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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 86

Wednesday – Teresa Moretti's Residence - 26 February 2003

Apollonia's alarm clock sounded at 3:00AM and one minute after she heard tapping on the door to her room. Knowing she was expected to travel to Dallas/Fort Worth today to meet with Teresa Moretti the widow of Umberto Moretti, Apollonia made no attempt to pleasure herself before getting out from under the warmth of the goose down comforter. The tapping on the door continued until she announced she was up and out of bed. To prove her point, she walked to the door clad only in a pair of cotton bikini panties and opened it hoping to surprise the individual on the other side.

Standing fully clothed in his daily wear maid's uniform was Colin who made a point of not reacting to his wife's nudity. Her face showed her chagrin at not causing Colin to react positively or negatively to her nakedness. Apollonia stepped back into the room thus inviting her sissy husband into the room.

"Your breasts look lovely, Apollonia," said Colin. "Mine are getting there, but they'll never be as perky and pert as yours, my sweet."

Totally disarmed by her husband, "God damn you Colin!!!"

Apollonia realized in a New York second that she was still totally in love with her husband. She didn't need to recount the reasons why she fell in love with him all she needed to remember was how he ruined their relationship by wishing he had a pussy instead of a cock. His intellect, sense of humor, and his masculine/feminine good looks were the attractions she fell in love with.

"Sorry, Apollonia," said Colin, "I just wanted to make sure you were up in time to be ready to depart for Kennedy. Now that I know you're up, I'm headed downstairs to call over to Mario and if need be, send Sonny to make sure he's ready to travel. Your plane leaves at 6:30AM and arriving by 5:00AM should give you enough time to pick up your tickets and pass through airport security."

"Sonny's up?" asked Apollonia quizzically.

Colin's eyes twinkled, "Damn, I could so rock your world now by telling you I'm standing here savoring the taste of his cum or that it is leaking from my male pussy, but alas, he's still sound asleep. I informed him before he

went to sleep that if needed I would wake him up to go to Mario's. I won't know until I call over there, so would you do me a favor?"

Controlling her desire to take him into her arms and press her nakedness against him, Apollonia taken by her love for him and his attempt at disarming humor said, "God, I hate you Colin. What?"

Dead pan he replied, "Don't go back to bed and masturbate. If you're good and have the time, I'll go down on you, but I have business to tend to. Love you, Apollonia."

Before she could respond, Colin turned and sashayed out of what used to be their room. He headed down to the kitchen without even turning around once to see if she was still standing open mouthed at his gentle reminder not to masturbate to start her day. Since the first morning after their first night together, Apollonia made no bones about her need, not desire, but need to pleasure herself before she rose from the night's sleep. Colin smiled and chuckled to himself all the way to the phone in the kitchen.

Apollonia took the time to sign on to her computer and check the weather in the Dallas/Fort Worth area. She saw that it was going to be as cold there as it presently was in Lawrence, New York. She decided to wear a pair of man-tailored navy blue with white pinstriped wool gabardine pants, white silk shirt, a navy blue button down cardigan sweater, and a pair of plain navy blue lambskin heels. Rather than wearing her every day timepiece, Apollonia pulled out her Patek Philipe diamond encrusted watch. Around her neck was draped an 18 carat gold chain that held a two carat flawless round diamond pendant and on her ears were matching one carat diamond stud earrings. She knew the jewelry was overkill, but she wanted to use it as a flamboyant wedge against Teresa Moretti. Apollonia Moretti never overdid her makeup. She learned at a very young age that all she needed was to accent the shape of her eyes which brought out their color to attract men and women.

As she descended the steps some thirty-five minutes later, she could smell the fresh brewed coffee and hot cinnamon buns. She walked into the kitchen/breakfast room to find Sonny sitting naked at the breakfast table and Colin waiting patiently by the coffeemaker. Apollonia knew she had a good ninety minutes before the car service would arrive which would give her enough time to sort through the documents in her attaché case. She went to her chair and was not surprised to see Sonny slip to the floor and kiss her feet. Colin came over, placed her coffee mug and plate of hot cinnamon buns in front of her, knelt, and placed his lips on her ass. She released Colin from his fealty and assumed her seat. She said nothing to Sonny until she had taken her first sip, well more like a gulp, of hot black coffee.

"How are your gonads? What are you doing up, Sonny?" she asked.

Sonny blushed, "My balls are getting better. They're not black and blue anymore. I'm up because I wanted to see you off and wish you a good trip."

"Nothing else?" replied Apollonia.

Colin placed coffee mugs and plates of cinnamon buns on the table. He waited for Apollonia to give him permission to sit which she did by just pointing at the chair. Sonny took a sip of his coffee, then a bite of his bun, and blushed again.

"Well, I was hoping I would have the honor of kissing you good-bye," he said.

Apollonia frowned and said, "So, you want me to take down my pants and allow you to kiss my pussy good-bye?"

"No," said a frustrated Sonny, "that isn't what I meant. I wanted to kiss you on the lips."

"Mouth lips, cunt lips, what's the difference Sonny? You're my lover and my bitch," said Apollonia trying to keep herself from laughing out loud.

Sonny caught on and chuckled, "So, I'll take that as a no, but I had to ask. No harm, no foul."

Apollonia put her attaché case on the table, opened it, and proceeded to check the documents, pictures, and videos she had the attorney accumulate for her in a very short period of time. Her attention was focused on what she hoped would be unneeded evidence when she confronted Teresa Moretti. This kept the table conversation non-existent until the front door bell sounded and Colin rose to answer the door. Five minutes later Colin returned with a naked Mario following him. Colin returned to his seat and both he and Sonny watched as Mario opened Apollonia's pants. He then knelt down, turned her around, pulled them and her white lace boy short panties down, leaned in, and began to kiss, lick, and suck his youngest daughter's asshole. They watched as Apollonia leaned forward allowing Mario to get his face and tongue deeper into her ass. Both of them had the same thought although they were nowhere near clairvoyant, what would Mario do if Apollonia decided to pass gas?

"I'm glad you did as you are supposed to Mario," said Apollonia as she continued to make Mario suck her ass. "Get your tongue in nice and deep. When I feel what I want I'll let you stop."

For the next ten minutes Apollonia stood slightly bent over and made the man she will no longer acknowledge as her father suck her asshole. Sonny and Colin watched and when Apollonia nodded to them they realized it would be ok with her for them to eat their breakfast. When she'd felt a good portion of Mario's tongue slide into her anus Apollonia used her right hand to tap his head to relieve him of his fealty. Mario did not wipe his face after he removed it from between Apollonia's ass cheeks. He pulled up her panties and then her pants before he stood and sat where she pointed.

"Colin, is there enough coffee and cinnamon buns for Mario?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Colin whereupon he stood and retrieved a cup and plate of still warm cinnamon buns for Mario.

Apollonia looked at the clock on the microwave and saw they had a more than a few minutes before the car arrived to take Mario and her to the airport. She didn't say anything to make conversation so the four of them sat eating and drinking their coffee until the phone from the front gate rang. Apollonia answered on the second ring. When she sat down she announced that the car had arrived to take her and Mario to Kennedy. A few minutes later the front door bell sounded. Again, Colin assumed the role of house maid and went to the front door. He returned moments later, alone, but he was carrying Mario's clothing.

"I told the driver to wait in the great room as Mario needs to get dressed," said Colin. He placed Mario's clothing in front of him and resumed his seat at the table.

It didn't take Mario but a few minutes to get dressed and just a minute more for the four people to be standing in the great room bidding each other farewell until later that evening. Apollonia decided to give Sonny something to think about and allowed him to hug her before she left. The smile on Sonny's face was wiped clean when she approached Colin, took him in her arms, and French kissed him good-bye. She and Mario departed the house leaving Sonny and Colin to sort out the reason Apollonia kissed Colin and hugged Sonny.

The ride to the airport was uneventful as was the procurement of the tickets, passing through security, and the wait in the first class lounge for the flight to depart. Apollonia sat on the aisle and Mario begrudgingly sat in the window seat. The flight was uneventful as neither of them spoke about anything pertaining to them or the extended family. Apollonia had her attaché case with her which she placed underneath the seat in front of her instead of giving it to the flight attendant for stowage with their winter coats. Mario ate a second breakfast while Apollonia only drank water. She felt that being cooped up in an aluminum tube traveling at thirty-five thousand feet and breathing re-circulated air was not good for her health. Air travel amazed her because any flight could leave from twenty to forty minutes late and still arrive on time at their destination. She knew that the airlines padded the times and hoped that the weather and jet streams would co-operate.

Arrival at the Dallas/Fort Worth airport was on time and per Colin's instructions Apollonia and Mario descended to the baggage area to find a well-dressed young man standing with their name on a card. They politely followed him outside the building to find the car Colin had leased sitting illegally parked waiting for their arrival. Apollonia checked the Aston Martin for any damage inside and out and when she was satisfied signed the lease

document and handed the young man two folded one hundred dollar bills as a tip. The young man informed her of the number she needed to call at least twenty minutes before she arrived at the departure level so the car could be returned to the leasing company. After she took the keys and entered the car, she opened the glove box and found per her request a .32 caliber Beretta in an ankle holster. Satisfied that everything was in order she started the Aston Martin Vanquish and relished the sound of the V12 engine coming to life.

Once she exited the airport and started her drive towards Frisco, Texas where Umberto and Teresa Moretti lived, she opened her cell phone and called Teresa to inform her that Mario and she were on their way. The second call she made was to Ming to advise her she arrived without incident. Apollonia loved the power of the Aston Martin Vanquish and made no effort to keep her speed under control which she knew she'd better because of her personal lack of influence with the state and local police departments. According to her information she knew it should take about thirty minutes to get from the airport to the Moretti house in Frisco.

Mario decided it was time to express his anger at seeing the handgun, "Apollonia, a handgun? Why?"

"Simple, Mario," replied Apollonia not taking her eyes off the road as she sped along Texas Route 121 North, "I really didn't need to have a weapon with me because I could use my training to subdue anyone at the house. I just like to keep the option open and it does bring any potential physical interaction between individuals to a halt if it has to be displayed or used on the ceiling to quiet the room."

"You know her children are going to be there and I don't think you'll need to resort to violence," said Mario.

Apollonia took her eyes off the road for a split second to look at Mario before she responded, "Well, I'm expecting Teresa to get very worked up about the untimely death of her Umberto. I also happen to think there is something to her accusation that I killed her husband."

Mario shook his head in wonder at her last statement only to hopefully guide her away from thinking someone in New York rattled on her to Teresa. He thought to himself that she must be a total sociopath to think that she would be able to get away with her lie about how Umberto died. He looked at his youngest daughter, "You really think you're going to prove to her that he died of a massive heart attack? This one I've got to see for myself, because if you get her to believe that, I have a bridge to sell you in Brooklyn."

Apollonia chuckled and thought to herself that she already had the documents to prove he suffered a massive coronary, but what she really wanted to know could only be ascertained through interaction with Teresa and her children. One hook she didn't know about before last night was Mario's fathering Teresa's youngest child. Apollonia had all intention of using that information against Teresa, but she hoped that Teresa would fess up about her inside information and how it was related to her. Apollonia felt a wave a stress course through her body when the thought surfaced that Mario had something to do with the information Teresa claimed to have about her husband's death.

Her speed came to a crashing halt as she exited the highway to the local roads. She wove her way through Legacy Drive, Stonebriar Way, and onto Wimbledon Court where the Moretti house was situated on just over three acres of land. Umberto Moretti had the house built in the late 1990's. The house was custom designed by Umberto and had six bedrooms, six baths, formal dining room, living room, full restaurant grade kitchen, breakfast room, servant's quarters, and a two story family room which was the center piece of the house. The rear of the family room opened on a full sized custom designed swimming pool and hot tub, tennis court, a regulation basketball court, and a full sized putting green with multiple sand traps. The interior of the house was just under 9500 square feet.

Apollonia pulled the Aston Martin around the circular driveway to a stop in front of the portico that protected the solid oak and leaded crystal windowed front doors from the harsh Texas weather. The weather co-operated by not raining or snowing, but the temperature made the area just as cold as it was back in New York. She retrieved the Beretta from the glove box and strapped it on the inside of her left ankle while Mario sat with scorn all over his face because of her need to arm herself. When she exited the car she could feel the ankle holster against the nylon material of her stockings, but the pants fell naturally to the ground which was exactly as it should have been. She re-opened the car door; leaned in for her attaché case, closed the door, and strode purposefully to the front door with Mario tagging behind her. She pressed the lit front door bell button and waited.

Teresa Moretti all five feet two inches of her strode to the front door and opened it with a patently false smile on her face. She was wearing a simple black dress that came to just above her knees and a white cardigan sweater. Apollonia saw that she was dressed to hide the weight she was blessed with since just before puberty. The entrance way to the house was a two story affair that opened to a circular stairway to the second floor. Teresa stepped back to allow Apollonia and Mario enter the house whereupon she closed the front door behind them.

"Mario," said Teresa as she leaned in and offered her cheek for a kiss, "how nice to see you again. Welcome to my home. How was the flight?"

Mario did not kiss her nor did he take her into his arms to give her a hug. He stood stoically waiting for Teresa's acknowledgement of Apollonia's arrival. Apollonia's eyes darkened and Mario knew she was about to cause a ruckus. He gently took Teresa by her arms and pushed her away from her close proximity to him. Teresa's blatant show of disrespect for Apollonia was not going to get him abused verbally or physically. He knew he had to disarm the situation and cool the simmering fires of anger within Apollonia that were about to boil over and explode.

Mario calmly said, "The flight was fine, Teresa, but it is imperative you acknowledge my daughter, Apollonia. She is the head of the family and is due the respect of her position."

Teresa Moretti stands all of five feet two inches in her stocking feet. She weighs in at a whopping one hundred forty-five pounds. She keeps her dyed black hair cut into a short bob that surrounded her chubby face which made her out to be more of a slut than a lady. Eight of her ten fingers were covered in gold rings some encrusted with diamonds. Around her neck were several gold chains and hanging from her ears were long thin strands of gold chain which ended in a small semi-precious stone of various colors. The woman standing opposite her was the antithesis of her body and personality. Inside Teresa Moretti, nee Conti felt totally ill at ease because the woman who she was obliged to honor was what she wanted to look like and emulate her entire life.

Teresa offered her hand to Apollonia, "Apollonia, welcome to my house."

Apollonia took the chubby hand into hers and immediately took a strong grip which showed as controlled pain on Teresa's face. She held it as she replied, "Thank you Teresa." She did not want to make small talk with the woman so she went directly to the heart of the reasons she travelled to meet with her, "We have so much to discuss especially the untimely death of Umberto. Please accept my condolences."

Teresa's face showed relief when Apollonia released her hand. Wincing because she could not hide her pain and not acknowledging Apollonia's condolences, she said, "Why don't we go into the family room? We can sit comfortably, have something to eat if you'd like, and talk about your reasons for coming to the great state of Texas. Please, follow me."

The three adults walked to the back of the house where the family room was located off the kitchen/breakfast area of the nicely appointed house. Sitting on a coffee table in front of the centrally located leather couch were sandwiches, Danish, and soft drinks. From the layout of the room, Apollonia saw that she would have to sit at one end of the couch putting Mario between Teresa and herself. The room had additional seating which she would request to be moved when the children were asked into the room.

Before Teresa could offer food, Apollonia said, "I see there is no coffee on the table. Please have a pot made for me. I take it black and the largest mug in your kitchen would be nice. I drink coffee all day."

"Coffee, black," said Teresa. "Let me go into the kitchen and tell Consuela to brew a pot. Is there anything else, Apollonia?"

"Yes," replied Apollonia. Then with an edge to her voice, she said, "Your children - in this room - now."

Teresa's eye flew open and bulged from her face. No one except Umberto ever spoke to her in the tone of voice Apollonia just used. Her father had taught her to take no shit from anyone and Umberto agreed with his teachings. Neither man would differentiate between Moretti family members and the rest of the human race when it

came to obvious disrespect being aimed at Teresa. She was educated and believed that respect is returned when it is given, but more importantly - earned. Mario sat watching the interaction between the women and did not make an effort to ameliorate the impending fireworks. Apollonia saw her hesitation and that was the straw that broke the camel's back.

Apollonia stood and walked over to Teresa and took her by the throat, "Listen you fat bitch, I was amenable to giving you the benefit of the doubt when it came to this meeting. But, now I'm just one millisecond short of taking your fat ass and tossing..."

"GET YOUR FUCKIN' HANDS OFF MY MOTHER!!!" yelled Adolfo Moretti as he ran into the room to protect his mother.

Mario Moretti knew the young man was not capable of handling his youngest daughter's abilities so he stood and placed his fifty-three year old body between the two women and the young man. Adolfo Moretti, 19, stands five feet eight inches, weighs in at one hundred and forty-five pounds, has black hair, and dark brown eyes. His physical shape was that of someone who either swims or runs but does not lift weights. He stopped short when Mario placed himself in his path. Mario cocked his head, frowned, and placed his hand on Adolfo's chest which was enough to get the young man to stop his attempt to get to where Apollonia had her hand around his mother's neck.

Apollonia released her hold on Teresa's neck. She stepped back from the frightened woman and ordered like a drill sergeant, "COFFEE, NOW!!!"

Teresa Moretti backed away, eyes still bulging from her face, her hands shaking, and the fear of the woman who commanded her to get coffee still coursing through her body. Adolfo Moretti stood in front of the man who took part in his Rite of Passage at the tender age of eleven counting the seconds until he was free to kick the shit out of the woman who had had his mother by the throat. Mario could see the anger festering within the boy and decided it was time for him to say something.

"Adolfo, you don't want to fuck with her. I promise you it will be the last thing you do on the face of this Earth. Apollonia Moretti, my youngest daughter, is trained in several of the martial arts and believe me when I tell you she will have a broad smile on her face when she rips your balls from your body. I suggest you calm down and let the events take a course of amelioration so you can take your rightful place as the head of this family."

"You're kidding..." spat Adolfo.

"No Adolfo, I'm not kidding," Mario stared hard at the boy when he said, "Go get your sisters and return here and don't fuckin' say another word. Now go!!!"

Apollonia watched as the young man exited the family room bent but not broken. Mario Moretti retook his place on the couch and just nodded to his youngest daughter. He was thankful that the boy decided to back away from his encounter because Mario knew the end result would have been a dead teenager, a totally distraught mother, and the call to his contact in the Texas Rangers in Austin who would, when asked by him, make the whole incident go away. Apollonia remained standing to keep from going totally ballistic as she waited for the return of Teresa and her children.

Teresa returned with a mug and a thermos of hot black coffee which she placed on the coffee table with the rest of the food and drink. She watched as her three children entered the room and stood waiting. Apollonia told Mario to stand up and the Texas faction of the Moretti family to sit on the leather couch. She then moved two of the chairs from their position near the floor to ceiling fireplace to a position opposite the couch. What she had done was to take the room and put it into a setting that produced and maintained a sphere of control around her seat.

"I'm not going to eat and Mario isn't either," said Apollonia. "So, if you are hungry eat now or get someone to take the food away."

"There is no one here," said Teresa. "I sent Consuela home rather than have anyone outside the family in the house during this meeting."

"What's your name son?" asked Apollonia.

Before he could respond, Mario interjected, "Adolfo is the young man, next to him is his sister Adelina, and next to her is Alessa. Adolfo, you and Adelina, please take everything but the thermos and mug back into the kitchen. Don't tarry in the kitchen. Go..."

Teresa watched her children gather the plates per Mario's instructions. Thankfully, Adolfo kept his mouth shut and did as he was told. Two trips later they were back in their seats on the couch. Apollonia had finished her first mug of coffee and was holding her second. In front of her was her attaché case and she could see Teresa looking at it wondering what was inside. Nothing was said for a good five minutes as Apollonia made sure the Texas faction of the Moretti family began to understand their new place in the family hierarchy.

"I know this is a difficult enough day for you," said Apollonia. "This past Monday we buried Lucia. I quite understand the emotional times you are all going through. I would have come down here sooner if it wasn't for some previous business obligations I needed to finalize. I want to express my condolences."

Teresa couldn't believe what she just heard and her anger at Apollonia was still coursing throughout her body. "What I want to know is how he died. I don't believe he keeled over from a massive heart attack. He was in perfect health. He went to the gym seven days a week. I know something nasty happened to my Umberto. I think his children should know how he died. Well?"

"You are one difficult bitch, Teresa," said an angry Apollonia. "If you want me to, I will open Pandora's Box and Adolfo, Adelina, and Alessa will know the truth about Umberto and you. Would you like me to educate them as to the level of knowledge I have about this family which includes them? You keep going down the road of intransience instead of acceptance and your life as you know it will come to an end. Your choice..."

Teresa Moretti wasn't one to back down from a fight. She viewed Apollonia Moretti as a usurper of power and someone who needed to be taken down even if it was just a peg or two. Growing up Teresa Conti had to defend herself against the likes of girls twice the size of Apollonia all because of her height and weight. She wasn't the strongest person physically, but she could take whatever was thrown at her whether it be physical or psychological. Teresa built her own retail business from scratch without the help of Umberto or her father. She started with a undersized storefront in an area that was not conducive to selling upscale lingerie, but she persisted. Now she had twelve stores in the top retail malls across Texas and within days she was going to launch her private label luxury lingerie nationwide. Apollonia Moretti would learn in a few minutes who she was fuckin' with.

"You don't scare me, Apollonia. I know," said Teresa, "that you are responsible for Umberto's death. I have empirical proof that you stood in the formal dining room of Mario's house and pumped two .32 caliber bullets into Umberto. I know you expected him to sully his good name because you usurped the power within the Moretti family. All I have to say to you, cunt, is take your best shot."

Calm, cool, and collected, Apollonia Moretti stared hard into Teresa Moretti's eyes. She held the stare until Teresa flinched and looked away. The three children sat quietly and scared at the interplay between their mother and the woman who accompanied their Uncle Mario to their house. Mario Moretti closed his eyes and prayed, but knew that the final outcome would be something Teresa would not have expected or would like. He also knew sooner or later the truth about Alessa would come out and that information would hurt the children more than it would hurt Teresa. He had no idea if the truth about Teresa's accusation about how Umberto met his demise would surface. All he could do was hold his breath and pray that it did not surface in what he knew would be a hostile environment.

Apollonia reached down, picked up her attaché case, and opened it on her lap. She rifled through the papers and found the one she was seeking. On it was a number that corresponded to an envelope that was underneath the papers. She took the single sheet of paper and the large manila envelope from her case, closed it, and placed it back on the floor in front of her feet. She did that to make sure the ankle holster holding the .32 caliber Beretta did not accidentally make itself known by showing itself through the cloth of her dress pants.

"On this piece of paper is the downfall of your son and daughter, Teresa," said Apollonia.

"What in God's name could you have on my children, bitch," growled Teresa.

"What I have is proof your son is a practicing homosexual and your daughter is a whore. By Moretti standards, your son is bound for a life of gay prostitution in any part of the world I declare and your daughter will end up in Italy in the very private monastery that houses whores of all ages for the elders of the Catholic Church."

Adolfo couldn't believe his ears. How in the world would anyone know about his love affair with his best friend? Adelina was just as astounded because the only people she's ever had sex with was her brother's best friend and her brother when she used a strap-on on him per his request. What she didn't know was his sexual dalliance with his best friend. They watched as Apollonia opened the manila envelope and dropped several pictures onto the top of the coffee table. Teresa, Adolfo, and Adelina reached for them, each getting a couple to look at and wonder when, where, and by whom they were taken.

"What you see there is your daughter having coitus with your son's best friend while your son stands dressed in lingerie acting like a cuckold sissy. She has broken every rule of the Moretti family when it comes to protecting her virginity which is the sign of purity for a Moretti daughter. What is even more disgusting is your son being bent over like some bitch to be taken by his best friend. You now expect me to be close my eyes to their..."

Teresa Moretti turned and slapped Adolfo across the face. She reached for and connected with Adelina's face. The two children of Umberto and Teresa Moretti began to cry uncontrollably. They both knew their lives as a proud Moretti was over and done.

"I can't believe you two!!!" screamed Teresa. "If your father was alive, he'd be mortified. I wouldn't stop him from terminating your lives on the spot. I need an explanation now you two."

Adelina couldn't help but speak the truth, "It all started three years ago when Adolfo was a junior in high school..."

"Noooo," cried Adolfo, "please don't say anything, Adelina. It's bad enough as it is now. Please!!!"

"I'm not going to some monastery in Italy, Adolfo," cried Adelina. "This is all your fault!!! I was content to be in love with Marco, but you had to fall for him too. You're the faggot, Adolfo. I'm just not a virgin anymore and I'm going to marry Marco come hell or high water."

Apollonia shushed Teresa, "Adelina, tell me what happened and don't leave one single detail out no matter how insignificant it may seem to you."

The fifteen year old girl stopped crying, wiped the tears from her face with her hands, and spoke up, "Like I said, it started when I three years ago when I was twelve. I walked into Adolfo's room without knocking. He was on his bed wearing a pair of my panties and stockings. He was masturbating looking at a pornography magazine of sissies doing all sort of disgusting things. He saw me, stopped, jumped off the bed, and grabbed me. He begged me not to tell because if Umberto or Teresa found out he was gay it would be the end of his career as a Moretti man. He begged and I relented under two conditions."

Apollonia, "And those conditions were?"

"First I told him I now owned him. Then I told him I wanted to meet and become his best friend's girlfriend. To accomplish that I knew I'd have to do more than give him hand jobs. I mean I'd been jerking off my dad and Adolfo since I was seven. Marco readily agreed because he was and still is a stud. He knew I would give him my body whenever he wanted no questions asked. When he realized Adolfo was a faggot we turned him into a panty wearing sissy. I was easy because mother owned all those lingerie stores and brought home oodles of sexy lingerie."

Teresa looked at her daughter dumbfounded. She began to say something, when Adelina continued, "Sorry mom, but you had your head up your ass when it came to Adolfo and me. Lately all you've cared about is Alessa. Daddy was more interested in making his due by increasing his number of women who needed his services. I'm not proud of what I've done, but I'm madly in love with Marco and I would do anything for him including giving up my virginity and my Moretti life."

Apollonia couldn't believe what she just heard come out of the mouth of Adelina Moretti. Adolfo Moretti sat his face in his hands crying at being outed by a stranger and his sister. Teresa Moretti was pressed back into the couch too incredulous to do anything but show her amazement at how she was taken by her blindness to what was going on right under her nose in her own house.

"Time for you to do your penance," said Apollonia. "I need some questions answered and the truthfulness of your answers will determine whether you live or die as a Moretti."

Both children simultaneously cried, "DIE???"

"Figuratively, not literally," replied Apollonia. "First things first. All of you are to acknowledge that I am the head of the family. Any one of you denies that I am what I say I am and all of you suffer the consequences. So..."

Each one except for the youngest nodded their heads in the affirmative. Apollonia smiled and noted that the youngest, Alessa, did not have to acknowledge her position because she was too young to understand what was going on at the moment. Satisfied they knew and accepted her position, she continued her questioning.

"Adolfo, when did you realize you were a fag?" asked Apollonia. She did not couch his homosexuality in words that would be considered politically correct. To her, he was lower on the scale of calcified dog-shit than her sissy husband. Why, because he was a consecrated Moretti man.

His eyes red and bloodshot, his voice cracking with shame, Adolfo answered, "It was during the Rite of Passage into Moretti manhood. Although I did not ejaculate when I was taken anally or when I orally satisfied my father and Uncle Mario, I couldn't stop the sweet feeling of being filled with cock and sperm. My father felt something and a week after he came to my room. He asked me if I wanted to have him and I more than willingly begged him to fuck me."

"Which do you prefer, Adolfo? Women or men?" asked Teresa not caring that it was Apollonia who was interrogating her son.

"My life is over as a Moretti man," said Adolfo, regaining a bit of self-worth as a human being, "Whenever I had intercourse with a woman needing my seed, I fantasized about Marco. It was the only way I could finish like the man I was supposed to be. I have never had sex with any other male except my father and Uncle Mario during my Rite of Passage. I will openly admit that I love Marco."

Mario Moretti asked, "Do you understand the implication of what you are saying and committing to, Adolfo?"

Looking at Mario with a questioning look, he replied, "I think I do. If I heard Apollonia correctly, I'm headed to some corner of the Earth to be a male prostitute. To live the rest of my life selling my body to survive."

Apollonia roared, "STAND UP MARIO AND REMOVE YOUR CLOTHING!!!"

Teresa, Adolfo, Adelina, and Alessa were surprised by Apollonia's loud command to Mario. What also amazed them was Mario's quick response to her command. He stood and removed his clothing including his shoes and socks. Mario Moretti, fifty-three, stood before the wife and children of his cousin Umberto naked, his body shaved totally bare, and his genitals encased in pink sissy tubes. Alessa's age and her reaction to seeing the pink sissy tubes on Mario broke the silence.

"What you see there," said Apollonia "is the result of a Moretti man breaking his oath to the Moretti family. I could have neutered him, emasculated him, or sent him out of the country to serve AIDS infected men until his horrible death from the disease that is now the scourge of this planet. If I deem it so, he still has the ability to spread his seed and make money for the family. He is not a faggot, but certain unconscionable activities led to his downfall and his becoming what is standing naked without shame in front of you."

Adolfo asked, "Excuse me, but does this mean I could fall into the same category and live like Mario?"

"Sit Mario," commanded Apollonia. "That depends upon you Adolfo. You provide truthful answers and do as I command without question and without hesitation, I may just allow you to live here as a Moretti sissy."

Teresa moaned, "NOOOO!!!"

"When is the last time you had intercourse with your sister, Adolfo?"

He looked at Adelina and said to himself, '*fuck you bitch*' and answered, "This morning. She came to my room and got into bed with me. Told me she didn't have time to fuck Marco last night and needed a cock because she was horny. I thought of Marco, got an erection, and we fucked."

Apollonia watched Adelina slide down on the couch and hide her face. Teresa shook her head knowing her life as she knew it was crashing down all around her. She wondered if Apollonia knew of her interaction with Adelina and she questioned if she had sucked her own son's cum from her daughter's pussy. Teresa Moretti couldn't believe how she missed her daughter's hymen not being intact anymore.

"Did you use a condom?" asked Apollonia.

"No, ma'am, I did not," answered Adolfo. "I never use a condom when I fuck her. She likes and demands that the cock inside her explode in her cunt because she loves the feeling. I did not fuck her a lot. Actually she fucked me more than I fucked her."

Teresa could not contain her anger at her children anymore, especially her daughter, Adelina. She stood up and like some out-of-control maniac started to pummel the fifteen year old. Apollonia allowed this to continue for a moment longer than necessary before she stood, grabbed the raised right arm of Teresa, spun her around, and slapped her in the face. Adelina Moretti sat crying on the couch mortified that her mother would physically beat her in front of guests. Teresa Moretti regained control of herself and came to the conclusion that Mario's youngest daughter was no one to fuck around with. She sat back down, red faced, and tried with all her might to control her breathing which in turn would reduce her anger.

"Adelina," asked Apollonia "are you on the pill?"

The girl looked at her mother, made an awful face at her, and said, "Yes, I am. Since I was thirteen. I wanted to feel Marco be a man with me. I didn't want him to feel he had to encase his cock in a rubber tube to make love to me. I wanted him to feel me and how wet I was for him during our lovemaking. I fuck Adolfo only when I need to or to give him a mercy fuck. Like he said, I fuck him up his faggot ass more then he fucks me."

"So, you admit to being a whore," said Apollonia.

"I'm not a whore!!!" cried Adelina. "I have a loving relationship with Marco. I give myself to him because he loves me as much as I love him."

Apollonia reached into the manila envelope and pulled out three eight by ten color photographs. She looked at them and said, "Before I show these pictures to you and your mother, do you want to change your statement about being a whore, girl?"

Adelina looked around the room and not at anyone specifically. She knew she was caught. "Ummm, please put the pictures away. Ok, ok, ok... Marco asked me to fuck his friends on the football team. I didn't fuck all of them just..."

Apollonia broke out laughing at the girl and her continuing lies, "Please girl, don't play me, you're not going to win. I know the names and dates of every boy on that football team you gave yourself to and how many times they got to use you. In fact I know which hole you gave to which player, how many times, and on how many days. Last chance before I take you by the scruff of your neck and forcibly make you admit you're a whore."

Teresa looked at Mario only to see him looking at the floor and not at Adelina. "Please Mario, can't you stop this. They're related to you. They're the flesh of your family. Please..."

Mario didn't look up. Teresa continued to beg until Apollonia piped in, "Teresa, why don't you admit to everyone your secret? If you want this craziness to stop, then own up, bitch."

"What in God's name are you talking about, Apollonia?" asked Teresa.

Apollonia liked that she used her first name instead of some curse word to address her which meant she was realizing her lowering status in the Moretti family. Apollonia reached for her attaché case, opened it, retrieved another single piece of paper, and two large manila envelopes. She looked at Teresa, put her chin to her chest, lifted her eyebrows, and eyed the woman trying to get her to understand that all she had to do was tell the truth.

"Alessa, sweet pea," cooed Apollonia, "come here to Aunt Apollonia. Come sit on my lap sweetie."

At the age of six, Alessa Moretti was still tied to her mother's apron strings. She looked at Teresa for approval and when she didn't see it remained sitting next to her sister on the couch. Apollonia Moretti stood, stepped over to where she was sitting, and lifted her up by her underarms. She sat back down with Alessa on her lap.

Apollonia whispered in the six year olds ear, "Never look to you mother when I tell you to do something, Alessa. Next time you do something like that, I'm going to pull down your panties and spank you. Don't cry because it will show me you're not a strong girl." Alessa Moretti at the tender age of six kept herself from crying and allowed Apollonia to gently rub her naked thigh.

"Teresa..." was all Apollonia said.

"Oh my God, you wouldn't..." said Teresa knowing that Apollonia knew Alessa was the product of a liaison between Mario and herself. "Can't you just keep that between us? Please, Apollonia!!!"

"I can," replied Apollonia, "but you're going to have to..."

"Kiss your cunt when I see you and when I leave you," said Teresa.

"If you let me take her home with me, I'll accept your fealty through vaginal kissing, but, if you want her to stay here you'll honor me by sucking my ass like every other Moretti I deemed to be a low life. That will include your son and your daughter."

Teresa Moretti began to wail at the thought of sucking Apollonia's cunt or ass. She wanted to confront the woman about the death of her husband. She knew deep within her soul that Apollonia Moretti murdered Umberto in cold blood. She had one chance to take back control of the situation at hand. She had to confront Apollonia with the name of the person who called her to tell her that Umberto did not die of a massive heart attack, but was murdered by his cousin. She took a deep breath and decided to go for it just like her father taught her to do when she was growing up.

"Fuck you, Apollonia Moretti," said Teresa with a new found backbone. "Fuck you and the horse you rode in on, bitch. You're not taking over this family. My son is not going to prostitute himself. My daughter is not going to

some monastery in Italy to be a whore and to be used by the men of the church. Alessa is staying here with me and growing up to be a true Moretti woman. I'm not going to kiss your cunt or your ass, bitch." She raised her voice, "FUCK YOU, I KNOW FROM A GOOD SOURCE YOU MURDERED MY UMBERTO. ANGELINA WOULD NEVER LIE TO ME, YOU FUCKIN' PIECE-OF-SHIT!!!"

Apollonia gently slid Alessa off her lap. She started to reach for her ankle when Mario jumped up from his seat and placed himself on the floor in front of his daughter. He looked up into her eyes and tried to communicate that pulling the gun would only make matters worse. He wrapped his hands around her left ankle and held on for dear life. Apollonia hit him on the side of his head with a closed fist. The contact was directly on his temple which was enough to knock him to the floor. Teresa Moretti sat upright on the couch spittle still spewing from her mouth although no words came forth.

Instead of pulling the Beretta, Apollonia stepped over her semiconscious father and with one hard open handed slap put Teresa into her place. She looked at Adolfo and realized he had just pissed himself so he was not going to be any threat. Adelina sat quietly crying wishing she was with Marco a real man and not with her sissy brother who couldn't protect a fly against a fly swatter. Mario Moretti crawled back to his chair and sat looking at the floor with his head in his hands.

"Teresa Moretti, you are one dumb cunt. You may have built a retail business, but when it comes to family politics you're still in nursery school." Apollonia returned to her chair, picked Alessa up, and sat the child back on her leg. She obnoxiously placed her left hand between the child's legs and cupped her cotton covered pussy. She saw the look on Teresa's face and knew the woman would not make any more trouble.

"Angelina is in the hospital because she made the mistake of taking umbrage with me and my position," said Apollonia. "She lied to you because Mario, that asshole sitting over there naked, told her to. She will not see the light of day when I return to New York, Teresa. If you want to know the truth, I'll have to kill you after I tell you. I've said this before and I'll say it again, Umberto died from a massive heart attack. I did not murder your husband and my uncle. You understand?"

Teresa Moretti, the wife of Umberto, was now sure Apollonia Moretti murdered her husband, but she knew if she continued to fight the idea of Umberto dying from a massive heart attack, she would end up dead like him. All she wanted now was to find out if she could bury him in Texas so when she died she could be put next to him.

"If I let you take Alessa to New York, would she be..." said Teresa.

"Alessa will become mine, Teresa. She is technically my half-sister, but I'm not that good with family tree hierarchy bullshit. Alessa will serve me until such time as I will release her to live her life as she pleases."

"And if I ask you to leave her here with me?" asked Teresa in a voice full of hope.

Apollonia heard her plea, "If she stays here, you will be responsible for her and if she ends up like Adelina, I will personally have my special surgeon sew yours and her cunt shut. She is special to me, Teresa. She is the product of your liaison with Mario. You have a couple of choices, Teresa."

"She goes with you and I express my fealty by doing what a lot of women do – kissing your pussy. She stays with me and I express my fealty by kissing your ass. I adhere to the Moretti rules and make sure she remains a virgin until she is married. What of my son and my other daughter?" asked Teresa.

"I'm sorry Teresa, but Adolfo is headed to Africa where he will service black men in a brothel. He's already pissed himself all over your leather couch. He will be neutered and if he is good I may allow him to keep his cock..."

"Nooooo!!!" cried Adolfo, "Please, give me a chance to change or at least give me a chance to be like Mario. Don't make me into a brothel whore!!! You're sentencing me to a death by AIDS!!! Please, Apollonia!!! Command me to do your bidding and I will without hesitation."

Apollonia's hand remained on Alessa's cotton covered pussy. The child remained quiet and rested her head against Apollonia's breast. Apollonia could sense the girl's awakening sexuality. Whenever she pressed her fingers against her cotton covered pussy, the girl would move her hips slightly in response to the wave of pleasure emanating from between her legs. Apollonia pondered Adolfo's request. Teresa decided she needed to show her son she was not against him living his life as a Moretti sissy. She reached for him, pulled him into her body, and just held him close. She did not say a word to him. She kissed him on his head several times and allowed him to whimper and whine quietly while they awaited a response from Apollonia.

"Adelina, do you think your brother would make a good feminized sissy?" Apollonia asked while trying to come to some sort of conclusion about him.

Adelina looked at her mother for guidance, but none was forthcoming. "I don't know, Apollonia. Why would I know if he'd be a good sissy?"

"Well, haven't you seen him dressed in lingerie? Haven't you witnessed him giving his mouth and boy-pussy to your boyfriend and his best friend?"

Teresa interjected, "Answer her Adelina. Don't fuck around or she'll make your life a living hell."

Apollonia nodded her head in agreement. Mario remained seated quietly staring at the floor. She noticed her coffee mug was empty so she gently allowed Alessa to slide off her leg so she could pour herself another mug full. When she leaned back she didn't have to ask Alessa to return to her lap. The child climbed up, opened her legs, and pulled Apollonia's hand into her crotch. Teresa's intake of breath signaled to Apollonia her acknowledgement that Alessa was now and forever part of Apollonia's family.

"Interesting, don't you think, Teresa?" asked Apollonia. "Seems the young one has made a decision."

While holding on to her broken son, Teresa broke down and begged Apollonia, "Please don't take her. She is all I have if you take Adolfo and Adelina from me. I'll do whatever you want. Take my business. Appoint a new Moretti man to service the couples in need of a man to provide potent seed. He can live here and use me as he sees fit. I'll never deny him. Just leave me enough to support this house and raise my daughter. Please, I beg you!!!"

Apollonia stood up and held Alessa so she could wrap her legs around her waist and her arms around her neck. She stepped away from the chair and stood looking at Teresa, Adolfo, and Adelina. Alessa was situated on her left hip so her left arm was under her bottom acting as a support. Apollonia made the first of her decisions.

"Teresa, prove yourself," said Apollonia. "Come here and tell everyone who the father of your third child is. Then reassure me of your subservient fealty to me by doing what all low life Moretti's have to do when meeting or departing from the leader of the family."

Teresa Moretti released the hold she had on her son, stood, and positioned herself in front of the woman who had proved too much for her. She wiped her eyes and said, "Alessa's father is Mario Moretti. Seven years ago I had a liaison with him when I thought I would never be able to conceive again. I lied to Umberto. I lied to my children. I lied to Alessa. Forgive me, Apollonia."

Apollonia reached out and touched Teresa on her shoulder. The woman fell to her knees and kissed Apollonia's right hand. She looked up to see the younger woman smiling and nodding her head. The slight movement of her body gave signal to Teresa to begin her act of contrition to Apollonia. She reached for the belt that surrounded Apollonia's waist. She opened it, released the button, and lowered the zipper. Apollonia took her by the back of her head and pressed the broken and abused woman's face into her crotch. Teresa Moretti didn't flinch or complain. The fragrance of Apollonia's pussy wafted up and into her nose which immediately caused her to get wet. Teresa took her hands and began to lower just the blue navy pin-striped pants. As much as she didn't want to perform as a submissive to this woman, her vaginal odor was one of the sweetest she'd ever smelled.

When Apollonia felt them gather at her ankles she released her hold on Teresa's head. The woman looked up into Apollonia's crotch. The space between her thighs was inviting to Teresa. She reached and in one easy movement lowered the lace boy short panties that covered the younger woman's charms. Teresa ran her hands over Apollonia's nylon covered thighs stopping to feel the softness of her skin when she passed over the lace tops of the navy thigh highs she was wearing. Before she leaned in to place her lips on Apollonia's pussy lips, Teresa looked up at the younger woman to confirm that she was performing as she was supposed to.

"First my pussy and then my asshole," whispered Apollonia. "You will forever show your submissiveness to me by performing both adulations to my superior pussy and ass. Teresa Moretti will forever call me Mistress. Teresa Moretti will forever suck my pussy and ass whenever she meets me or leaves from my presence. You may show me your undying devotion, bitch."

"Mistress," was her reply. She leaned in and for the first time licked a woman's cunt not out of need or sexual desire but because she was required to as a method of submissive honor to a better woman. Teresa shivered when she felt the dampness that pervaded the interior of Apollonia's womanhood. The taste was sweeter than she expected. She knew she was doing what her Mistress wanted when she felt her knees lower giving tongue easier access to her slit and her enlarged clitoris. Teresa sucked on Apollonia's clit as if it were a small cock. She maintained her licking and sucking until Apollonia made her move to her honor her asshole.

Again all Teresa Moretti said was, "Mistress". She moved on her knees to a position behind Apollonia. She looked at the small tight cheeks of Apollonia's ass, licked her lips, and for the first time in her life she placed her tongue between the globes of another individual's backside. The acrid taste of her ass made Teresa gag, but she held her fealty and continued to lick and suckle Apollonia's asshole. To make matters worse, Teresa felt Apollonia move forward at the waist opening her rear for easier access by her tongue. She knew Apollonia was not going to make this a short session as she wanted to make sure she had broken will of the wife of the man she murdered. To keep herself on task, Teresa Moretti placed her hands on Apollonia's hips and kept in the back of her mind the thought that one day she would get her revenge on the cunt who murdered her Umberto.

Apollonia whispered to Alessa, "See sweetie, your mother is lower than the bottom side of a calcified piece-of-dog shit. She knows she lied to her family and now she is paying. You sweet pea are going to come with me to live in New York." Alessa responded by holding onto Apollonia tighter while nodding her head in the affirmative.

Mario Moretti knew that Teresa Moretti's days were numbered and he knew he could do nothing to stop the carnage. If he read Apollonia correctly, Teresa would be dead in a matter of days not weeks, Adolfo and Adelina would start their individual trips by being housed in the basement of the 84th Street townhouse, and Alessa would be trained to be her lady in waiting. The Dallas/Fort Worth area would be usurped into the New York family's sphere of influence and none of the other Moretti family members on management team would be able to stop it from happening. Apollonia Moretti had begun the total takeover of the Moretti family businesses.

Thirteen long minutes Apollonia kept Teresa Moretti's tongue lapping at her ass. Adolfo and Adelina sat watching and crying because their mother had succumbed to Apollonia's dominance. Neither of the two older children knew what their fate would be as Apollonia had not verbalized her decision. They watched as their younger sister allowed this hellcat of a woman play with her sex. Finally Apollonia released Teresa from her duty as a low life Moretti wife and returned the broken woman to a place between her two children. The three Moretti family members sat with baited breath watching Apollonia gently caress the inner thighs of Alessa Moretti. Each of them was sexually stimulated and disgusted at the same time. Umberto Moretti had never pushed or cajoled his children into pedophilic encounters unless it was part of their Moretti training.

Apollonia handed Alessa to Mario, kissed her on her cheeks, and told her to remain with him even though he was naked as a jay bird. She stood staring at Teresa, Adolfo, and Adelina while contemplating if she was going to force any one of them or all of them to perform some deviant sexual activity for her pleasure. For a split second, she felt herself contemplating things that could be interpreted as being totally deviant. Apollonia was amazed that a small amount of vaginal fluid began to flow from her body. She shivered internally when she realized that she was heading down the slippery slope of sexual deviance and did not want to follow in her mother's footsteps.

"Here is my decision," said Apollonia, "The three of you will remain in the house until such time as I request your presence in New York City. Adelina, you will break your relationship with this Marco person..."

Adelina stood and screamed at Apollonia, "FUCK YOU... I WILL NOT..."

Her mother, brother, and Mario watched as Apollonia grabbed the youngster by her left ear before she could move to defend herself. Adelina cried out in pain as her ear was twisted and kept against its limit of movement. Apollonia kept the pressure on the teenager's ear just long enough to make her understand she had no possibility of retaliation. She kept her hand on Adelina's ear and just stared into the frightened teenager's eyes.

"Tell me what I expect of you," growled Apollonia.

Angelina moaned, "I will end my relationship with Marco. Please don't hurt me!!!"

Apollonia released her ear, placed her hand on the girl's chest, and pushed back onto the couch. Teresa Moretti threw her arms around the crying teenager and pulled her close to console her and calm her. Apollonia pulled her cell phone from her pocket. She looked at the Teresa and said, "Move from that couch while I'm out of the room and I'll fuckin' rip your tits from your body. Understand?"

All three Texas Moretti's nodded their head. Not one said anything out of fear of what the psychotic bitch would do to any or all of them. What they didn't know was the reason for Apollonia's phone call. They watched as she strode out of the family room while pressing the speed dial number for whom they did not know.

"Colin... No time for bullshit, sissy... I need you to call the airlines and book a one way ticket back to New York for Alessa Moretti... If a first class seat is not available, book coach and move Mario to the back of the airplane... Just send a text message confirming... Talk to you later..."

After her conversation with Colin, Apollonia called Viviano.

"Hey, I need you to do something for me... Now, Viviano, not later, I don't rightly give a shit what you have on your plate... I need for you to go to 84th Street... I want you to call me from there... I have a message for Giuseppe and you need to make sure he complies... In fact, you and Sonny may have to take a road trip... Call me the minute you get there..."

Apollonia returned to the family room and found Teresa still holding the teary eyed Adelina. Adolfo sat curled against the other side of his mother, his pants wet from when he pissed himself, whimpering to her that he was sorry for not defending the family against the psycho bitch from New York. Apollonia went to Mario, took Alessa from his arms, and told him he could get dressed. She sat down and began to gently bounce the young girl on her knee. The sound of her laughter was in total contravention to the anger seething from her mother, brother, and sister. Apollonia made funny faces, cooed, and tickled the laughing little girl. Teresa Moretti was flabbergasted as she watched the woman who ten minutes earlier was about to rip the left ear of her teenaged daughter's head play with her baby. Her heart pounded and her head exploded in pain when she concluded again that she was going to lose Alessa.

The sound of Apollonia's cell phone ringing broke the play time with Alessa which had gone on for some forty-five minutes. She pulled the phone into her body and placed the phone against her right ear. She heard Viviano's voice telling her he was at the townhouse.

"Put Giuseppe on the phone... Asshole, I need for you to make the van ready for a trip... You'll be leaving immediately... I don't give two fucks about Sienna... She will be fine... SHE IS NOT YOUR CONCERN RIGHT NOW ASSWIPE!!! That's better... Viviano and Sonny will accompany you... Put Viviano on the phone... Is he ok??? Fuck him... You are to go back to Columbus Place, pick up Sonny, and the three of you will drive directly without stopping to Umberto and Teresa Moretti's house in Frisco, Texas... You are picking up three people... Yes, you're right... I'll talk to you before I get on the plane back to Kennedy..."

Apollonia closed the cell phone. She decided to advise Teresa, Adolfo, and Adelina of her decision.

"Ok, where was I," she said as she gently began to bounce Alessa on her knee again, "Adelina is going to make sure that she is not with this Marco ever again. I don't want to have to explain to the authorities why his head is permanently inserted into his ass. Adolfo is going to make sure he takes care of his mother and his sister. I am appointing you as their caretaker until such time as I relieve you of your duty."

Adolfo sat on the couch rapidly nodding his head as his thoughts went to what would be his punishment if he failed. Adelina continued to sob and press herself into her mother's body for support. Teresa Moretti finally put two-and-two together, but she did not express what she knew was her fate. Her primary goal was the care of her children until such time as they were under the physical control of Apollonia Moretti.

"If my calculations are correct, sometime late tomorrow a van will arrive with three men. You are to listen to them and do exactly as they instruct you. The three of you will be transported by that van to New York City where you will be housed for the foreseeable future..."

Teresa Moretti moved her daughter from her side, sat up, and said, "New York City??? Why can't we stay here in Texas??? This is our home, Apollonia. I've given you everything you've asked. What more do you want?"

Apollonia ignored her pleas. "Tonight when I return to New York, Alessa will accompany me and I will care for and raise her as if she were my own. Tomorrow I will contact my attorney to draw up documents for the following. One, Alessa will be legally adopted by me. Two, Teresa will sign over this house and all other real estate assets owned by Umberto alone or in partnership with Teresa Moretti to me. Three, Teresa will sign over all the businesses owned and operated by Umberto and her. Four, all bank accounts, brokerage accounts will be transferred to me. Five, each one of you will sign a document defining your acceptance of your indentured servitude to me as the head of the Moretti family."

Teresa looked into Apollonia's face and hopefully into her soul, and said, "Would you allow Adolfo to go upstairs, shower, and change? It is getting pretty ripe in here."

Apollonia nodded her approval. Adolfo kissed his mother before he rose to go upstairs to shower and change out of his piss drenched pants.

"Please," continued Teresa, "let Adelina take Alessa upstairs so I can talk to you alone. If you don't trust her, then let Mario go with them. Even better, let Mario oversee my son's shower and then they all can wait in the solarium until we're done. Please..."

Apollonia looked at Mario, "Mario, fuck this up and it's the basement for you."

The two women watched Mario pick up Alessa and then guide the still shaken Adelina out of the family room. Apollonia remained seated and watched Teresa Moretti sink herself deeper into a role she's never had to perform whether it was as a wannabe actor or in real life. She slid off the couch and crawled over to a spot in front of Apollonia Moretti.

"I know," said Teresa her voice filled with fear and dread, "I know you murdered my husband. I never thought you'd come to my house and threaten my children. If you have to take your pound of flesh, take me, but please don't hurt my children. Adolfo and Adelina are good kids. I know they broke the code, but today's youth are nothing like when we were raised." Teresa Moretti placed hands on Apollonia's knees, bowed her head into her legs, and sobbed softly. "I beseech you, Apollonia. Please, don't do anything to hurt them."

Apollonia took her hands and placed them on Teresa's head. She rested them gently on the back of her head and the rotated them until her palms were against her temples. She pressed just hard enough to let Teresa know what she could do to her. Apollonia took her hands from the woman's head and rested them on her thighs. Teresa Moretti raised her head, looked into Apollonia's eyes, and by closing hers gave Apollonia silent permission to take her life if she so pleased.

"Before I decide your fate, Teresa," said Apollonia, "tell me who informed you that I murdered Umberto."

She opened her eyes, "I swear on my children's lives, Angelina called me to tell me what happened on Columbus Place that Thursday. She told me every detail."

"She wasn't there, Teresa," said Apollonia. "She was at my house when your husband died. The only people in Mario's house were the Moretti Management Council, Mario, and me." Apollonia reached for the woman's face and when she flinched she made sure she took hold of Teresa's neck just below her jaw line. "I will ask you one last time, Teresa. Who told you I murdered Umberto?"

Her hands flew from Apollonia's knees to the wrist of her right hand which was pressing against the sides of Teresa's neck. Her eyes were filled with fear. Her body shook and like her son she could not keep her bladder from emptying itself all over the floor.

"I swear on my children's lives, Apollonia," whined the totally frightened woman. "I swear I received a call from Angelina that night. Please, please, please, believe me. I have no reason to lie, especially with my children's lives at stake."

Apollonia released the woman's neck. She looked into her eyes and could see that she was telling the truth. In her mind she knew Mario had put Angelina up to making the call. He had to give her a blow-by-blow description of what happened so she could repeat it to Teresa. She wouldn't put it past Mario to have been sitting with Angelina when she made the call to Teresa. Angelina will confess to her and she will suffer for her stupidity. She would place upon Mario's lips the kiss of death.

"Teresa Moretti, I believe you," said Apollonia, "but, I will not change my decision about you and your children."

"Adolfo is nineteen years old and under Moretti law he is a Moretti man because he successfully passed through the Rite of Passage. His lifestyle choice leaves me no wiggle room, Teresa. I am forced by Moretti family history to have him emasculated and forced into a brothel. He will serve until he dies most likely of AIDS."

"Adelina is a slightly different issue, but she too broke the bond of her birth as a Moretti woman. The small piece of flesh that guarded the entrance to her body was not something to be given away lightly. What is worse is her fornicating with her own brother which because of stupidity could have ended up with a pregnancy. Add to that her listening to her teenage boyfriend and giving herself like a whore to his friends on the football team. Again, I am forced by Moretti family history to take from her what she desired by sending her to a monastery in Italy where she will have to give herself to the men of the cloth. I know from my readings that they will abuse her while they satisfy their carnal needs. Any child born of her copulations will be branded and sent somewhere to live a life of destitution, hunger, and physical and emotional pain. That is not my decision, but the decision of the Holy Father and has been passed down to the Moretti family since the time of the Borgia papacy."

"Alessa will be raised by me and be taught to serve me as my Lady in Waiting. She will not be in line to assume my position of power for that is reserved for my offspring. Her role until she reaches puberty will be to serve me as I see fit. Today you saw her open herself to me when she took my hand and placed it on her sex. When she passes through puberty I will make a decision about her future. The one thing I will tell you is she will be very well taken care of especially since she is the product of Mario's liaison with you and therefore, my half-sister."

Her cheeks covered in tears, Teresa asked in a quiet voice full of dread, "What about me?"

Apollonia placed her hand on Teresa's face and gently patted it as she spoke, "You will take care of them until the van I have coming here with three men arrives sometime late tomorrow night. You will not try to stop the inevitable. Nothing will happen to Alessa because she is leaving with me, but I cannot say what will happen to Adolfo, Adelina, or you if you make these men's time here difficult. You will be driven to New York City where you will be housed in the basement of a townhouse the Moretti family owns. Sometime within the next few days or weeks, you sign the documents relinquishing all your assets to me. You and your children will then sign documents that will place each of you into indentured servitude to me. I will give you ample opportunity to be with your children before they are taken from you never to be seen again by any member of the Moretti family. I will be the only person on the planet that

can make contact with them. If you do as you are told, I will take that into consideration when I make my final decision concerning your fate. As of now, Teresa Conti, you are lucky to be alive."

With her face buried in her hands, Teresa Moretti cried, sobbed, and then begged Apollonia's forgiveness, not for herself, but for her children. When Apollonia would not answer her pleas she fell to the floor in a fetal position and cried while continuing to try and get the daughter of the man who gave to her the precious child Alessa to relent and allow her children to live a semblance of a normal life. She knew her pleading was done when Apollonia stood and walked out of the family room. Teresa Moretti upon hearing Apollonia call her by her maiden name wished she was dead.

The rest of the day was spent sitting in the family room in complete silence except for the occasional cell phone call received by Apollonia. Alessa Moretti cuddled with Apollonia on the couch while Teresa, Adolfo, and Adelina tried to make something good out of a very bad situation. Teresa took the time to talk with her children to try and explain that they were going to New York to live and serve the Moretti family instead of living their life as they had in Texas. Both Adolfo and Adelina tried to keep their chins held high, but they both knew that their life as they knew it was over. Mario Moretti had taken the time to explain to each of them the consequences if they tried to run, call the authorities, or commit suicide.

When the time came for Apollonia, Alessa, and Mario to leave for the airport, Teresa Moretti grabbed hold of Apollonia's left leg at the ankle to beg her anew to not take her youngest child. She felt the ankle holster and froze. Her thoughts went to trying to get the gun and using it to stop the craziness of the day. Apollonia Moretti saw her freeze and knew she was thinking. Teresa's mistake was pausing ever so slightly before trying to release the Beretta from the ankle holster. Apollonia used her right leg to kick Teresa hard enough to get her to release her hold on her left ankle. Before she could roll to a kneeling position, Teresa felt the barrel of the Beretta against her temple.

"Would you prefer I do you now, Teresa? You know two things happen when I end the life of someone I don't like. I have a full body orgasm so deep and long my vaginal secretions end up covering my interior thighs from my crotch to my knees. Then I get ravenously hungry. I haven't had an orgasm today and I really could use one. What do you say?" said Apollonia after which she looked over to see Adolfo and Adelina crossing themselves and praying. Mario had picked up Alessa and pressed her face into his chest so she would not witness what could be a very messy situation.

"You fuckin' psycho bitch," was Teresa Conti's last words before Apollonia kicked her hard enough to knock her unconscious.

"FUCK," screamed Apollonia. She pulled out her cell phone and called Colin in New York. "Colin, cancel the tickets on tonight's flight. Arrange a private jet for tonight and I don't care how much it fuckin' costs. Fly us into MacArthur on the Island and not into Teterboro. There will be three adults, two teenagers, and a child flying tonight. Do you know if Viviano picked up Sonny? Fuck, how long ago? Good, we can turn them around and they'll have time to get to MacArthur. Call the leasing company, have them pick up the Aston Martin, and drop off a van of some kind. Don't fuckin' question me about money, Colin. Just do it and call me back ASAP, bitch."

"Adelina, get some water to wake up your mother," said Apollonia. "We'll all be flying to New York tonight on a private jet. Might as well go into the kitchen and make something to eat. I'm famished."

Thirty-five minutes later Apollonia's cell phone rang. Colin advised her he could not get her out of Texas until early the next morning. He told her the leasing company would exchange vehicles within the hour and that they were going to charge her an additional fifteen hundred dollars to make it happen. She wanted to know why they couldn't get out tonight and Colin told her the private airline the Moretti family always used did not have equipment readily available. Apollonia understood and didn't get all bent out of shape because the private airline was just that private. Whatever the Moretti family asked of the owners it was done as quick as humanly possible, quietly, and without question. Returning to New York via air early on Thursday morning was an acceptable alternative to waiting for the van to arrive and possibly having to face a massive cleanup job.

Apollonia Moretti knew she would have to make one additional phone call to a Moretti family friend who would provide her with three syringes of a long lasting sedative or an oral type of sedative she could put into their

drinks after they boarded the airplane. She was not going to allow Teresa, Adolfo, or Adelina to remain awake during the van ride and/or the flight to New York. When they awoke each of them would be housed in one of the basement cells, naked, and chained by an ankle to the wall. In her head she noted that it was paramount that Ming and her children be vacated from the townhouse and into the house on Columbus Place.

To keep everything and everyone under control, Apollonia forced everyone to eat together and then huddle together in the family room. It was going to be a long night and she instructed Mario that he was responsible for Alessa. Teresa, Adolfo, and Adelina were ordered to retrieve pillows and blankets from their respective rooms so they had something to keep them comfortable when they finally fell asleep. Apollonia made sure she had endless mugs of black coffee which she knew she'd need to stay awake.

The first of two interruptions came when the leasing company arrived with an eight person van in exchange for the Aston Martin Vanquish. The entire transaction took a whole ten minutes and one very amazed driver had his first ever chance to drive an Aston Martin Vanquish back to the leasing company's headquarters. Apollonia eyed the van and knew she'd have a problem because the vehicle had windows all the way around. She realized she should have ordered Colin to request a panel van. Apollonia returned to the house having learned something new about the best methodology to move people without being caught.

The second interruption came at 9:10PM when the front door bell sounded. Apollonia saw Adelina perk up and she immediately knew that the young girl was expecting her boyfriend. Adelina made a move to get up and go to the front door, but was stopped by Apollonia's hard stare. Her reaction was immediate and unpredictable.

Under her breath, Adelina said, "Cunt!!!"

Before Apollonia went to answer the front door, she went over to where Adelina reclined on the floor, leaned over, and grabbed the teenager's right tit. She found the nipple under the thin material of her shirt and bra whereupon she squeezed and twisted causing an immediate rush of pain. Adelina cried out feeling a pain that she never felt before and began to cry uncontrollably. When Apollonia released the nipple she didn't need to express her dissatisfaction with the girl's attempt to curse her out. Apollonia turned and walked to the front entry hall and opened the door.

"Whoa, man," said a startled Marco, "who dropped you into the Moretti house?"

Standing on the front porch underneath the portico was Adelina's boyfriend and Adolfo's lover and best friend. Apollonia was a bit taken with the nineteen year old. He stood six foot two, dark brown hair, brown eyes, and had the pure color of an Italian from the southern regions of Italy. His dress, his demeanor, and the first words out of his mouth when he saw her told her that he was an Alfa-male. Everyone, when they meet someone for the first time, always scans the individual from his shoes to the top of their head. She paused ever so momentarily to check out his package.

Sweetly, eyes twinkling, she said, "Step in and how may I help you?"

Marco Mario Marinelli stepped into the house, turned, and said, "I would give anything to know your name, because you have been sent from heaven." He offered his hand after Apollonia closed the door which she took as he introduced himself, "My name is Marco Marinelli. Pleasure to make you acquaintance."

His grip was strong but no overpowering. Apollonia sized up the young man and in a matter of seconds knew he was no match for her martial arts expertise. She returned a slightly greater amount of pressure on his hand which was enough for him to relax his grip and pull his hand back to his side. His eyes showed a momentary level of fear, then questioning, and then relaxation. Apollonia smiled but did not make any effort to invite the strapping teenager into the house.

Marco Marinelli witnessed the change in Apollonia's demeanor when she asked, "Again, Marco Marinelli, how may I help you?"

"Um, I'm here to pick up Adelina Moretti," he said his voice cracking with a new found level of fear. "We were going to go to visit some friends."

"Visit some friends," said Apollonia, "on a school night? Or, were you just coming over to take her out to get some?"

Before he could answer, Adelina Moretti ran into the foyer and grabbed a hold of her boyfriend. She started babbling, "Marco, she's a crazy bitch. She's sending me to a monastery in Italy. Marco, please..."

He watched frozen in place as Apollonia took Adelina by her ear and repeated the twisting motion the girl suffered from previously that day. Adelina tried but failed to maintain her hold on her strapping boyfriend. When her arms flew up to her face to try and get the pain to cease Apollonia placed her left leg behind the unsuspecting teen and pushed her backwards onto her ass. Her next move proved to Marco that the magnificent woman who answered the door was no one to provoke into a fight.

Apollonia grabbed Marco by his genitals. She squeezed as hard as she could causing the teenager to tear and then scream from the pain rising from his crotch. Apollonia held on to his denim covered manhood, "Marco Marinelli, care to tell me what I should do?"

"Please," he cried, "let go of me. I didn't do anything to you."

Adelina screamed, "You fuckin' cunt, let go of him. He didn't do anything to you is right."

Adelina Moretti stood and began to throw ineffective punches at Apollonia's side and back. The commotion in the foyer finally brought Mario, Teresa, and Adolfo into the mix. The three stood open mouthed and wide eyed at the scene. Adelina was screaming at Apollonia while trying to connect with her ineffective punches. Marco Marinelli was red faced and in obvious pain as his genitals were being crushed by Apollonia's right hand.

"ENOUGH!!!" cried Mario, "ENOUGH, APOLLNIA!!! LET GO NOW!!!"

For some amazing reason, Apollonia Moretti released her hold on Marco's crotch. She watched as he stumbled backwards trying to protect his family jewels at the same time he was feeling the immediate reduction in genital pain. Teresa Moretti went to her middle child and took her into her arms. She did this not to console her, but to keep her from doing something stupid like getting herself killed. Adolfo stood red faced his hands protecting his genitals in sympathy with Marco the boy he loved more than anything else on the face of the Earth.

Several minutes later, Marco Marinelli finally got control of his physical being and slumped down onto the lower steps of the circular staircase. His right hand was still between his open legs in an infantile and useless attempt to protect his genitals. His eyes travelled from Apollonia to Teresa and back to Apollonia. His face was contorted still but his eyes questioned why he was assaulted for just coming to visit. He sat for a good ten minutes before he spoke.

"What the fuck just happened?" asked Marco.

Adelina was about to answer when her mother held her mouth and said, "You've just met our cousin Apollonia. She wasn't expecting you Marco and for that matter neither was I."

"Adelina sent me a text message," he replied "she asked me to come over to see her that it was extremely important, but not important enough to get my ball crushed. What the fuck?"

Apollonia looked at the crowd and said, "Back to the family room. Not a word. I'll take care of Mr. Marinelli."

Apollonia watched as the Moretti family and Mario walked back to the rear of the house and the family room. She decided to sit next to the young man at the base of the steps and just as she got somewhat comfortable her cell phone rang. She pulled it from her pocket, flipped it open, and listened for a moment.

"Ming... Sorry sweetness, but I'm stuck in fucked up Texas until tomorrow morning... Ah, no, it did not go as planned... Listen, I have some business to take care of right now... How about I call you later or first thing tomorrow morning, like when you get the boys ready for school... Great, yes, you know I do..."

"Excuse me, Marco," said Apollonia all sugary and sweet, "that was a special friend, someone you'd love to meet, but alas, you're not going to because you have to make a decision. First, is your manliness feeling better?"

"Yeah," he replied, "if I had known I was walking into a fuckin' crazy house, I would have worn a cup."

"But you didn't come here ready for a fight, now did you, Marco?" asked Apollonia.

"Ah no," he replied. "I came here because Adelina said she needed me here for some reason that would become apparent."

Apollonia turned catty-corner on the step to face Marco. She reached for his cheek and laid her right hand against it. She could feel the stubble of his beard against the softness of her palm. Apollonia smiled and immediately saw Marco relax and his hand move to his crotch. Her tight lipped smile said it all. Marco Marinelli was not thinking about Adelina at all, but he was conjuring up the image of him lying on top of her pounding his nineteen year old cock into and out of her cunt.

"So, big boy," said Apollonia, "want to fuck me?" She kept her hand against his face. Her eyes searched his looking for telltale signs she could use against him.

Marco's eyes widened and the corner of his lips rose imperceptibly but just enough to send a positive signal back to the beauty sitting next to him. He closed his eyes, licked his lips, and replied, "Who wouldn't want to make love to a beautiful woman like you."

Apollonia leaned in and kissed the startled Marco on his lips. She kept her hand on his cheek as she pressed her closed mouth against his. When she felt his hands move to her body she pulled back and before he could respond dropped her hand between his legs. She pressed the palm against his balls just enough to get his attention.

"Tell me, Marco, how do you keep Adelina from learning about the girl you truly consider you girlfriend?" Apollonia tapped her fingers against the young man's testicles.

Marco not wanting to feel the pain he had felt a few minutes before answered, "I only see Adelina during the week and on Friday nights. My girlfriend is away at boarding school so I can easily keep the two apart."

"So," sighed Apollonia, "you just fuck her because she's available. What about Adolfo? He just a plaything for you or are you really just a bitch like he is?"

Marco's face changed radically. He became pale and flushed. His breathing started to labor as he thought about the ramifications if the world learned about his taste for male assholes. Marco needed to figure a way out of the situation he was in, but was at a total loss as to how he could resolve it. His breathing became ragged and Apollonia knew she had struck a raw nerve in the young man.

She removed her hand from between his legs and returned it to his cheek, "Marco, how many boys are you having sex with? It isn't just Adolfo now isn't it?"

"I'm not a fag," he finally got out, "I'm partial to allowing men suck my cock and if they want it, I have no problem stuffing their faggot asses. I have never, and I repeat never, touched or sucked another man or boy's cock. What can I say an orgasm is an orgasm especially when it isn't instituted by me jerking off."

"I can accept that, Marco, but," Apollonia paused, rubbed his cheek, patted it, and said, "you have to make a choice based upon two options. You can stay here tonight fuck both Adolfo and Adelina in front of everyone or you can beg me to let you leave never to mention a thing about anyone you met here tonight. I promise you that news of

your stupidity will find me in New York City and that wonderful piece of Italian sausage will end up in a jar on my mantle. Be a good boy and maybe, just maybe two things will happen."

Marco Marinelli eyed her and asked, "What could happen?"

Her hand migrated back to his crotch, "You could fuck me and you could become my bitch. When you become my bitch you will have oodles of women to fuck and sometimes you could even fuck their husbands. Just keep your mouth shut about tonight."

She felt his cock twitch and pressed her palm against his growing erection. Apollonia could feel his size and was impressed with the young man's appendage. Marco could not stop his rising sexual stimulation. He moved to give Apollonia easier access to his denim covered manhood. She laughed to herself when she thought about the number of men who have fallen into total submission to a woman just because they were thinking with their cocks and not with their brains.

He said in a whisper, "Just don't say anything about tonight and I could be between your legs?"

Apollonia chuckled, "Not now big boy, but if you do as I say I'll let you jerk off for me, now. And sometime in the future, I'll return and you will spend a night with me making passionate love. I mean you're gettin' harder and I can see the frustration on your face."

"Umm, what about..." he said. Marco took a deep breath, held it, released it, and said, "Fuck you, I'm no dope. I don't know what is going on here, but just let me leave and I promise..."

Apollonia lowered her hand to his balls and squeezed just enough to make him wince, "I have the power Marco. I can with a simple phone call end everything near and dear to you. You have no idea of what that little cunt got you involved with. These two orbs I have in my hand are meaningless objects to me. They are what makes you who you are and you're sittin' there praying I don't crush them. The pain will be momentary but extreme in the utmost. You'll awake in the hospital and the nurses will be heartbroken that a stud like you is now a eunuch. They'll explain to you that to maintain your manliness you're going to need to take daily shots of testosterone or if you don't, you'll become a little fatter and more feminine. You won't be the first asshole whose balls I've crushed."

Marco's eyes flew open as did his mouth. The pain he felt was tolerable and he was amazed how this beautiful creature could keep the pressure just at the point of his feeling just a small amount of pain. He didn't know what to do with his hands until he put them by his ears and began to shake his head from side-to-side. Marco did not want to lose his balls, but something strange was happening to him. He felt his cock get extremely hard and it was getting quite uncomfortable because it was stuck in a position that did not allow it to expand easily. His balls ached, his cock was hard, and his mind wanted to scream and fuck the bitch that had him by his gonads.

"Please, whatever your name is," moaned Marco, "just let me go. I promise I will never mention being here tonight. Just let go of my balls!!!"

"Damn Marco," said Apollonia to the red faced teen that sat pleading with her to release his genitals, "I think you're about to spew your boy juice into your underpants. You're torn between the pain I'm inflicting and your desire to throw me on the floor and fuck me. Don't lie to me, boy."

"Oh my God, what did that cunt get me into," cried Marco. "Please stop this game you're playing. I want to go home. Please!!!"

And then it happened. Marco Marinelli broke out in tears and ejaculated into his underpants. He groaned in pleasure and pain as his balls released his seed. Apollonia didn't release the pressure until she saw his cock stop throbbing beneath his jeans. Taking pity on the young man she released his balls, "You understand that I don't need to be in Texas to make your life miserable. You just fuckin' ejaculated because you wanted to fuck me as well as have me control you. Funny thing Marco, you're not so different from the men I've come in contact with in my twenty-eight years. Did I make my point and do you accept my terms?"

He looked into Apollonia's magnificent eyes and moaned to himself as he took in her beauty, "Yes, you made your point and I understand and accept your terms. Can I go now?"

Apollonia stood offered her hand to the young man which he refused.

"Can I say good-bye to Adolfo and Adelina?" he asked after he stood up and felt the warm cum that was coating the crease that formed at his right hip.

"No, Marco," said Apollonia. "From this moment on, Teresa, Adolfo, Adelina, and Alessa are no longer people you associate with. Forget them and if you're asked..."

"Feign stupidity," interjected Marco.

"Correct. Be a good boy and I promise you can rule Dallas and beyond with my help. Oh, one question, how big are you?" asked Apollonia.

"Just under nine inches," replied Marco.

"Protect it, do as I just told you, respond to me when I contact you, and I promise you when you're my age you'll be the wealthiest nine incher in Texas. Now let yourself out and never return," said Apollonia.

Walking a bit stilted due to the residual pain and stickiness of his cum coated hip, Marco Marinelli made his exit from the Moretti house. He didn't look back until he had to when he opened the door to his Mustang convertible. He saw the woman who just caused him to spew his seed into his pants standing at the front door watching him depart. His cock twitched and he moaned remembering her hold on his psyche. Marco Marinelli got into his car, started it, and made a quick exit from the circular driveway in front of his friend's house. His first thought was driving someplace where he could drop his jeans and clean the drying cum from his skin.

Apollonia watched as the Ford Mustang roared down the driveway. When it had disappeared down the street she locked the doors and returned to the family room. Mario was seated on the couch with Alessa's head on his thigh. She was sound asleep. Teresa, Adolfo, and Adelina were seated on the floor each caught up in their own world. Neither of them acknowledged Apollonia's return. Satisfied that she had them under control, Apollonia sat on the couch and made it obvious to them she was not going to allow them to do anything but fall asleep where they sat.

To make sure they understood, Apollonia said, "We will be in the van no later than 5:00AM. The private jet should be waiting at the private section of the airport. I suggest you get some sleep because if you want to have a test of wills with me by staying up, I'm going to win."

Apollonia watched the three Dallas Moretti's hug and kiss each other before they individually covered themselves with their blankets. The first to fall asleep was Adolfo, then Adelina, and finally Teresa. Their order of falling asleep said something about their ability to cope with the unknown. Apollonia moved and repositioned Alessa so she was sleeping on her thigh instead of Mario's so she could keep her hand on the tot's head. This way she could fantasize about the girl and hopefully induce a small orgasm so she could maintain her level of consciousness. She knew she'd be able to get some sleep when they were airborne and the Dallas Moretti's were in a drugged induced stupor.