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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 175

Wednesday Night – Columbus Place - 19 March 2003

Raffaella, Viviano, Carman, and Alessa sat around the breakfast room table happy that the family was together again. Viviano hid the spasms of pain he felt as he sat on the hard surface of the oak chair. He was stubborn and did not ask Raffy for a pillow sit on and another to be placed behind his back to help ease the pain. The doctor's instructions were simple. He was to remain prone in bed between scheduled rehabilitation walks. If he were still in the hospital, the one of the nurses would walk with him as they navigated the halls. Recovery consisted of twenty to thirty minutes of walking and then a minimum of two to three hours of bed rest. The minute Viviano walked into his house, the instructions from the doctor left his conscious thoughts.

Raffaella saw him wince, but knew better than to say anything to him. What she wanted more than anything was to be bent over in front of the kitchen sink and fucked like a twenty-five dollar whore. Every morning when Viv returned from taking the kids to school, she would play a game of *'which hole he was going to use'* as he pressed her against the kitchen cabinet that held the sink. It did not matter to her which one he used. She won her imaginary *'which hole is he going to use'* game eighty percent of the time. Raffy was ecstatic that he still wanted to pork the living shit out of her between sessions with women who contracted with the Moretti family to impregnate them. She did have some reservations when it came to the women who were younger and more beautiful than she. But, it was a family business after all and she used Viv's constant need to fuck her as proof that he was in love with her.

"Girls," said Raffy, "if you're done, please put your plates by the sink and go to your room. I know you still have homework to finish."

Alessa stood and silently went about taking her plate, utensils, and glass to the kitchen sink.

Carmen remained seated. She stubbornly sat waiting for her mother to get angry at her. Her wish did not come to fruition.

"Carmen," said her mother, "I told you we would discuss it after your father is settled. I will all reiterate that I do not have a problem with your request."

Sulking that woman she called mother would not broach the topic with her biological father immediately, Carmen responded, "Ok." She stood and as her sister had done, picked up her plate, utensils, and glass. She made her way to the kitchen sink and returned to the table. She went to her dad, put her arms around his neck, and whispered, "I love you daddy."

Viv smiled, leaned down, and kissed Carmen on the forehead. "I love you too. Now, listen to your mother."

Carmen and Alessa made their way to their room. Carmen eased her sulkiness knowing that her mother had agreed to let her have Antonio's room. Carmen knew she would have to wait until all of Antonio's things were removed and the room redecorated for a girl. She took Alessa's hand when they entered the great room. Together, they walked up the stairs closest to their shared bedroom.

Just as Raffaella stood to clean up the remaining dinner plates, the back screen door opened and slammed shut. Neither of them were expecting visitors. Colina was home preparing dinner for Apollonia. Ming was home feeding her children. Mario was home eating a portion of the food Raffaella made and delivered to him. Their eyes met and then they heard.

"VIVIANO!!!"

Before Raffaella could respond, he put up his hands to stop her. He rose from his seat. The pain he was feeling made him wince. He tried to walk around the table but failed. The idea he had was to meet his sister-in-law by the hall entrance. Viviano could not move. He returned to his seat and tried with all his might to quell the stabs of pain he was enduring.

"VIVIANO ROSSI!!!" screamed Apollonia as she strode into the kitchen. "YOU FUCKIN' IDIOT!!! DO YOU WANT TO. . ."

Apollonia froze. The look of pain on Viviano's face and his pale pallor was more than enough for her to stop her dead in her tracks. What she was going to say to him was replaced with stunned silence. With only the sound of her shoes on the wood floor, Apollonia made her way to the oak breakfast table. She sat and calmly said, "What do you need?"

"I need a good kick in the head," replied Viviano straining to speak. "I was so fuckin' bored in the hospital. I felt great. Now, I understand why and I am paying for my stupidity."

Apollonia looked at Raffaella as she took Viv's left hand into her hers. "When does the nurse get here?"

"Already been," said Raffaella.

Apollonia naturally asserted her control. "Viviano Rossi, I want you to go upstairs and get into bed. You are not to move out of that bed until such time as I have reviewed what the doctor's orders are."

Viv knew the use of his first and last name by Apollonia gave notice that he was not to argue. He nodded his head and said, "Give me a minute to regain some of my limited strength. Then, I promise to go upstairs. I will need Raffaella's help."

"No, she doesn't have the strength to support you," retorted Apollonia, "Nathan is at my place." She turned to Raffaella, "Go across the street and bring him here."

Raffaella wanted to say she could call across the street to summon Nathan, but she did not open that can of worms. Instead, she turned and made her way out of her house. Inside her blood pressure was rising to the boiling point. She saw the way Apollonia took his hand. Before she made another grievous error of judgement, Raffaella quickened her step. It was imperative that she calmed down before she made another major Apollonia mistake.

"Why?" was all Apollonia asked.

The wince lasted longer than before. Viviano knew he had made a mistake coming home. He looked into Apollonia's eyes. She could see the pain in them as he said, "I wanted to be with family. I was alone. My life is here. I missed Carmen and Alessa. I'm still broken up about Antonio. Although and please don't say anything to Raffy, I could have had multiple blowjobs from several of the nurses, I was good. I refused their advances. I don't know if I could have tolerated the pain when I ejaculated. That being said, Appy, I just wanted to be in my own home in my own bed. I wanted to be with Raffaella. Do you understand?"

"Absolutely," said Apollonia. "You have to promise me that you will abide by the doctor's instructions. If you don't, I will personally kick your ass all the way back to Great Neck."

He tried to laugh, but the pain stopped him in its tracks. His right hand went to his abdomen. He grimaced as he said, "You have my word. No fuckin' around until I am one hundred percent."

For the next six minutes, Apollonia sat holding Viv's hand saying nothing. That is how Raffaella and Nathan found them when they entered the kitchen. To Raffaella's surprise, her sister did not release her husband's hand when they entered.

"Nathan," said Apollonia, "help Viv upstairs. Be careful with him. He is in a lot of pain."

"But of course, Miss Moretti," responded Nathan.

He made his way around the table to Viviano. It was only then Apollonia released his hand. With absolutely no exertion of his true strength, Nathan wrapped his arm around Viviano's shoulders and helped him to stand. He allowed Viv to lean against his body and to use him as a human crutch. Together they walked into the hallway and began their slow trek to the master bedroom on the second floor.

"Really!?!?" cried Raffaella. She did not listen to her own reasoning as to not start up with her sister.

Apollonia's head snapped towards her sister. She spat, "What the fuck is wrong with you? You have some bug up your ass?"

"Really!!! You come here ready for war and then you sit holding," a breath and a growl, "MY HUSBAND'S HAND AS IF YOU'RE FUCKIN' MARRIED TO HIM!!!"

Apollonia's eyes changed in a nanosecond. She rose from her seat. Stopped dead in her tracks and spat, "Come to me Raffaella Moretti. Come to me and kneel in my presence."

Raffaella Moretti saw her sister's eyes hold their not quite black color and then return to their beautiful turquoise gold flecked color. She sighed. Moved to her sister and fell to her knees. She did not look up. Her head remained bowed in submission to her sister. '*Lucky,*' she thought.

"Stand," said Apollonia.

Raffaella stood. Still afraid of what her sister would or could do to her.

"Look at me," said Apollonia.

Raffaella's eyes made contact with Apollonia's.

"My first thought was to wrap your cunt around your ears. Then I realized that you thought I was coming on to your husband," said Apollonia. The tone of her voice calmed her sister. "I am not going to take him from you. Viviano Rossi is your husband. You are my sister. You know your place. Your life is mine to do with as I please, but, my dear sister, I am not going to do anything as long as you understand that I am not going break up your marriage. I was concerned for him. I want him to get better. You need him. I need him. The family needs him. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

Relieved, Raffaella said, "Yes." She bowed her head and whispered, "Forgive me? I am so fuckin' stupid sometimes."

"Sometimes???" chortled Apollonia breaking the tension between her and her sister.

Raffaella relaxed, smiled, licked her lips, and whispered, "It would be nice to spend some alone time with you."

Apollonia saw the momentary flinch as her right hand went to her sister's cheek, "I understand and if you're good, it may. For now, you have only one thing to do."

"Take care of Viv," said Raffaella with a sadness that betrayed her desire for an incestuous tryst with her sister.

Nathan returned to the kitchen. He looked at his boss and said, "I'm not a doctor, but, he is in no shape to be home. He needs round-the-clock nursing care. Do you have anything to ease his pain?"

Apollonia turned to Raffaella, "Do you?"

"I do, but, he refuses to take any," replied Raffaella. Being smart she added, "Go upstairs and see if you can make him. I tried so many times I've lost count."

"Where is the medicine?" interjected Nathan.

"In the refrigerator," replied Raffaella. "Syringes are on the counter next to the phone."

"Let me go upstairs," said Nathan. "Mr. Rossi will not argue with me. I have the training to administer the shot."

Both sisters nodded their heads in agreement. Nathan gathered up the drugs, the syringes, and made his way back upstairs.

"Appy," said Raffaella with concern in her voice, "What am I going to do? He is not going to listen to me. You cannot leave Nathan here. Viv. . ."

"He'll listen," countered Apollonia. Her voice filled with love and concern for her sister said, "If need be, we'll take care of him. I'm not going to let him leave you. Do not interpret that as I am trying to take him from you. You've suffered enough loss. Believe me."

Apollonia opened her arms to allow her sister to be embraced. The chaste kiss turned to something more. Their bodies pressed together. Both women moaned as they felt their sexual response beginning to build. Apollonia allowed Raffaella to cup her sex. With their tongues intertwined they heard, "Ladies, get a room." They broke the kiss and the embrace.

"That was quick," said Apollonia.

"As I said Miss Moretti, he did not argue," said Nathan. "He is resting comfortably and should sleep through the night."

"Thank you Nathan," said Raffaella.

Nathan smiled and nodded as he said, "No problem Raffaella." As he returned to drug bottles to the refrigerator, he looked at Apollonia and said, "Will I be needed this evening?"

Apollonia feigned stupidity and lack of knowledge in reference to his question. Nathan was learning her moods and he did not respond in the negative. He knew he was free to go into the city to see Golda. Hopefully, he would not have to return tonight because of Viviano's stupidity.

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Apollonia returned home to find Colina standing in the kitchen tapping her foot in anger.

"What???" queried Apollonia. The tone in her voice was not accepting of her sissy husband's perceived attitude.

"I made dinner for you," he said with a touch of annoyance in his voice. "I cooked a pot roast with potatoes, steamed green beans, and created a nice salad. I set the table. I opened a fresh bottle of Moretti red. I thought as you ate we would sit together and talk."

Perturbed, she spat, "Talk about what?"

"Talk about all the phone calls I've been handling from the simple to the complex. I know if I made a single decision without your permission, I would no longer have genitals between my legs. My sissy eggs would be in a jar labelled with my name and stored in a place everyone could see. I made my decision about my life, but I did not accept being the brunt of your most, if not all of your anger. Your hatred. Your unbiased denial of my existence. I . . ."

"What the fuck has gotten into you Colina? I have done no such thing. I have nothing but love and respect for you. Why this sudden hatred of yourself? I don't understand."

"I never get to see you. Talk to you. If you're not upstairs in your atelier, you're with Ming at her house. I haven't felt your arms around me in weeks. I can't masturbate because I am locked up. Mario is no longer locked up. Why am I? I think we really need to talk Appy. I'm seeing things that are beginning to strengthen the idea that you are no longer in love with me. And, you haven't yet come to the time when you were going to sit me down and tell me how you really feel."

Apollonia walked to the breakfast table and put her handbag and briefcase down on one of the chairs. She turned to Colina and ordered more than said, "Into the great room."

"See," cried Colina, "you can't even use my name. Even if it is the feminine version."

Rather than get mad, she smiled and said, "You're barking up the wrong tree sweet pea. Now, get your fuckin' faggot ass into the great room or I will make your frightenedly stupid fantasies come true."

She turned and walked into the great room. Colina thought for a minute and decided against being a petulant fool. He followed her through the hallway into the great room. Apollonia sat on the couch facing the fireplace. When Colina entered, she patted the seat next to her. Colina did not smile or acknowledge that she wanted her to sit next to her. She simply sat on the couch and waited.

"Look at me Colina." When their eyes met, Apollonia articulated, "I have more than I can handle. I have to keep an eye on Mario. I have to make sure Moretti Construction is moving forward with their contracts and securing additional work. There is payroll that has to be met biweekly. I have to make sure Viviano doesn't die because of his stupidity. I have an eighty-five year old cleric in a cell in the basement of the townhouse. I am waiting for him to die or the Vatican to come for him with guns firing on full auto. I have a couple of real losers; who happen to be computer geniuses and understand the science of DNA trying to find the culpable individual that helped the Nassau DA violate hundreds of individual's rights as well as Mario's. I have two State Police Detectives waiting for the same data to bring

to a state grand to with the hope of indicting the Nassau DA. I know there is a backlog of phone calls. I have made some myself and I know I have not kept you in the loop. I haven't called a Moretti council meeting which I know is due. I will guess there are numerous calls from all sort of government types seeking Moretti counsel and help. I have a client that wants his painting completed. I know there is a list of people wanting to meet to decide if a Moretti man is going to help them conceive. And, I have a sister that believes I still want to steal her husband from her. I have a suitor in Alessandro. He wants to become more than my lover. Now, you want me to add you to my list of people and things that need my undivided attention?"

"No. What I want from you is a simple kiss on the cheek. An embrace and a whisper in my ear that I am still meaningful to you. Maybe even a time when I can feel you behind me while you press one of your favorite dildos into me. I'm not looking to have coitus with you. I am wanting to know that you have not diminished your love for me on a physical and emotional level. As of now, I think, no, I believe, you are contemplating throwing me out on my ass. Getting me out of your life so you don't have to worry about the sissy faggot you married. Then you can take Alessandro into your bed without any second thoughts or repercussions. Which you so happened to have mentioned when you just said you have a suitor."

Apollonia closed her eyes. Colina could see she was visibly shaken. Their relationship was not what it used to be. It took only a couple of days for it start to fall asunder and begin to sink. Not as fast as the Titanic, but sinking all the same. Mario may have been correct when he intimated that their relationship would fall apart once Apollonia accepted Colin's transgendered lifestyle and sissy cuckold status.

"I don't know how to ally your fears Colina. I know I get mad at you very easily. But, I always tell you I'm sorry and give you the opportunity to be the person you want to be. My love for you has not diminished. We are still married and I have no intention of divorcing you. I believe in my marital vows. I will stand by you in sickness and health. For better or worse. I have accepted your desire to be a female. What more do you want from me? Do you want me to arrange to have you undergo full sexual reassignment? Would that make you happy?"

Chagrined and still emotionally tied up in knots, Colina retorted, "That may just be a great idea. Remove my penis and testicles. Replace them with a man-made cunt. Then we could have the lesbian relationship you have with Ming. I know I could be a better cuntlapper than she is. I. . ."

Apollonia slapped Colina across the face. Not once but six times. She reached for and grabbed her genitals. She slipped down past the insidious chastity device and wrapped her hand around Colina's fabric covered balls. She squeezed. As the pain shot up to Colina's brain, Apollonia growled, "YOU UNGRATEFUL PIECE OF SHIT!!! YOU LOUSY FUCKIN' SISSY FAGGOT!!! HOW DARE YOU RIDICULE ME WHEN I AM TAKING CARE OF YOUR SISTER'S CHILDREN!!! HAVE YOU DONE ANYTHING FOR THEM LATELY? NO!!! ALL YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT IS WHAT YOU CAN SUCK OR HAVE SHOVED UP YOUR EXCUSE FOR A PUSSY!!! YOU FUCKIN' BITCH!!!"

Colina did not scream. She did not cry. She sat stunned as she heard the love of her life deny all that was happening between them. To top that, to have thrown in her face the care of her sister's children was totally out of left field. It was Apollonia who made that decision. It was the impetus Colina needed.

With Apollonia's hand still squeezing her balls, Colina retorted at the top of her lungs, "DON'T YOU DARE BRING UP MY SISTER'S KIDS. YOU MADE THE DECISION TO TAKE CARE OF THEM. I HAVE BEEN TALKING TO MY PARENTS AND THEM EVERY DAY. YOU CALL ONCE A MONTH IF YOU'RE LUCKY. FUCK YOU APOLLONIA MORETTI. FUCK YOU AND THE HORSE YOU RODE IN ON. GO TO YOUR FUCKIN' ASIAN LOVER. TAKE ALESSANDRO BETWEEN YOUR LEGS. FUCK HIM UNTIL YOU CAN'T FUCK HIM ANYMORE. TOSS HIM ASIDE AND FIND ANOTHER COCK TO SATISFY YOUR ONCE-IN-A-THREE-MONTH NEED TO FEEL A REAL MAN BETWEEN YOUR LEGS AND IN YOUR ITALIAN CUNT. TAKE THE TIME TO LOOK IN THE MIRROR MORETTI. THINK ABOUT ANTONIO. THINK WHAT YOU DID TO THAT POOR BOY. YOU COULDN'T ACCEPT THAT HE WAS GAY. YOUR MORETTI VALUES WOULDN'T LET YOU ACCEPT THAT HE LOVED TO SUCK COCK AND ULTIMATELY TAKE IT UP HIS MORETTI FAGGOT ASS. FUCK YOU. WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF YOUR FATHER FOUND OUT YOU LIKED PUSSY WHEN YOU WERE ANTONIO'S AGE? HUH??? THROW ME THE FUCK OUT!!! YOU DON'T HAVE THE BALLS TO THROW ME OUT. YOU FUCKIN' NEED ME AND YOU KNOW IT!!!"

Her hand released his balls. She was astounded that Colina did not cry or scream for relief. It was as if the pain gave her strength. Strength to rip her a new asshole. Strength to toss in her face that she was the cause of Antonio's suicide. It surprised her that she did not bring up the murder of her mother, Lucia. There had to be more to the outburst. More than wanting her to be intimate with her. Apollonia controlled her anger.

"You're wrong," Apollonia said in a normal but extremely controlled tone of voice. "About everything. You need to confide in me. You need to tell me what has got you so roiled up. I don't accept that it is as simple as me using a dildo on you. I will not accept that you don't think I love you as much as I did when we met and when we were married. Your desire to be a sissy is not something I abhor. I stood and watched you suck off my father before you walked down the aisle. I have never doubted your love for me. You should not doubt my love for you. There has to be something else that is causing you to act like a petulant little girl. Tell me. I won't get mad. If I can resolve the issue, I will. I love you Colina."

"Are you sure you want to hear what is bothering me? Because, I don't believe you do."

"Yes. With all my heart."

Colina took a deep breath and said, "I've fallen in love with someone."

"Fallen in love. With who?"

"Are you sure?"

"Jesus Colina. Tell me."

Shocked, Colina queried, "You really have no idea?"

"No," answered Apollonia with a frown on her face. She paused her face knitted into a physical state that could only be seen as ugly. Then the light bulb went on. She looked at Colina in the eye, fell back against the sofa back, and said, "No-o-o. Really??? Him???"

Colina looked askance and said, 'You figured it out? It didn't take very long now, did it? I mean you did bring us together in your sick method of testing him. Just like you tested Sonny. 'Cept he was and is a stronger lover than Sonny ever was.'

"Jesus Colina. He's not going to get into a relationship with a sissy faggot. No matter how much you want it to happen, it is not in his wheelhouse."

"At least you can let me try. That is all I ask."

"I don't know sweet pea. I just don't know."

"What if I do have surgery? What if I have my male parts replaced with female parts? Then I would have a fighting chance to have him fall in love with me. I want that chance, Appy."

"That chance focuses on his seeing you as a woman and not a gay sissy faggot. My gut is he will always see you as Colin my faggot husband."

"I look at myself and I see a woman. I talk, act, and think like a female. All I want it is a chance to see if I can make him mine, Appy!"

"To have that chance Colina, we'll need to agree to divorce. You'll have to leave the compound. You'll forgo all that you have earned by being my husband. You will have nothing. He is not going to be your knight in shining armor and sweep you off your feet. You'd be better off finding a hot top stud to fuck your lights out. That would be so much easier to accomplish. My only caveat is the stud never comes to our house. You leave the compound to engage

in your sexual adventure. In fact, I'll go one better. I'll get you a pied-a-terre in the city and you can fuck whomever you want anytime you want. I will give you your sexual freedom. Total without question. The ability to fuck anyone as long as it takes place in your pied-a-terre. How's that for a solution?"

"What if I agree? What if he comes to me and finds he likes having someone who will never deny him his need for sexual satisfaction? What if he turns to the dark side? What would you do then knowing he is coming to the pied-a-terre and fucking me and not you?"

"I would have to say that you're a better cunt than I am. If you get him to desire your ass more than my pussy, then I'll give you what you want, but he will not live here with you. You will meet him in the city because I would want nothing to do with him - ever. You will have relations with him there. You will return to the compound and your status as my sissy cuckold. If you end up together in a fulltime relationship, then you'll have to accept that I will divorce you and take everything from you including your love nest in the city. You will have nothing."

Stubborn, Colina responded, "I will take my chances. I cannot live like this anymore. If you agree that a lesbian relationship with me would transcend your relationship with Ming, then I would have the surgery in a heartbeat. If that is not a viable consideration, then I want to try to have him for myself. If I lose, I'll crawl back to you. And, you can shit on me for the rest of my life."

"Colina, I love you as much as I ever have. I cannot fathom having a lesbian relationship with you because I will always see you as a man. Even though you'll have the proper parts, when I look into your face I will see Colin and not Colina. Can you understand what I am saying?"

"You see Colin now?"

"Truthfully, I do. I may address you as Colina and use feminine pronouns, but I see you as Colin Cathcart. A man that decided to become a woman."

"What you're telling me is you've never accepted that I am transgendered. You've been lying to me. I have on more than a million occasions told you that I believe I am a woman trapped in a man's body. I've known it since I was a toddler. I always wanted to and did when I could wear girl's clothing. Played with dolls. Be and act like a girl. Fuck you Apollonia. Fuck you. Fuck you. And, fuck you."

Tears began to roll down Colina's cheeks. She pulled away from her wife and moved to the end of the couch. Colina did not have tissues so she let her tears cascade down her face and drip onto her clothing. Her nose began to run making more of a mess. Life had taken a very bad turn. Maybe the best thing Colina could do was to leave. Break up the marriage. Go out on her own. She could learn to live with less. Her childhood was not something based upon boatloads of money. Her parents were not rich like the Morettis. A solution would have to be found and found rather quickly. What amazed her was Apollonia's lack of an immediate response to the possibility of a surgical solution.

*'Maybe I am a lesbian,' thought Apollonia as she sat more than stunned on the couch. 'Colina may just have hit the nail on the head. I have had sexual relations with him, but I have not committed to a lifetime relationship with him. Now she claims to have fallen in love with him. I did make him have relations with Colina. I just may have started something I cannot undo. I am in love with Ming and have been since we met in college. As much as we talk about having a man to fuck, we still always rather be together when having sexual relations. As much as I am required by Moretti family law, I don't really know if I want to have a baby much less multiple ones. I think it is time to face facts.'*