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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 121

Thursday - Columbus Place - 6 March 2003

Raffaella Rossi woke up five minutes before the radio would have turned on to awaken her and Viviano. She felt a modicum of pain emanating from the surgery to repair her ripped perineum. Tears did not come to her eyes when she thought about the events of the previous day. She did sniffle a bit at the empty spot next to her and the thought that her husband was most likely still in bed with their son. Raffaella could not keep from finding out if she was correct in her assumption. She arose from her bed, found her bathrobe, her slippers, and made her way to the door of Antonio's room. She didn't hear anything through the door, but she needed to know if Viviano was inside the room as well as inside her son. Not their son, but her son. Her heart ached with the thought that he would have to suffer for her stupidity.

Her nervousness was calmed by taking a few small breaths before she took the solid brass door handle into her right hand. She closed her eyes, said a quick prayer, made the sign of the cross, turned the handle as quietly as possible, and opened the door just enough to peer inside her Antonio's room. What she saw broke her heart. It took all her Moretti strength to keep from screaming and yelling at her husband. Antonio Rossi was on his stomach. His arms were wrapped around a pillow and his face was buried in the cavern created by valley as he pressed the sides against his head. Raffaella did not get sexually stimulated, but she could not take her eyes off the action that was occurring in front of her.

She heard Viviano growl, "Take it Antonio. Bite the fuckin' pillow bitch boy. Your ass is going to me my cum dump for the next few weeks."

Antonio raised he his head, "Please daddy!!! No more!!! Please!!!"

With his nine-and-a-half inches buried balls deep into his son, Viviano took him by his dark black hair, pulled his head up, and growled, "Fuck you bitch boy. Your ass belongs to me. I am your father and I am a Moretti. You will satisfy my carnal needs or I will turn you into a cock sucking faggot like your Uncle Colin." He paused, released his son's hair, grabbed him by his hips, and began to fuck him unmercifully. Viviano did not care that he was hurting his own flesh and blood. His only thought was getting his nut and filling his son with his seed. As a Moretti, the boy knew that he was obligated to service any Moretti man until the age of eighteen. Antonio wondered during his periods of not being sodomized by his dad, if he had to service a Moretti man even if it could be considered or was rape.

Raffaella Rossi could do nothing to stop the fornication because she knew that throughout Moretti history, young Moretti men were sodomized at will by the elder Moretti men. She did not know how she did it, but she closed the door without making a sound. She walked away from Antonio's room toward the bedroom shared by Carmen and

Alessa. Just before she opened the door, she wiped the tears of shame from her face. Raffaella Rossi knew she caused the mayhem that was occurring in her son's room. She entered Carmen and Alessa's room to find them still in bed sound asleep. She sat on Carmen's bed, rubbed her cheek, and leaned over and kissed her until she awoke.

"Mommy," said Carmen. She reached up and wrapped her arms around her mother's neck.

"Morning sweet pea," said Raffaella, "time to get up for school. Wake Alessa, get ready, and I'll have breakfast for you two."

Carmen frowned, "What about Antonio?"

Raffaella smiled, "Don't worry about your brother." Then with a bit of consternation in her voice, she said, "Just do as I tell you Carmen."

Carmen removed her arms from her mother's neck, shook her head, and said, "I don't know what was going on, but he was crying all night."

Raffaella's heart stopped for a moment and she did everything to keep from bursting out in uncontrollable tears. Her right hand went to her daughter's face, "I told you not to worry about your brother. Now, do as I say or you'll be across my knees getting the spanking of your life."

Heartbroken, Raffaella Rossi stood and departed her daughter's room for the kitchen.

Apollonia Moretti woke feeling her lover's arm draped across her hip and her body resting behind hers as hers did when they fell asleep earlier. She could not see the clock radio but from the amount of light entering the room through the curtained windows she knew it was dawn and time to begin the day. Apollonia rolled over, took Ming in her arms, and kissed her until she awoke just like her sister did across the street to awaken her daughter. Ming responded by returning a gentle kiss on her lover's lips before allowing her body to take control and stretching to remove the sleep from her muscles. Comfortable in her lover's arms, Ming pressed her lips to Apollonia's. Her right hand stole down the soft skin of her lover's body to the nexus between her legs. Her middle finger sought and found the center of Apollonia's sexual universe.

"Let me," cooed Ming. She knew from several years of experience that every morning her lover, Apollonia, masturbated before rising and starting her day.

Apollonia did not answer. She rolled onto her back, spread her long beautiful legs, and allowed Ming to masturbate her to her morning orgasm. The feel of her lover's fingers caressing her clitoris, labia, and entering her body was always enough to elicit a full body orgasm in a very short period of time. Ming felt her lover press against her hand as she manipulated Apollonia's clit with her thumb and finger fucked her with the remaining four fingers of her hand. She knew Appy was close when she felt her lover's legs close around her wrist and her breath shorten as her body tightened its muscles in expectation of orgasmic release. The orgasm was completed in less than ten minutes and both women reveled in the taste of Apollonia's sexual juices that covered Ming's hand.

"Time to get the boys ready for school," said Ming saddened by the fact that life took precedence over spending a day in bed making love as they used to do when attending college.

"I know," replied Apollonia. "I have to go home and get ready for the craziness of the Moretti family, but my love for you and the expectation of being next to you tonight will help me through the day. I love you and always will."

The two women kissed, each arose from the bed, and Ming went into the bathroom to get ready to begin the day. Apollonia dressed in the clothing she wore over the night before and quietly made her way out of her lover's house to her own.

The morning chill sent shivers up Apollonia's spine as she made her way to the side door of her house. She noticed the outside thermometer next to the door of the garage registered a temperature of twenty-nine degrees. How she wished the winter would end, but as a born and bred New Yorker she knew the warm weather would not arrive until sometime late April or early May. The other thing she noticed were the four newspapers lying at the end of the driveway which only bode ill for Colin as he had not brought them inside and placed them on the small table next to the oak breakfast table where she expected to find them. Upon entering her house, Apollonia hung her coat in the mud room and did not smell the aroma of fresh brewed coffee. Her radar went into super sensitive mode as she walked past the door to Colin's room and into the kitchen.

Much to her surprise Colin was not standing in front of the kitchen sink nor was he sitting at the table waiting for her to come home. She looked around the kitchen and breakfast room to see if she could determine where her sissy husband was hiding or maybe, just maybe, he was cuddled next to Sonny after a night of sexual bliss. Apollonia decided to check Colin's room. She returned to the door, listened, heard nothing, and quietly opened the door to peer inside. The sight of Colin on his back, face swollen, bloodied, and not moving was more than a shock to Apollonia's system. Her internal stress increased geometrically at seeing her husband bloodied and hardly breathing sent waves of uncontrollable stress throughout her lithe body. She pushed the door open and looked around the room. She caught her breath when she found Sonny seated in the corner with his chin against his chest and blood running from the back of his head. The walls on either side of the corner were bashed in and she could not determine if the damage was caused by Sonny's head.

She wondered if Colin did that or did Sonny do it to himself. Colin's face was a mess and she felt deep in her soul that Sonny Rossi had beaten the shit out of her sissy husband for a second time. Her concern was for Colin and not Sonny. If the asshole beat his own head against the plaster wall, then he deserved everything he did to himself. Apollonia looked for and found her cellular phone. She hit the speed dial for her sister's house.

She cried, "Help!!! Come quickly!!! Something's terrible happened to Colin. Help!!!"

Raffaella heard the pain in her sister's voice and knew something terrible had occurred across the street. Family blood was thicker than anything that could or would come between her and her sister. There was only one reaction to the pleading sound of Apollonia's voice. She hadn't nearly completed breakfast for the children and lunches were nowhere near started. She dropped everything and trotted into the great room. She stopped cold and thought about whether she should just yell for her husband or break into Antonio's room to urge Viviano to go across the street to her sister's house. She decided to scream, "VIVIANO ROSSI!!! VIV, SOMETHING BAD HAS HAPPENED AT APOLLONIA'S HOUSE!!! HELP!!! I'M HEADED THERE AND YOU NEED TO PULL YOUR FUCKIN' COCK OUT OF ANTONIO NOW!!! YOU NEED TO MOVE!!!". She did not care that her daughter might have heard and now had an inkling as to why her brother was crying all night.

Viviano Rossi had just expended his morning cum load into his son's tight rectum when he heard his wife screaming from the great room. "Fuck, what now," he moaned. "Get up and get ready for school." He pulled his cock

from his son's ass, stood, and half naked walked out onto the balcony. He saw Raffaella just as she turned and made her way to the back door of the house. Viviano Rossi heard his cell phone ringing and did not find it before it stopped. He found it on the floor of the master bedroom. He saw on its face that the call was from Apollonia. He picked up the device, pressed the speed dial for Apollonia's cell, and waited for her to answer.

"What's goin' on there?" he asked.

"Viv, it is Colin and Sonny," she replied. "Come quickly. They're both near dead. . ."

Viviano ended the call, found a pair of jeans, a shirt, and his running shoes. The fact that his cock was still coated with his son's ass lubricant and his own seed did not stop his momentum. He made his way out of the house and across Columbus Place to Apollonia's house. He entered through the open back door and found Raffaella leaning against the wall of the short hall that led into the kitchen. Her face was flush and she was breathing as if someone had punched her in the stomach. Viviano approached her, leaned in, and said, "What did you see?"

Raffaella snapped when she heard her husband's voice. The first thing that came out of her mouth surprised both of them. "You fuckin' bastard!!! You used Antonio all night. If I could, I'd rip your balls from between your legs. He's only a boy!!!"

Viviano Rossi reacted swiftly. He took his wife by the throat and growled, "It is my right to do to him what I want, when I want, and you dear wife have no say in the matter. I should fuckin'..."

Raffaella's eyes bulged when she saw Apollonia's move and the reaction from her husband. Viviano Rossi's right hand released his wife's neck as it made its way to his crotch to try and protect his balls after Apollonia's right foot made direct contact. The pain mitigated any attempt to respond to being kicked in the balls. Viviano fell to the floor and made a concerted effort to protect his genitals from additional onslaughts from his wife's sibling. Only after the pain was gone did he stand up and face his distraught sister-in-law. His macho response to his wife's accusation was nowhere near apparent as he stood humbled by his Apollonia's reaction to his physical reaction to Raffaella deriding him for using their son.

"Get your head together Viv," said Apollonia. "I don't fuckin' care what you did or didn't do as a Moretti man, but we have a major incident here.'

"I understand," he replied his voice definitely sounding more submissive than ever. "What do I need to do?"

"You need to take Raffaella into the kitchen and you have to call Joshua Goldsmith. We need to have doctors ready to perform whatever surgery will be deemed necessary. I want it done in the Bronx. We cannot go to a hospital. This cannot go public especially if the police get involved. If that Jew prick does not agree, you go to his house, and I want you to bring back his head on a fuckin' stick," said Apollonia. "This day is fucked because of your asshole brother."

"What happened in there," asked Viviano.

"Seems Sonny beat the shit out of Colin and then bashed his own head against the corner walls until he fractured his skull," replied Apollonia. "He's out cold. Colin's nose is broken again, as are his eye sockets. He's going to need surgery to repair his face. And, as God is my witness, Viv, if he does not come through this as he was before I am going to take my retribution out on you."

"What," cried Viviano astounded at what Apollonia just said to him. "I didn't do anything!!!"

Apollonia stared hard up at her brother-in-law, "Your fuckin' brother suffered once for kicking the shit out of Colin. Now, if he dies, which I'm hoping he does without recovering, then I'll be somewhat mollified. But, if Colin's face suffers because of this incident, I promise that you will suffer in your brother's place. The sins of Sonny will fall on you Viviano Rossi as God is my witness."

Apollonia returned to where Colin lay partially conscious on the floor of his room. She sat down next to him, gently raised his head from the floor, and cradled it in her arms. She held him and spoke to him about how she was going to take care of him. He did not move which scared her because her love for him did overpower her desire to make him suffer for his desire to be her sissy. Tears began to roll down her face as she thought that the one person other than Ming who would die for her was on the edge of death. Slowly Apollonia began to rock as if she was trying to calm a baby that she was cradling in her arms. With tear filled eyes she looked over at Sonny Rossi; saw he was unconscious, and just barely breathing. Her need to get up and hurt him was kept in check by her need to comfort her husband.

Viviano returned to the room. He saw his brother for the first time and knew he had banged his head against the wall hard enough to cause his own injury. The sight of Apollonia cradling Colin's head and shoulders was enough to make him pause before he spoke, "Appy..."

She looked up at Viviano, "He's going to die!!! Don't let him die!!!"

"He isn't going to die, Apollonia. I won't let it happen," said Viviano amazed at his sister-in-laws emotional state considering how much she verbally and physically abused her husband. "Joshua agreed to make all the necessary arrangements to have the surgeries performed at the broken down hospital in the Bronx. He assured me that he has more than enough clout to get the best doctors there ASAP. We need to move them now, Appy."

"How," she croaked her voice filled with emotion.

"I have two private ambulances on the way here from Woodmere," he replied. "The men driving them are EMT's and completely trustworthy. They will take Colin and Sonny using lights and sirens to the hospital in the Bronx. Joshua said he will have doctors waiting and the surgical suite prepared."

"But, they're not here yet," she wailed.

Raffaella walked in the room, sat next to her sister, and said, "Appy, lay Colin down. He'll be all right. I swear he'll recover because he always does. Please Appy..."

"Raffy," moaned Apollonia.

Raffaella Moretti took Colin from her sister and gently placed his head and shoulders back onto the hardwood floor. She stood, offered her hand to her sister, and helped her up. Without thinking she embraced Apollonia. She held her close to her body in an endeavor to impart her need to console her as well as forgive her. The two sisters did not move for a few moments before Raffy tenderly took Apollonia by her arm and guided her to her chair at the oak breakfast table. Once she was seated, Raffaella went to the kitchen area and began to prepare a pot of coffee. If anything, coffee would help Apollonia gain a sense of normalcy for the day.

The smell of fresh brewed coffee filled the kitchen and breakfast room in a matter of minutes. Raffaella remained in the kitchen area waiting for the coffee to finish brewing. Viviano entered and made his way over to his wife. She turned away from him trying to make the point that she was still pissed off at him. He did not allow her keep her back to him. He took her by the shoulder, spun her around, and glared into her eyes. She shivered and said, "What do you want from me?"

"What I want from you is an apology, Raffaella Moretti," he said. Then in a hard whisper, "For the last time, I did not sleep with your sister."

"That I know," she said. She continued with a heavy heart, "But, you sodomized your son more than once last night and again this morning. Your daughter heard him crying all night. You're a bastard Viviano Rossi. You took out on him what you wanted to do to me. You need, no, you must apologize to him. You owe that to him."

"I am a Moretti..." was all he got out of his mouth before Raffaella slapped him across the face.

"You'll never be a Moretti in the true sense of a Moretti," she growled. "A Moretti would never take out on a ten year old boy his anger. That is what you did and that I will never forgive you for Viviano Rossi. If I had it in my power you'd be lying next to your brother unconscious and without a prick."

"Continue with your bullshit Raffaella and I will end up sleeping with your sister," he said in an attempt to break her from casting aspersions against him. "Nothing..."

Apollonia stealthily came up behind Viviano holding a full bottle of red Moretti wine. She waited a moment then used an upward motion to crash the widest portion of the bottle into her brother-in-law's crotch. Viviano for the second time that morning grabbed for his genitals. Apollonia did not care that his hands were now covering his man jewels. She struck four more times in quick succession before Viviano Rossi collapsed onto the floor. Viviano moaned in pain as he kept his hands pressed against his crotch.

Apollonia leaned down and said, "You may be my chosen, but, you fuck with my sister and I'll emasculate you myself. I don't know what precipitated this little fight, but you lay one hand on her and it will be the last thing you do. Understand me Viv?"

"Yes," he moaned. "I understand."

Apollonia offered him her hand which he refused to take. Instead he rolled onto his side, then to his knees, and stood up, albeit a bit wobbly. He nodded to her and allowed her to guide him to a chair at the breakfast table. Before she sat herself down, Raffy arrived with two mugs of black coffee. She returned a moment later with a mug for herself.

"What about the children?" asked Viv.

Apollonia picked up her cell phone and called Ming. She told her to bring the boys to her house and she would explain everything then. To Raffy she said, "What happened last night?"

"Nothing," replied her sister.

The reaction was swift. Her right hand made contact with her sister's face. "I saw what I saw and I want an answer."

Raffy knew she was between a rock-and-a-hard-spot. Piss off Viviano or Apollonia. Which one was the question that needed to be answered. "I punished Antonio last night and I think I went overboard when I spanked him. I believe he spent the night crying."

Apollonia looked from her sister to her brother-in-law and sensed, no knew, she was lying. "You're lying to me, Raffaella. I'm not going to get in the middle, but if I find out that your son was hurt in any way because you accused Viviano of sleeping with me..." She let the sentence trail off knowing she did not have to finish her thought. "Viviano, go get your children and bring them here. We'll figure out how they're going to get to school or if they'll attend at all today."

Viviano stood, went to his wife, and kissed her on the cheek before he departed for the short walk to his house. As he entered the mud room he heard Apollonia scream for him to get Mario and to bring him with the children. Silence ruled as both sisters drank their coffee as each pondered what the day would bring. Raffaella noticed that her sister had finished her mug and to keep everything on an even playing field decided to fill another mug. When she returned, Apollonia took hold of her hand.

"You lied to me," said Apollonia. "Viviano had you in a choke hold. Something happened and I need to know because in my heart I know it involved Antonio. Don't make me go to him because he'll tell me the truth, but it won't be the entire truth. Then I'll come back to you and force you to tell me the truth. I will be harder on you than Lucia ever was."

Raffaella pulled her hand from her sister's, "Not now Appy. I think you'll understand when Antonio arrives and I implore you to keep everything under control. I'm begging you."

"There is something wrong between us Raffy," said Apollonia. "I do not know what, but we have to find the problem and solve it or we'll be in a world of hurt. For the last time sis, I did not and I will never sleep with your husband."

"I beginning to realize the error of my way," said Raffaella, "but, injuring me the way you did is going to take time to heal both physically and emotionally."

Apollonia knew her sister was right but she did not say anything to comfort her nor did she apologize for hurting her. The sound of the rear door opening was the break they needed. Two minutes later, Ming, Shen, and Lian entered the kitchen/breakfast room. Apollonia stood, knelt down, and opened her arms to the boys. They responded by dropping their backpacks, running to, and allowing their mother's lover to hug and kiss them. As soon as she was done, Apollonia stood, guided the boys into the family room where she put on the television, and sat them down explaining that they had to be exceptionally quiet. The boys smiled, nodded their head, and Apollonia returned to the breakfast area.

Ming waited and wondered what had happened. She approached her lover and was immediately taken into the great room. Throughout their sometimes turbulent relationship, Ming was always taken with the beauty of Apollonia's artwork. As she was guided into the great room, the same feeling of immense pride and wonderment coursed through her as she gazed upon her lover's paintings and sculptures. Apollonia took Ming into her arms and began to cry like a baby. Ming held on and allowed her to cry until she was ready to tell her what had occurred. After six or seven minutes, Apollonia calmed down, pulled Ming to the couches, and sat. She held Ming's hands, stared into her eyes, and said, "This is going to be hard on you, sweetheart, but I have to say it the way I feel it."

Ming saw her trepidation. She did not protest, but simply said, "Whatever will make you happy, my love."

Apollonia wiped her nose on the sleeve of her blouse as if she was a denizen of the bowery, blushed, and said, "Sonny beat up Colin again..."

Ming squeezed her hands, "You're kidding..."

"I wish I were," said Apollonia, "He broke Colin's nose and eye sockets again. He's semi-conscious on the floor of his room. His face is a mess."

"What about Sonny?" asked Ming.

"Sonny is near dead," replied Ming's lover.

"Explain," said Ming. "Because Colin does not have the strength to nearly kill Sonny."

"It seems that Sonny, for some unknown reason, but I can surmise why sat in the corner and bashed his head against the walls until he fractured his skull. He's out cold and like I said probably close to death," said Apollonia. "I can't lose Colin, Ming. He is one of the two loves of my life. He is that important to me. I'm so sorry..."

"No Appy, don't fret," whispered Ming, "I've always known and accepted your tie to Colin. You married him and truthfully, I never expected to be in a relationship with you as we are now. I'm here for you as I am for him. I never understood why he stayed, but I know he loves you so much he'd do anything for you. Go, be with him, I'll watch over the things I can."

"Are you sure?" asked Apollonia truly not wanting to hurt Ming.

"Yes," replied Ming whereupon she stood and steered Apollonia back into the kitchen.

As they entered, so did Viviano, Mario, Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa. Viviano pointed Mario to a seat at the breakfast table before Apollonia could say anything about their state of dress rather than undress. The children were taken by Raffaella into the family room and it was painfully obvious that Antonio was having trouble walking and sitting. She immediately made the decision to keep him home from school as for the Carman and Alessa they would be taken by Viviano although she knew they would be late. She figured that Ming would also send her boys to school late. As her sister did before her, she instructed her children to be seen and not heard. The tone of her voice was more than enough to make her point.

"Where are the ambulances?" asked Apollonia. The stress in her voice making it sound more like a croak than a plea.

"They should be here momentarily," said Viviano. "I believe the company had to wake up the personnel who were aware of their commitment to the Moretti family."

"I can't just sit here," moaned Apollonia. She started to rise from her chair and was immediately pushed back into it by Ming.

Mario saw the control and said nothing, but he did offer up a question, "What the heck is going on here?"

If you were a fly on the wall, you would have seen each of the participants look to each other to see who was going to respond to Mario's question. Everyone knew that it was Apollonia's question to answer, but in her present state, she could not. The person who offered the answer surprised everyone.

"Last night, when I cannot say," answered Ming, "Sonny Rossi beat up Colin within an inch of his life. He broke his nose and eye sockets for a second time. The unanswered question for all of us is how Sonny fractured his skull. By the looks of it, he did it to himself by beating his head against the walls of the corner where we found him, unconscious, bleeding from the back of his head, and his chin against his chest."

Mario remained calm and rather stoic considering the news he just received. He did not make an attempt to take control of the situation, but he did offer his expert council. "If Sonny dies, the family has to take care to make sure his death does not come back to haunt the Moretti family. I believe it would be best if Viviano spoke to his parents concerning Sonny's untimely death. Colin is another story..."

"No he isn't Mario," said Apollonia. Everyone saw she was calm, cool, collected, and on point. She wasn't crying or bemoaning the fate of her sissy husband. With strength and conviction she said, "Colin Cathcart is my husband. My last name is still Cathcart. Nothing and no one will stop me from securing his complete recovery." She paused, stared at her hated father, and with a belittling voice said, "I thank you for your input, Mario, but you're still shit under my shoes and don't you ever forget it."

Mario flinched when he heard his youngest daughter berate and humiliate him in front of the others. He decided to continue, "I may be just that, but since you've taken control of this family you have made a total mess of everything. I know that if I were in control, nothing that has occurred over the past few weeks would ever have come to fruition."

Apollonia thought about tossing her mug at Mario, but decided to laugh, point a finger, and say, "Sure Mario, that is why your cousin Umberto fucked you out of several tens of millions in fees and kickbacks. That is why this family now owns all his assets and his children are suffering for their parent's stupidity." She stood up, placed her hands on the oak table top, and spewed with venom, "But most of all you piece-of-dog-shit, you allowed the cunt you married to secure a place in hell at the right hand of the devil by allowing her to torture and sexually abuse children. What is even worse, you helped her and did it in the name of God. Why do I bother with you Mario?"

"What the hell, Apollonia," said Mario. "When are you going to give it a rest?"

Apollonia Moretti, Mario's youngest daughter did not move from her place at the head of the table nor did she take her hands off of the tabletop. She leaned further forward, her face reddened, and she spat, "You fuckin' idiot!!!

Don't think I don't know what you did to Angelina. I know you fucked her brains out and then with malice aforethought choked her to death. I can only imagine the pleasure you felt as you fuckin' ejaculated in her dying body when she finally succumbed. Your freedom depends upon me. Not you. Not Raffaella. Not the extended Moretti family. But me, the cunt that proved to the world what a low life piece-of-shit you really are Mario Moretti. Come on, bitch, deny what I just declared as the truth."

Ming Zheng saw that Apollonia was close to having an anger induced stroke. She stepped next to her lover, placed a hand on her shoulder, and said in a quiet soothing voice, "Sit, now, Appy."

Everyone in the room held their collective breath.

They watched Apollonia partially smile at Ming, nod her head in agreement, and sit back down. The moment of silence was broken by the phone directly attached to the guardhouse. Ming answered it without any words against her doing so being expressed by the family. She looked at Apollonia as she told the guard to allow the ambulances to enter the compound and to back one at a time into Apollonia's driveway. Viviano Rossi did not need instructions from Apollonia to go to the driveway to help the first set of EMTs into the house. He knew the pecking order and inside he hoped that Sonny would succumb to his injuries on the way to the Bronx. Ming kept her right hand on Apollonia's shoulder which was enough to keep her in her seat.

The EMTs first course of action was to question why Colin was to be the first removed from the house instead of the apparently unconscious Sonny. When Viviano growled to take Colin first, both men knew they'd better not interfere or question what they were told to do when it came to non-medical intervention. Colin's neck was stabilized. He was rolled onto a back board and an IV of saline placed into his right arm. They lifted him to the gurney and rolled him out to the ambulance. The second set of EMTs saw Sonny's condition and knew he was only moments away from a certain death. Somehow they moved Sonny to the floor, cradled his head, placed him on a backboard, and then onto the gurney.

Before the ambulances departed Columbus Place, Viviano gave the address of the broken down hospital to the drivers and told them to pull behind the building. He gave them Joshua Goldsmith's name as the contact. If by some small chance in hell, he wasn't there, he told them to call his cell phone. He reiterated their need for discretion. Viviano's final instructions informed the EMTs that someone would be there shortly after they arrived. Two minutes later he saw the gate to Columbus Place open, the ambulances pass through, turn on their lights and sirens, and head to towards the Bronx.

Viviano's next order of the day was to get all the children except Antonio off to school. Considering the activities of the early morning, the children would only be forty-five minutes late for school. He did not argue about Antonio staying home, but he stressed inside knowing his sister-in-law was going to question the boy about the previous night. Viviano Rossi knew he'd be walking into a firestorm when he returned. Upon gathering up the children, he suggested to Apollonia that she call Joshua to make sure he was living up to his end of the bargain. Apollonia pursed her lips and nodded in agreement. Ming pulled a chair from the opposite end of the table and sat next to her lover.

Mario Moretti silently seethed as he watched hoping that sometime in the future, both women would succumb to his male superiority. For now, he played the game, but knew if he continued to do so, he'd be the one looking up at his daughter rather than the other way around. His cock twitched when he realized that he would soon be forced to wear a chastity device and have to enslave himself to his youngest daughter.

Thirty-five minutes after he departed Columbus Place, Viviano Rossi returned to find Mario, Ming, and Raffaella sitting around the oak breakfast table in silence. If steam rising from a fresh cup of coffee could make an

audible sound it would have been the only thing Viviano would have heard in the room. He strode to the family room to find it empty. Fear coursed through his veins and muscles. The thought of having to face an inquisition over his activities last night weighed on his mind. Viviano Rossi decided to face it like a man and said, "Where are Apollonia and Antonio?"

Raffaella turned to her husband and said, "They're upstairs probably in her atelier. If not there, then her bedroom."

Viviano did not respond, instead he turned and headed for Apollonia's atelier. The door was wide open and for a second time he saw it was empty of the two people he was seeking. He turned and walked around the periphery of the great room to Apollonia's bedroom. It was on the same side of the house as his and it always amazed him that the family replicated each house on the street after the main house at the top of the cul-de-sac. Like his wife did earlier that morning, Viviano Rossi paused in front of the solid oak door that guarded the entrance to Apollonia's boudoir. He took a single deep breath, expelled it, and with a firm grip on the door handle opened the door. He stepped in to see his son sitting on the bed next to Apollonia, his head cradled in her arms, pressed against her chest.

"Apollonia," Viviano said knowing that anything more could, no would, exacerbate the situation.

While holding her nephew and continuing to stroke his dark hair, she looked up at her brother-in-law, and said much to Viviano's surprise, "You shouldn't be here now Viv. I will deal with you and Raffaella when the time is right."

Viviano expelled his breath and felt the pang of fear momentarily leave his body. He saw the turquoise of Apollonia's eyes begin to darken and knew it was time for him to back out of her room. "I'll wait for you downstairs." Viviano Rossi did not turn his back to exit the room. He stepped backwards to the door and let himself out as he gazed upon Apollonia and his son sitting quietly on her bed.

Apollonia Moretti held her ten year old nephew close to her and began to renew her non-confrontational questioning when she heard the door close and latch.

"How many times?" asked Apollonia.

"Four," whined the youngster.

"Did your father ask and/or explain to you why he was sodomizing you?" she asked while continuing to stroke his head.

"No," was his one word answer.

"You understand that he has the right to sodomize you as a Moretti," she whispered, "as you will to your son, God willing you have one. I know you're hurting, but I need answers Antonio." She pulled his head away from her chest and looked into his eyes. She saw the fear but saw him imperceptibly nod his head in the affirmative.

"I understand Aunt Apollonia," said Antonio, his voice quaking with fear and loathing for what his father did to him.

"Do you know what rape is, Antonio?" she asked.

"Yes, Aunt Apollonia," he replied. "It is when a man forces himself upon a woman."

Apollonia smiled, "Yes, but it is defined when any person forces themselves upon another for sex."

Antonio realized where his aunt was headed, "What my father did last night..."

"Could be considered rape," she finished.

"Why would he hurt me like that?" he cried. "I know my place and I would never deny him. I want to be just like him Aunt Appy."

Apollonia Moretti pulled his head back into her chest, she held him close, and said, "I know sweetness. What he did was wrong and totally unconscionable. But, you have to understand that no matter what I say or do to your father, you will until your eighteenth birthday be available to fellate and be sodomized by any Moretti man. I cannot stop what had been happening within this family for centuries. All I can do for you today is to offer to you the knowledge that your father will pay for what he did to you last night."

"But," Antonio began to cry, "I hurt so much. I can't sit or go to the bathroom. Please don't hurt my daddy."

"Shhh," whispered Apollonia, "Listen to me, Antonio. In a few days, the only thing that will hurt will be the memory of last night. In time it will fade away and only return if you let it. When you are required to offer yourself to a Moretti man, it will be under the guidelines that were used when you fulfilled your Rite of Passage. Antonio Rossi, I assure you that you will recover. You are strong young Moretti man. Now, get off the bed, go into the bathroom, and wash your face."

Five minutes later, Apollonia with Antonio in tow entered the breakfast area. The only seat empty at the table was the one that everyone knew belonged to Apollonia. She walked to her seat, sat, and placed Antonio on her lap. The young boy winced as he placed his buttocks on Apollonia's left thigh and tried to get into a comfortable position. When he was finally settled he allowed his aunt to take him and press him against her body. Antonio Rossi felt calm sitting on his favorite aunt's lap.

"I have just had a talk with Antonio," said Apollonia. "Now, in this public forum of family, I want the truth from those involved. Who cares to start."

Raffaella and Viviano exchanged glances. Mario's face showed concern and a questioning look. Ming kept her poker face on because she had no knowledge of anything her lover was speaking about. The silence in the room was telling. The two people involved in what could only be considered the rape of Antonio Rossi were silent along with Ming and Mario.

Apollonia let the silence continue for a few minutes before she gently pushed Antonio from her lap and whispered in his ear for him to go to the family room. She offered her cheek for a kiss which he knew to kiss both sides of her face per European tradition. The room waited for some sort of angry statement of accusation.

Apollonia looked around the room, nodded her head as she did, and finally said, "Not a problem, but I know who is responsible. Silence on your part will only exacerbate the situation to a point where my retribution will be tortuous and very painful. One last chance to change your mind and own up to your stupidity."

No one moved or made an effort to own up to the events leading to Antonio's night of unwanted and relentless sodomy.

Apollonia sat for several minutes before she broke the silence knowing she had to get the day started. It was imperative that Viviano make his way to the hospital in the Bronx to oversee the surgeries. She also knew that he would want to be present when and if his brother recovered or succumbed to his injuries. The construction business could survive without Mario or Viviano for the day, but she knew a call had to be made to assure the employees that everything was under control. Apollonia needed to make several calls that she would have delegated to Colin in addition to any others that may be waiting on a return call. In her present state-of-mind she did not know if she would

be able to complete them. The coffee mug was empty and so was the coffee pot. Apollonia stood, went into the kitchen, and put on a pot of coffee instead of commanding someone else to brew another pot of coffee.

Standing behind the counter that separated the kitchen from the breakfast area she faced the oak table and said, "Viv, call the office and tell whomever you leave in charge that Mario and you will not be there today. Make sure that if they need to contact you they do so only in a dire emergency. Then you can take yourself up to the Bronx and make sure you keep me in the loop. By that, I mean an update every half hour even if it is to tell me there is nothing to report."

"How long do you want me to stay in the Bronx?" asked Viviano.

"Until the surgeries are completed and we know Colin is stable and Sonny is dead or in a persistent vegetative state," replied Apollonia. "If you have to stay there all night and into the morning, then you will."

Viviano rose from the table, pushed his chair back to the side of the table, and without saying another word made his way out of Apollonia's house. Inside he worried if Apollonia would make it so difficult for Raffaella that she would breakdown and tell everything. He wanted to get Apollonia alone so he could explain what his mindset was when he used his son as a cum dump.

"Ok," said Apollonia, "Mario, you're next. Get your old fat ass into the family room and keep your grandson company. If you ever wanted to rehabilitate yourself, now is your chance. Talk to Antonio and try to be compassionate enough to make him forget about what his asshole father did to him. Make it worse and I'll put your genitals on the butcher block table and emasculate you without any anesthetics."

Mario Moretti could see the hatred in his youngest daughter's eyes. He made the correct decision when he nodded his head in the affirmative, stood, and made his way into the family room. Like Viviano before him, inside he thanked his lucky stars that he did not have to remove his clothing, did not have an insidious chastity device inserted into his penis, and he did not have to suck his youngest daughter's asshole.

The coffee pot finished and Apollonia poured a mug before asking, "Anyone need a refill?"

Ming and Raffaella shook their heads in the negative. Apollonia returned to the table and stood next to her sister. She rested the full mug of coffee on her head as she began to caress her right cheek. Raffaella froze in her seat fearful that her sister would pour the steaming hot coffee over her head. Ming watched the two sisters and knew that Apollonia was nowhere near pouring the hot coffee over Raffaella's head. To prove she was comfortable with what she was seeing, Ming smiled at both of them while Apollonia continued to caress her sister's cheek. She saw her lover trying to maintain her calm outward demeanor while she stroked Raffaella's face. Ming held her breath while maintaining her own physical calm.

"Ming," cooed Apollonia, "would you do me a favor?"

Ming's antennas went up, "Depends..."

"I would like some private time with my sister," she said as her hand continued to rub her sister's cheek. "Please take Antonio home or to your place. Watch him for about an hour. I need to have a very private chat with Raffy."

"What about Mario?" asked Ming.

"Yes, the asshole that provided the seed to make me," said Apollonia with disdain in her voice. She stopped her hand motion, took the mug from her sister's head, and sat down in her appointed seat. "I forgot about him. Guess, I'll just start the day instead. I have some phone calls to make. Ming, why don't you figure out what you're going to do with Mario and Antonio while I'm in my atelier for a few hours?"

Apollonia rose, took her sister's hand, and said, "Come with me Raffy. We can chat upstairs."

Raffaella Moretti looked at Ming with pleading eyes trying to get her sister's lover to stop Apollonia from taking her upstairs. She saw nothing. Raffaella pushed her chair away from the table and meekly followed her sister to her atelier.