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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 108

Monday – New York City – 3 March 2003

The car service sent a Lincoln Town Car to convey Apollonia into the city. The traffic into the city was typical for mid-morning. The car arrived at the Flat Iron Building fifteen minutes before Apollonia's appointment which was fine with her. She loved to arrive early to see how long the person she was meeting would wait to usher her into their office. Her thoughts about Howard were he would stop whatever he was doing and start the meeting with him. Even though she was a native New Yorker, Apollonia stopped at the narrow end of the building, looked up, and admired the building's form and architecture. Three minutes later she was in an elevator riding to the top floor and Howard Cohen's law practice.

As she rode up the elevator, Apollonia opened the knee length beaver coat she was wearing and prepared herself mentally for her meeting with Howard. When the doors opened she strode into the reception area and made her way directly to the receptionist's desk. Before she could get a word out of her mouth, the young girl behind the desk, stood, and made a hand gesture for Apollonia to follow her. They made their way to the entrance to Howard's private reception area that guarded the entrance to his office. Not two words transpired between the young girl and Apollonia.

"Miss Moretti," said the thirty-something receptionist, "you're a bit early. Please have a seat. May I get you something to drink? Coffee? Tea? Bottled water?"

Apollonia smiled, nodded her head absentmindedly, and said, "No thank you." She eyed a place to sit and made her way there. She placed her attaché case on the floor next to her right foot, crossed her legs, and waited.

The receptionist returned to her seat behind the cherry wood desk, picked up the phone, and called into Howard's office, "Miss Moretti is here, sir."

Fifteen seconds later the door opened, two attorneys departed, and Howard presented himself to his client. "Miss Moretti, please, come in." Howard stepped aside to allow Apollonia to enter his inner sanctum. "Miss Alexander, please have Roger come to my office." He did not wait for a response and noted that Apollonia was still wearing her coat. "Jesus, no one offered to take and hang up your coat, Apollonia?"

"Not a problem Howard," replied Apollonia as she placed the beaver coat over the back of one the chairs that were in front of his desk. Apollonia remained standing as she watched Howard walk to his desk without breaking eye contact. "Something wrong, Howard?"

Flustered, he responded, "No, I'm just taken with your beauty, Miss Moretti. Please sit, but I think it would be better if we moved to the couch as there are several documents with numerous pages that must be signed and initialed."

Apollonia turned her back on her attorney, walked to the couches at the other end of the office, and said, "You talk to my mother that way, Howard?"

"No, Miss Moretti," he replied.

Apollonia turned, pointed a finger at her attorney, and said, "Then don't ever say anything like that to me unless you're willing to whip out your cock, jerk off, and eat it. You talk to me the way you spoke to Mario and Lucia. Whatever you think you have on me my dear Howard, you don't. Respect is given when respect is received. Understood?"

"Yes, Miss Moretti," said Howard as he decided to change the venue of the paperwork signing. "Pardon my stupidity, Miss Moretti, but I think it will be easier for you to sign the documents sitting in front of and using my desk. Please," he pointed open handed palm up to one of the chairs that sat in front of his desk, "have a seat and we'll get started."

Apollonia returned to the area near his desk which was situated in the narrowest portion of the building. She eyed Howard who could not hold her gaze as he stared at his desktop. She knew he wanted to sit next to her so he could be close to her while he thought about having sexual relations with her. His face was an open book. Apollonia smoothed the pleats in her skirt and sat down revealing just enough leg and thigh to give her attorney a thrill.

"Miss Moretti," said Howard after he sat down in his executive leather chair, "I have something we need to discuss and I'd like to do it before we sign and review the paperwork for Mrs. Zheng and her boys."

The look on her attorney's face made Apollonia sit up and take notice. "Ok, Howard, I can see you're worried about something. I know you haven't worked very closely with me over the past few years, but I am going to say this once and only once to you. Never beat around the bush with news whether it is good or bad. Bad news may cause me to react with verbal anger, physical anger, or silence. I can see by the stress on your face that you have something to say to me that is not sitting very well with you. Just tell me so I can or we can resolve the issue."

Howard Cohen, a man who could rip apart a witness with his words, was tongue tied. He rubbed his hands together, placed them on his thighs, and back to the top of his desktop. "I received a call from the Nassau County District Attorney herself. They are seriously thinking about investigating the suicide of one Angelina DeTomaso as a homicide. She told me the physical evidence points to a beating which could be used to infer depraved indifference as the cause of the suicide. The DA has enough to charge Mario with a minimum of manslaughter or second degree murder if she wants to stretch the charges. I asked and received a commitment from her not to make the case into a circus because it involves your father."

He watched with baited breath for some form of nuclear explosion from the beautiful woman that sat opposite him. Apollonia, who listened to her attorney leaning forward in the chair, sat back and imperceptibly nodded her head as she thought about what was just said to her. The computer in her head began to search through the names of people who could help stifle the DA's attempt to undermine the Moretti family. There were several courses of action that could be taken, but Apollonia knew the first was to collect whatever information she could on the District Attorney. She would engage Jon Parks for that endeavor.

"My father has a death wish, Howard," replied Apollonia as calm as a drug addict who just shot up the best heroin money could buy. "He is facing what his sick wife did in the basement of their townhouse on East 84th Street. Mario Moretti, after my mother's death, looked into the mirror and saw someone he didn't know or like. He sullied the

Moretti name. His love for my mother blinded him to her sick sexual perversions. The news of his impending arrest and indictment on murder charges would be exactly what he was hoping."

Apollonia leaned forward in her chair and said, "What, if anything, do you have on the Nassau County DA?"

"Nothing that we could use against her," said Howard. "She is squeaky clean. I've had courtroom battles with her and I've beaten her every time, but this is a different venue, Miss Moretti. I'm sensing a willingness on her part to take this to court without any offers of settlement. I'm thinking she's looking at this being her stepping stone to the governor's mansion."

"Political aspirations all have an underbelly of corruption," said Apollonia. "She'll need money to run her campaign if the governor's mansion is what she is aiming for. What we need to do is get her on our team or get enough dirt on her to own her..."

"How are you going to do that?" inquired Howard.

"This is a privileged conversation," said Apollonia not really asking. "You have to remain out of the fray on this one counselor. I have a gentleman who is quite adept at getting information on people without them knowing. What I need from you is your God given ability to stall, obfuscate, and tie the DA's hands until we have enough on her or I decide give Mario what he wants. I will talk to him about what is occurring. I will also do what is necessary at Columbus Place to stall any incursions onto the Moretti property."

Howard leaned back in his chair, rubbed his hands, and thought about what a great attorney Apollonia Moretti would have made. Her thinking was incisive and on point. Her beauty would be the only problem, because clients would be thinking more about bedding her than solving or settling their legal issues. The silence was broken by the sound of his phone informing him that Roger was in the reception area. Howard did not pick up the receiver to acknowledge his administrative assistant.

"I will assume that our conversation about Mario is finished," said Howard.

"No specific phone calls or e-mails, Howard," said Apollonia. "This is one topic we discuss face-to-face. I will talk to my sister about our discussions. No one outside of the two of us are to have knowledge of our conversation or future conversations. Ask me about Mario's sciatica and I will know you want to meet to discuss this situation. We'll work the place to meet into our conversation."

Howard nodded, "Good." He picked up the receiver, pressed a button, and told his administrative assistant to open the door and allow Roger into his office.

The automatic door unlocked and opened allowing Roger to enter the office. Apollonia turned to see a ten walk into Howard's inner sanctum. Roger Whittingham strode into the office carrying two large accordion envelopes and proceeded to the chairs in front of Howard's desk. Apollonia had already scanned his physique from shoes to the top of his head twice as he crossed the office to stand next to one of the unoccupied chairs. Roger Whittingham stood six foot four inches, had a full head of brown hair, brown eyes, and what appeared to be a tight muscular body. He was dressed in what had to be a custom made suit, shirt, and shoes. Apollonia spied a small dent and scratch in his belt on the right side which probably came from putting on and removing a holster. The only thing she could not truly discern was his package.

Apollonia started to stand when Roger said, "Please Miss Moretti, no need to stand." He offered his hand which Apollonia took. It surrounded hers and he did not apply a great amount of pressure. Apollonia felt he squeeze and then release her hand. "It is a pleasure to meet you." Roger Whittingham took the seat next to her instead of the seat at the other end of the three that were in front of Howard's desk.

"Apollonia," said Howard using her first name because the bad news was already discussed and he knew it would be fine to use her first name, "the first thing that needs to be accomplished is your signing more documents than

you'd care to, but you asked that all domestic and foreign accounts be transferred to your ownership as the head of the Moretti family."

Roger lifted and opened the first accordion folder. He pulled out the first sheaf of papers and placed them on the desk in front of Apollonia. She noticed his hands were not like a typical attorney's hands. His were calloused from performing manual labor. Apollonia accepted the proffered pen, leaned forward, and followed his finger to the places on the pages she needed to sign or initial. Nothing was said for the next eighty-five or so minutes as Apollonia signed and initialed all the paperwork to take control of all the foreign and domestic accounts.

"Jesus Christ," moaned Apollonia, "are we done yet?"

Howard sat stoically. Roger chuckled, "Except for the paperwork to finalize the creation of the account and trust accounts for Mrs. Zheng, we're done. I'll bet your hand is tired."

"You'd lose, Roger," replied Apollonia. "I spend my days using my hands to paint and sculpt. So my fingers are used to fine work and signing documents that solidify my control of the Moretti fortunes is not a tiring endeavor."

"I apologize for my..."

"No need to apologize, Roger," said Apollonia. "The documents for Ming, can they come home with me for her to sign?"

"Actually," replied Roger, "you need to sign some paperwork concerning your gift to her. As much as you may dislike paying taxes, it is beneficial to do so to keep the IRS out of your life."

"Possible for you to come to my house after dinner to facilitate the signing of the documents?" asked Apollonia.

Roger turned slightly to look at Howard to make sure he approved. He nodded his head in approval. "What time would you like me to arrive?" asked Roger.

"Why don't you arrive at Columbus Place around sevenish," said Apollonia.

"Great," replied Roger, "we do have one more issue to discuss, Miss Moretti."

"And that is?" asked Apollonia playing coy with the rather handsome attorney.

"I believe you told Mr. Cohen that you had to take care of some issues in the Dallas/Fort Worth area," said Roger. His smoothness impressed Apollonia.

Apollonia licked her lips, moved the hem of her skirt a bit further up her leg to reveal the bottom edge of the lace that surrounded each thigh, and said, "It is very simple, Roger. Umberto Moretti is related to my father. He succumbed to a massive heart attack a few weeks ago while visiting. His wife and children were devastated. For reasons that may or may not become aware to you, Teresa Moretti has decided to cede all Moretti assets to the New York family. What I need from this law firm is an accounting of all assets in the name of Umberto, Teresa, Adolfo, Adelina, and Alessa Moretti. That accounting can be given to me after they have been liquidated or transferred to my name."

"Miss Moretti," said Roger, "you know that signatures may be needed from..."

Roger Whittingham saw for the first time in his life Apollonia's evil side. He reacted by sitting back in his chair and staring at her. Apollonia Moretti leaned forward and spat, "I am the client. I tell you to fuckin' jump you say how high. I tell you to make something happen it happens. You need to discuss with your boss who I am and what I bring to the fuckin' table. I want every fuckin' asset liquid or not owned by any of the Texas Moretti's transferred to my

ownership or liquidated with the proceeds deposited into the accounts of my choosing. Do I make myself clear, Roger?"

For the second time since sitting across from his boss, Roger looked to see Howard's reaction. He saw that his boss was docile and not the same in-your-face attorney he knew him to be. Howard's silence affirmed Apollonia's demands of the law firm and the lawyers who toiled there for a living. Roger Whittingham knew he just met the client who made Howard Cohen shake in his shoes. He eyed the petite Italian beauty and felt a small sexual surge as his mind turned to how she would be in bed.

"Yes, Miss Moretti," replied Roger Whittingham. "You made yourself quite clear and I will affect whatever changes are necessitated without asking anything of the Dallas Morettis."

Apollonia's hard stare and twitching lips was enough to make Roger stop thinking about his sexual conquest of the Italian beauty. She stood, retrieved her beaver coat, and said, "Open the fuckin' door, Howard. Roger, exactly seven twelve the doorbell to my house on Columbus Place rings or your life as you know it is over."

Howard Cohen pressed the button on his desk that released the door locks. The electric motor came to life and the heavy door slid open. Roger Whittingham sat wondering how she could say such a thing to a man more than twice her size. He watched Apollonia Moretti leave the office without as much as a thank you or good-bye. When she was gone he turned to Howard with a questioning look on his face.

"Welcome to Apollonia Moretti, Roger," said Howard as he relaxed knowing she was not going to return.

"That is one nasty bitch," said Roger. "Who the fuck does she think she is?"

The smile on Howard's face was disconcerting to Roger. "That petite little Italian woman had enough training to rip your balls from between your legs before you could react. When you see her holding them you'd actually say thank you to her for removing them. I am warning you to tread lightly. I bet you never even noticed that she checked out your belt."

"My belt?" said Roger in reply to what he thought was a stupid statement by his boss.

"Sometimes you are dumber than a rock for a graduate of Stanford Law," said Howard. "Look at your belt and you will see a mark and a crease that could only be caused by a holster. I suggest you get a thicker belt or start wearing a jackass rig."

Roger looked down and saw what Howard pointed out, "Fuck... I would have never..."

"That is why I am telling you to tread lightly around her and when you deal with her," said Howard. "Get the Texas stuff started and try to have something to show her when you arrive precisely at seven twelve this evening. Don't arrive early and don't fuckin' arrive late. Be precise, Roger."

"What the fuck did you do to me?" asked Roger.

"Actually, all I did was introduce you to a woman who, if you play your cards right, my just rock your sexual world, Roger," said Howard. "Now get the fuck out of my office and get started on her work."

Apollonia did not have to wait long for the car to come to pick her up at the Flat Iron Building. Once in the back seat she told the driver to take her to the townhouse on East 84th Street. As the car made its way up the east side of Manhattan, she took the time to call her sister.

"Raffy, what's up," said Apollonia.

"Alessa is registered for school as are Ming's two boys," replied Raffaella. "We have to have a conversation about Alessa. The long and short of it – she is not responsible for anything. That fat prick Umberto spent a weekend raping her."

"I'll assume the family was active participants," said Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Raffaella.

"Ming with you?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes. We're headed to Roosevelt Field to do some bonding and shopping."

"Put her on, please," said Apollonia.

"Duh, Appy," said Raffaella. "Hands free sweetie. State law. She's heard our conversation."

"Fuck no privacy," moaned Apollonia.

Both women laughed at Apollonia's statement. Ming chided her, "Sorry sweetie, you can't sit in the back of your limo and masturbate while you tell me how much you miss me."

With nothing but love in her voice, Apollonia countered, "Fuck Raffy, you puttin' the make on my girlfriend? Be careful of her Ming. She's just come to the dark side when it has to do with lesbian love."

Neither woman responded to Apollonia's jibe. Ming asked, "Where are you headed?"

"For some reason, I had this premonition and decided to head to the townhouse on East 84th Street," said Apollonia. "Time to make our friends aware of what we know. Then I'll be coming home. Ming, you have to be at the house tonight to sign some paperwork. Shouldn't take long to make yourself and the boys millionaires."

"What time?" asked Ming.

"Seven," replied Apollonia. "Gotta go girls. Love you."

Apollonia closed her cell phone, leaned back in the leather seat, and just relaxed as the driver made his way through the typical Manhattan traffic. She closed her eyes and before she knew it the car was stopped in front of the townhouse on East 84th Street. Apollonia told the driver to find a place to park, get something to eat, and wait for her call. She alit the car, walked to the front door, and for the first time used her key to gain entrance to the townhouse.

Apollonia closed the door behind her and walked as quietly as she could considering she was wearing heels into the kitchen. Sienna and Giuseppe Moretti sat at the small table eating a salad and drinking some red wine. Both of them were surprised to see Apollonia enter the kitchen. Giuseppe pushed back his chair, stood, and began to make his way to Apollonia to greet her.

"Stop," said Apollonia. "Sienna first then you Giuseppe."

The elderly woman did as her husband had just moments earlier. She pushed back her chair, stood, and made her way towards Apollonia. She was stopped by the younger woman when she was close enough to be

wrapped into her arms. Sienna Moretti didn't know how to react to Apollonia's embrace. She stood stock still and waited for a cue from the younger woman.

Apollonia moved her slightly away from her body, looked into her eyes, and saw the fear. She smiled, pursed her lips, and kissed Sienna. When the elderly woman did not react Apollonia broke the kiss and said, "Time for you to suck my asshole, Sienna. This time you don't have Dr. Goldsmith here to save you. Get on your fuckin' knees, lift my pleated skirt, move my panties, and I better feel as much of your tongue as you can get into my ass."

Giuseppe stepped to help his sister and wife and was not greeted by some nasty remark which he took as tacit acknowledgement by Apollonia that it was acceptable for him to help. He guided Sienna to her knees. He watched as his sister lifted the soft material of Apollonia's skirt and began to cry silently as she used her right hand to move the string that was between Apollonia's ass cheeks. Sienna paused for a moment, looked up at her brother, and saw him nod his head telling her to do her duty. She closed her eyes, leaned in, and began to lick the cayenne that was formed by Apollonia's ass cheeks. It took a moment, but Sienna finally gave in to her disgust when she found the entrance to Apollonia's rectum. Giuseppe knew she was completing the reviled task when Apollonia moved slightly giving her better access to her anus.

"Giuseppe," said Apollonia, "how is Sonny?"

Surprised that she wanted to talk to him while his sister was sucking her asshole, Giuseppe responded, "He's depressed. The nurse checked his surgery and said it was healing as expected."

"Good," said Apollonia, "as soon as I'm done with your fuckin' useless cunt of a sister and wife, you'll do your duty. Our friends in the basement?"

She didn't see Giuseppe close his eyes in disgust before he responded, "They're surviving. All three have given up and I know they're resigned to whatever fate you've told them to expect. The boy begs me to let him suck my cock for favors. The older woman and the girl are broken and will do anything asked of them."

"Tell me Giuseppe," said Apollonia, "is Sienna enjoying herself?"

"Please Miss Moretti," replied Giuseppe, "please, you know she isn't. You know she is only doing it to please me. I'm begging you to take whatever pleasure you derive from humiliating us and point it to me only. Let Sienna be, please."

Apollonia did not release the older woman from her duty. She purposely kept her ass pushed back to facilitate the licking and tongue fucking of her asshole. "I can't do that Giuseppe. Mario made you two a couple and allowed you to survive as long as you did as you were told. I want you to kneel by your incestuous lover and tell her that all she has to do to make me relieve her of her duty is give me her life."

Giuseppe knelt by his sister and wife. Nothing changed. Sienna kept her tongue inserted into Apollonia's anus. Giuseppe Moretti knew that his sister's time was limited. He decided to take a chance. Giuseppe moved his sister's head and replaced her tongue with his. Apollonia did not make a fuss. She allowed the older man to finish what his sister had started. The orgasm was small and quick. Her vaginal fluids did not flow as if she was completing an act of love with Ming. Apollonia stepped forward, turned, and looked down at the two incestuous lovers.

"Which one of you is thirsty?" asked Apollonia. "I have to piss."

Sienna fell to the floor and moaned in disgust. Giuseppe held Apollonia's gaze to see if she was serious. When Apollonia stepped in front of him and raised her skirt he knew she was serious. Giuseppe moved so his mouth was in front and below Apollonia's lace covered pussy. He closed his eyes, opened his mouth, and waited for the flow of urine to begin. Apollonia decided he had humiliated himself enough so she pushed him back and onto the floor next to his crying sister.

"Both of you get the fuck up," said Apollonia. "Sienna make a pot of coffee. Giuseppe, get your ass downstairs and scare the living shit out of our guests. I want you to act angry and make a fuss over the fact that I know something that will make their lives worse than it is now. Fail Giuseppe and Sienna dies a very painful death in front of your eyes. Cunt, you bring a mug of black coffee to me upstairs. You both know where I'm headed."

Apollonia did not knock before she entered the room where Sonny was recuperating. She found him on his side in the fetal position. It looked as if he hadn't moved since she last laid eyes on him. She looked around the room to see if there was any signs of his getting out of bed. Naturally none were found because Giuseppe probably cleaned the room every other hour. Her thoughts went to the best way to say hello to him considering he probably wanted to squeeze the life out of her body.

"How are you feeling, Sonny?" asked Apollonia.

"Go away," moaned Sonny. "Leave me alone. Let me rot in peace. You fuckin' sick cunt."

"I see you haven't gotten your anger issues resolved, Sonny. The more you delve into the reasons I fuckin' gave you a pussy, the more you'll descend into the world of self-imposed depression. I suggest you roll onto your back and look me in the face," said Apollonia.

"And if I don't," chided Sonny.

"That's easy," said Apollonia. "Don't listen to me and your world will collapse around you taking you into an abyss you'll never rise out from like the proverbial phoenix. I'm here because I want to help you recover. I want you to live as normal a life as you can or want to. Viviano is concerned about you. He wants to make things as good as they can be for you."

Sonny shifted his position slightly when he heard his brother was concerned about him. "Viv wants me to become your circus sideshow freak just like you do, you fuckin' cunt. I don't believe any of you."

"You don't believe that Colin is still in love with you?" asked Apollonia.

The antique bed creaked as Sonny rolled from his side onto his back. He looked up and into Apollonia's turquoise eyes. He paused for a moment as he reacted to her beauty and the feelings of love that surged into his brain. "He is the reason I'm here and have no cock. That prick doesn't love me. He's your fuckin' shithead who does as you tell him. He told me he'd be happy to go down on me because he'd be eating my sperm. He tried to get me to accept that it was the same except for the delivery system. Fuckin' asshole then goes into the corner and begins to jerk off. You know the rest..."

"Yes, I do. I didn't have to come here today, Sonny," said Apollonia. "All I had to do was call Giuseppe or Dr. Goldsmith. I know the nurse was here today. According to Giuseppe, you're healing quite nicely. Have you been out of bed?"

"No," replied Sonny. "Why should I? I have no reason to get out of bed or for that matter, I have no reason to live, you insolent little cunt."

"I can see you feel better when you use curse words to describe me," said Apollonia. "The reason I'm not getting mad at you is simple, Sonny. I've taken my pound of flesh. I have no reason to continue to hurt you. If you want, I'll give you some money, not a lot, but some, and you can take your modified body out onto the street. Viv will do as I say because he knows which side his bread is buttered on. As for the rest of your family, they'll be your problem."

"Like I have a choice, Apollonia," said Sonny. "What person in their right mind is going to have a relationship with a man who has a fuckin' vagina. Like I said, I'm only good as a sideshow freak. I'd rather be dead than live like that."

Before she could answer, there came a knock on the door. Apollonia knew it was Sienna bringing the mug of coffee.

"Come in Sienna," said Apollonia.

The elderly woman entered the room carrying a small tray. On it was a mug of coffee and some small Italian pastries. She waited for Apollonia to acknowledge her and then placed the tray on the small table that sat next to the bed. She started to back her way out of the room when Apollonia stepped up to her and took hold of her upper arm. The woman froze and began to shake from fear. Apollonia smiled. The grin was from ear-to-ear.

"Sonny," said Apollonia, "can you see how scared the little incestuous bitch is of me? Look at her. I bet I can get her to piss all over the floor. Sienna, care to piss yourself for me?"

"Stop it Apollonia," cried Sonny. "She hasn't done squat to you. All she did was fall in love with her brother. Fuck, you sleep with your sister, don't you? Apollonia, release her now or I swear I'll rip your fuckin' head off."

Sienna tried to move but was stopped by the strength of Apollonia's grip. Sonny watched from the bed as Apollonia continued to hold onto Sienna's upper arm. When Apollonia did not release the older woman from her grip, Sonny couldn't take anymore. He rose from the bed, stifled the need to cry out in pain, and made a lunge for Apollonia. No sooner than he made contact with Apollonia's side, she moved which forced Sonny to use his legs to keep himself from falling. Apollonia released her hold on Sienna's upper arm.

"Get out Sienna, now," commanded Apollonia.

Sonny watched as the frightened woman made a beeline out of the room. He also saw the look on Apollonia's face and knew she had tricked him yet again. Sonny fought the bout of vertigo and dizziness that hit him and kept himself from falling back onto the bed. He actually felt better standing than he did lying down. As his head cleared, Sonny could feel the lack of male genitals between his legs. He unconsciously or consciously placed his right hand on his crotch to feel what had been wrought on him by the woman he loved.

"God, you are such a bitch, Apollonia," said Sonny, "and I'm dumber than a rock. You fuckin' used Sienna to get me out of bed."

"Yes, I did," said Apollonia. "Now that you are out of bed, I want you to start walking and taking care of yourself. I don't want you to go backwards. Think what you want, but if you listen to me, you'll have more money than you can spend in a lifetime."

"You have to be kiddin' me," retorted Sonny.

"I promise you," replied Apollonia. "I promise that you will get over your anger. I promise you will end up begging me to do what you are so afraid of doing now. When you look back on what I did to you you'll be thankful because you'll be healthy and very wealthy."

"Yeah," groaned Sonny, "but I'll still be without a cock."

"Trust me big boy," said Apollonia, "you'll get over it to the point you'll wish you weren't born with one."

Apollonia did not wait for an answer. She left the room without ever taking a sip of the hot black coffee that was brought by Sienna. Sonny let his hand explore between his legs. The pain was minimal. He could feel the small incision scars on the outside of what was his labia majora. He wanted to slip his finger between the lips to see if he would feel any sexual stimulation, but the pain that emanated from his new clitoris was more than he wanted to tolerate. Sonny Rossi began the emotional and psychological metamorphosis from a man with a cock to a man with a vagina. The realization that he was fooled again by Apollonia only added to his reasons for wanting her to be his Mistress.

Apollonia made her way to the basement with Giuseppe in tow. She had no idea of what she wanted to do with the three Morettis she had imprisoned in the basement of the townhouse. Alessa was proving to be truthful, but what Apollonia wanted more than anything was proof positive. In her mind, the only way she would get that proof was confronting her prisoners with the child. Apollonia remembered she needed to contact Adelina's boyfriend in Texas and use her womanly charms to get him to New York City.

Adolfo heard the key in the lock and immediately took a position on the floor in the corner opposite the two buckets that were used for toileting and drinking water. He began to cry softly. Adolfo Moretti was scared shitless because he knew that one day someone would open the door to take him to his emasculation. As much as he loved sex, he only masturbated once since being tethered in the room that would be his last place of abode in America. He looked up when he heard the hinges squeak and the heavy door scrape against the cement floor. The one thing he noticed the minute he was tossed into the cell was the grooves on the floor that followed the path of the opening and closing of the door. Adolfo Moretti audibly groaned and cried out when he saw his nemesis enter the small dark dank cell.

Apollonia laughed when she saw the once masculine sissy boi laying in his own piss, crying, and beginning to beg for his life and his balls. Adolfo was lying on his side in a fetal position trying to protect his genitals. Apollonia moved to pick up the chain that connected the boy's ankle to the wall. She took hold of the rust encrusted metal and pulled hard enough to force Adolfo onto his back. His head was towards the back of the cell while his feet faced the open door. It also caused his legs to open revealing his genitals. Apollonia dropped the chain, stepped between Adolfo's legs, and pressed the bottom of her right foot down on one of his balls.

"Owww!!!" cried the broken Texas Moretti sissy boi. "Please, stop!!!"

"Stop like you did when you fucked your little sister," yelled Apollonia. She pressed harder on his ball. "Tell me, who was the first to fuck Alessa you piece of dog shit."

Apollonia pressed a bit harder which resulted in Adolfo releasing whatever urine his bladder had accumulated since he pissed himself when the door to the cell opened. The shoe did not give her the ability to read how the testicle was reacting to the pressure. Apollonia learned how hard she was pressing when Adolfo screamed out in pain as the testicle burst under her foot. He fainted from the pain.

"Giuseppe, take him across the hall. Just toss him into the room. Don't tie him down. He ain't goin' anywhere soon," said Apollonia. She stood aside and watched as Giuseppe opened the lock on the ankle bracelet which he used to drag Adolfo into the large dungeon.

The next cell she opened belonged to Adelina. Like Adolfo, she was prone on the floor in a fetal position. Unlike Adolfo, she did not look up when the door opened. Apollonia decided the best way to get her attention was to kick her in the back. The shot was quick and connected with her exposed kidney. The pain was enough to get Adelina to roll over onto her back. Like Adolfo her head was closest to the back wall and her legs were splayed open and facing the entrance. She opened her eyes and saw who kicked her.

Adelina yelled, "FUCK YOU!!! NOTHING ON THE FACE OF THIS EARTH WILL MAKE ME BEND TO YOUR WILL, BITCH!!!"

The laughter that emanated from Apollonia was more cruel than funny. "Because you're such a dumb cunt, I'm going to make sure your eyes are open while your boyfriend is used and abused by me all because he fucked Alessa. Today, you are going to witness the end of your brother as a man."

"FUCK YOU," cried Adelina.

"Giuseppe, drag her out of her home here and toss her in the dungeon like you just did to her cock suckin' brother," said Apollonia.

The last cell Apollonia opened belonged to the overweight bitch that allowed the sexual abuse of her own flesh and blood. She kicked the door open to find the naked bitch sitting on the iron cot as if she was sunning herself on the patio next to her backyard pool. Teresa did not react to Apollonia's entrance. She sat stoically waiting for whatever verbal or physical abuse her tormentor was going to unleash at her. Apollonia knew Teresa had control because she heard what occurred in the cells that held her son and daughter. She smiled the smile of a cruel bitch and sadist. When Giuseppe returned to where she stood, she pointed, and said, "Toss her in with her asshole kids."

Apollonia did not go directly into the large dungeon rather she went back upstairs to the kitchen where she ordered Sienna to go up to Sonny's room to retrieve the mug of coffee. Several minutes later Sienna returned with the tray and placed it on the table where Apollonia sat. Giuseppe stood in front of the kitchen sink waiting for his employer's next command. He prayed silently that she would not ask him to help when she returned to the basement. Sienna stood next to the small breakfast table waiting patiently for Apollonia's next order.

"Pull a chair out and sit, Sienna," ordered Apollonia.

Sienna nodded and did as she was told. Giuseppe held his breath. Sienna wanted to turn to look at her brother and lover, but something inside her told her to keep her gaze on the lunatic that sat opposite her. The elderly woman used everything in her power to keep from crying or spouting verbal abuse at Apollonia. For the first time since she met the Moretti girl, Sienna studied the face she was gazing upon and realized that she was not just pretty but absolutely beautiful.

"Tell me in your own words how it came about that you fell in love with your brother," said Apollonia as she picked up the mug of still warm coffee. When she sipped the brew she looked over to Giuseppe and held the mug up signaling him to pour a fresh mug.

Sienna waited until Giuseppe delivered the hot mug of coffee before she responded to Apollonia's query, "It started when I was learning about the family. I don't remember exactly how it happened, Miss Apollonia. The result is plainly obvious. We gave up everything to remain together."

"How did you hide it from your parents?" asked Apollonia.

"It wasn't easy," replied Sienna. Her body relaxed as she began to relate growing up and falling in love with her older brother. "We would wait for my parents to go out for the night. It was difficult for us when we couldn't show our love for each other the way we wanted." Sienna's eyes and face lit up when an old memory surfaced, "I can remember sneaking into the bathroom to give Giuseppe a hand job knowing that if we were caught we'd face more than a spanking. We'd kiss knowing that it could be days before we were together again."

"When you passed through puberty weren't you afraid of getting pregnant?" asked Apollonia.

"We were young and in love," said Sienna. She put her thin bony hands to her face, rubbed her eyes, and said, "It was your father who saved us after my father tossed us out of the house and onto the streets. I don't know what would have happened to us if your father hadn't found us on the Bowery."

Apollonia thought for a moment and asked, "Didn't you want children?"

After a moment of reflection, a deep breath, and a sigh Sienna responded, "With all my heart, Miss Apollonia. I wanted to birth several babies and raise them. I still cry about giving up my ability to have children, but my love for Giuseppe always tempered my biological need to procreate."

"You gave that up for Giuseppe," continued Apollonia. "You were saved from a life of destitution by Mario when he offered you a place here. What I don't understand is how you allowed yourself to become embroiled in Lucia's sickness."

Sienna placed her hands on the edge of the small table and Apollonia could see the anger in the elderly woman. "I, we, had no choice Miss Apollonia. Lucia Moretti was nothing compared to Mario Moretti. That woman had

the devil in her. I was afraid of her as I'm afraid of you Miss Apollonia. Miss Lucia did not have the physical strength but she used anything available to make us bend to her will. When you're physically beat up and verbally humiliated it comes to a point where you just want to save yourself from further abuse. Giuseppe and I tried to leave, but your father had come to your mother's side and forbade us from leaving the townhouse."

"How did he do that?" asked Apollonia.

"He placed a sharp kitchen knife to my neck," recounted Sienna, "and told Giuseppe he had a choice. Live alone on the streets or remain here as indentured servants. Over time he relaxed his tenacious hold on us, but Lucia would always make it difficult for us to live what we know is not a normal life."

"Did you think he would have cut your throat Sienna," asked Apollonia.

"I'm sure he would have," replied Sienna in a powerful confident voice.

"And, what made you think he would," said Apollonia.

"We both witnessed his ability to please your mother," said Sienna.

Apollonia's face turned quizzical, "How so, Sienna?"

"Mario tried to keep from becoming the sadistic murderer your mother became," said Sienna. "He failed miserably because he loved her so deeply. You may not want to know or hear what I'm about to say, but your mother threatened on more than one occasion to leave him. She even forced him to watch her have relations with people he hated."

"I'm fuckin' amazed, yet, I know everything you just said to me, Sienna. My mother was not very smart. She kept journals and in those journals she detailed every event whether it was just a social gathering or some sick sadistic sexual party," said Apollonia.

Apollonia looked at her watch and decided he had given the Texas Morettis enough time together. She stood and stepped around the small breakfast table to where Sienna sat. She reached down and touched the elderly woman's face. Her right hand went to her chin and grasped it just hard enough to give her the ability to make Sienna look up at her. Apollonia smiled, licked her lips, and said, "Sienna, try to put yourself in my place. Think about how I felt when I discovered my parent's sick pastime. If you are willing to serve me the way you served my father in the beginning, you will live here until you die of very old age. Now, be a good girl, lift my skirt, and kiss my cunt."

Sienna Moretti closed her eyes, reached for the hem of her employer's skirt, and felt Apollonia's hand release her hold on her chin. Apollonia felt the older woman's lips press against the edge of her panties which was good enough to her. She stepped back and made her way to the basement door. Sienna remained seated thankful that she was not made to do more than kiss her employer's body. Giuseppe Moretti knew he had to follow his employer into the basement not to help her, but to witness the events that were about to happen.

Teresa, Adelina, and Adolfo sat beside the raised stage. Adolfo was between his mother and sister. It was evident that he was injured because his scrotum was a deep black and blue color. Each of them reacted differently when Apollonia walked into the room. Adolfo began to whimper. Teresa sat silently. Adelina stood up and rushed Apollonia. The teenager's anger blinded her to Apollonia's superior physical abilities. Apollonia did not make physical contact with the girl. Instead she moved aside just at the right moment which forced Adelina to rush past her without knocking into her. Apollonia was not afraid of Teresa or Adolfo, so she turned her back to them and pointed at Adelina. She made the universal sign of come to me by bending her index finger towards her.

Adelina completely insane with blinded anger rushed Apollonia. This time Apollonia did not completely step aside. She timed Adelina's charge so she could step to one side and trip the teenager. Adelina could not stop in time. She hit Apollonia's lower leg and tumbled forward onto her face. She rolled across the rough cement floor and came to a stop in front of her family. Adelina rolled onto her stomach and made a futile attempt to rise from the floor. Apollonia

planted a kick that rolled her onto her back and elicited a cry of pain. Adelina Moretti did not attempt to rise off the floor again.

"Now that your stupid cunt of a daughter has tried and failed," said Apollonia, "let's get down to business. As you can see, I have crushed one of Adolfo's faggot testicles. Each of you will suffer if you do not give me truthful answers to my questions."

From somewhere deep inside Adolfo's being he spat, "You know torture doesn't work. It is a proven fact. If you want the truth, then treat us like human beings and maybe you'll trick us into telling you the truth."

"Let me ask you cocksucker," said Apollonia, "Which one of you was the first after Umberto fucked Alessa?"

Teresa found her voice, "What the fuck is your affinity with Alessa?"

Apollonia stepped over to Teresa, grabbed her by her long unkempt hair, and pulled her away from the stage. She used her hair to get her to lie on her back. Apollonia then forced three fingers into her vagina and pushed them in as far as she could without any lubrication. Teresa cried out.

"This cunt may have accepted the seed of Mario Moretti and brought forth Alessa into this world, Teresa," growled Apollonia, 'but, you, fat ass, did nothing to protect your child. You fuckin' allowed your fat piece-of-shit husband to rape her. You allowed your son, daughter, and your daughter's boyfriend to use her as a sexual play toy. You even forced her to lick your fat cunt every morning. She is my half-sister born of your stupid relationship with Mario Moretti. I will know the truth or I will personally watch you suffer as your life ebbs from your porcine body."

Apollonia forced her hand in further and then pulled it out. She looked into Teresa's eyes and saw the fear. Instead of finding something to wipe her hand on, Apollonia used Teresa's face. She forced her to lick the residue of her pussy off her hand and then wiped the saliva all over her face. Adolfo and Adelina sat holding on to each other during the short interplay between their mother and the crazy bitch that ruined their life. Giuseppe Moretti remained standing against the wall opposite the doors praying that Apollonia did not do anything that would force him to have to clean up a murder scene.

Teresa decided it was time to own up to the truth, "Umberto was livid that I had sexual relations with Mario. I thought I was safe from bearing another child. When I found out I was pregnant, Umberto and I hadn't had intercourse for months. I told him the truth. I had no other choice. I was not going to abort the baby. Umberto hated her from the moment she was conceived. He used a weekend when Adolfo, Adelina, and I were away to sexually abuse Alessa."

Apollonia slapped her across the face, "Then why didn't you fuckin' shoot the bastard? How could you allow him to make her into a child whore? YOUR OWN FUCKIN' SPAWN; HE USED HER AS DID YOU!!! I SHOULD SHOVE A FUCKIN' BAYONETTE UP YOUR CUNT AND OPEN YOU LIKE A FUCKIN' PIECE OF FRUIT!!! SHE IS A CHILD!!!"

Apollonia stepped away from the woman she has come to revile as much as her mother. The two children of her relationship with her Uncle would be taken care of as she had explained. Teresa Conti could only hope that by telling the truth to Apollonia she could wrest away any desire to harm Adolfo and Adelina. She crawled over to her children and placed her back against the base of the stage. Her body hurt from being dragged by her hair across the rough cement floor as well as her vagina after it was brutally assaulted by Apollonia. Teresa knew the only way to make Apollonia understand was to have her bring Alessa to face her mother, brother, and sister.

"Why don't you just finish this by bringing Alessa here," yelled Teresa. "Let her see what you've done to us in her name. Bring her here..."

Apollonia blew her cool, "Not on your life, Conti. Only way she'll be brought here is if she wants to see you fuckin' hung out to dry."

Apollonia's rage was getting her nowhere. She looked at her watch and decided it was time for her to return to Columbus Place. Seeing how the three were bound together, Apollonia decided that it would be easier for Giuseppe to get them back into their rat holes if she got them separated.

"Your choice," said Apollonia, "separate to ease your movement back to your rat holes or I will go into the storage closet, retrieve a cattle prod, and use it on each and every one of you."

Teresa made the decision for the group. She kissed her son and then her daughter. She moved away from them, stood, and allowed Giuseppe to guide her out of the dungeon. Several minutes later he returned to find Adelina standing waiting to be taken to her rat hole cell. Apollonia watched as Adelina quietly returned to her cell. She stepped over to Adolfo, offered her hand to him, and helped him stand. When Giuseppe returned she whispered in his ear, "In a few days, Marco will be here. If you're a good little sissy boi, I'll let him fuck you before I cut his cock off."

Apollonia handed Adolfo to Giuseppe and walked out of the dungeon. Upon her return to the kitchen, she saw Sienna preparing food for Sonny and what had to be the gruel she fed to the occupants of the basement. Sienna saw her enter the small kitchen area and stopped what she was doing while keeping an eye on the food that was on the stove. Apollonia approached the older woman, took her into her arms, and embraced her. She placed her right hand on Sienna's head and pressed it into her breast. Apollonia felt the fear in Sienna's body.

"I'm leaving," she said in a quiet voice. "When I return I expect you to come to me, kneel, and do your Moretti obligation. Our little conversation has opened something I never thought I'd desire, but I want you to suck me off. If you do a good job, maybe I'd reciprocate. I can feel your revulsion and fear Sienna. I am going to tell you that you really don't have a choice. You'll do it or you'll be taken downstairs and I'll drain all the blood from your body."

Apollonia released Sienna. She picked up her satchel, retrieved her cell phone, and called the driver to pick her up. She noticed there were several missed calls which she decided could wait until she returned to Columbus Place. She walked to the front door looked back to see Giuseppe and Sienna standing arm-in-arm before she opened it to let herself out onto East 84th Street. Apollonia did not have a long wait before the Lincoln Town Car pulled up to take her back to Columbus Place.