

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 117

Wednesday – Columbus Place – 5 March 2003

Raffaella Rossi woke up at her usual time. The side of the bed where Viviano slept was not rumpled. She did not roll over thinking he stayed at her sister's house later than expected and decided to sleep downstairs in the back bedroom off the kitchen. Neither the house phone nor her cell phone rang to inform her where he would be spending the night. She eyed the digital clock and knew she would have to rise to get everything started and to prepare to take Antonio, Carmen, Alessa, and Ming's children to school. The bathroom awaited and she felt a bit out-of-sorts sitting on the toilet urinating and not feeling her husband's cum dripping from her just used vagina. She wiped, stood, and flushed the toilet. As the sound of the water rushing around the bowl rose, she screamed, "FUCK" at the top of her lungs. Viviano Rossi never once stayed out all night without phoning her to tell her where he was staying.

Colin arose to find Sonny on the floor curled in the corner covered in a duvet sleeping on the floor rather than in bed with him. In contravention to Apollonia's order, neither man said more than one word to each other through the night. Colin wanted to sit and talk to Sonny about anything and everything, but he knew the man was not going to adhere to his bitch wife's command. As he made his way to the bathroom, a tear of sadness rolled down his cheek because he knew that the ultimate retribution against Sonny would be his death. 'Maybe, just maybe', he thought to himself, *'that is what Sonny really wanted all along.'* Inside the transformed man, Colin wished he could convince Sonny that he could and would live a fruitful life even though his physical form was cruelly altered.

Sonny Rossi remained still underneath the feather duvet and made no effort to let Colin know he was awake. When he heard the bathroom door close he moved, stretched his muscles, and returned to a fetal position to maintain his appearance of being asleep. Life was not going to be good living under the same roof as the woman who emasculated him and he knew he'd made a mistake after she told him to stand next to his girlfriend. Suicidal thoughts coursed through his brain and the idea of taking his own life seemed to be the only solution. Sonny Rossi remained still because the phantom feeling that he still had his cock made him want to masturbate more than anything. This feeling reinforced his hatred for Apollonia Moretti, yet in the deep recesses of his unconscious he felt nothing but love for the stunning Italian beauty.

Both Colin and Sonny wondered if Viviano was lying next to Apollonia after spending the night fornicating with her under the guise that she was the head of the Moretti family and could command him to make love to her. The surprise would be forthcoming.

Priscilla Smith woke and stretched her thin lithe body to get the sleep kinks out of her muscles. The cover sheet and duvet kept her warm against the chill she felt in the room after her night spent with Ming which resulted in her body becoming covered in a coating of sexually induced sweat. She reached to her left to find the bed empty. She rolled to her side to find that Ming Zheng was no longer in bed with her. Priscilla was surprised to find her not there, but realized that she must be downstairs preparing for the boys departure to school. Her right hand stole down to her mons where she confirmed that she was bare of her pubic hair. She slipped her middle finger between the lips of her womanhood and slid it up from her still virgin entrance to her hooded clitoris. The sensation she felt from her finger was nothing compared to the softness of Ming's lips and tongue. Priscilla remembered the smell and feel of Ming's womanhood as she moved her finger through her vagina. The sound of the door opening was enough to stop her masturbation cold. Priscilla opened her eyes to see Ming standing there crooking a finger telling her to get ass out of bed and downstairs.

Raffaella Rossi proceeded to dress with the thought that she would have to drive her children and Ming's boys to school. Her clothing consisted of a pair of white cotton panties, knee high stockings, cotton sweater, a knee length denim skirt, and a pair of soft flats. She was surprised to see Viviano standing in the kitchen preparing breakfast for Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa. The one thing she always wondered was how they could eat the same food every morning, but inside she knew she and Apollonia did the same thing during their elementary school years. Already prepared were the three lunches the children would take with them with thermoses filled with their only choice of drink – apple or grape juice. She did not come over to where he stood, instead she remained at the end of the hallway just at the entrance to the breakfast area at the back of the house.

"I deserve to be told where you spent the night, Viv," said Raffaella. "I'm not a happy camper, Mr. Rossi."

Viviano turned his head to where his wife stood and said, "I spent the night at your sister's house."

"YOU FUCKIN' SON-OF-A-BITCH!!!" cried Raffaella. "YOU PRICK!!! YOU SLEPT WITH MY SISTER YOU PIECE-OF-SHIT!!!"

Viviano stopped what he was doing, placed his hands on his throat, and made a face like he was being choked to death. He stopped after a moment and said, "Ok, I deserved that, but, I did not sleep with your sister. She cornered me and requested I spend what ended up being the entire night sitting at her breakfast table, drinking coffee, and talking. If you don't believe me, go to her or just pick up the phone Raffaella."

"FUCK YOU!!!" cried Raffaella. She stormed to the back of the house, out the door, and across the street to her sister's house.

Viviano Rossi nodded his head thinking about what would eventually take place between the two Moretti sisters. He shook his head knowing that he witnessed one of the few outbursts of Raffaella's anger based upon a false assumption. As tired as he was from the night spent across the street, Viviano made ready to take the children to school, pick up his father-in-law, and drive up to Astoria, Queens to the Moretti Construction Corporate offices for a full day's work.

Colin Cathcart heard the back door open and slam shut. He knew it could only be one of four people, so he maintained his position in front of the kitchen sink breath held waiting for someone to enter the kitchen in a tizzy. He did not move a muscle fearful that he would accidentally cut himself when the verbal explosion of anger hit his ears. Colin was betting that either Raffaella or Ming would be entering the kitchen momentarily.

"COLIN, YOU FUCKIN' FAGGOT," screamed Raffaella, "WHERE IS THAT CUNT OF A SISTER OF MINE???"

He turned and in a quiet soothing voice said, "Upstairs asleep I believe." He did not react to her abusive verbalization about his sexuality.

Raffaella Moretti did not hesitate to ponder Colin's unfazed answer to her question. She stormed through the breakfast room, down the hall into the great room, and up the stairway closest to her sister's room. Raffaella did not knock. She wanted to kick open the door, but tried the handle to see if the lock was engaged. The handle turned and she pushed the door open. Apollonia Moretti was under her duvet sound asleep. She was so deep asleep she had no idea that her sister had entered the room which was a surprise to Raffaella because her sister was attuned to anything and everything that took place in her residence. The smallest sound would wake her from a sound sleep, but she did not respond to her yelling in the kitchen or the sound of her bedroom door opening. Raffaella closed the door, leaned against it, and pondered if she should just yell at her younger sister or go and smack her across the face as she slept.

She decided on the first course of action, "WAKE UP YOU LITTLE WHORE!!! WAKE THE FUCK UP, YOU SNIVELING PIECE-OF-SHIT!!! YOU CUNT!!! I HOPE YOU'RE FUCKIN' HAPPY, BITCH!!!"

Apollonia Moretti sprung up and saw her sister standing inside her room frothing at the mouth, hands balled up, and her body language expressing a boatload of anger. It took a few seconds for her to realize that her sister was pissed at her assumption that Viviano had spent the night fornicating with her. She saw that Raffaella was not moving towards her, which was a good thing; so, Apollonia stretched, moved to sit up, leaned against her headboard, and lovingly smiled at her sister. She did not respond to her sister's angry denunciation.

Raffaella was completely at a loss for words when she saw Apollonia maintain her cool and not strike out at her. She did not relax her body or unclench her fists. She eyed her sister with a dispassionate gaze and said, "You slept with Viv last night. You fuckin' little piece-of-whore-shit. I know you did."

"No I didn't Raffy," calmly replied Apollonia. "I wouldn't do that to you, ever. He did spend the night, but we were in the breakfast room, drinking coffee, talking about yesterday's events, and some other private Moretti family issues on which I decided to get his opinion. Didn't he get into bed with you this morning?"

"He didn't fuck you last night?" asked Raffaella.

Apollonia shook her head in the negative more out of frustration than as an answer to her sister's accusation. She rose from the bed, stood by its side, and said, "No, he did not. I told him to go to you, slip into bed, and do you like he does every morning. He was not here to indulge himself in a sexual tryst with his sister-in-law. Listen, Raffy, I know he wants to fuck me just like your son does. I would never do that to you although I would take Antonio because he'd probably fuck me like a jack rabbit and have the ability to cum multiple times because of his age."

Raffy was disarmed and totally embarrassed at her false accusation. She relaxed, leaned against the bedroom door, and began to cry uncontrollably. Her body shook as the tears rolled down her face. When she finally regained a modicum of control she moaned, "I'm so sorry Appy. He told me as he was preparing the children's breakfast and lunch that he did not sleep with you. I assumed..."

Apollonia Moretti walked up to her sister, took her face into her hands, and said, "You are my sister. Viviano Rossi is your husband. He is bound to you through the bonds of holy matrimony. He is bound to me as a consecrated Moretti man because I am the de facto and de jure leader of the family." She pressed her hands a bit tighter on her sister's cheeks which elicited the reaction she wanted. Her sister's eyes grew wide with fear. "You ever accuse me of sleeping with Viviano again, I will take him from you and rub your face in it the rest of your life. Just like mother did

when we were children, I am telling you that you ever accuse me of sleeping with him or I find you imparted private Moretti information to persons who have no reason to know, I will end your life. Understand?"

Raffaella did not answer her sister. Her face and body were frozen from the expected physical punishment that had not occurred since her sister took hold of her face. Raffaella's mouth was slightly open. Her arms were by her side and her hands were slowly opening and closing to relieve the stress of the situation. Just like her mother did when she was a college student, Raffaella knew she was threatened with the ultimate end as justification for going against her sister's wishes. The fear took its toll on Raffaella's body. She could not control herself. She burst out in tears and pissed all over her sister's floor.

Apollonia held her sister's face as she watched the puddle of urine grow on the floor between her legs. She stepped back, released her hold, and said, "You pissed on my floor Raffy. I'll take that as your positive response to my assertion. Now, go into the bathroom, get undressed, and wait for me."

Raffaella Moretti nodded her head and stepped to the master bathroom door without saying a word to her sister. Apollonia stepped around the puddle, opened the door, and yelled, "COLIN, GET A BUCKET AND A MOP. COME TO MY ROOM AND CLEAN UP THE MESS MY SISTER MADE ON THE FLOOR. HURRY UP YOU FUCKIN' SISSY BITCH!!!"

Ming Zheng said a pleasant hello and good-bye to Viviano as he did his Monday through Friday duty taking the children to school before departing for the Moretti corporate offices. She stood at the closed door and watched her sons walk across the street with her lover's brother-in-law and when they were safely in his house she turned to find Pricilla Smith. The back of the house smelt from brewed coffee and when she entered the breakfast area she saw Pricilla sitting at the oak table with nothing but her hands folded in front of her.

"Didn't want anything to drink?" asked Ming.

"Excuse me," replied Pricilla, "but, I didn't know if I should just help myself."

Ming chuckled at her response. She leaned against the corner of the hallway entrance, opened her short silk kimono robe, and said, "Just come here and show me how much you learned."

Pricilla blushed, but did not move from her chair, "Are you serious? You want me to perform oral on you here?"

"Either you come to me and lick me to as many orgasms as I deem I need this morning," growled Ming, "or I will take you by the scruff of your teenaged neck, bend you the fuck over, and shove a broom handle up your ass. Oh, and don't worry about Apollonia. She'll understand why I abused you as I did which will result in you selling your body for heroin on the streets of New York."

"I can't do it here where we can get caught," begged Pricilla. She was wearing one of Ming's short silk kimono type robes and a pair of borrowed slippers. Underneath she was totally naked. When she awoke she hoped that Ming would allow her to shower, borrow some panties, get dressed, and prepare to return to Texas. Instead she was ordered with the crook of a finger to descend to the back of the house and wait for what could only be termed as her Mistress. Pricilla Smith saw the daggers coming at her from Ming's eyes and she knew intuitively that she'd better do as she was told. The sixteen year old rose from her seat and made her way to where Ming stood, open, and waiting.

She stopped for a moment, looked into the beautiful Oriental woman's eyes, bowed her head, and sunk to her knees. The floor was hard and she was immediately uncomfortable. Pain shot from where her knees pressed on the hardwood floor and she knew it was something she'd have to bear as she offered her mouth to Ming. Pricilla Smith gently parted the thin thighs that were in front of her face. The sight of the older woman's sex had an unexpected effect as she felt her body release fluid from her vagina. The aroma of Ming's sex was enough to feed her desire to taste the fluids that would be produced by her oral activities. Pricilla cupped the Ming's vagina and kissed each of her thighs slowly drawing her tongue to the nexus of her crotch. Ming responded by pressing her crotch forward against the palm of the hand that was pressed between her legs.

The pain Pricilla felt in her knees did not subside. She pulled her head back, looked up at Ming, and begged, "Please don't make me kneel here on the hard floor. My knees are hurting and I'm not comfortable. Please, let's go upstairs. Please!!!"

Ming reached down and pulled the girl to her feet. She pressed their bodies together and placed her lips on Pricilla's. Without a moment's hesitation, Pricilla opened her mouth to allow Ming's tongue to begin to caress the inside of her mouth. Their arms encircled each other's bodies and Ming took control and pressed the thin girl into her embrace. Her left hand slid down Pricilla's back to the hem of the silk robe and underneath to the soft skin of her buttocks. She clasped her hand around the right muscle that formed the buttock and gave it a gentle squeeze. She felt Pricilla react to the grasp which allowed Ming to take the young girl and move her back to the oak breakfast table and chairs.

Pricilla did not fight being moved backwards as she continued to kiss and press her body against the soft skin of the older Oriental woman. A woman who took the time last night with gentle moves of a loving mentor to show her how to caress the sex of another woman. They moved together as if in a dance until Pricilla felt the back of her legs press against the chair she had just gotten up from. It didn't take a rocket scientist to know that Ming wanted her to resume sitting. They broke their kiss. Pricilla felt Ming's hands on her face and she watched the Oriental woman slip between her and the edge of the table. Ming with what could only be a practiced motion placed herself on the table in front of the astounded young girl.

"Now you don't have to have your knees on the floor," whispered Ming as she opened her legs to reveal her bare honey pot. She extended her right hand and Pricilla took the cue and leaned in to allow her to guide her face to the center of Ming's sexual universe. Ming felt the girl's tongue begin to slide between her labia, 'That's a good little bitch,' she moaned, "eat me..." Ming release her head, gently fell back onto the top of the oak breakfast table, placed her legs over the thin girl's shoulders, pressed her cunt into the mouth that was giving her the ultimate form of oral sexual pleasure.

Raffaella Moretti undressed in her sister's bathroom. She removed her urine soaked panties and skirt. Per her sister's instructions, she stood in the middle of the bathroom and waited. The acrid smell of urine filled the room which was something that Raffaella was not used to since the children were toilet trained. She wanted to jump in her sister's custom built shower/steam room, but thought better of having to explain why she did not listen to her. Instead she stood at attention waiting for what would be her penance after pissing off her younger sister. The door to the bedroom opened and she heard some words between Apollonia and Colin. A minute later the door to the master bathroom opened.

"Pick up your clothes, wrap them in a towel, and throw them in the hamper. Colin will wash them for you later," commanded Apollonia.

Raffaella did not say a word or try to hide her nakedness in front of her younger sister. She bundled up the urine soaked denim skirt and panties with her other clothing, wrapped them in the bath sheet sized Ralph Lauren towel, and pushed the bundle into the hamper that sat next to the vanity. When she was done Raffaella returned to

where she stood when her sister entered the bathroom. The look on her sister's face gave her no clue to what was going to happen next. Stress began to course through her body and she made a concerted effort to keep from peeing on the floor a second time. Raffaella was that scared of her sister after she was told in no uncertain terms that Apollonia had no problem ending her life.

"I want an answer Raffy," said Apollonia. Her voice dark with vitriol, "What in God's name made you think I fucked Viviano last night?"

Raffaella held her breath. She did not immediately answer Apollonia's question. Apollonia's hand struck her face so hard she fell back against the edge of the vanity she had to react quickly to keep from falling on the floor.

"ANSWER MY FUCKIN' QUESTION," growled Apollonia. Her anger building at her sister's stupidity.

"He never spent a night away from my bed without calling me," cried Raffaella shaking her head from side-to-side to try and mitigate any feelings on her sister's part she wasn't fully truthful. "No matter what he was up to, Apollonia, he'd call. The house phone or my cell phone. I woke up this morning to an empty bed. I'm so sorry. Please..."

"When you asked him where was he," continued Apollonia with the same anger in her voice, "what did he say in response?"

Raffaella knew she was in the bathroom for only one reason. If her sister beat her to the point where she was bleeding, it would be easier to clean the ceramic tile than the hardwood floors. Or, she could scald her in the steam room and blame it on human error. Raffaella Moretti was frightened. "He told me that he spent the night talking with you about yesterday and other Moretti business. I was blinded because I believed he did not call for ulterior motives. I thought he was inconsiderate, but it turns out I'm the one who was inconsiderate. I should have trusted what he told me, because I know he'd never lie to me. Please, please, please forgive me Appy."

Apollonia pushed her sister against the edge of the vanity. She took her left hand and inserted it into her sister's vagina without any lubrication. Raffaella screamed in pain as she felt her sister's entire hand enter her body. Once she felt her sister's vagina close around her wrist, Apollonia flexed her fingers inside her sister's womb. Raffaella could feel her long fingernails scratching the soft lining of her womb. Then with malice aforethought, Apollonia ripped her hand from between Raffaella's legs only to shove it back into her sister's body with the force of a pile driver. Raffaella pissed on her sister's arm as it pushed deeper into her body. The pain was becoming unbearable as Apollonia used all her power to hurt her sister internally.

"PLEASE, APPY," cried Raffaella. The scream that exited her mouth could have awoken the dead. She begged, "Please you're hurting me!!! I can't take the pain!!! Please, I'm sorry, so sorry!!!"

Apollonia did not hear the door to the master bedroom open. Nor did she hear the door to the bathroom open. What she heard was Colin screaming at her, "STOP IT APOLLONIA!!! SHE IS YOUR SISTER!!! CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE HURTING HER!!!"

She turned to face her sissy husband and screamed, "GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY BEDROOM!!! IF I REMOVE MY HAND FROM MY SISTER'S CUNT, I WILL UNCELEMONIOUSLY SHOVE IT UP YOUR SISSY ASS AND RIP YOUR GUTS OUT. NOW, GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY ROOM OR I'LL FUCKIN' KILL YOU ON THE SPOT!!!"

Colin Cathcart knew she was serious and did what any good sissy would do; he backed out of the bathroom closing the door after he exited. The anger displayed by his wife was overboard in relation to the supposed error on the part of his sister-in-law. When he saw what Apollonia had done to her sister, he knew for a certainty that her reaction was based upon yesterday's activities at the townhouse. He decided to take a chance. Colin Cathcart did not leave the master bedroom he used to sleep in with the love-of-his-life. Instead, he sat on the special order oversized bed and waited with baited breath for his wife and Raffaella to exit the bathroom.

"Please, Appy," cried Raffaella. "Please take your hand out of my body. You're hurting me!!! Please!!!"

Apollonia made two quick moves which surprised Raffaella more than the initial entry of her sister's entire hand into her vagina. She felt Apollonia's right hand pull out and her left hand wrap around her neck putting pressure on both of her carotid arteries. Then she felt Apollonia's right hand and wrist wipe the urine she released all over her face. It didn't take but a moment for tears to run down her face as she felt her sister's hand tighten and reduce the flow of blood to her brain. Her legs began weaken and if it wasn't for the vanity, Raffaella would have collapsed onto the floor in a heap. The older Moretti sister wished she had the strength to break the hold her younger sister had on her. She tried to speak and nothing came out.

Feeling her sister beginning to lose consciousness was enough for Apollonia. She released the pressure on her sister's neck allowing the blood flow to return to normal. It took a minute or two for Raffaella to regain her balance and awareness of her surroundings. Both her hands went to her neck in a vain attempt to protect herself after the fact. The two sister's eyes met. It was Raffaella who spoke.

"Kill me Apollonia," she moaned, "If you want him that bad, then kill me. Here and now. I made a fuckin' mistake and this is how you treat me."

"Get out of my house," said Apollonia. "Get the fuck out of my house and be assured as I stand here this morning, I will take him from you. Viviano Rossi will not be sleeping in my bed, but with the fishes. Nothing you will do now or in the future will ameliorate the pain I feel from your accusation..."

"Noooo!!!!" cried Raffaella. She fell to her knees and wrapped her arms around her sister's legs. She pressed her face into her sister's crotch and cried, "Please Apollonia!!! I'll do anything you want. Anytime you want. Anywhere you want. Please forgive the error of my accusation and my stupidity."

The tears Raffaella Moretti shed that morning were tears of fear and repentance. She knew she made a terrible mistake when she accused her sister of sleeping with her husband. What she didn't know was how close it really came to happening. Apollonia's desire made her take her brother-in-law to the edge of fornicating with her, but it was her moral code that stopped the event from happening. The pain Raffaella felt inside her body continued to rage as she felt small amounts of blood begin to trickle down the inside of her thighs. Her mind began to fog and she could no longer maintain her hold on her sister's legs. Raffaella Moretti collapsed in a heap. The only telltale sign that something was amiss was the bright red puddle of blood growing underneath her body.

Apollonia saw what she had done to her sister and cried, "NOOOO!!! HELP!!!! CALL 911!!! COLIN!!! CALL 911!!! HELP!!!"

Colin jumped to his feet and opened the door to find Apollonia kneeling next to her sister cradling her head. He saw the blood and knew he could not call 911 because it would open Apollonia to a possible charge of assault and battery or attempted murder. Instead, he knelt beside Raffaella, opened her legs, and used a towel to stem the flow of blood from vaginal orifice. He pressed the towel against her crotch and said, "Hold the towel against her body. I will call the Moretti doctor on call instead of 911. Apollonia Moretti, if you don't do as I say, you'll be an only child. Apply pressure to keep the wound from bleeding."

Apollonia moved and placed her sister's head on the floor. She took her right hand and pressed the towel against her sister's injured vagina. She felt Colin place his hand on hers and press. "Yes, I understand. Keep the pressure to stem the flow of blood. Hurry Colin. Don't let her die."

"If it were you lying there," said Colin, "there are some people that would rather see you bleed to death. I hope you understand what you've done here. You have crossed the line."

It took thirty minutes for the doctor to arrive at Columbus Place. The diagnosis took all of five minutes to make. The perineum was torn. The blood flow was stemmed by the use of a portable handheld laser and the wound surgically closed using several internal stitches and about ten external stitches. If she was in the throes of child birth, the perineum would have been surgically cut to ease the passage of the baby down the birth canal. Or, it would have ruptured naturally. Luckily for Raffaella, no major damage was done and according to the doctor she should recover fully. The recovery would take a few weeks, but she should have no issues returning to an active sex life after she was considered healed and ready to resume her sex life.

Apollonia thanked the doctor and made arrangements to have his fee brought to him by the end of the morning. He pleaded that it wasn't necessary, but Apollonia insisted.

Raffaella Moretti rested comfortably in her sister's bed. Colin stood next to the bed smiling at her thankful that nothing truly bad had happened to her. When Apollonia returned to her room Colin stared at his wife for a moment letting her know that he had punched an IOU card and would hold it close but not over her head. Both of them knew that he held an important card in the game of Moretti. He walked over to Raffaella, bent, and kissed her on her forehead. He then took Apollonia in his arms and whispered in her ear, "You owe me."

Apollonia felt his hardening sissy clit and responded, "The only thing I owe you Colina, is the return of your useless clitty into its chastity device. I know that you saved the day, but don't let it go to your head." She pushed him away from her body and said out loud, "Go downstairs, find Sonny, and the two of you can help my sister to her house."

The color on Raffaella's face was showed how scared and how close she came to bleeding to death. She stared at her sister not knowing whether to shit or go blind. The anger shown by her sister was way overboard in context of her accusation of sexual impropriety. All she wanted to do was to go home and try to begin the physical healing process. Apollonia came to the bed, sat on the edge, and took her sister's hand into hers. The tears were real as was the look of total forgiveness on her face.

"Raffy," said Apollonia, "I'm so sorry. The reason I had Viviano here last night was to discuss how I can separate the evil I do from the love I feel for everyone around me. I'm so sorry, sweetie. I'm not handling things well. Viv and I spent the night in the breakfast room talking about things he's done that you are knowledgeable about from the periphery of the family. It deals with things that are better kept from you. I don't want to keep them from you, but if I do, I keep you out of the dirty side of our family. Remember when Lucia threatened us?"

Raffaella did not respond verbally. She nodded her head and took her other hand and placed it on her sister's.

"I am going to tell you but you have to promise me that you will never say anything to Viv," said Apollonia. "By telling you, I'm putting you in harm's way legally speaking..."

"No," said Raffaella. "I don't need to know. I have an idea of what he does for Mario..."

"You understand that he will do it for me now," said Apollonia.

"Whatever he does for you, he does out of his commitment to this family," said Raffaella. "My pig headedness got me into this situation with you. My love for him blinded me to my commitment to and love of family."

"And," said Apollonia, "I'm sorry for hurting you in a way that could have ruined your life. I have to reiterate that Viviano will be spending time with me without you and you're going to have to accept that I am not trying to bed him. You're more than welcome to spend as much time here even if it means recuperating here."

"No Apollonia that is not necessary," said Raffaella trying to hide her anger at what her sister perpetrated on her mind and body. "I want to go home to my bed. I'll be more comfortable in my own house."

Their hands separated and Apollonia knew immediately that her sister was never going to forgive her. Although her eyes and face were filled with love, the sound of her voice put it all into perspective. The blackness of Apollonia's anger began to rise and she tried to control her need to strike out at her sister's false show of forgiveness and love. She looked away hoping it would subside, but knowing her sister would forever hate her was enough to let it spew forth. Apollonia moved close to her sister and said with a voice that could kill, "You're lying to me sis, but that's ok. I'm willing to maintain a strained peace with you, but I promise you the next time I strike out at you in anger will it result in your untimely death. You'd better be good at keeping your hatred for me at bay, because as I said earlier, I will take him from you and make you suffer knowing that you are the reason Viviano Rossi is sleeping with the fishes. You and your children will now and forever owe me your lives and I will never let you forget it."

Apollonia Moretti rose from the bed, bent over, took her sister's head in her hands, and placed a closed mouth kiss on her sister's lips. Apollonia held the kiss for a good minute before she stood up, turned away, and walked out the door to her bedroom. Raffaella Moretti had urinated where she sat. Luckily for her the bandages soaked up the mishap as she broke out in quiet sobs knowing that her sister had just sentenced her to death.

Ming Zheng and Pricilla Smith sat on the love seat in Apollonia's great room. They were told by Colin to sit comfortably while a little issue was settled in Apollonia's bedroom. He offered them something to eat and/or drink but they both declined. What he did notice was their closeness. Pricilla Smith seemed to be attached at Ming Zheng's hip with no desire to separate. The smile on his face told the story. He knew they had spent the night together making love and by their presence and closeness, Pricilla Smith was taken with her teacher. It was funny how two people bind together when the virgin is taken by the sexually adept and knowledgeable experienced one. Then sometime in the future, if they're still together, they may come to the realization their love was based purely on their sexual attraction and their non-sexual relationship did not mature from spending their lives together.

They watched quietly when Apollonia guided the doctor to the door, thanked him, and allowed him to leave. She turned to the woman and the teenager still dressed in her sleep attire and smiled. Ming eased her body up from the loveseat, made her way to her lover, and embraced her. They kissed passionately not caring who was in the room. Pricilla Smith felt a pang of jealousy as she watched the woman she had just spent the night with forget about her and show her love for the exotic Italian woman who made her realize her own sexuality. Apollonia held her lover close. The feel of her body against hers was enough to relieve the pain of losing her sister because she hurt her physically over a stupid issue. The kissed for a long time before Apollonia broke it to murmur something to her lover.

"I love you Ming," sighed Apollonia. "I have ruined my relationship with my sister. I spent the night with Viviano..."

Ming drew a breath, stared into Apollonia's eyes, and interrupted, "You slept with him???"

"No, no, no," breathed Apollonia in reply. "I needed to unburden myself about the yesterday's activities at the townhouse." She reached down and cupped her lover's face, "I know I can tell you anything, but I need to keep you separate from the craziness within certain realms of the Moretti family. You have to trust me love, that when I'm comfortable with the decisions I have to make, you will be my only confidant. Raffaella will probably never speak to me again."

"Is she upstairs, Appy?" asked Ming.

"Yes," sighed Apollonia in her response.

"Go to Pricilla. Force her to tell you about last night. Then take her someplace where you can have her go down on you. I'm going to talk to Raffaella," said Ming.

"It isn't going to help, Ming," said Apollonia. "I've crossed the line with her."

"What in God's name did you do?" asked the beautiful Oriental woman.

Apollonia shook her head, bounced on her feet, got control of her nerves, and told Ming, "She accused me of sleeping with Viv. I told her I didn't, but she persisted. I went blind with rage and forced my entire hand into her privates. I ripped her perineum. The doctor arrived in time to stem the bleeding and suture her closed. I apologized, but her voice told me she wasn't buying my repentance."

"What did you do?" asked Ming knowing that Apollonia had not told her everything.

Apollonia actually began to cry, "I threatened her husband and her family's life. I told her that I would have no problem feeding him to the fishes and making her children orphans. Then I took her head in my hands and placed a closed mouth kiss on her lips."

"You didn't," moaned Ming.

"I did," said Apollonia. "I also felt her urinate into the bandage that covered her privates."

Ming Zhen pulled her crazy lover into her body. She held her close as she said in a controlled voice, "I'm going upstairs to speak to Raffaella. As long as I sleep in your bed, you will never harm a single hair on her head." Ming felt Apollonia tense, "Don't make me hurt you Apollonia. I'm going upstairs to talk to Raffaella. I'm telling you to sit with Pricilla, talk to her, and I'm sure she'll be between your legs and I know you'd love to have her before she leaves."

The two women stepped hand-in-hand to the two couches and loveseat that made up the conversation pit in the center of the great room. Pricilla Smith watched with awe as they approached her. Both women presented a strong, self-assured, confident stature as they walked. One had only to watch as each of them strode across the floor that inside their heads no one could take their intelligence and physical beauty from them. When they were standing in front of Pricilla they kissed before Ming made her way to the staircase closest to Apollonia's room. The beautiful Italian woman smiled at the teenager, sat next to her, and placed her left arm around her shoulders. Pricilla Smith did not move until she felt Apollonia's hand on her left shoulder pulling her closer.

Their eyes met and Apollonia leaned to the girl's face and kissed her on the forehead. Pricilla moaned and was heartbroken that she did not kiss her on her lips. Her hands shook as they rested on her lap. Her body shook with sexual excitement and expectation, but she was again heartbroken when nothing more than a second kiss was placed on her forehead.

"Pricilla Smith," whispered Apollonia Moretti. "How was your night?"

"Excellent Miss Moretti," replied Pricilla. "Did you do all the paintings and sculptures?"

"Yes, but that is for another day," said Apollonia. "Tell me all about last night and don't leave out any of the dirty details."

Pricilla caught her breath when she felt Apollonia's hand slide underneath the waistband of her jeans to the hem of her panties. It made its way down to the top of her vagina. She saw Apollonia's eyes widen with excitement when her hand did not meet the top edge of her pubic hair. Without being asked to or thinking about it, Pricilla Smith opened the button, unzipped the zipper, opened her legs, and gave Apollonia easier access to her still virgin vagina. From the moment she touched her, Apollonia knew her lover had taught her well as the middle finger of her right hand made its way between the bare labia of the young girl.

"Ming taught me, Miss Moretti," sighed the young girl. "She taught me to love myself and to embrace my desire to be only with women. I enjoyed making oral love to her after she brought me to several mind shattering orgasms. This morning she forced me to perform oral in her in her breakfast room. I knew we were alone, but I was

scared and ashamed at the possibility of being caught. Her forcefulness and my need to be controlled and loved provided me with the knowledge that I am here to serve your needs."

"That's nice to hear, Pricilla, but, I'm going to burst your bubble now, sweet pea," said Apollonia. "The one thing Ming did not express to you is your need to handle Moretti cock. I will expect you to give handjobs, blowjobs, and have vaginal and anal intercourse with Moretti men. Failure to do so, will force me to not make your dreams come true."

"Oh, my God," cried Pricilla. "I can't see myself with a man. I'm abhorred by the sight and feel of a man's genitals. I would do anything for you to not make me have sex with a man. I will allow you or Ming to use a dildo on me but please not a real cock. I'm begging you!!!"

Apollonia pulled her hand from between Pricilla's legs. She smelled her fingers to get a flavor of the girl's sexual juices. Pricilla couldn't believe what she just saw, but then again she would have probably done the same thing if the ages and roles were reversed. The young girl's vaginal secretions were like rose water perfume to her olfactory glands which caused her own body to begin to salivate through her vagina. Apollonia conjured up a sequence of events that made her shiver with delight. Going down on her sweet virgin vagina and sucking her to multiple mind blowing orgasms. In her mind's eye, she slowly slid up her tight sixteen year old body while kissing her soft smooth skin as she made her way from the nexus of her legs. Then the watching her face go from sweet serenity to abject pain as she slid an eight inch dildo into her breaking her hymen until she pressed her crotch into the young girl's. Once she had the full nine inches imbedded in the once virgin cunt, she would lift her upper torso up so she could gaze upon the connection. Although she wished she would have been able to feel the taking of her virginity, Apollonia fantasized about seeing her favorite harnessless dildo protruding from her body into the young girl's. The thought of that sight brought forth a small but identifiable orgasm.

Pricilla Smith felt Apollonia's body tense and the release. Her eyes opened in amazement and she said, "You just had an orgasm."

"Yes," moaned Apollonia. "I was fantasizing about taking your virginity after my body reacted to your sexually sweet secretions."

"I wish I could smell yours," whispered Pricilla. "I'd love to fly home with the taste of your body in my mouth and in my mind."

"You are a little harlot, Miss Smith," said Apollonia teasingly, "but, I have something that you must do for me or never see Texas again."

"Please Miss Moretti;" softly cried Pricilla, "I want to go home. I want and need to see my parents. Please don't take me from them."

"Then you do as I tell you," said Apollonia with a tone of voice that meant business, "or you will not be the sweet girl you are now."

"No," cried Pricilla, "please let me go. I'll do anything you want."

"Remember what you just said," chortled Apollonia.

She took Pricilla by the arm, stood, and the two walked to the back of the house. They entered the breakfast room where Colin stood patiently waiting for his wife's list of chores. Sonny Rossi was nowhere to be seen or heard. Apollonia did not give it a thought. She held the teenage girl next to her and smiled at her sissy husband. When he acknowledged her presence she said to him, "Get your chastity device and meet us in the family room."

Colin did not hesitate or question his wife's orders. He returned to his room where Sonny remained curled in the corner sleeping and when awake quietly bemoaning his fate. The two chastity devices were on the nightstand next to the bed. Colin knew which one belonged to him and which one would be surrounding his father-in-law's cock within

a few days. He picked up the stainless steel chastity device, moaned, and shivered at the thought of having the insidious appliance inside his cock again. Sonny opened one eye to see who had entered the room and immediately turned into the corner to keep Colin from talking to him. Colin witnessed Sonny's stupidity and left the room without saying a word.

When he entered the family room he was surprised to see Apollonia holding Pricilla while her left hand gently massaged the young girl's bare vagina. In the few moments he was away from them, Apollonia had time to remove the girl's jeans and panties. As was the standard for a Moretti, he saw that Pricilla's genitals were as bare as the day she was born. He did not want to interrupt their play, but he knew if he didn't report to Apollonia his arrival, he would have swollen balls for the next few weeks.

"Mistress," said Colin knowing that he should not address his wife by her first name, "I have what you asked me to retrieve from my room."

Apollonia stopped her masturbatory action on the young girl, left her hand between her legs, and said, "Did you bring the lube and the lidocaine?"

"Fuck me," said Colin more to himself than to his wife. "Mistress, I'll be right back."

Pricilla perked up when she heard Apollonia ask for the lube and wondered if she was going to return to Texas without her virginity. She did not hesitate to ask, "Why do you need the lube? You're not going to make me have sex with him, are you?"

Apollonia gently rubbed her clit getting the expected response which caused her to smile from ear-to-ear. "No," she said as her finger played between the soft bare labia of the girl she wanted to fuck not caring what it would do to her. Pricilla could not help but press her crotch into the radically overpowering beauty that had taken her breath away from the moment she saw her standing at the open front door of the townhouse. Apollonia could no longer delay what she needed. Without any preconception of what would happen, she slid off the couch and dove between the young girl's thin thighs. She pressed her legs up and open revealing her vagina and pink anus. She placed her lips against the inviting camel toe and kissed like she was kissing her mouth. Pricilla Smith took a breath and held it as she felt Apollonia's tongue glide between her labia up to her clitoris.

"Oh my," cried Pricilla as she felt her clitoris enter the pursed lips of the woman she thought would be forcing her to suck rather than the other way around. "Please... I can't take anymore..." Pricilla Smith gently took hold of Apollonia's head and guided it around her crotch. She pressed her body up and felt the tongue of the older experienced woman slide from the top of her vagina to her asshole. Apollonia's hands rose, slid under her shirt and bra to take the small pert breasts of her young lover and begin to massage them causing her nipples to rise. She returned to sucking the girl's clitoris as if it was a small cock getting the results she wanted. It didn't take long for the teenage girl to press against Apollonia's mouth. She cried out in orgasmic pleasure and released several mouthfuls of tasty virgin vaginal secretions into Apollonia's greedily sucking mouth.

After the orgasm, Apollonia returned to the couch to find Colin standing open mouthed unable to speak at what he had just witnessed. Pricilla Smith was embarrassed but made no effort to cover her nakedness. Instead, Apollonia pulled the girl close and for the first time that morning kissed her, open mouthed, and with a passion that her husband had not witnessed even when she kissed Ming. Colin couldn't believe he was witnessing an amorous connection between his wife and the girlfriend of the teenager she was going to emasculate or murder in the next few days. His cock did not react as he thought it would from what he had just witnessed.

Apollonia broke the kiss and said, "You bring the lube? You bring the lidocaine?"

"Yes Mistress," he replied.

"Good," said Apollonia. "Now remove your maid's uniform. Leave your stockings and heels on and place your naked body in front of us."

Colin did as he was told. Pricilla Smith made a face when she was faced with Colin's naked form especially since she was at eye level with his genitals. Apollonia lifted Colin's cock, placed the head in her mouth, and gently sucked it bringing it to a state of partial erection. She removed her mouth, held his cock, looked at Pricilla and said, "Your turn."

"You're kidding," said Pricilla.

Apollonia dropped her sissy husband's cock and took Pricilla by the scruff of her neck. The hold on the young girl's neck to sent a message that Apollonia wanted her to her to do as she just did – suck Colin's cock. Pricilla Smith burst into tears and begged, "Please Miss Moretti!!! Not a cock!!!"

"I sucked it and nothing happened. I didn't fall over and die from some insidious disease. Now you suck it, because I'm commanding you too." said Apollonia.

Their eyes met and Pricilla knew the older woman meant business. She shivered, leaned forward, opened her mouth, and for the first time in her sixteen years took a male appendage into her mouth. Apollonia kept one hand around the back of the girl's neck to assure she continued as she was told. Pricilla Smith sucked at the head of Colin's cock which responded as all cocks do – it grew hard. Apollonia moved her hand from the girl's neck to the back of her head and aided her in taking more of the sissy's cock into her mouth. After a few minutes, Apollonia saw that Pricilla was giving her first blow job without any additional prodding.

None of the participants in the family room heard the back door open and close with an audible bang. What got their attention was the irate form of one Viviano Rossi standing in the doorway to the family room.

"WHERE IS MY WIFE?" he cried. "WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO HER YOU CRAZY CUNT!!!"

Colin lost his erection. Pricilla Smith fell against the back of the couch thankful she did not have to continue to suck that horrible thing called a cock. Apollonia Moretti was taken by his anger, but her training kicked in and she was totally ready for anything physical he tried. She rose from the couch, faced her brother-in-law, and calm as a she could be, said, "Shouldn't you be in Astoria?"

Viviano did not flinch, "WHERE IS RAFFAELLA, YOU FUCKIN' PIECE-OF-SHIT!!! DON'T MAKE ME, APOLLONIA!!!"

Colin Cathcart knew there was going to be fistcuffs between Apollonia and Viviano. He moved to take Pricilla's hand and pulled her from the couch. She tripped over her feet as Colin unceremoniously dragged her to one of the two chairs situated near the sliding doors that led out onto the stone porch. He put his hand over her mouth before she could yell out and whispered in her ear, "Don't say a word. Just keep your mouth shut. I'm going to remove my hand and don't make me hurt you. I may be a sissy, but I am strong enough to snap your neck like a toothpick."

Apollonia didn't respond or wait for Viviano to make a move. She took a couple of pillows from the couch and tossed them towards Viviano's head. He did as she expected. Viviano tried to deflect the moving object with his right hand which gave Apollonia the opening she wanted. Apollonia moved to her right away from the couch, crouched, and sprung head first into Viviano's left leg. She made contact with the side of his left knee with her shoulder. The force was enough to bend his leg in a direction is was not physically possible. The pain was sudden and intense. Viviano Rossi fell to the floor grabbing for his knee. Apollonia Moretti rolled away from his falling body and ended up standing over him. She placed the shearling slipper on her right foot on his neck and pressed.

"You stupid son-of-a-bitch," she said as she watched Viviano try to ease the pain in his knee and remove her foot from his neck. "I am going to give you one chance to remove yourself from the situation you've just created. My sister will always be my sister. You, Viviano Rossi, are just a cock that was lucky enough to marry her. I will make my sister a widow. Or, I will make your children orphans. Make up your mind Rossi..."

"You fuckin' broke my knee," growled Viviano.

"No I didn't asswipe," replied Apollonia. "It actually bent enough in the wrong direction to maybe cause you to have to wear a brace for a few weeks, but, you'll survive. The question, shithead, is – who called you?"

"Sonny..." said Viviano knowing she got the better of him.

Colin didn't believe what he heard because for all he knew Sonny did not leave his room, but then again, they both had cell phones. Pricilla Smith remained frozen on the seat next to Colin not caring that the chair was made for only one person to sit. Apollonia removed her foot, leaned down, and offered a hand to Viviano. He took it and used her help to stand and make his way to the couch. When he sat he was accosted anew by Apollonia. She slapped his face several times. He did not try to defend himself. Colin watched dumbfounded as his brother-in-law allowed Apollonia to pummel his face with open handed slaps.

When she finished exerting herself, she said, "What the fuck does Sonny know, Viviano? He's just a big guy with a pussy." Apollonia leaned in and whispered to him, "Your wife fucked herself this morning. She accused me of sleeping with you. If you were as smart as you thought, you would have known she would react poorly to your denial. Why didn't you call her last night?"

"I didn't call her, because," Viviano stopped, thought a moment, and said, "I thought I was going to have relations with you. I was truly thinking with my cock. You're right Apollonia. I don't want to fuck you. I want to make passionate love to you. I want..."

Apollonia grabbed his ear and put some pressure on it enough to get his attention, "You wanted to see if you could make me totally heterosexual." She broke out in uncontrolled laughter. "You want to see if you could change me. Oh my fuckin' God!!! Where Sonny failed you wanted to succeed."

"No, Apollonia," said Viviano. "Please release my ear. You know what I wanted. You as much told me so last night. I can't help myself by telling you the truth. I'll just dig myself deeper into a cavern of no return."

"Answer one question," said Apollonia, "After you met me, you wanted to dump Raffaella and date me. Isn't that true?"

"Please don't... Ah, fuck it all," sighed Viviano, "yes, Apollonia. I would have given my left nut, not really, to be with you. And, you're right, I do lust after you. I was hoping that last night would be the culmination of my desire."

"Enough to leave my sister?" asked Apollonia.

"No, I love and live for Raffaella," said Viviano. "I wanted one taste from the forbidden tree."

Apollonia smiled, "You are an asshole, Viviano Rossi. Prior to my taking over the Moretti family, all you had to do was talk to Raffy and at any of the pregnancy parties you could have had me. But, I bet she kept that from you."

"No, I knew," said Viviano, "I just never acted on it. I did not think Mario would appreciate his oldest daughter's husband publically fornicating with his youngest daughter. On the other hand, doing Lucia was something he witnessed and never said boo about it happening."

"Ok, I need to know what your intentions are Viviano," said Apollonia.

"I want to know how my wife is," said Viviano.

"Your wife is in my room. She is recovering some minor surgery. You won't be able to have intercourse with her for a few weeks," said Apollonia. "If you promise to be a good boy, I'll let Pricilla suck your cock instead of suckin' Colin's sissy clit."

Viviano looked over to where the two sat quietly. He eyed Pricilla's lithe teenage form and decided against any sexual involvement with her. He looked at Apollonia and said, "I'll pass. I want to go to Raffaella."

"Sorry Viv," said Apollonia. "She is with Ming and I will not disturb them and neither will you. I suggest you get your ass up, limp back to your car, and return to the Moretti offices. You have a job. Stay and I will make my sister a widow."

"You're not serious..." said Viviano.

Apollonia leaned in and whispered, "I've already kissed Raffaella closed mouthed on the lips. She pissed herself a second time. She understands. Do you?"

Viviano shuddered. His body shook when he heard that his wife's only sister had placed the Black Hand Kiss of Death on her mouth. Mario Moretti had confided that at certain times the family had gone through periods of patricide, matricide, and infanticide, but he never thought he'd have to bear witness beyond Apollonia's taking of Lucia's life. The generations of Moretti's have made their mark legally and illegally. Viviano was part of both and now he had a decision to make about his relationship with his sister-in-law beyond what they discussed the previous night. Antonio and Carmen without their mother was hurting his heart. He had a choice to make.

He rolled his legs off of the couch and placed his feet onto the area carpet that was placed in front of the couch. Viviano put pressure on the bad leg and realized that Apollonia did not hurt him as bad as he first thought. Thoughts of ending Apollonia's reign of terror raged inside his brain. Could he pull it off was the question. Based upon her simply tossing two pillows at him and his failure to protect his leg was enough to end his fantasy. He looked over at Colin and Pricilla, smiled, and obnoxiously licked his lips while pointing at his crotch. Viviano Rossi stood up, straightened his clothing, and stepped towards the entrance between the family and breakfast rooms.

He turned to Apollonia, "I'm headed back to the office."

"Not before you kiss my asshole," said Apollonia.

"You're kidding, right?" he asked.

"Game has changed Viviano," said Apollonia. "You're going to have to work at the relationship to get back to just kissing my feet."

Apollonia turned her back on her bother-in-law, lowered her pajama bottoms, and bent over. Viviano Rossi made his way back to where she stood, knelt, and placed his mouth and tongue between the globes of her ass. He licked and kissed until Apollonia stepped away, pulled up her pants, and turned to face the kneeling man.

"Well done, Viviano," said Apollonia. "You're dismissed."

Silently Viviano stood and departed Apollonia's house to return to Astoria.

Ming Zheng did not knock on the door to the room she spent many a night in making love to and with Apollonia Moretti. She noticed that Raffaella Moretti was sitting up against the headboard, eyes closed, and whimpering like a little child. The shades were closed and the room was dark which made Ming fell like she was intruding on Raffaella's time to reflect upon what had occurred between her and her sister. The approach to the bed she slept in with her lover was made in total silence. Only when she sat on the bed did it elicit a reaction from Raffaella.

"W-w-w-what???" she said breathless from crying, whimpering, and trying to ally her fear.

"Raffaella," said Ming, "it's me. Ming. Quiet down and please, listen to me."

Ming reached for and took Raffaella's right hand into both of hers. She felt the clammy sweat borne of her fear. The color of Raffaella's normally dark Mediterranean skin was wan and covered in a light coating of sweat. Her eyes were swollen and bloodshot. Lying next to the bed was a pile of used tissues and on the nightstand was an empty box of Kleenex. Ming saw her lips quiver as she tried to calm her breathing to no avail. Ming released her right hand and placed it on Raffaella's face.

"Shhh," she said in a quiet tone. "I'm here to assure you that you have nothing to worry about – ever. What you sister did to you is beyond what I will tolerate from her. What she said or intimated to you will never occur. I promise you that of all the people you know, I am the one who has the ability to protect you from your sister. You need to only do one thing, Raffaella."

Ming paused and waited for a response, but none was forthcoming. Raffaella continued to sniffle, moan, and shake from stress and fear in her sister's bed. Tears coursed down her face as she pulled her hand from Ming's and patted the bed looking for anything to wipe them away.

"Open your eyes and look at me Raffy," said Ming. "Please..."

Raffaella Moretti responded by opening her eyes and staring through but not at Ming. To Ming, this was a satisfactory response.

"Apollonia Moretti will never harm a hair on your head," Ming retook hold of Raffaella's hand and caressed her face. "If there is one thing on the face of this earth that scares your sister, it is my retribution. She puts on a front with me, but I am telling you as God is my witness, Apollonia Moretti fears Ming Zheng. You have to understand that I love and adore her, but I will protect those I believe she has wronged. I understand you went off on her because you thought she slept with your husband. Trust me when I tell you this, I will protect you and your children. You have to be strong and put this morning's craziness aside. You have to return to the time before you accused your sister of sleeping with your husband. Can you and will you do that for me? For your family?"

Raffaella stared hard into Ming's face. Inside her she knew the small Oriental woman held some sway with her sister, but to protect her from the internal workings of the Moretti family was another unanswerable question. Apollonia lived, as she did, under the sometimes cruel admonitions from her mother. How Ming could or would protect her was a question she knew she shouldn't ask, but would.

"You cannot protect me from an Italian Kiss of Death," said Raffaella. "You will not be with me all day and all night. I know what I did was wrong, but Viviano never, not even once, spent a night away from our bed without first calling me. I know in my heart, he wanted to fuck my sister. I know he still does if he didn't last night. I know he'd be crazy enough to tempt fate to taste her charms. I don't trust what she told me."

"Would you trust me?" asked Ming.

"Please don't ask me that," said Raffaella. She was regaining her emotional footing as she spoke with her sister's lesbian lover. "You sleep with my sister. She loves you and I expect you'd take her side because you return her love. You moved your family to a house on Columbus Place to be near her all the time. If my mother was alive, you'd never set foot onto this street as my sister's lesbian lover. I'm sorry, but I'd rather be dead than play some game of mutual love for her when I distrust everything about her now."

Ming released the hand she retook after Raffaella had fruitlessly searched for a tissue to wipe the tears from her face. She was incredulous at Raffaella's last statements, but she had to try and convince Raffaella that she was off the mark. "You're so wrong Raffaella Moretti. I'm here because I despise what Apollonia did to you. I only wish I was there instead of that sissy cocksucker she calls a husband. I would have hurt her even though I am committed to her. You have to get to really know me to understand what I am telling you. This is between you and me, every time your sister has fought me in a match she never won. Not once. She has tried to put me down even when playing and she has lost one hundred percent of the time. She knows that I have a greater ability when it comes to the martial arts

and better inner physiological and psychological control than she does. She does not have the ability to stem pain the way I do. She is smart in the ways of a martial artist, but she is a long way from where I stand. Keep that to yourself and I promise you, I will never let her hurt a hair on your head."

"Again, Ming," whimpered Raffaella, "she kissed me the way a person kisses another to signal their hatred for something they did or some personal affront. That hatred is complete and satisfied when the person who was kissed is dead. My sister wants me dead so she can have Viviano and my children. Can't you see it?"

"No Raffaella, I don't," said Ming. "Your sister cried on my shoulder this morning. She's totally brokenhearted and devastated that she kissed you the way she did. You know as well as I that she does things before she thinks. She is regretting every second of her life now that she's made an enemy of you. You are her sister and she loves you. Yes, she is pissed off that you accused her of fornicating with your husband. She didn't and I know it. I saw it in her eyes and her eyes never lie to me. She did not sleep with Viviano and never will. I'll bet my life on that statement."

"You're kidding," said Raffaella. "You're just saying that to get me to forgive her for sentencing me to death and to accept that I was wrong to accuse her of sleeping with Viv."

"No sweetheart, I'm not," said Ming. "You have to trust me. When you're ready to go home you go to your sister. You must embrace her. Don't beg her to rescind her so called death sentence. Hug her, kiss her, and tell her you love her. Do not beg or ask for forgiveness. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," breathed Raffaella, "but..."

Ming tightened her grip on Raffaella's hand, held it tight, and said, "No ands, ifs, or buts, just listen to me, do as I say, and put your trust in me. I know what I know because I'm the only person your sister is truly afraid of."

Raffaella Moretti nodded her head finally agreeing to her sister's lover's requests. "One thing," she said, "could you have someone come up and help me change the dressings. I need myself and I need some help."

Ming rose, went into the bathroom, and returned with a damp washcloth, a towel, and some fresh bandages. She pulled back the duvet, cover sheet, and like a trained nurse she cleansed the surgical site and changed Raffaella's bandages. Nothing was said between the women. Raffaella smiled just as Ming turned to her before she opened the bedroom door to leave for the downstairs. Both women knew that a bond had been solidified between them and Raffaella felt assured that her sister's lover would protect her.

Ming saw from the balcony that her lover was not in the great room. She made her way back to the breakfast area to be surprised again at not seeing Apollonia at the table drinking her ever present mug of black coffee. Logic told her to check the family room and that is when she saw that Colin was clad in only a pair of thigh high stockings and his ever present heels. Pricilla Smith was naked from the waist down. Both Colin and Pricilla sat on one of the single chairs that flanked the doors to the backyard and the stone porch. Apollonia, she saw, sat alone on the couch head in hands, moaning like an injured animal. Ming approached, touched her lover's head, and was surprised when she was pushed away without Apollonia looking up at her.

Ming knelt and said in a whisper, "Don't fuck with me Moretti. If I was in the room when you accosted your sister, you'd be in the hospital now with every bone in your body broken. You have exactly one millisecond to raise your head and look into my eyes."

Apollonia Moretti heard the controlled anger in her lover's voice. She knew from the minute the words left her lips Ming Zheng was as close to the one time previous in their tumultuous relationship at physically harming her. Apollonia Moretti dropped her hands and looked into her lover's eyes. She did not move a muscle or bone in her body. Colin was taken with the control Ming had over his wife. The movement of his wife to her lover's whispered words was enough to confirm that the one person who had total control over Apollonia Moretti was Ming Zheng.

"I spoke at length with your sister," said Ming making sure that the conversation was just between the two of them. "I have informed her that you will not harm a single hair on her head. I have added to that information that you will never harm her children. I have taken a position that what you did to her was more than unconscionable; it was downright cruel. You have sunk to a new low in my estimation. My love for you is at a crossroads Moretti. You have a choice to make and it will be made now. You promise me that you're done hurting your sister whether it is physical or emotional. I know there are Moretti rules that have been passed down for generations, but I will not tolerate your asinine response to your sister's anger at what she thought happened between Viviano and you. Am I making myself clear?"

Their eyes always told the story. No matter how mad they were at each other, neither of them could lie because their eyes always told the truth. Apollonia saw in Ming's gaze that she was not just throwing shit against the relationship wall to see what stuck. As she always knew, Ming Zheng held the key to their relationship. Although she allowed Apollonia to be the dominant one, Ming Zheng knew it was Apollonia who feared the loss of her love. Apollonia looked away for a moment, returned to gaze into Ming's eyes, stretched her muscles, and nodded her head in agreement to her wishes.

"I want to hear it, Apollonia," said Ming.

"I love you so much," whined Apollonia. "I'm sorry and I am repentant. My sister will never succumb to any form of physical or mental hurt from me. I promise to be her guardian like I know you guard me when I go off the deep end. I hear you and I am clear about your intentions."

"Good," said Ming. "Now, what's with Colin and Pricilla?"

"Jesus, just tell Colin to get dressed. His list of chores is where I always keep them. As for Pricilla, do what you need to and get her on a private jet back to Texas. I wanted her to fellate Colin before I put his chastity device back on his sissy clit. I'm in no mood now."

Ming kissed her lover and said, "Did you at least get her to..."

Apollonia smiled, "No, actually I did her and she tastes wonderful. I want to fuck her in the worst way, but I know if I do I'll never let her return to Texas. She'll be here for both of us to use and that is not what I want right now. I just need to reorder my priorities and first on my list is making amends with my sister."

"Good for you Appy," said Ming. "I'll take care of Colin and Pricilla. You stay here and don't you move."

Ming Zheng stood, pointed a finger at Colin and Pricilla, "Stand up you two. Find your clothing and meet me in the great room. Time to start the day."

Colin Cathcart stood, picked up his maid's uniform, and made his way to the great room. Pricilla Smith looked at Ming for guidance and saw the daggers emanate from her eyes. She found her panties, jeans, and shoes. Pricilla picked them up and made her way to the great room without saying a word to Miss Moretti. She was thankful that she did not have to taste the result of her completing her blow job, but she knew that she would have to get over her abhorrence of the male genitalia because she'd fallen deeply in love with Ming and Apollonia.

Apollonia Moretti sat on the leather couch body splayed open relaxed yet totally stressed at the morning's craziness. She stared at the ceiling and for the umpteenth time counted the roughhewn timbers that crossed the room. Her body and mind felt the stress of going overboard against her sister who was trying to protect her family and her man. Apollonia only wished Raffaella would have been the sister she knew, sat, and talked about what she thought

happened. No matter what Ming said to her, she knew Raffaella would never forgive her. The realization that she was right came when her body relaxed and the desire for something to eat rose from her stomach. Apollonia Moretti rubbed her face with her hands, stood, and made her way to the kitchen for something to eat and to start the day.