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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 103

Sunday Morning – Columbus Place – 2 March 2003

Mario Moretti woke up on his own at 6:32AM. He arose from his bed, his cock erect and standing away from his body, and in need of relief. If his wife was in bed beside him, he would have rolled over and taken her, but the only relief he was going to get was standing in front of the toilet relieving his bladder. He washed his face, brushed his teeth, and quietly walked to the guest room to see Angelina. The door was closed. He did not knock because it was his house and she was his guest even though she was his employee. He opened the door and immediately stepped back and almost fell over the railing to the great room floor below. It took a good fifteen minutes for Mario to calm down enough before he could reenter the room.

Angelina lay in the middle of the bed, naked, blood pooled between her legs, and quite dead. Inserted into her vagina were two wire hangers which were open so the curved metal could be slid into her vaginal opening. Mario approached the end of the bed, but did not touch anything. He could see she used the wire to cut the interior of her vagina as if she was trying to give herself an abortion. The amount of blood that was pooled between her legs told him she must have worked hard to penetrate herself so she could bleed so profusely. Mario Moretti made the sign of the cross, said a short prayer, and backed out of the room. He returned to his room, picked up the phone, and called Apollonia.

Colin was up but not out of bed. The ceaseless ringing of the phone in the kitchen was the emptiest to get him up and answer the phone. He heard Mario's voice and knew something was amiss. Colin told Mario that Apollonia was not at home, but he knew where he could reach her. Mario agreed to stay by the phone until Apollonia called him.

Colin dialed Apollonia's cell phone three times. She did not answer which meant she either turned it off or was ignoring the ringing. He knew better than to get dressed and knock on Ming's door, but that seemed to be the only solution. The sound of Mario's voice was more than enough to make his decision. Five minutes later he was dressed and at Ming's back door. He knocked several times before he opened the door and stepped into the mud room. The

house was eerily silent which could only mean everyone was still asleep. As much as his wife did not want to acknowledge Mario as her father, the pain in his voice when he called her house was again enough to make Colin let his presence be known.

He walked from the kitchen, into the great room, up the stairs closest to the master bedroom, and knocked on the door. Colin held his breath and waited. When no one came he knocked a little harder, opened the door just a sliver, and said loud enough to be heard, "Apollonia, Apollonia. Please, I think there is an emergency at Mario's house."

Apollonia wrapped in a blanket came to the door. When she saw her husband's face she knew he was scared to be interrupting her and it also showed his concern for what he believed happened at the main house. She disarmed him by smiling and keeping her eyes soft.

"What is it Colin?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, Apollonia," he said softly, "Mario called the house looking for you. I think something horrible happened there. I could hear it in his voice. He said he needs you immediately."

"How did he sound?" asked Apollonia. "Colin, you know how strong my father can be especially in a dire situation."

Colin looked at the floor, prayed for a moment, and without looking up said, "I could hear fear in his voice like I've never heard before Appy. The man sounded frightened."

"Ok," said Apollonia. "Go home. I'll call Mario from here before I come home to get dressed."

Colin left as quietly as he entered. Apollonia returned to Ming's bed, lifted the phone, and called Mario's house. The conversation was short and one sided. Ming was lying on her side with the duvet pulled up around her body. She had heard the conversation and knew the love of her life would be telling her she needed to leave and go to Mario's house. She rolled onto her back when Apollonia put the phone in the cradle, raised her arms, and beckoned her into an embrace.

"This is going to make me love you more, Appy," said Ming. "My desire to be with you will always be frustrated by your position to serve the needs of the Moretti family. Kiss me and go. The boys will be up soon and the day will begin. I love you."

Apollonia touched her face before she kissed her. "I love you too Ming."

Apollonia trotted down Columbus Place from her house wearing her winter coat, but feeling good about the slight rise in the outside ambient temperature. She wasn't dressed to meet anyone. Her primary objective was finding out what had happened in Mario's house. Apollonia entered the back door, dropped her winter coat on the floor, and went directly to the master bedroom.

Mario Moretti sat on the bed not moving. He was in his pajamas and a bathrobe. He saw Apollonia enter and before she could say or do anything he put his hands up, palms out. He said, "I'm not responsible. You have to believe me. I'm not responsible."

"Responsible for what?" asked Apollonia.

Mario stood, "Follow me."

Apollonia followed Mario to the room that Angelina lie dead in. Just as they got to the door he stepped back towards the railing and held his arm out telling her to enter before him. Apollonia frowned but continued to the door and stopped dead in her tracks. She caught her breath, turned to Mario, back to the death scene on the bed, and back to Mario a second time. She could see the pool of blood and the hangers inserted into Angelina's vagina. Apollonia wondered if the asshole that used to be her father went off the deep end and sexually abused Angelina.

Apollonia looked at the floor before she walked in to check for blood in case Mario had inadvertently touched the bed or Angelina's body. The pussy tubes were lying on the floor between the bed and the door. Apollonia noted that they were not around Mario's genitals, but decided to remain quiet about it until it was appropriate to say something. She walked to the end of the bed and then to the left side which was Angelina's right. The bed sheets were soaked in blood, but the duvet was spotless. She did not touch Angelina's body, but she stared hard at her face and hands. There were bruises on her cheeks and around her right eye. Apollonia knew that she was slapped numerous times hard enough to cause the bruising. Her hands showed no cuts or bruises that could be determined to be defensive wounds by the Medical Examiner.

There was a small envelope on the night table next to the bed. Apollonia picked it up and read on the face of the envelope 'To Who Ever Finds Me'. She looked back to where Mario stood and creased her forehead and sneered at him. Apollonia opened the envelope to find a single sheet of writing paper. She unfolded the paper and read what was written on it:

If you are reading this note, then I am dead.

Last night Mario Moretti raped me in a fit of sexual need, sadistic lust, and power. I was not a willing participant. I am horrified that he would take his vengeance out on me because he lost his position and could not control his youngest daughter. He beat me about my face as he raped me. He called me names that I dare not repeat here. I suffered because of his sadomasochistic needs. As I write this note, I am in physical and emotional pain. I am suffering because I thought I meant something to him, but tonight I found out I'm nothing but a battering ram and a hole to fuck.

To Mario Moretti – I have taken from you the opportunity to wreak havoc on me because you get sexually stimulated hurting someone as you fuck them. You are a pig. I hope you rot in hell.

To Apollonia Moretti – Your father forced me to call Teresa Moretti in Texas. He threatened me and used physical force to get me to comply. Before he forced himself on me, he removed the pink pussy tubes and chortled at how he was going to make you pay for his removal from the leadership of the Moretti family. You beat me just like your father did, but for a different reason. You are a pig. I hope you rot in hell.

My justice is that I have taken from both of you the ability to end my life.

Apollonia reread the note. There was no signature. The handwriting was Angelina's and was not as beautifully scripted as she was taught to do in Catholic School. The shape of the letters and the words expressed the pain she felt as she wrote the words. She tried to read between the lines to see if Angelina was telling the truth about her rape. Was she being vindictive because she willingly gave herself to Mario and he took out his frustrations by slapping her as he fornicated? Apollonia knew she was correct when she stated the reasoning behind Apollonia's attack on her. When she was done with the second read she walked out of the room and closed the door behind her. Mario saw her face and could not discern her mental state. He found out when she walked up to him and slapped him across the face several times.

"Get your fuckin' ass downstairs you fuckin' asshole," growled Apollonia. "Into the breakfast room, sit at the table, and don't you fuckin' move a muscle because if you do, I'll rip your balls from between your legs and shove them down your throat."

Mario Moretti didn't respond to his daughter. He side-stepped to the staircase and made his way into the breakfast room. Apollonia returned to the room to pick up the pink sissy tubes. A minute later she was following Mario into the back of the house. Mario sat in his usual seat which precipitated another face slapping from Apollonia. This time Mario felt the sharp pain her hands induced on his face. He stood and moved from the seat that is always reserved for the head of the Moretti family. Mario understood why people would cower and release their bladder when physically beat by his petite younger daughter.

The first phone call Apollonia made was to her sister. She ordered Viviano to the house without any explanation. The second call was to a connection in the Nassau County Police Department. The call was longer than she expected because she had awoken him from a sound sleep. When he realized who he was talking to the Detective Captain said he would make all the necessary calls. She informed him that she expected a low key arrival at the gate to Columbus Place. She then called her Uncle Gino the undertaker. He informed her that he would not be able to take the body because it would be transported to the Medical Examiner's office for autopsy. Apollonia thanked him and made arrangements for him to be contacted when the Angelina's body was released. Her worry was the bruising on her face from her beating and Mario's slapping, but another phone call into the Medical Examiner's office would take care of any anomalies found by the pathologist.

Apollonia went into the kitchen area and to the amazement of Mario prepared a pot of coffee. She did not say a word to him while the automatic coffee machine brewed twelve cups of dark French roast coffee. Mario sat thinking about how he was going to explain his cruel treatment of Angelina. When he left her room he was high on sexual endorphins and had no second thoughts about how he slapped her face as he fucked her. His orgasm was intense and when he got into bed he fell asleep instantly. Apollonia watched and listened to the coffeemaker pushing all thoughts of taking Mario by his throat and ending his life. When the coffee was done she poured herself a mug and strode around the counter to the oak breakfast table.

"First, you mention anything to anyone that she left a suicide note, I promise you'll beg for me to stop torturing you," said Apollonia in a matter-of-fact tone of voice. "Tell me what happened last night."

"She left a note..."

Mario's face felt the pain before he realized Apollonia had hit him with a closed fist. His head snapped back and he almost tumbled from the chair. He felt the pain radiate from his jaw, into his ear, and through his temple into his brain. He vision doubled and his head spun. Mario placed his hands on the edge of the table to steady himself. When his vision cleared he saw Apollonia was prepared to hit him again. He carefully shook his head no and Apollonia relaxed just a smidgeon.

Mario recounted his return to the house, "When I came home I went up to see how she was fairing. It was not an adversarial conversation. We chatted about me bringing her here to Columbus Place to recuperate. She was afraid of what you were going to do to her concerning the call we made to Teresa Moretti. She was horny. She came on to me. She told me to throw caution to the wind. She told me to remove the sissy tubes so we could copulate. I thought about the consequences of removing the sissy tubes. That lasted about one second. I removed them. We fucked. I came. I left the room for mine."

"Are you telling me that you were not the cause of the new bruises on her face?" asked Apollonia.

"New bruises???" replied Mario. "I did not lay a hand on her, Apollonia. I swear."

Apollonia took a long draught of coffee from the mug, set it on the table as she swallowed, and said, "Don't take me for a fool Mario. I know what you're doing. You're trying to bait me. You want to be in the ground next to that deviant bitch you married. You want to see yourself strapped to a table in hell being tortured for your transgressions against children." Apollonia snorted, stood up, and said, "Your choice is very simple Mario. The truth or face the consequences of your denial."

Mario watched as his youngest daughter strode over to the coffeemaker calm as a heroin addict after just shooting up. He was still suffering from the slaps and punch, but his head was beginning to clear. Tell her he slapped the shit out of her face as he fucked her or maintain his denial; that was the conundrum he faced. Underneath it all,

Mario seemed to sense that Apollonia was not going to end his days over the suicide of Angelina. His frustration came from not knowing what was contained in the suicide note. He watched Apollonia turn from the coffeemaker, lean against the granite countertop, and just stare at him as she sipped her second mug of black coffee.

Both of them heard the back door open and close. Viviano strode into the kitchen to see Apollonia leaning against the countertop pointing to her feet. Not knowing what was going on, Viviano knelt and kissed her feet. He stood, looked over at Mario, and saw he was still wearing clothing. When he turned back to Apollonia she slapped him across his face. He reacted to the slap by taking a step backwards. Viviano had no idea why she hit him.

"If you're wondering," said Apollonia, "the next time you enter a house where I am and you have not be told it is acceptable to remain dressed; you fuckin better believe that you will be naked in my presence. I will have no issues making you into a man with a vagina."

"Sorry Apollonia," said Viviano. "Do you want me to..."

"No, but remember what I just told you," said Apollonia. She strode over to the breakfast table, "If you want coffee, pour yourself a mug. Then come and sit with me."

Viviano came to the table with his first mug of coffee for the day. He sat down opposite Mario and waited. Apollonia took the phone out of its cradle and called Colin. She asked him to come to Mario's to cook some breakfast. The next phone call she made was to her lover, Ming. Her explanation to Ming was short as she prepared her for a surge of police and possibly newspaper people when the call about a death on Columbus Place was broadcast over the airwaves.

"What's going on, Apollonia?" asked Viviano.

"Angelina decided to end her life," replied Apollonia. "Seems the asshole who fathered me beat the shit out of her as he fucked her last night. Took his sissy tubes off against my wishes. Now he's sittin' there lying to my face saying he isn't responsible. He's trying to bait me, but I'm not buyin'. Asshole."

"How do you know she committed suicide?"

"Well, there are two hangers shoved into her vagina and she left a note," replied Apollonia. "The note was very explicit and I believe what it contains."

Mario screamed, "YOU LITTLE BITCH!!! I TOLD YOU I WASN'T RESPONSIBLE!!!"

Apollonia did not rise up in anger. She sipped her coffee and said very sweetly, "Sure, like I believe a man who allowed his wife to sexually abuse and murder children. Who the fuck are you kidding?"

Frustrated Mario continued to defend himself although in his head he knew he was also kidding himself about his truthfulness. "I told you we had consensual sex together last night. She asked me to slap her. I swear to you Apollonia. I have no reason to lie..."

"Sure you do Mario," said Apollonia, "and I know it."

"Then tell me what is in the note," demanded Mario.

"What note?" chided Apollonia.

Viviano interjected, "Apollonia, did Angelina leave a note? The police are going to want to know."

"The existence of the note will not be revealed to the police," said Apollonia. "Her state of mind after the incident must have been totally insane. She accused Mario of raping her and beating her about her face which is painfully obvious that he did. She accused him of beating her the way I did when I put her in the hospital. She called

us pigs and wished we would rot together in hell. As far as I'm concerned, I believe Mario beat her, but I don't think he raped her."

Viviano looked across the table at Mario who made no physical move to accept or deny the accusations made by Apollonia.

"Time to tell her the truth Mario," said Viviano. "I haven't had time to discuss with her our little chat we had in your office. I think..."

Apollonia perked up, but before she could say anything in response, Colin walked in the house. He was casually dressed and not in his required maid's uniform. Apollonia stood which signaled Colin he had to do his duty as her sissy cuckold. He knelt behind her, lowered the polyester running pants to reveal her tight buttocks, and noticed she was not wearing any underwear. He moved his hands to her hips and gently pulled back which forced her to bend at the waist. The parting of her buttocks was to Colin's mind the same as Moses seeing the parting of the Red Sea. He moved his face into the valley formed by her buttocks and lovingly licked her anus. Apollonia did not make him keep kissing and sucking her asshole for a long time.

She pulled away, turned, lifted her pants, and said, "Breakfast, please."

Colin stood. He asked, "For everyone?"

"Yes and be quick about it. I'm starved," said Apollonia. She turned her attention back to Viviano and Mario. "What was this private discussion, Viviano?"

Mario closed his eyes, leaned forward, and placed his head on the table. He wanted to broach the topic of making amends with Apollonia when they were alone. The thought of having to reveal his acceptance of his lowly position by sucking off both Viviano and Sonny made him sick. He decided it was better for him to take the lead from Viviano and explain what he wanted to talk to her about privately.

Mario raised his head, eyed Viviano, and spoke, "It was a conversation in my private office at Moretti Construction on the morning of the day we returned from Dallas/Fort Worth. I bared my soul to Viviano. Sonny was along for the ride. It dealt with what I asked you to speak to me about in private Apollonia..."

"Well, I guess you're just going to have to do it now in front of Viviano and Colin," said Apollonia.

"I admitted my complicity in all the terrible things your mother did," said Mario. Nothing could stop him from crying. The pain on his face was the pain of someone who was truly sorry for his transgressions.

Viviano nodded his head and Apollonia knew that Mario was telling the truth. "Give me some details Mario. Don't you say a fuckin' word Viv," said Apollonia.

"Where should I begin," said Mario rhetorically. "I became so sexually enamored with the feeling of a young girl's pussy around my cock. The same can be said when I took any child anally. It was sick and I know it, but I could not stop myself. You cannot fathom the feelings of sexual superiority when you take a child that is crying and sometimes begging not be hurt. What is even sicker – is performing such acts in front of a group of likeminded men and women. Hearing them cheering you on as they masturbate, copulate, fellate, or perform cunnilingus. I'm sick and tired of living with what I have done. You're reading the journals Apollonia. I really don't need to continue now, do I."

Colin quietly walked into the breakfast room carrying three plates of food. Each plate contained three eggs over easy, two link sausage, and rye toast. He went back to the kitchen to retrieve a carafe he had filled with fresh black coffee. He did not ask to be seated. Colin returned to the kitchen where he began his household clean up duties.

"You have something you want to propose Mario?" asked Apollonia, totally amazed at her father's honesty. She was very interested in what he had to say and made it plainly obvious she was all ears.

Mario sat relieved that Viviano did not interrupt and allude to his oral activities. He saw that Viviano was waiting to break the news to Apollonia if he didn't come clean himself. Mario knew he'd have to tell her but hoped the police would interrupt their conversation before he would have to fess up about his cock sucking.

"I would like to somehow make it up to the families," said Mario. "The parents who lost children and the relatives of the families that were annihilated I would like to make whole again. How? Financially. Tax free money that would put them on easy street for the rest of their lives. The Moretti family owes them that much and more."

"Are you telling me that none of the..." Apollonia stopped for a moment trying to choose the best word or words to define the individuals that were murdered all for the sexual pleasure of her mother, father, and their band of sexual deviants. "Damn, are you telling me you preyed on the poor and downtrodden, Mario?"

Mario's eyes were red and the streaks of his tears marked lines on his cheeks. "I would say ninety-nine percent of the children taken were taken from communities of blue collar workers and the destitute. Lucia learned very quickly that taking a child from a wealthy community led to a strong police and FBI presence. When a particular race was sought we used census demographic data to find the optimum community to take the child from. It became shockingly obvious that the underbelly of our society is not treated the same as the higher economic echelons."

"I thought your contacts..." said Viviano, then he realized the stupidity of his comment.

The gatehouse phone rang and Colin answered. He did not know that Angelina lay dead in one of the bedrooms on the second floor. He listened to the front gate guard, turned to Apollonia, and before he could get a word out of his mouth saw her nod her head telling him to let the police enter Columbus Place.

The Crime Scene Unit arrived first. The three investigators took pictures, dusted for fingerprints, searched the room, and tried to search the rest of the house.. The hangers were removed from Angelina's vagina and bagged as evidence. They asked for and got co-operation from Mario when they wanted to collect his DNA. The County Coroner arrived, checked the body, and after his examination released it to his crew to be brought back to the Office of the Medical Examiner for the legally mandated autopsy.

The detective sent from the Fourth Precinct in Hewlett was methodical and very careful when he questioned Mario. The next two hours were filled with questions, accusations, and more questions. Mario Moretti stood his ground as did his youngest daughter. Apollonia finally realized that he was sent by the Detective Captain and both men were doing their due diligence to make sure no stone was left unturned.

Thirty-five minutes after the CSI investigators and the Fourth Precinct detective arrived, Angelina's lifeless body was removed to the Nassau County Medical Examiner's Office in Mineola. An hour and fifteen minutes after the house was filled with police detectives, the only man remaining was detective from the Fourth Precinct. He noted that they would find Mario's semen inside the dead woman's body. The bruises on her face were explained away as an accident when she fell down the basement steps when she was slightly tipsy from too much Moretti red wine. Two hours later the house was empty and returned to its normal Sunday quiet.

Apollonia instructed Colin to collect the remaining bedding that was not taken by the Crime Scene Unit investigators and if necessary toss everything into the garbage. If the mattress was beyond reclamation, she also instructed him to get Viviano to help lug it out of the house. She guided Mario into the family room and pushed him onto the couch that sat in front of the large flat screen television set. Apollonia sat next to him so close their thighs and hips touched. She leaned back and with her right hand began to gently rub Mario's thigh. His legs fell open.

"Thinking about the times I gave you hand jobs as a child?" she asked. "Your legs just opened which means you're relaxed and not afraid of what I could do to you."

"I always think about how sweet it was to see your twinkling eyes and smiling face looking up at me as your little hand massaged me to a glorious orgasm," he replied. "It is something a Moretti father relishes happening and remembering in his later years."

"How could you Mario?" asked Apollonia. "How could you let yourself fall into a hole so deep you want to end your life? I know you are praying every night that I take from you what you took from those innocent children."

"I know you're not going to believe me," sighed Mario, "but I'm afraid for you Apollonia. The strength I brought to my marriage was sapped by my blind devotion to your mother. I should have interceded when she began to psychologically batter you as a child. I believe with all my heart she was afraid of your beauty and your intelligence. Raffaella was easy to care for, but you were a hand full from the moment you entered this life. But, I see in you the edginess that overtook your mother's life. The difference is your martial arts training. I'm not a small man, but I'm afraid of what you can do to me, Apollonia. The one thing that amazes me more than anything is the Oriental woman's ability to put an immediate end to your anger. Whatever hold she has on you I wish I had as much as I pray every night you don't fall into your mother's dastardly trap."

Apollonia's hand ran up the interior of Mario's left thigh to his unencumbered genitals. She heard Mario's intake of breath and felt a tenseness overcome his muscles. Mario waited to see if his youngest daughter was about to take hold of his cock and balls in an unpleasant manner. He was surprised when he felt her hand grasp the shaft of his cock through his pajamas gently without any indication of future pain being inflicted. She turned her head and looked into his eyes.

"Are you willing to help me make the individuals who were part of Lucia's depravity suffer the way the children did?" asked Apollonia. "I especially have it in for the holy rollers from the Catholic Church. I will revel in their pain as I hear them pray and beg to God and Jesus that their Spanish Inquisition torture cease."

"Yes," replied Mario, "it would be my pleasure to see them suffer at your hands. I would be amenable to helping you in any way I can."

"I am willing to help you make restitution to those families that suffered though the loss of a child or children," said Apollonia. "I am not willing to give you the pleasure of seeing it happen. I'm not going to take your life, but I am going to enslave you. I will make you pay every day for what you allowed to happen on East 84th Street. I don't want any backtalk or thoughts of you regaining your position as the head of the family."

"I've already proved my worthlessness, Apollonia," said Mario. He did not wait for her to ask how. "The day I confessed to Viviano and Sonny I fellated both of them. I allowed Viviano the pleasure of using me and humiliating me verbally. I knew I had sunk to the lowest I've ever been when I felt my cock drip pre-cum because I had just sucked a better man's cock."

Viviano and Colin finished cleaning up the room where Angelina committed suicide and when they did not see Apollonia and Mario in the breakfast room they strode into the family room. Both men were taken when they saw Apollonia sitting next to Mario with her hand between his legs. Viviano decided it would be acceptable for him to sit at the other end of the couch from Apollonia. Colin decided to sit in a chair that was positioned opposite the couch. Both men could not take their eyes away from staring at Apollonia's hand.

"Colin," said Apollonia, "what would you think of becoming Mario's sissy bitch?"

Colin was flustered by her question, "I, I, I don't know... I thought I was your sissy bitch and just available to Moretti men when they wanted some sissy ass pussy."

Apollonia made a point to rub and massage her father's growing manhood. When it was fully erect it she pulled down the front of his pajamas exposing his cock to Colin and Viviano. Mario opened his legs further and pushed his back against the couch as he felt the rising heat and pleasurable sensations begin to affect his brain's pleasure centers. For his age, his cock was as hard as an eighteen year olds and it's girth was just as impressive. Apollonia stroked him until she heard him sigh and moan from the pleasure he was receiving from his youngest daughter.

Her left hand reached into the pocket of the running pants she was wearing and she pulled out a small black stiletto knife. She slid her right hand down just below Mario's glans and squeezed stopping the rise of the impending orgasm. Both men and the sissy heard the snap of the stiletto blade opening and locking into place. The sun glinted

of the bare metal as she quickly placed one of the razor sharp edges against the underside of Mario's cock just above her right hand. She pressed just enough to elicit a response from Mario.

"What the fuck..." cried Mario as he felt the sharp edge of the knife press against the silky skin of the shaft of his cock just below the coronal ridge.

"Like you think I was going to let you fuckin' walk away unscathed from what you did," said Apollonia with a cruel cutting tenor to her voice. "Hell would have to freeze over before I even consider making you whole again, asshole. What??? You're losing your erection tough guy. Don't you dare fuckin' go soft on me..."

Mario Moretti tried to keep his erection, but failed miserably. Viviano cringed when he saw the blade touch and then move slightly across the underside of Mario's cock. The thought of the blade slicing through the soft silky skin, sinew, and blood vessels made Viviano nauseous. Apollonia actually chuckled with delight when she saw Viviano lose the color in his face and his forehead become coated in sweat. Colin just grabbed his crotch and winced.

Apollonia pressed just enough to break the skin and cause a small amount of blood to seep around the sharp edge of the blade. She wanted to press the blade though to the other side and watch the helmet head fall between Mario's legs onto the couch. Her eyes bore into Mario's making him shudder with fear.

"I am going to replace the sissy tubes temporarily, Mario. There is a wonderfully sinister chastity device I'm going to purchase for you," she said. "When I put it on you the pain you will endure as bulbous end of the hollow tube slides down your urethra will actually cause me to have an orgasm. This device will never come off your cock. If it does, it will be cause I have sliced your fuck tube from your body."

Apollonia released her hold on Mario's cock and watched it fall to his thigh. To be totally obnoxious she leaned over and kissed him on his lips and began to renew her stroking of the soft appendage. The blood oozing from the small slice was enough to coat his cock and turn it a nice pink color. Mario felt himself become stimulated and as result his cock began to harden and grow. Viviano was getting more nauseous as he watched his sister-in-law masturbate her father using the oozing blood as lubrication. He dare not move from his spot because he did not want to tempt fate. Colin remained frozen on the chair. Both his hands cupped his genitals in blatant fear of having his cock cut off by his insane wife.

Raffaella Rossi gathered up the children after they finished brushing their teeth after breakfast and herded them to the mud room to put on their winter jackets. She was fuming inside at her sister because Sunday mornings were sacrosanct when it came to attending church. The sight of the police cars, coroner's hearse, and media trucks outside the gates of Columbus Place burst the anger bubble. She had a decision to make and hoped her son was mature enough to watch over Carmen and Alessa. Nancy Marks was a nonissue as she was ensconced in the attic where she always stayed when the Rossi family attend Sunday church services.

Raffaella knelt in front of Antonio, took a hold of his shoulders, and said in a very stern motherly voice, "You are in charge young man. I have to go to your grandfather's house because there is some trouble brewing over there. I find that you went to the attic to have sex with your slut and I will personally stand you in the middle of the great room in front of the entire family and cut your ten year old cock and balls off. Do I make myself crystal clear, Antonio?"

The look on his mother's face was enough to scare the living shit out of Antonio. "Yes, mom," he replied.

Still with a look of total anger, Raffaella said, "Don't fuckin' let me down." She stood and said, "I am not fooling around with you."

Raffaella walked from her house and into the insanity that was her father's house. The police guarding the front and side doors would not let her enter. She stood fuming on the front porch as she insisted that she should be allowed access into her father's house. A detective approached her and quietly explained that it was not proper police procedure to allow persons inside the crime scene even if they were immediate family. Raffaella knew that was totally unadulterated bullshit and told him so. Instead of getting into a loud verbal altercation with him she stormed off the front porch and returned home.

She opened and slammed the back door to her house closed. She stood in the mud room and screamed at the top of her lungs. Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa ran from the family room into the hall outside the mud room. The three children stood looking at Raffaella hoping that she would calm down so they could help her in their childish way.

"Mom, you ok?" cried Antonio.

"Yes," she replied. "I have to wait until the police leave before I can enter my father's house. What a fuckin' load of bullshit!!! You kids go back into the family room and watch a movie. Antonio, what I said before still goes." She took her hands placed them in front of her crotch and made a motion like she was cutting off his cock and balls.

The children quietly returned to the family room. Raffaella watched the front of her father's house from the side of her house. She couldn't believe the time it took until everyone was out of the Mario's house and off of Columbus Place. Raffaella waited an additional fifteen or so minutes before she walked back over to the main house of the Moretti family. The front doors were locked so she made her way to the side of the house where she knew the back door would be unlocked. Raffaella quietly entered the house and saw Apollonia's coat lying on the floor of the mud room. She picked it up, hung it on her childhood designated peg, and did the same with hers. Her high heels click-clacked as she walked down the back hall and into the kitchen.

No Apollonia. No Mario. No Viviano. Raffaella Rossi did not get frightened. She knew that nothing bad happened to them because there were plates and coffee mugs on the oak breakfast table.. It was just odd that Apollonia was not holding court in the breakfast room after the mayhem of the previous two hours had finally calmed down. Again, she had a decision to make – the great room or the family room. The sound of her father saying something or groaning coming from the family room made the decision for her.

Raffaella arrived at the entrance to the family room just as her sister began to masturbate her father's blood covered cock. She saw her husband sitting at the opposite end of the couch and his face told her he was nauseous from whatever he was witnessing. Colin's posture reinforced her intuition that her sister had done something terrible to the man she would never again acknowledge as her father. Raffaella took a deep breath, exhaled, and with her back straight, eyes ablaze, she walked up to the couch where Apollonia, Mario, and Viviano sat. She was relieved to see no major damage was done to Mario's genitals, but it was still disconcerting to see the skin of his cock covered in a pink patina of blood.

"Just what the fuck happened here?" demanded Raffaella. "Apollonia, fuckin' let go of his cock and talk to me. You know how I feel about missing church on Sunday morning."

Apollonia dropped her hold on Mario's cock, laughed for a moment, calmed herself, and said, "Angelina committed suicide last night. Mario found her this morning lying in bed with two metal hangers shoved up her infertile cunt."

Raffaella looked at her father who nodded his head yes. "Did she leave a suicide note?"

Apollonia looked over at Colin and said, "Colina, get a damp towel and clean up the cock you sucked when you married me. If you want, I'll let you blow him before I put his sissy tubes back on."

She turned to Viviano, "I find out you ever force my father to suck your cock as if you were a natural born Moretti man, I will open your scrotum, let your balls hang free, and use them as a dart board. I don't fuckin' care if he's beggin' you to allow him to fellate you. I find out it happened and nothing Raffaella tries to get me to change my mind will work. Now get your fuckin' faggot Rossi ass out of this house and get yourself ready to go to church."

Apollonia rose from the couch, took Raffaella by her arm, and guided her into the breakfast room. Raffaella stood waiting for something crazy to occur, but was surprised when her sister closed the gap between them, looked up, and offered her lips for a kiss. Raffaella gladly obliged. Colin walked by several times as his wife and sister-in-law stood by the oak breakfast table making out. He just went about his business cleaning Mario's cock and making sure the small slice in it would not need medical attention. Viviano was not privy to their kissing as he had departed Mario's house just a few minutes before his wife succumbed to her sister's charms.

They broke the kiss and Raffaella sighed. She whispered to her sister, "Please don't... I want to, but I can't... God, I want to suck you so bad... Please, don't..."

Apollonia smiled knowing her sister wanted to be pushed to her knees so she could extend her tongue and lap at her pussy. She also knew, Raffaella had a need to be in church so she could absolve herself of her mortal sins. To make matters worse, Apollonia took Raffaella's right hand and pushed it into her running pants. Raffaella tried but failed at trying to keep her fingers from sliding between Apollonia's labia major. She felt the wetness and knew if she went down on her sister she would not make church which would add to her mortal sins. Apollonia pressed her sister's hand against her crotch and did not let go.

"Did you sleep with Alessa, Raffy?" asked Apollonia.

"No, Appy. Why are you pushing?" asked Raffaella.

"Because I need to know if she'll respond," sighed Apollonia as she continued to press and Raffy continued to gently stroke the valley between her labia.

"Please, Appy," sighed Raffaella anew, "please, release my hand... Let me go to church... Please..."

Apollonia stopped her sister's motion but did not let her remove it from between her legs. She closed them trying to capture it between her legs, but her thighs never touched because of how thin her legs were. Apollonia obscenely licked her lips and used it to make inference that she wanted her sister to either go down on her or Alessa.

"I want you to sleep with Alessa. I want to know if she makes the first move to have sex with you. Do you understand why I'm asking, Raffy?"

"God, Appy, you think she lied to me about her sister forcing her to have sex with her boyfriend? You're doubting a six year old?" asked Raffaella not believing what she was hearing.

Apollonia pressed, "Do I have to order you to do it, Raffy?"

"Jesus, Appy, what am I going to tell Viv? He'll freak out," replied Raffaella.

The smile on Apollonia's face and in her eyes made Raffaella feel like a total idiot. "Tell him to come to me. Prove to me it is all right with you for him to father my children. Let him live his dream. Also, tell me that you'll cuckold yourself to me by helping him the second night he's between my legs."

Raffaella's decision was quick and to the point. She lowered herself to a kneeling position in front of her younger sister. She used her mouth to pull the tied bow open at the front of her running pants. Raffaella pulled them down just far enough to reveal the luscious naked pussy that belonged on her face. She leaned in and French kissed her sister's cunt. The act of devotion was short but to the point. When Apollonia's body released a flood of vaginal fluid Raffaella greedily sucked it into her mouth and swallowed. The whole dominant / submissive tryst took all of three minutes to complete.

Raffaella pulled her sister's running pants up and kissed her crotch one more time before she stood and said, "Yes, I will sleep with Alessa."

Nothing more was said between the sisters. Raffaella placed two kisses on each of her sister's cheeks before she turned and departed the house for church with her family. Apollonia returned to the family room to find Colin sitting next to Mario holding his penis. They were not engaged in sexual activity. From the looks of things, Colin was holding Mario's penis in an attempt to stop the flow of blood from the slice she put in it.

"Something wrong, Colin?" Apollonia asked as she made her way to the couch to sit down on the right side of Colin.

"Don't know Apollonia," replied Colin. "I'm not a doctor, but the little slice you put in Mario's cock may just need some stitches."

"You know what," said Apollonia, "I have things to do today. Why don't you just put his cock in your mouth Colin and see if your sissy saliva will cauterize the wound. I bet if you give him a blow job it may just fix the problem. If not, I'm sure he'll be able to drive himself to the hospital while you keep him from bleeding to death by sucking and swallowing his blood."

"You don't understand, Apollonia," cried Mario, "I'm fuckin' bleeding and it isn't stopping."

"Jesus Christ!!!" cried Apollonia. "You're not going to bleed to death, asshole. The place I cut you has no large veins or arteries. It is all capillaries and they ooze blood until the blood naturally coagulates or someone applies enough pressure to stop the oozing. I'm headed home to shower and get ready for the day. Colin, just keep pressure on Mario's fuck tube. I will return to slide the sissy tubes back onto his genitals. I am going to check with Joshua about both Elizabeth and Sonny. I will give you an opportunity to accompany me to East 84th Street as long as you take care of what needs to be done here."

Apollonia did not wait for a response. She went to the mud room, put on her winter coat, and trotted not to her house but to Ming's. Her sister got her randy enough that she needed someone to lick her to an orgasm. Ming Zheng would learn that when Apollonia needed her to suck their boys would have to wait. Priorities have to be ordered and Apollonia's orgasm took precedence over all things familial or not.