his elbows and his knees. He pressed his cock into the sissy and was amazed as he watched her face relax with

sexual desire. For the first time during their mating, he looked down at their connection. Alessandro drew a breath when he saw Colina's clit lying flaccid on her stomach. He looked up to her with his eyes wide and amazement on his face.

"I'm here for you," Colina cooed. "My desire is sated feeling you inside me and will culminate when you ejaculate your love into me." Colina raised her hands and said, "Come to me, fuck me, make love to me, and let your cock fill me with the love produced by your balls."

Alessandro Bruno did not answer verbally. He leaned back down, pressed his chest to Colina's, and began thrusting into her warm, velvet sissy pussy. His desire to ejaculate began to take over his thrusting. His hips moved so the length of his cock slipped out of her sissy pussy. The with a need he pressed into her and as his hips were pressed against her body he moved in short thrusts as his cock jumped as his body rose to the ultimate end of their copulation.

They mated for a total of twenty-two minutes. Colina gave her body to him. No matter what he wanted, she responded. Alessandro began to pound the sissy pussy that surrounded his cock and when he felt this cock begin to swell, he pressed his mouth to Colina's. Their tongues met and played in Colina's mouth as he pressed his cock deep into her sissy pussy. Alessandro felt the tickle and the sensation of orgasm rise from his crotch. His balls rose and released their sperm. He broke the kiss and moaned.

Colina saw the look on his face and whispered, "It is ok. Say her name."

Alessandro heard and did not deny his need; "Apollonia!!!"

"Yes!!!" responded Colina. She was in seventh heaven as her lover moaned her wife's name as he ejaculated eight ropes of cum into her sissy pussy. The one thing he could not stop was his own orgasm. His cock did not get hard, but her body did react to the cock spewing its man seed into her sissy pussy. Colina dribbled three small pulses of sissy milk in response to Alessandro's wonderful fuck.

When the two were done, Alessandro rolled off of Colina to her right side. He did not immediately push her out of the bed. Instead he pulled back to his body, spooning as two heterosexual lovers would after a mind bending sexual encounter. Colina relaxed, sighed, and gently pressed her body against his. The beauty of their connection was seeping from the still open orifice of her sissy pussy and for the first time since Colina became a sissy, she was truly happy and sexually satisfied.

They rested in the spoon position for some time before Colina said, "I should go."

"What if I want you to stay?"

"I would love to stay, but I have to clean up."

Colina pulled her body from Alessandro's. She rolled to face him. She sighed when his handsome face came into view. Her smile was genuine and did not hide her rising love and sexual desire for the man. But, she knew in time their mating would only be as a man using his male sissy bitch. Colina knew that it would come to that once Alessandro was sleeping with his wife. He put his hand to Alessandro's face and said, "I want to kiss you. I want to tell you that my body is yours twenty-four seven. I also want to kiss you and without asking slide down and take your manhood into my mouth. I want to make oral love to you and feel you cum in my mouth. But, I know that is not to be. Tonight was better than I expected. I want you, but we have to understand that once you're in Apollonia's bed, I am just something for you to use to relieve your balls of the pressure that builds. We. . ."

Alessandro moved Colina's hand and pressed his own to her face, "I don't care what you think is going to happen. If I want you, I will have you. Apollonia will not deny me. If I want to make love to you, I will."

Colina smiled, but he knew the truth and would not lie to the man that had won her heart. "You don't understand and I'm not going to lie. You've made me so very happy. I can say without fear that I've fallen in love with you, but that love will never reach fruition. I'm a Moretti sissy. My life is predetermined and when I accepted my status to continue to be with my wife, I accepted all that it entails. You will replace me in my wife's bed. There will be times she will not be available to you. That is when you can come to me. But, you will never take me as you did just before. I am required to bend over for you. If any Moretti witnesses you taking me in the missionary position, I will lose my life and you will replace me as a Moretti sissy. I am only allowed to mate with other sissies."

"You're kidding me . . ."

"No. Tonight will be the only time you have taken me as a woman. I took a chance, but I also knew Apollonia was not coming home. Just know that you've given me something I will never experience again and for that I'm grateful. This will be our secret."

Colina leaned in and kissed Alessandro on his lips. They did not open their mouths. It was a chaste kiss. She put her hand to his face, smiled, and mouthed, "I love you." Then without showing her broken heart, Colina rolled to the edge of the bed, sat, and stood up. She bent to pick up the robe that was on the floor, put it on, and without another word to Alessandro, departed the room that she used to share with Apollonia.

Raffaella tossed and turned as she slept on the hardwood floor of her bedroom. Apollonia was kind enough to give her a blanket, but she did not give her a pillow. Once the lights went out, Raffaella held her breath hoping to fall asleep before the sound of her daughter being used by her sister assaulted her brain. When sleep came it was fitful. She tossed and turned not really getting comfortable on the hard floor. Her arms supported her head until they became numb and she felt pins and needles shooting from her wrist to her shoulder. She would awaken, change her position to try and get comfortable, and then reposition her head to try and get some sleep. It took an hour, but sleep finally came. Her dreams were filled with dread. When she awoke it was because she was not comfortable on the floor. She listened for the sounds of her sister forcing herself upon her daughter. Silence in the room brought some relief to her brain as she closed her eyes to try to fall into a deeper sleep.