

© Copyright, Emanon_Pen, 2008-2012. All Rights Reserved.

The stories on this website are works of fiction. Any characters resemblance to persons living or dead is purely and entirely coincidental. Any actions taken by the characters or the portrait of such actions never occurred and if they mimic any form of reality, it is purely and entirely coincidental.

These stories contain explicit descriptions of sexual activity and may be perceived by some as being pornographic. If you feel that literary erotica is pornographic, then do not continue surfing this website or begin reading any of the stories posted here. If you inadvertently or with willful intent download a story to your computer or receive it as an e-mail attachment, then you should DELETE IT NOW AND LEAVE THE WEBSITE. The author assumes no responsibility if a minor downloads this story, is caught, and prosecuted by his parents or the federal, state, and/or local government.

This copyrighted material may not be freely distributed onto any website or newsgroup without the express written consent of the author.

Commercial websites that post this copyrighted material without the express written consent of the author and payment of royalties to the author will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

You may download this story for personal use. You may make no changes to the story and the copyright statement must not be removed. The author grants no other permissions to you or your successors.

The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 84

Tuesday Morning – Mario's Residence - 25 February 2003

Raffaella and Apollonia spent the night in Apollonia's old room not making love to one another. They climbed into bed together, kissed, cuddled, and promptly fell asleep. Raffaella was thankful that her sister did not make her spend the night between her legs performing cunnilingus until all hours of the morning. They both awoke at 5:00AM and knew they had to get to their respective homes to start their day. After they were dressed, they went downstairs and found Mario sitting at the breakfast table.

"Daddy, did you sleep last night?" asked Raffaella. She could care less that her younger sister did not want to acknowledge him her father.

"No, Raffaella," said Mario. "I've been sitting here since the two of you went to bed. I've been thinking and we need to talk, Apollonia."

"We do, Mario?" said Apollonia not even acknowledging him with a good morning.

Confounded by her rhetorical question, Mario said, "Yes, we do. I need to talk to you about the townhouse, your mother, and me. I don't need to wait until tomorrow night to heed your request for me to prove that I do not belong in the basement of the townhouse. All I ask is your consideration to hear me out before you decide to take retribution for what I tell you."

"Ok, Mario. I'll give you the opportunity," said Apollonia. "Raffaella needs to go home to take care of her kids and especially her husband. I have to return home to check on Sonny and Colin. Why don't you get some sleep and Raffy and I will return at noon. Hopefully, we'll be done in time for you to go to the hospital to see Angelina."

Mario showed his concern, "I don't think Raffaella needs to be here, Apollonia. It would be better if just the two of us talked."

Apollonia and Raffaella exchanged glances. "Sorry Mario, I don't agree. Raffaella Moretti is my sister and she has every right to know. If you have a problem with her sitting in on our conversation, then I suggest you go out to the rear of the property and dig your own fuckin' grave. Remember, you don't tell me or suggest to me anything."

Mario nodded, "Ok, noon then."

Apollonia kissed her sister just before Raffaella left, turned to Mario, and said, "When I return, you will be naked and you will honor me or else." She did not wait for an answer.

Tuesday Morning – Raffaella's Residence - 25 February 2003

Raffaella arrived home and entered her bedroom just as Viviano's alarm clock sounded. She tiptoed over to the side of the bed, reached under the down comforter, and took hold of his nine-and-a-half inches. The heat of his cock always sent shivers throughout her body as did the heat of her pussy send shivers throughout Viviano's body when he fingered or entered her. Vivian groaned when he felt the smooth skin of her fingers and palm surrounded his morning erection.

Viviano felt the air of the room hit his body as the down comforter slipped off and fell to the floor. Raffaella leaned in and took his manhood into her mouth. She slipped her mouth down the shaft, opened her throat, and allowed the bulbous head to enter. Viviano took his right hand and pressed the back of her head to keep his cock embedded and surrounded by her throat. Raffaella did not protest his taking control of her cock sucking. She knew he would blow his load quickly because he did not have anyone to impregnate last night and he sure as hell didn't have relations with her. Raffaella knew better than to think he would go to his son for some boy pussy.

"Good morning, Raffy," he whispered to his wife as he pressed her head down and lifted his hips from the bed. "It would have been nice to have gone to sleep with it in your mouth, but I know you had a pussy on it last night."

Raffaella tried to remove his cock from her throat and failed for just a moment. She found his balls with her right hand, cupped them, and squeezed. She did an Apollonia on her husband. The pain was enough to get him to move his hand, groan, whimper, and then lose his erection. When Raffaella saw he was truly hurting from her infliction of testicle pain, she released his gonads.

"You fuckin' amaze me, Viv!!! I came home took your cock into my mouth to fellate you and all you can think or fantasize about is whether or not Apollonia and I made love to one another." Raffaella stood, slapped his balls which caused him to growl in pain, and said, "Got what you deserve and I can see why my sister is so free with the infliction of pain on men. What my sister and I do is none of your fuckin' business, Viviano. I believe you have an errand to do for her, so get your ass out of bed and into the shower. Just be glad I didn't do to you what she did to Sonny and Colin."

Viviano rolled his legs off of the bed, stood, and reached for his wife. He pulled her into an embrace and kissed her. When he released her he said, "I know my place Raffy. I don't think you'll be hearing anything out of my mouth concerning your newly formed incestuous lesbian relationship with your sister." Viviano saw his wife's look of surprise as he moved to the bathroom to take a shower as he did every morning to start the day.

Raffaella Rossi Moretti decided not to change her clothes until everyone was out of the house and on their way to work or school. She exited the master bedroom for the kitchen. She checked the time and began her morning routine of making coffee, preparing breakfast for Antonio and Carmen, and then preparing a healthy lunch for each of them. She paused for a second in front of the kitchen sink and thought about how sweet it would have been to be standing preparing for the day with the taste of her husband's cum in her mouth.

Tuesday Morning – Apollonia's Residence - 25 February 2003

Colin arose at 5:30AM to begin his day. He left Sonny sleeping soundly in the bed under the goose down comforter. He showered and did his sissy duty of removing his body hair and cleaning his sissy pussy. Over the past two weeks he'd become quite adept at preparing his body to be the sissy he always wanted to be. Colin sat at the breakfast table waiting patiently for his wife and mistress to come home. He knew she would have to arrive sooner or

later because she needed to prepare to travel to Dallas to see Teresa Moretti. He made coffee, set Apollonia's mug next to the coffeemaker, retrieved the morning newspapers, and sat down to wait for her arrival.

Sonny opened his eyes when he heard Colin arise and go into the bathroom. He surreptitiously watched Colin go into the bathroom and then closed his eyes to try and get some more sleep. Sonny didn't make any derogatory statements as he was totally enamored with Colin's desire to care for him after Apollonia's beating. The one thing he realized about his relationship with both Apollonia and Colin was no matter how each of them verbally or physically humiliated him, they both cared for him.

Apollonia Moretti walked into the kitchen to find her sissy husband sitting at the breakfast table doing absolutely nothing and wondered if his testicles kept him from his sissy duties. She watched him stand and take a kneeling position in expectation of having to kiss, lick, and suck her asshole as expected of him. He wanted to look up at her face but knew better so he kept his eyes on the floor. Colin felt the tip of Apollonia's shoe slip underneath his chin. He allowed her to lift his head with her foot. Their eyes met for the first time since he crawled from her after she pounded his testicles into near mush.

"Morning Colin," Apollonia cooed as he kept the toe of her shoe underneath his chin. "How are your useless testicles, sissy boi?"

"Recovering, as are Sonny's, Apollonia," replied Colin with a bit of difficulty because his wife did not move her foot from beneath his chin.

"When I take my foot away I want you to tell me why you're on your knees."

Colin eyed his wife still wearing her black Moretti dress and said, "I was preparing to perform my required methodology to bid you hello or adieu, Miss Apollonia." Although he didn't need to address her as he did, he decided to because he just knew she was waiting to punish him physically.

"Correct, my dear Colin, but I'm not going to make you because I am going to go upstairs and take a shower. You are to stay down here and make some breakfast for the three of us. When I return I expect to see Sonny sitting at his place and you just finishing a surprise breakfast." Apollonia turned and walked through the hall into the great room and up to her bedroom. Colin waited until he heard her walking up the steps to the second floor before he rose and went about telling Sonny that Apollonia was home and what she wanted.

Twenty-five minutes later Apollonia dressed in a pair of blue denim hip-hugger jeans that just came high enough to cover the string that was the top of her bikini panties, white long sleeve t-shirt, and running shoes walked into the kitchen to find Sonny sitting at his place naked and Colin waiting to finish the breakfast he prepared. Sonny watched Apollonia as she walked over to where he sat and stopped. He slid off of his chair and placed four kisses, two each, on her running shoes. When he returned to his seat he realized that Colin had not performed his obligation to her but did not voice it knowing that there had to be an explanation that he was not privy to as to why he did not. Apollonia took her seat and was delivered her mug of black coffee and plate of fresh slabs of French toast covered in maple syrup and confectioners' sugar. He served Sonny and himself before he sat down at the table.

"Sonny, Colin, I want to say and do something that is not to be construed by either of you as my relinquishing any control or dominance over either of you," said Apollonia as she cut into one of the pieces of French toast. She looked up, chewed, swallowed, and said, "I want to apologize for what happened yesterday morning before the funeral. I want to say how sorry I am to have caused each of you the extreme amount pain I did. In the future, I hope never to have to resort to what I did last night to make my point."

Sonny and Colin exchanged glances that bordered on skeptical. It was Colin who spoke for the two of them, "I don't think you want us to say we accept your apology, Apollonia, but the one thing I will say is you came very close to ruining any chance of having Sonny's baby. Sonny will survive your beat down and so will I, although you know what I said to you..."

"Yes, I do, Colin. And I'm going to take you up on it when I deem it appropriate." Apollonia sat and devoured her food, pushed the plate from in front of her, and sat with her coffee in her hands. She eyed both her naked lover and her sissy husband before she spoke, "Both of you need to know a few things and I have a few questions, well maybe more or less than a few. First, how are each of you doing physically, psychologically, emotionally, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera?"

Sonny put his knife and fork down on the edge of his plate, took a sip of the hot coffee that was in the mug that was designated as his, and said, "Physically, I'll heal and I can tell that because the swelling has gone down a considerable amount and the area of black and blue is beginning to get smaller. Whether I can facilitate the delivery of my potent Italian seed into your body is a question that can only be answered when you allow me to be inside you again. Psychologically, emotionally, and whatever term you want to use, I'm a total mess. I've never feared saying anything to anyone, Apollonia. I never shied away from a fight or standing up for my family and friends, but around you I walk on eggshells. I'm so afraid of what you will do to me for the slightest infraction of what I don't know I am learning to keep my mouth shut and my opinions locked up inside my head."

He took another sip of coffee, put the mug down on the table, and said, "I know what Colin said to you when he crawled away from you yesterday morning. I will never offer them to you, but I know if you keep your spell over me, I too would offer them to you, but then I'll not be the money maker Mario and Viviano are or were whatever the case may be." He paused waiting for a reaction from Apollonia and when none came, he continued, "The one thing I do know with certainty and total confidence, I love you, have loved you since the moment I laid eyes on you, and I will suffer to be with you."

Apollonia did not respond to Sonny. She looked at Colin who had a knowledgeable smile on his face. She did notice that he was not wearing makeup, but his hair was longer and beginning to frame his face which gave him a more feminine visage. Apollonia knew it was time to go back into the city to Madam Yvette's for a haircut. She nodded slightly and Colin took the cue.

Colin had begun practicing his feminine voice and speech. He tried to affect his sissiness when he spoke, "I'm fine Mistress Apollonia. I spent the day taking care of Sonny before I cared for myself, but like Sonny, my sissy balls are healing. The swelling and black and blue areas are decreasing. They are not as tender to the touch as when I crawled into my bedroom yesterday morning. I know my place and I reaffirmed it to you when I offered to be castrated if you so desire, Mistress Apollonia. I again reaffirm it by offering you total nullification. I would be ecstatic if I were to live the rest of my life nullified because you wanted it and it would affirm my love for you, Mistress."

Sonny groaned as the thought of being without his cock and balls registered in his head. Apollonia put the mug of coffee to her lips and sucked down the remaining contents. She then offered the mug to Colin who took it and made haste to refill it and return to his seat. Apollonia noticed that hers was the only plate that did not have any food on it. Both Sonny and Colin had not really eaten much of the breakfast Colin made. The second mug of hot black coffee would begin to send enough caffeine through her system for her to begin to feel somewhat normal.

"Sonny, will you be able to return to work tomorrow?"

"Yes, Apollonia," replied Sonny. "Hell will have to freeze over for me to stay home tomorrow."

"I can tell Viviano that you will babysit Ming's children to and from school?"

Sonny having learned his lesson, smiled to hide his increasing anger at having to care for her lesbian lover's children, "Yes, Apollonia."

She heard his control. She saw his false smile. She controlled her anger knowing she had told him to simply respond as he had done. Apollonia decided to let him know that she was aware of his anger.

"Congratulations Sonny. You just saved yourself from eating your own cock and balls for dinner tonight."

Sonny was taken aback, "Excuse me, Apollonia? I don't understand?"

"God, what a fuckin' dumbass you are Sonny Rossi. Your ability to hide your emotions is as good as your ability to walk a tightrope between two buildings. Rather than have you do something you don't want to, I'll send your brother. Late this afternoon you will accompany me to 84th Street where I will house you until I return from Dallas."

"What could be so bad living in a townhouse in Manhattan, Apollonia?" asked Sonny.

"You're not going to be living in the lap of luxury. You're going to be chained to a cast iron bed. You'll be naked. You'll piss and shit in a pail. You'll eat your meals from a dog bowl. You'll have one thin blanket to keep you warm. If you think the pain you felt when I used your balls as a punching bag was bad, wait until you feel the pain that will be inflicted upon you when I return. Let's see," she paused put her right hand in front of her face, tapped her lips with her index finger as she pretended to think, "you have a choice. Take care of Ming's children or learn firsthand what occurred in the basement of the townhouse..."

"For the umpteenth time Apollonia, I surrender. I give up." Sonny stood, put his hand behind his lemon sized balls, and pulled them forward so his genitals were exposed in front of his six pack abdomen and crotch. "Here, they're yours to do with as you please. Take them and it will be your loss, Apollonia. I fuckin' give up..."

Apollonia looked at Colin, raised her eyebrows, smiled, and said to Sonny, "Sit your dumb Italian ass down. Don't ever tempt me again. Just learn to control and hide your emotions when it comes to something you don't want to do for me. Your choice Sonny – babysit or the basement."

He sat, stared into her beautiful eyes, and said, "Babysit."

"Good," she replied, "next important issue which was going to wait but I'll move it up to be discussed now. The townhouse on 84th Street was used by the deviant woman who was my mother; may she rot in hell with the shit that coats her face, to satisfy her sadomasochistic deviance on families, children, and when they were the only ones available the homeless. The two elderly people living there are not who they represent themselves to be. Mr. and Mrs. Gleason are actually Giuseppe and Sienna Moretti, brother and sister that married against the Moretti family's command not to."

Apollonia stopped speaking, stood, and went to the refrigerator where she found what she desired to munch even after finishing two thick pieces of Colin's French toast. She returned to the table with a bowl filled with large seeded grapes. She offered some to Sonny and Colin before she ate three and continued speaking.

"Giuseppe and Sienna Moretti were found by father living in squalor on the Bowery having been cast out of the family before he ascended to his leadership position. He made them an offer of redemption. He offered them a place to live rent free as long as they neutered themselves and did without question whatever he or Lucia commanded them to do. For years, Giuseppe Moretti would drive around the country abducting families or children for my mother's deviant behavior. Sienna Moretti learned to become a gourmet chef except she didn't cook beef; she cooked humans."

Both men said simultaneously, "Fuck..."

"Giuseppe and Sienna Moretti are still living in the townhouse. They are now beholden to me and me alone. Sienna Moretti because of her attitude and defiance will suffer at my hand, but she won't know when it will begin to happen. I believe Giuseppe Moretti will succumb to my power and perform as I command until his death."

Colin, the more intuitive of the two took her pause as a good place to ask, "What do you intend on doing with the townhouse or should I say the basement?"

"The townhouse is a National Landmark but is not dedicated as one. I intend to keep it as it is. As for the basement, it is a perfect place to keep my enemies. I don't remember the exact number, but I believe there are ten or twelve small dungeon like cells along one side and a large sadomasochistic play room/dungeon on the other..."

"You're not going to do what I think, Apollonia," whispered Colin shocked at the potential of her words.

"No Colin, I am not Lucia," replied Apollonia. "I will never harm the hair on the head of a child..."

Both men looked at her and she read their faces.

"Yes, I will definitely indulge my pedophilic desires. I happen to love to be between the legs of a young prepubescent or preteen girl. I will not deny it. I don't go looking for it and I keep it in check, but I have and will continue to read stories on the Internet. I will use my imagination when masturbating and thinking about what I read or what I'm fantasizing about." She looked at them and said, "Don't be so shocked. You have to remember in whose house and within what family I grew up. Both Raffaella and I were taught to give hand jobs to Moretti men from the age of seven, just like my niece has learned and my own daughter will be taught."

Four more grapes into her mouth and then several seeds exited her mouth onto the napkin she placed in front of her. Sonny looked at her and she pointed to the bowl. He took four grapes and ate them seeds and all. Colin picked at the French toast. His hunger abated by the discussion he picked up the three plates and carried them to the sink where he dumped the remaining food into the section that had the Insinkerator garbage disposal. He was smart enough not to run the device. The dishes were placed into the sink so he could rinse them before he placed them into the dishwasher.

"Ok, the point of giving you the low down on the townhouse is this; when you go there Sonny, Giuseppe and Sienna will be instructed to defer to you as if you were me. You will report all failures to comply immediately. By immediately, I mean using your cell phone to call no matter where I am or what I am doing. I will assign a code phrase you will say so I know you are at the townhouse and having an issue with Giuseppe or Sienna. For both of you, what goes on in that building is never to pass outside the family. I promise both of you as I will promise my sister and her family, I will take my revenge without caring who is the recipient of that revenge. Understood?"

Both men nodded yes. Neither of them spoke because they comprehended the statement Apollonia just made to them. She would have no issue or problem with taking the life of any family member for breaking the silence about the townhouse and what occurred there in the past or the future. Colin's mind raced with the possibilities of how evil Apollonia could be and what she could do to individuals housed in the basement of the townhouse. Sonny simply wanted to go to the bathroom because he didn't know how long his fear of the woman he loved would keep him from pissing and shitting himself. He continued to wonder how such a beautiful intelligent woman could be so insane.

"Next issue," said Apollonia, "I am in possession of my sick mother's journals. The fuckin' dimwit kept detailed accounts of all her deviance. The people who attended and wore masks to hide their identity from each other are now known to me. Although the little pain and death soirees are no longer going to occur, their names are known to me and I will use their deviance against them. The circle of power I command will grow exponentially as I confront some very powerful people with their deviance. Mario, Raffaella, Giuseppe, Sienna, and you two are the only people who know of their existence. Viviano will also be told about their existence."

"Both of you will protect them as if you were protecting me. Those journals contain information that could sink several very powerful senators, businessmen, and more amazingly elders of the Catholic Church. Understood?"

Both men nodded in the affirmative. Neither of them spoke to offer their opinions.

"Good. Next issue deals with someone very special to me," said Apollonia and both men could hear the change in her voice as she said it. "As much as I love you Colin and as much as I want your cock, seed, and children Sonny, there is only one person other than my sister I will modify my behavior for..."

Both men without emotion said, "Ming Zheng."

Apollonia did not acknowledge them, "Ming Zheng. Sonny, you and Viviano will open the house between the boundary fence and this one. It is to be cleaned and prepared for Ming and her children. As of this time and I don't think it is going to change, Ming and her children will move into the house this weekend. That gives you until Friday to prepare it and Saturday to move everything from her apartment in Chinatown and whatever she has at the townhouse."

"I have a stupid question," said Sonny. "Will I be sleeping with Colin when Ming is in your bed?"

"That depends on you Sonny," replied Apollonia. "I know for a fact that she would love to have you inside her and for that matter I wouldn't mind seeing you there. I just need to know you can handle hearing me tell her how much I love her when I will probably never say that to you."

"I guess I'm now third fiddle to you, Apollonia," said Sonny. "I'll learn to handle it because I know sometime in the near future I will be spreading my seed making oodles of money."

Apollonia laughed, "Yes you will Sonny, but don't forget to who and where that money goes."

Sonny was crushed that she did not acknowledge his placing himself further down the totem pole than Colin. He saw that Colin understood by the sly smile on his face.

"Ok, so we understand what has to be done by Friday?" asked Apollonia rhetorically. "Any questions for me girls and boys?"

Colin spoke up, "I've received the Black Card from American Express. You need to sign it before you leave tomorrow. The tickets to Dallas/Fort Worth are being held at the airport. I tried to get you a private carrier but didn't really know if you wanted to spend the money, so I made reservations on Continental Airlines. All you need to do is go to the first class counter and they will be issued for the outbound and return trip. The flight leaves at 6:30AM and the return flight will put you in at 10:30PM. I tried to secure a Ferrari, but couldn't, so, I secured an Aston Martin Vanquish. I think you will like the car Apollonia. When you have the time we need to review the finances of the family."

"Thanks, Colin," said Apollonia. "By the way, while I'm away make an appointment to have your hair done. If you need to, ask Raffaella to help you. She'd get a kick out of helping you. Sonny, any questions?"

"No, Apollonia. I know what needs to be accomplished," he said.

"Excellent. I have to go to Mario's house. I'll be home for dinner," said Apollonia.

Tuesday Morning – Goldsmith Residence - 25 February 2003

Elizabeth Goldsmith woke up in the room that was forced upon her by her husband. When she retired for the night she hadn't heard from Joshua and didn't know when to expect him home. The only thing that usually kept him out all night was a difficult transplant or resection of a newborn's damaged heart. She checked the time although she didn't need to and saw she had an hour before she had to wake the kids for school. Elizabeth padded to the bathroom to do her morning routine before she went upstairs to see if Joshua came home. Fifteen minutes later, dressed but without makeup, Elizabeth walked from the back of the house to the steps that led upstairs. Just as she got to the bottom of the staircase the front door opened and Joshua Goldsmith entered.

"You didn't come home last night?" asked Elizabeth concerned he hadn't called her to inform her of his need to stay in the city.

Joshua shook his head in the negative, "Apparently not, Lizzy, if I just entered the house. In fact, you know what I could use right now?"

Elizabeth looked at him, tilted her head to the right, squinted, and sarcastically said, "No, Joshua, I can't imagine what you want. Why don't you tell me?"

"You know, cunt, I wouldn't even take the time to ejaculate in your nigger lover mouth," he replied knowing that his relationship with his wife was going exactly where he wanted – down the toilet. "I'm going upstairs to take a

shower and relax before I head back to the city. You need to take care of my children before you suffer not being able to masturbate before you clean my house.”

Elizabeth stood frozen with anger when she heard him identify the children as his. “They’re my children also, Joshua. I carried them, birthed them, and raised them with you. They’re as much mine as they’re yours, asshole.”

Remembering how he bent to Jessica’s will, Joshua Goldsmith did exactly opposite with his wife. In all their years together, he never physically assaulted her. His brain knew what he was going to do before his arm and hand. The knowledge of his reaction to her statement was completed when he felt his right hand make contact with Elizabeth’s left cheek. He watched her fall back against the wall. Joshua Goldsmith grabbed his wife by the neck and pressed her against the wall that bordered the steps leading to the second floor.

“You know what Elizabeth? I could use that blow job. So, when I let go of your neck you sink to your knees, drop my pants and underpants, and suck my cock. I know you love to suck cock, so get to it bitch,” he growled as he applied pressure to her neck.

Elizabeth felt his hand relax and move from her neck. The fact that Joshua struck her in anger was enough to make her understand that she was losing their relationship and ultimately her children. She stared into his wild eyes, nodded, and sunk to her knees. Elizabeth Goldsmith for the first time in their marriage willingly began the sequence of events that would culminate in her husband ejaculating into her mouth. Every time she fellated him it was always after she got him to play at begging her. Today was going to be different because he knew she willingly sucked nigger cock to completion without any preconditions.

Joshua watched his wife release his clothing, take his cock into her hand, and place it into her mouth. Elizabeth slid the entire length of his hardening cock into her mouth. She reached with her left hand for his testicles and began to gently roll them in the palm of her hand. Three minutes into her sucking his cock was at full erection and he had taken control of the sexual act.

“That’s it, bitch!!! Suck my cock you dirty lousy cunt!!!!” he cried as he pressed his cock into and out of her throat. “SHOW ME WHAT A WHORE YOU’VE BECOME!!! SUCK ME!!!!”

His voice carried upstairs and woke Sarah. She padded out of her room and to the top of the steps. She could see her mother in front of her father. She thought she knew what they were doing, but the anger in her father’s voice made her think otherwise. “MOMMY!!!! DADDY!!!!” she cried.

Joshua was in no mood to stop and he yelled, “GET BACK IN YOUR ROOM, SARAH, NOW!!!!”

He didn’t look up to see if his oldest daughter complied with his wishes. He kept his hands on his whore wife’s head and face fucked her. Elizabeth didn’t fight him nor did she try to stop him after she heard the plaintive cry of her oldest daughter. Thankfully he didn’t last very long after his daughter witnessed her mother sucking her father’s cock. Joshua pressed her head against his crotch which in turn forced his cock into her throat. Elizabeth had become used to having a cock spew directly into her throat so she just relaxed and allowed her husband to do what Dwayne did every time she blew him. His cock pulsed and he moaned as he completed his orgasm. It was not at all pleasurable for Elizabeth and she knew he was just using her as a cum dump to prove his dominance.

Joshua kept her head pressed against his crotch well after he had finished ejaculating. As he felt his cock begin to soften, he released Elizabeth’s head which allowed his cock to slip from her throat and mouth. He watched as she fell back against the wall. Her eyes were flooded with tears. Elizabeth Goldsmith began to cry uncontrollably. She didn’t see her husband pull his underwear and pants up. Her heart was irreparably broken and she knew intuitively she did it all to herself.

Joshua reached down and lifted her face by her chin, “Lucky I didn’t piss down your throat, Lizzy. I’m going upstairs to talk to Sarah about what happened. Unless you have something to say to me that mitigates what she saw, I am going to tell her that you will be her mother in name only. I have decided to take everything from you and sue for divorce. Believe me if you don’t accept what I will leave you with, you will be totally destitute and beholden to me

because I will inject you with the same drugs I gave to your nigger lover. Well he can't fuck anymore, but he can suck cock and take it up the ass, just like you Lizzy."

She felt him release her head and heard him walk up the steps. Elizabeth Goldsmith fell to a fetal position and continued to cry uncontrollably. Her life as she knew it was an end. She cried for a good ten minutes before she got control of her emotions. She remained on the floor as she pondered her situation and came to the realization that only one person may be able to help her resolve her issues with her husband. Elizabeth Cathcart Goldsmith decided to call and beg Apollonia Moretti for help.

Tuesday Afternoon – Mario's Residence - 25 February 2003

Apollonia did not arrive at the appointed hour. She spent time on the phone with Ming talking to her about moving to Columbus Place. Naturally, her lover was worried about the drug bust and Apollonia chided her playfully about driving her crazy about it when she had explained that the drug bust and trial were a non-issue. Ming agreed to let the drug bust issue lie until Apollonia returned from Dallas/Fort Worth. Apollonia explained that she would speak to her or leave a voice message before she boarded the airplane and when she landed. The last thing she told her was how much she loved her and when she did vaginal fluid soaked the thin material of her bikini panties.

Raffaella arrived a few minutes before noon. When she entered the house after hanging up her overcoat in the mud room she found Mario sitting at the breakfast table. He was dressed in a dark blue Adidas running suit and sneakers. In front of him was a book about the rise and fall of the Black Hand in Sicily which he was reading intently. Raffaella walked over to where he was sitting, kissed him twice on each cheek, and did not sit down with him. She stepped into the kitchen area and leaned against the counter that separated the two areas.

"Daddy, don't you think you should take your clothing off before Apollonia arrives?" asked Raffaella. "You know she'll go off the deep end."

Mario snorted and laughed, "Like I'm worried, Raffy. I know I have the physical ability to kick her ass. What I don't have is the training she has. I'll deal with..."

Raffaella Moretti flew around the counter surprising her father with her speed and slapped him across the face. Mario Moretti thought about retaliating for a split second. He allowed himself to recover from his oldest daughter's open handed slap and returned to his calm demeanor. He looked at her and saw the anger and fear in her eyes.

"I'm not going to let you commit suicide by Apollonia," cried Raffaella. "You are not going to leave me, daddy. I suffer just like you do every night since she took Lucia."

Mario extended his hands to his daughter but she did not respond by moving to take them into hers. "Raffaella Moretti, I did not and do not want you here today. I want you to keep the love you have for your mother inside you forever. What your sister did last week I should have done years ago, but..."

"What the fuck are you saying... I don't believe you..." cried Raffaella not accepting her father's admission that his wife and her mother was not the loving caring person she thought she was.

"If you leave now, you'll only know what your sister tells you or what she allows you to read in the journals your idiotic mother kept. If you stay, you'll know the whole dirty truth, Raffaella," said Mario as he returned to reading his book. "Oh, I'll take whatever bullshit your sister wants to deal out when she sees me dressed instead of naked."

Raffaella shook her head in frustration as she walked back to the kitchen portion where she noted the coffeemaker was empty. Knowing her sister would want her never ending mug of coffee; Raffaella found the French roast coffee in the Sub Zero refrigerator and prepared a fresh pot. She also found two mugs one for each of them. Raffaella eyed the digital clock on the microwave oven and wondered why her sister hadn't arrived at the stroke of

noon. She ignored her father and when the coffee was finished poured herself a mug and settled in to wait for her sister's arrival.

Mario and Raffaella heard the back door open and each of them knew Apollonia had just arrived. When Apollonia walked into the kitchen Raffaella went to where she stood, knelt, and placed her lips on the denim material that covered her womanhood. She knew her sister was a very clean person, but Raffaella thought she could smell her sister's vagina through the jean material. Apollonia patted her sister's head and did not make her maintain her obligation for more than fifteen seconds.

Raffaella rose, kissed her sister on the lips, and went to the coffeemaker to pour her sister a mug of hot black coffee. Just after she poured it Raffaella had a need to feel her sister's body pressed against hers. She returned to where Apollonia stood, embraced her, kissed her, and whispered, "I needed that." She stepped back but remained close enough to her younger sister and said, "Mario is sitting there hoping you'll do something stupid. I love you, Appy. Please don't give into his desire to be punished for what mother did. I beg you to be beneficent. It doesn't matter anymore, Appy. You have everything – money and power – and Mario knows it."

Apollonia shifted her position ever so slightly so she could see Mario. She noted he was still wearing clothing. She was curious about the book he was reading but knew she would know what it was in a few moments. Her eyes met her sister's and she could see her concern for her father's wellbeing. Apollonia reached and placed her right hand on her sister's cheek, "I cannot forgive him, Raffy, but I will do as you request. I will listen to his explanations and answers to my questions. My decision will be based upon his being open and forthright."

Raffaella's left hand reached for her sister's and kept it pressed against her cheek. Tears rolled down her face as she said, "I love you, Appy. Thank you."

Apollonia smiled at her sister acknowledging her agreement to keep things in perspective when discussing the contents of the journals Lucia kept. Raffaella retrieved the mug of coffee and followed her sister to the breakfast area where Mario sat at the oak breakfast table. Apollonia noted that he did not greet her when she entered the house, but remained silent as he watched the interaction between his children.

"You know that isn't your seat anymore Mario," said Apollonia as she approached the table.

Mario Moretti eyed his daughter and knew just from a millisecond scan of her eyes that if he didn't move she'd be all over him like stink on shit. She watched him as he thought about whether or not he was going to bend to her or begin to reassert his authority over her. No matter how much pain she caused him he never would in his mind accept her taking control of the Moretti family. Mario Moretti reluctantly rose from his seat at the head of the table and moved to the seat his where his youngest daughter would sit.

"Did you forget something?" asked Apollonia keeping the tone of her voice even and calm.

"I'm fifty-three years old, Apollonia," Mario said in response to his youngest daughter's question. "I know what is expected of me young lady. It is you who should be kneeling and kissing my ass for giving you life. The only thing I regret is not listening to your mother when she wanted to abort you before you were born. You are a totally useless cunt who married a totally useless sissy."

"DADDY!!!" cried Raffaella when she heard her father tell her younger sister that she should have been aborted.

"Relax, Raffy," said Apollonia while keeping her emotions in check. "Can't you see he's trying to bait me? The lie is in his eyes, Raffy. The three people on the face of this Earth Mario Moretti could never lie to are you, me, and his dead fuckin' whore of a wife. Well, Mario, do I need to react like you expected or are you going to perform your obligation to me so we can sit and discuss what you wanted to discuss."

The anger on Mario's face was obvious and it proved his inability to hide his emotions from his daughters. His hands were clinched as they rested on the table. His right leg started to bounce as the stress of having to adhere

to his daughter's demands coursed through his body. His eyes never left his youngest daughter's face. His lips twitched because of his disgust at having to stick his tongue up his youngest daughter's ass. He could accept almost anything she could or would dish out, but having to taste her dirty asshole was not to his liking.

"Mario, I can see the wheels working in your head," said Apollonia. She stepped over to him and stood next to his right side. She placed her hand on his face and took her thumb and began to rub it on his lips. His eyes bugged out of his head in fear and anticipation of what she was planning to do to him. Her thumb continued to caress his lips. Gentle strokes passed over the skin sending signals of potential sexual stimulation. Mario Moretti relaxed and both of his daughters saw it happen.

Apollonia rested the tip of her thumb on Mario's mouth, "Go ahead. Show me how you took those boy cocks into your mouth to savor their taste."

The fear returned to Mario's body. His mind raced with how many of the journals she had read or was she just fishing to get a reaction from him. He moved his hips as he tried to keep his encased cock from rising with the thought of suckling the cock of a young boy. Mario Moretti had couples and women coming to him for his potent seed. They wanted him to fuck them as did their husbands. His son-in-law, although not a true Moretti, accepted his indoctrination and became a provider of potent seed to women. Now his youngest daughter had him between a rock and a hard spot.

Mario tuned his head away from his daughter forcing her hand from his face and lips. "No, I will not. I am not a boy lover, Apollonia. I will not succumb to your request and take your thumb into my mouth. Go ahead you crazy bitch, hit me. Take your vengeance out on me, but remember what I'm about to say to you. No true Moretti man will ever prostrate himself in front of you or succumb to your control. Believe me when I tell you this, they will plot behind your back and one day they will take their pound of flesh and wreak their revenge on you. I'm not afraid to die, bitch!!!"

Laughing, Apollonia countered, "If Thursday's meeting is any indication of their manliness and desire to wrest the power away from me Mario, I'm not worried. The look on their faces when I shot Umberto was as they say priceless. Not a single one of them moved from where they stood. I have no issue with anyone trying to wrest control away from me, but they will suffer mightily if they fail. The 84th Street townhouse basement will be put to good use Mario."

She decided to let him remain dressed and not have to kiss her ass. Apollonia sat at the head of the breakfast table and pointed to the seat where she wanted her sister to sit. The coffee mug was drained in a few gulps. Raffaella knew it was her responsibility to refill it and she did. The three family members sat in silence for a good ten minutes while Apollonia used her silence as a form of control over them. Although she hadn't read all the journals, what she did read was enough to form a foundation of what Mario's and Lucia's relationship morphed into.

"Mario," she said quite calmly, "when did Lucia take control of your relationship with her?"

Mario knew she wasn't fishing, "It happened just after you were born and she found out she could not have any more children. She lied to me by telling me she wanted to get pregnant again hopefully to give me a son. If I had said yes it would have been for naught because your mother was barren after she gave birth to you."

Raffaella's mouth dropped open. Apollonia gave her a hard look and she immediately closed her mouth. That was all she needed to see to realize that if she was going to remain she had to say nothing and show no emotion.

Apollonia turned her gaze to Mario, "What prompted her to relinquish her submissive position in the relationship?"

Mario closed his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and for the first time put into perspective the reasoning behind Lucia's change from submissive to dominant. "It actually took a few years, but having women come up to her, kneel, and place their lips on her womanhood began to enable her as a control freak. She knew nothing about sex when we married. I taught her about cuckolding and feminization of men. The first few times she saw a husband suck

my cock because he wasn't man enough to impregnate his wife disgusted her. Over the years she learned that she too could make them do her bidding with or without their wife's permission."

"But, that still doesn't explain how she got you to cave into her," said Apollonia.

Both Mario and Raffaella were amazed at how calm, cool, and collected Apollonia was as she sat prodding the man she would never again call father about his relationship with the woman who wanted to end her pregnancy by aborting her.

Mario responded maintaining his calm demeanor, "I fell into her trap. My love for her blinded me. I admit it. I didn't see how she was dealing with the Moretti Rites of Passage we attended and those that occurred in this house with Raffaella and you, Apollonia. Lucia became friendly with some people that were into the extreme end of the S&M scene. She started slowly and tested certain sexual things with me."

"Like?" asked Apollonia.

"Simple things at first like allowing her to call me a cocksucker when I went down on her after we made love. Forcing me to masturbate into my hand and eating it. Crawling to her and begging her to allow me to suck her pussy. Then one night she came home with her cunt full of another man's cum. That is when I truly should have stopped her, but as you both now know, I didn't," said Mario.

Mario Moretti sat embarrassed at his admission to his daughters but wanted to use his honesty to subvert any ideas Apollonia had about making him suffer because of his inadequacy. He knew he was a great businessman and the size of his business proved it, but his blind love and devotion to a woman who morphed into a very sick individual broke his heart. The only thing he would change was his inability to make the decision to stop her from her increased desire to do evil on people.

"You actually let her cuckold you?" asked Apollonia her voice showing her amazement.

Tears started to form in his eyes, "Yes, I admit that I let her cuckold me. The head of the Moretti family, a multimillionaire businessman, and I willingly went down on her cum filled pussy and greedily sucked another man's seed from her." He looked at his daughters, put his hands on his face to rub the tears from his eyes, and said, "And yes, girls, the cum belonged to the nigger she took as a lover. She laughed at me when I didn't ask who fucked her and she verbally humiliated me during the entire act."

"And you hid this from everyone so well," said Apollonia, "you faggot!!! Is that how you became enamored with boy cock and boy cum?"

"Just like you Apollonia," replied Mario with a bit of rancor in his voice, "I too enjoy the genitals of young people. I love little girl pussy as much as you do. I know about your lesbian relationship with the Oriental girl that attended Colin's cuckold wedding. I never once said anything to you about it. Your mother wanted to kill you for having sexual relations with another woman. Both of you need to understand that the cuckolding only took place in the bedroom and at certain agreed upon parties. Just look at all the times she stayed in the background."

Raffaella couldn't hold her tongue anymore, "Jesus Christ, daddy!!! You're a fuckin' enigma!!! You take my son through the Moretti Rites of Passage and the whole time it isn't because you're teaching him something, it's because you're a fuckin' pedo!!!" She rose from her seat, reached across the table, slapped her father across the face, and screamed, "I HATE YOU!!!"

Mario did not rub his face after Raffaella sat back down and just stared hard at him. He waited for Apollonia's reaction and when it did not materialize he said, "That is not true Raffaella. That Moretti Rite of Passage was done with love and an obligation to be sensitive to him even though sometimes it sounded as if I wasn't. Both of you have to understand I was blinded by my love for Lucia. You have to believe me..."

"If you want us to believe you Mario," said Apollonia, "then tell us who influenced Lucia to migrate to that deviance? What is even worse is her written, video, and still picture documentation of the events. Who Mario?"

Mario looked at the table, thought for a moment, looked up at Apollonia, and said, "If I tell you, you have to promise me that any retribution you want to take happens after enough time has passed from Lucia's death as to not raise any red flags."

"I'm not going to promise, Mario. You don't deserve my promises. Your fuckin' wife wanted to abort me, that cunt. So, you can keep it to yourself, but upon my sacred word when I do find out I will let them know it was you who told me. Tell me now and nothing will ever be said," replied Apollonia in response to his wish she promise him to not wreak revenge for a number of months.

"It all started when she met a priest. Father Gottschalk from Bavaria, Germany he was a guest of Bishop Romano. Father Gottschalk believed in the devil and at one time was the first priest called to perform exorcisms. He perverted the church by presenting the devil as a thing that sexually invaded children at birth. Father Gottschalk believed that children of the devil showed themselves through such simple things as having an imaginary friend. Your mother, my wife fell under his spell."

Apollonia and Raffaella were dumbfounded and their faces showed it. Both women could not comprehend the idea of a Catholic priest hypnotizing their mother into a life of sexual depravity based upon the idea of the existence of the devil. What affected them more was the instilling of devil worship into her life by a priest possibly with the consent of a Bishop.

"Did Bishop Romano know?" asked Apollonia.

Mario shook his head in the affirmative.

"Motherfucker!!!" cried Apollonia. "Do you know of anyone else in the church that has knowledge or been involved with these two and their sickness?"

Mario shook his head in the negative.

"I can't wait to get my hands on those two," said Apollonia. "Since you are so well liked by the church hierarchy, Mario, do you know where Father Gottschalk is located?"

Both his daughters could see he did not want to answer, but the stare from both of them was enough for him to give up his knowledge, "He is in the Vatican. He works directly for the Pope."

Apollonia stood because her body needed to expend the stress that was coursing throughout it. She walked around the breakfast room several times before she spoke, "Guess I'm going to have to figure a way to get inside the Vatican or somehow get him to New York..."

Raffaella interjected, "We could always start with the Bishop, Appy. Break him and have him invite the Father here under some made up but acceptable religious gobbledygook."

"Not going to be easy," said Mario. "The Bishop is not a stupid man."

"The Bishop has me to contend with," said Apollonia. "He'll wish he never existed by the time I'm done with him. I'm so fuckin' crazed that it was a Bishop and a Priest that took advantage of this family. Believe me when I say this, their day of atonement will come and it will take place in the basement of the 84th Street townhouse."

Apollonia returned to her seat at the head of the table, looked at Mario, and said, "Get fuckin' undressed, now bitch boi. Raffaella, go upstairs and in the bottom drawer of Lucia's bureau you'll find several toys. Pick out a strap-on for you and one for me." She saw the look of *'you got to be kidding me'* on her face. "Don't fuckin' argue or Carmen moves into my house when she returns from school."

Raffaella stood and made a visible effort to keep her mouth closed. She turned and headed upstairs to retrieve the toys she knew were in the bottom drawer. As she climbed the steps, she thought to herself how she was going to get her sister to stop throwing Carmen up as a wedge to get her to perform as requested. Sometimes she hated her sister so much she wanted to help Mario by doing to her what she did to Lucia. Historically, the Moretti family resolved a myriad of problems through murder and she now understood the foundation for such actions.

Mario watched Raffaella leave and said, "Please Apollonia, give it a rest. I have been totally open and truthful with you. Why do you have to make this into a sexual domination thing? I'm still wearing the sissy tubes. I haven't cum in days. I'm worried about my business interests. Forget my contacts throughout the city and state, I just need to know my business obligations are being met. I don't think that is too much to ask."

"Your business is doing just fine under Viviano's tutelage," replied Apollonia to Mario's concern. "In fact, he's doing quite well and the employees respect him as much as they respect you. As far as me telling you to get undressed, I did that because I want to show me what a cuckold bitch you are. You allow Raffy and me to fuck your fifty-three year old man pussy and maybe I'll let you return to being something of a man. I'm not stupid Mario. You are a money making machine with your ability to make women pregnant."

"That's all well and good about the business," said Mario, "but humiliating me isn't really necessary, Apollonia. Just having to face the prospect of living my life under your thumb is humiliation enough. I'm surprised you haven't questioned me about Angelina or anything else that deals with the underbelly of the Moretti family."

Apollonia chuckled and thought about telling her sister to forget about the strap-on harnesses but really wanted to see the look on Mario's face when she returned with them. "Angelina is a different issue, Mario. I can understand you gravitating to her because Lucia was not providing for you and Angelina was at least anally. If I've said this once to you, I've said it numerous times, nothing will ever get me to acknowledge you as my father and you will never resume leadership of the Moretti family."

Raffaella returned with two harnesses and two rather large dildos. Mario stared as she approached the breakfast table and watched as she dropped them onto the breakfast table. Apollonia eyes twinkled in response to Mario's obvious pain and desire to not be taken advantage of like he was a man who loved to be used by dominant women. Both sisters could see his pain, but it was Raffaella who was more affected by it than Apollonia. She showed her disagreement with Apollonia's desire to humiliate Mario by the way she sat down and sulked.

Mario watched as his youngest daughter picked up the larger of the two toys, pointed the ersatz cock at Mario, and said, "Have you had this up your ass, Mario? Were you dressed like a little sissy in panties for her? Did you willingly relinquish your man cunt for the cunt you married?"

Mario groaned, put his face into his hands, and he kept his face covered, "How many more times do I have to say it to you? I was blinded by my love for her. I didn't want to lose her to anyone – white, black, or Hispanic. And, yes, I've had both of those toys inserted up my ass and to show you how truthful I'm being I even allowed her to do it in front of her nigger lover when we were at private cuckold parties."

Apollonia threw the toy at her father's head. He ducked and it landed on the floor as skittered to the opposite wall.

"You are not a man Mario. You fuckin' went to cuckold parties and allowed yourself to be used like a little bitch because you loved her so much and didn't want to lose her!!! I'm ashamed to be the product of your sperm and one of her eggs!!!"

"What do you want me to say?" Mario asked more rhetorically than actually seeking an answer. "You've taken control of the family and now you'll have to make the decisions about who, what, when, and where. Have you responded to any of the phone calls inquiring about our insemination activities? Have you even looked to see how many messages are on the answering machine? I'll bet you giving me a blow job to you fuckin' me with the largest of Lucia's strap-on dildos that you haven't once checked the answering machine."

Apollonia knew he was right. Since she took over the family the only couple that was introduced to the Moretti insemination activities was the Iraq war veteran who was expected to be at Raffaella's and Viviano's tonight. She hadn't checked that answering machine as well as the private phone line Lucia had surreptitiously installed on the third floor. Now her curiosity was peaked because she knew that potential money was being lost by not responding to the calls for pregnancy help.

"Fuck, Mario," said Apollonia, "you're right. I haven't checked the answering machine. But I'm not about to blow you. You think Raffy would be amenable to sucking you off?"

"Fuck you, Appy," said Raffaella, "I'm not sucking that faggot's cock."

Apollonia raised her eyebrows in mock surprise, chuckled, and said, "Guess, I'll check the one answering machine you know about and the other you don't after Raffy and I fuck your cuckold man cunt."

"Which other answering machine, Apollonia?" asked Mario. "I know of only..."

"You dumb son-of-a-bitch..." said Apollonia. "Lucia put a private phone on the third floor. I found it when I did my explorations up there looking for your hiding places. It is also how I found out that Colin's boss fired him at her request..."

Mario forcefully interjected, "Now, who's the dumb cunt, Apollonia. Guess you don't know about the relationship that existed between Lucia and Dietrich Bergmann." He saw the questioning look cross his youngest daughter's face. "I can see it on your face. Dietrich Bergmann and Father Gottschalk are childhood friends. They grew up together in Germany and together they became enamored with all things dealing with the devil. Small world isn't it Apollonia. Oh, I did know about the phone line on the third floor. Like everything else I subordinated, I did so with that too."

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," moaned Apollonia, "what am I going to do with you? I know everything I'm going to learn about Lucia's deviance is in those journals. What scares me is how far you went hiding your anger and disgust because you were blinded by your love for her. One last question and depending upon your answer I will pass my judgment on you. Did you partake in any of the sick sexual deviance with the children that cunt had Giuseppe capture and bring to the townhouse?"

Head held high and eye-to-eye, Mario responded, "I did not willingly murder a child for my sexual pleasure. I will admit to fornicating with children as young as five, but never under that age. I did witness her cruelty and deviance. I never willingly took the life of a child for my sexual pleasure. When an entire family was abducted and Lucia tormented the parents by forcing them to watch I have to admit their fear and loathing did sexually excite me as did their acceptance of their own defilement to save their children. But, I will repeat it one final time, I never willing took the life of a child for my sexual pleasure."

"I can see you're being totally truthful with me, Mario." Apollonia looked at her sister and saw only disgust on her face. She said, "Look at Raffy, Mario. Look at her and see a girl who is revolted at what she heard here this afternoon. I have a conundrum and it consists of my desire to totally emasculate you in opposition to my knowledge of your ability to impregnate women. My disgust and revulsion at what you allowed to happen far outweigh your ability to produce monetarily, but the truth be told, I love the money."

For the first time since they first took seats at the table, the three family members were quiet. Mario Moretti sat waiting for his youngest daughter's decision. Raffaella Moretti kept her opinion to herself and decided that whatever her sister decided would be amenable to her. Apollonia Moretti knew she needed Mario to be alive and well for the other Moretti men to accept her as their leader. She also knew she had to keep him totally under her control.

"I've made my decision," said Apollonia. "Mario Moretti, you will continue to wear the sissy tubes. You will begin to immediately shave all your body hair and not just your genital hair. You will wear panties and stockings under your clothing at all times. When told to you will dress like a sissy. You will be naked in my presence. You will kiss my ass when I arrive, when I leave, and whenever I tell you to. You will do the same for Raffaella. You will allow any

Moretti man to bend you over and masturbate using your cuckold man pussy to expend their seed instead of them using their hand. You will allow any Moretti man or any other man I deem satisfactory to place their cocks into your mouth and you shall suckle them until they spend their seed for you to swallow. You will masturbate any Moretti man or any other man I deem satisfactory with your hand until such time as they spend their seed where I have ordered you to put it. For your total compliance and subservience to me, I will allow you to fornicate with women who want the Moretti seed and continue to support the family. I will allow you to continue your relationship with Angelina as long as she is totally amenable to my control. I will allow you to return to work and continue to train Viviano and begin to train Sonny for their future takeover of the Moretti businesses, but you will be required to wear your sissy panties and stockings underneath your work clothing. I will allow you to live the rest of your natural life in this house knowing that if you break even the smallest rule you will be at a minimum emasculated or placed in the ground next to your whore. Do we have an agreement?"

"One question," said Mario.

"Go ahead, ask," replied Apollonia.

"How often will you be changing the rules of the game, Apollonia?"

"Whenever I want Mario that goes without saying," replied Apollonia.

"I'd rather be dead. I know you are not going to accept my desire to commit suicide by Apollonia, therefore fighting you will not result in my death but in interminable pain. I only hope you know what you have done young lady. I don't accept being beaten; I will fight you at every turn, and will make try to make a mockery of your leadership. At the same time, I will do like the song says and know when to fold," said Mario. He stood up and removed his running suit. "I will comply and provide as you wish for the betterment of my individual wellbeing, Raffaella's families wellbeing, but you Apollonia; you can go fuck yourself."

Raffaella looked to her sister for reassurance that nothing was going to happen to Mario without good cause. "Appy, do I have to worry that..."

"No, Raffaella. Only the direst circumstances will make me take the action against Mario. I expect him to give me all the background information I need and it will be proven tomorrow when we travel to Dallas/Fort Worth to see Teresa Moretti. Pick up the toys and return them upstairs. I believe you have to go home to be there for the kids. I'm going to stay here with Mario before I see if Sonny is well enough to take him to the hospital to see Angelina."

Raffaella returned from the second floor to find Apollonia in the kitchen preparing food which she thought was an interesting change of events. She walked over to her sister and kissed her. The two sisters stood in front of the food preparation counter of the kitchen kissing only as two lovers would not caring that their father was sitting and watching. When they broke the kiss Raffaella knelt and kissed her sister's crotch. Apollonia patted her head and then moved so she knew she could stand up and depart for home. Raffaella smiled at Mario but did not go to him because she had already performed her duty to her sister.

When Apollonia heard the back door close and the storm door slam shut she knew her sister was gone. She picked up two nicely sized salads and brought them to the table. She returned to the kitchen to retrieve some utensils and glasses for the wine she found on the counter in the breakfast area. Mario sat surprised that his nemesis prepared a meal, albeit just a large salad, but a meal nonetheless. He sat silent and did not say anything or start to eat before his youngest daughter sat back down at the table.

Apollonia prepared an oil, balsamic vinegar, and fresh garlic dressing for her salad. She made enough for her salad and after she had drizzled the entire bowl of dressing onto her salad she said, "If you want something for you salad, stand up, ask me to remove your sissy tube, and you can masturbate and drizzle your cum onto your salad. If not, eat it plain."

"You expect me to..."

Apollonia's response was quick and painful. Her left hand which was closer to Mario than her right made perfect contact with his face not once but three times. She knew Mario was going to be difficult and she expected him to fight her tooth-and-nail. He stifled his pain and just sat staring at his youngest daughter. His hands remained on the table where he had placed them when he began to sass her about masturbating into his salad.

"You lied earlier when we spoke, Mario," said Apollonia as calm as she could be. "You lied to me and you expected me not to know what you lied about and when and where it occurred. You thought I did not know everything I needed to know about the sick activities that took place in the basement of the townhouse at 84th Street. I know for a fact that you held a three year old boy for my sick mother. I know you partook of all the activities in the basement. You want to deny it now?"

Mario Moretti looked at his youngest daughter and thought about the times he was making love to Lucia, being masturbated, or jerking himself off and all he could think about was Apollonia. He repressed his desire to go into her room and just forsake the Moretti family rules by getting into bed with her. Since she was a toddler, Mario Moretti was sexually attracted to his youngest daughter and kept under control his desire to make her his lover. His cock twitched as the repressed desire to have his daughter rose from his unconscious.

He stood and asked, "Apollonia, would you please remove the sissy tubes so I can masturbate into my salad? I need to expend my seed and I need to do it now."

Apollonia put her fork down, moved her ladder back chair back, and removed the sissy tube that encased Mario's nicely sized Italian cock. She did not remove the sissy tube the stretched his scrotum and made it plainly obvious she wasn't going to offer him testicle relief. Apollonia moved back and renewed her meal. She watched as Mario began to jerk off unconcerned that she was sitting and watching.

"The thought of your cruelty to the children got you going Mario?" asked Apollonia.

Mario stroked his cock with his right and every so often he would move his left hand to cup his balls but pulled it away when he felt the sissy tube stretching his scrotum. He'd stroke a few times before he would put his hand to his mouth to wet it so he had some saliva to act as a lubricant for his production of seminal salad dressing. After a few minutes, he opened his eyes and looked into the face of his youngest daughter.

"No, Apollonia I was not thinking about the sickness I was involved in with your mother," he said as his hand slid up and down the shaft of his cock and over the head. "I was thinking about the times I repressed my desire to come into your room and get into bed with you. Since you were a toddler, Apollonia, I've wanted to make you my lover. I've always harbored an unrequited sexual desire for you."

Before she could respond to her father's incestuous statement, the head of his cock grew before her eyes, the slit parted, and six strong ropes of cum spewed forth and covered the vegetables that made up his salad. Apollonia heard him groan and force his hips forward as he expended his seed all over the salad. When he was finished he squeezed the length of his shaft forcing the last dribbles of sperm from his softening cock and let them fall on the food he was about to eat. Mario Moretti dropped his cock, pulled his ladder back chair close to the table, sat, pulled the salad in front of him, and picked up his fork.

"Satisfied, Apollonia?" he asked.

The smirk on her face said everything to him, "Not actually, but I am interested in your reasoning behind falling into Lucia's craziness. You may not have a college education, but you are one shrewd businessman. You control a very large construction company and one of the largest under-the-radar illegal activities in the world. Fucking women to help them get pregnant... Please, one of the best scams since Ponzi sold his postage stamp scheme in Boston."

Mario Moretti didn't think twice about eating the cum covered salad that sat in front of him. It wasn't like he'd never tasted his own ejaculate.

"How many of the journals did you read, Apollonia?" he asked.

"I lost count," she replied, "but after a time I just flipped through them looking for tidbits that contained your name specifically. That is when I found out you actually held a three year old boy for her to..."

"DON'T SAY IT, APOLLONIA!!!" Mario cried. "Please, I'm not proud of what I let her do to me. That is why I'm conformable with your taking my life. I don't want to die, but every night I pray to God that I will die in my sleep for what I've done. You don't know how much I hate myself."

Apollonia actually could see Mario's sincerity as he spoke about his willingness to give his life for his transgressions. Her mind raced with questions that she needed answers to and before she returned home to her house, she was going to have them answered. She watched as he calmly ate his cum covered salad and drank a glass from the bottle of Moretti homemade wine.

"What kept you from coming into my room?" she asked.

"Moretti morals, believe it or not," he responded. "If I came into your room and forced myself on you, you would not be the woman you are today. Moretti morals would have forced me to take you after you completed puberty to a special convent where you would stay the rest of your life servicing the senior clerics in the Catholic Church. Heresy, I know, but the relationship between the Moretti family and the church is inviolate."

"That may give me the answer to my next question, Mario. A Bishop and a priest involved in the defilement of children. How? Why?" asked Apollonia.

"Church history," was Mario's two word answer.

Apollonia a very bright woman showed her lack of knowledge, "I don't understand what you mean by church history, Mario."

"The long and short of it Apollonia, is the church hierarchy always portrayed themselves a pious men forgoing their sexual desire for the love of God when they were fucking nuns and parishioners every time they could. Over time the priesthood got filled with homosexual men who could indulge in their pedophilic desires knowing the church fathers would just move them to another parish. Today it is a different story, but when you get to the level of Bishop and Cardinal you still have the opportunity to fornicate in the name of God."

"But, what went on in the basement pales to fucking a female parishioner or a homosexual priest fornicating with a another man. What occurred in the basement of the townhouse was unconscionable, Mario. What man of the cloth would allow such things to happen? Especially to the children, Mario. Children should have been revered as God's gift. Their innocence inviolate."

Mario finished his salad and poured himself a second glass of wine. He pushed away from the table so he could comfortably stretch his legs out in front of him as he continued his conversation with Apollonia. He made no issue or motion to signal that she hadn't replaced the sissy tube on his cock.

"The Middle Ages was a very weird time in the history of the church. The Borgia family controlled the Papacy and their deviancy is well documented. It wasn't until your mother met that German priest she came to realize that her first name was the same as one of the most evil women in the Borgia family. Lucia Borgia made your mother look like a Saint when you read about what she foisted upon the men, women, and children of Rome. Father Gottschalk used the history of the church to move into a position where he could use his knowledge to live out his most deviant desires. He specifically kept a low profile and that is how Bishop Romano came to be his mentor within the church."

"I can't believe you are blaming Lucia's fall into deviance on the church. Excuse me, not on the church, but on two men within the church. The names I read are of people of all religious denominations. This wasn't just a special division of the Catholic Church. You haven't told me what the hook was for her, Mario," said Apollonia.

Mario thought for a moment, "I don't really know what the hook was, but I do know she fell madly in love with one of Father Gottschalk's disciples. His untimely death crushed her and that was the beginning of her descent into hell. The saddest thing was and is my following her down that sewer pipe."

Apollonia stood, picked up the plates and utensils and carried them to the sink. She washed them and placed them in the rack to dry. With her hands on the edge of the counter, she stared out into the backyard of the house and wondered what it would have been like for Lucia to stand were she was taking Mario's cock. She felt herself get wet at the thought of having her man fucking her in front of the kitchen sink.

"So, Mario," she said, "would you like to come over here and live out your fantasy? Would you like to fuck me as you fucked Lucia and Angelina in front of the kitchen sink? I'm offering you a chance to live out your desire to fuck me."

Mario Moretti didn't need a second invitation. He thought with his cock and not with his God given brains. He stood up, grabbed a hold of his cock to prepare it for insertion into his youngest daughter, and strode into the kitchen area of the room. Apollonia watched his reflection in the glass of the window in front of her. She timed everything perfectly. When Mario was at the perfect distance she spun around and planted her right foot on the left side of his head. The force of the blow was enough to stop Mario dead in his tracks and knock him unconscious. She landed facing his prone body and saw that she had rendered him unconscious.

Apollonia Moretti laughed at Mario's stupidity. She turned back to the sink, filled a juice sized glass with water, and splashed it on Mario's face. The cold water jolted Mario back into consciousness. He looked up at his daughter and knew he was just made into the ultimate fool.

"Yeah, right, Mario, like I was going to let you fuck me. Not on your life," said Apollonia as she used her right foot to toy with his genitals. "Get up and return to the table so I can put your sissy tube back on. Then we can continue our conversation."

He stood up on wobbly legs and had to use the counter to steady himself. He glared at his daughter, but knew he could not retaliate to what could only be defined as his own stupidity. Mario used the counter to guide himself back to the breakfast area and the oak breakfast table. He made it to his seat where he stood using the edge of the table to support his frame as Apollonia retied the pink sissy tube to his flaccid cock. When she was done he sat down with a thud and began to rub the left side of his head.

Apollonia sat, "What was Lucia's relationship with Dietrich?"

"Dietrich?" asked Mario.

Apollonia's frustration showed in her voice, "Dietrich Bergmann, the fat slob that is the president of Software by Design. Colin's former employer."

Mario nodded, "That fat fuck is a total skeezy pervert. I thought I told you he was a childhood friend of Father Gottschalk. It was Father Gottschalk that introduced that fat fuck to Lucia and mandated she allow him to become part of the townhouse group and participate in all the activities. Some participants were there only once, but a special group of individuals were mandated to be at every meeting, if you could call it a meeting."

"She ever make you do anything to him?" asked Apollonia.

"She tried once, but I told her to pound sand," replied Mario. "I told her of all the people that attended; he was the one individual I would not go near."

"Anything else you care to admit to me, Mario?"

"What else is there, Apollonia? All the dirt is in the journals," said Mario.

Apollonia looked hard at him, and said, "What are you hiding from me about Teresa Moretti or any other member of the Moretti inner circle? Remember, we're headed to Teresa's tomorrow."

Mario smiled, "She a lousy fuck is about it."

"A lousy fuck doesn't say much about your ability to draw the sexual sensuality out of a woman. I believe there is something else, Mario," said Apollonia as she prepared herself to make Mario tell her through violence.

He watched as his youngest daughter prepared to hit him. He reacted by holding up his hands palms out in a sign of surrender. "Ok, Teresa has three children, of which, the youngest is mine. Her son, Adolfo and her daughter, Adelina are the product of Umberto's seed. The change of life baby, Alessa is mine. I swear it was a total accident."

Apollonia relaxed, smiled, and said, "I love baiting you by playing at beating the shit out of you Mario. It always results in you admitting to yourself your fear of me and then admitting something I was fishing for. Gives me ammunition when I talk with her tomorrow and explain the lay of the land to her."

"The lay of the land?" asked Mario quizzically.

"Yeah, the lay of the land," replied Apollonia. "I'm curious about her statement to me on the phone that she found out I murdered her husband. The only people who would know that were the Moretti men, Raffaella, you, and me. I know Raffaella didn't make a phone call to her. I know the Moretti men were to fuckin' scared to say or do anything fearing my retribution. That leaves you Mario, because I, as sure as the sun rises in the East, did not admit anything to her."

The hair rose on the nape of his neck as he thought about the consequences if she found out who called Teresa about her husband's death. His body tightened and he forced himself to relax as he said, "I'm not that stupid, Apollonia."

"Whoa as be to you, Mario, if you are the person who leaked the truth to Teresa before I had my chance to explain the situation to her," said Apollonia as she stood up preparing to leave Mario's house. "I am going home now. You have to be up and ready to leave by 4:30AM tomorrow morning. We're leaving from Kennedy. You don't need to pack anything. I will take care of your needs."

Apollonia didn't wait for an answer from Mario. She walked to the mud room, put on her coat, and departed for her house. Mario sat a moment longer pondering his fate. He placed his head on the oak breakfast table and quietly began to cry. He was tired of having to serve his youngest daughter. His desire for her to end his life and the pain of his succumbing to Lucia's deviance by killing him was not coming to fruition.