

© 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 124

Thursday Afternoon –Columbus Place - 6 March 2003

Mario Moretti politely asked his oldest daughter to stay with him and have lunch. Raffaella wanted to get back to her son, but could see a puppy-dog look of pleading on her father's rugged face. Inside she wanted to go to him and hug him, but she knew that it would give Mario an opening to try and sway her against her sister. Instead she decided to agree to stay and have lunch with him. Together they made a quick meal of elbow pasta, zucchini, and broccoli in a homemade garlic tomato sauce. Mario retrieved a bottle of Moretti red wine, two glasses, an opener, and set them on the table. When the food was on the table they sat together, said grace, each made the sign of the cross, and began to eat. It reminded her of the good times the family had when they gathered to eat no matter what the meal. Mario poured two glasses of wine and held his up to offer a toast. Raffaella did not raise her glass, but she knew inside it was proper for her to agree to allow him make one.

"Please," said Mario, "I would like to make a toast."

"Forget it, Mario," said Raffaella in a tired condescending voice. "If you want to make a toast, make it to yourself."

"Ok, Raffy," said Mario. He put the glass down. He ate a bit of pasta, looked at his daughter, and said, "Has your sister allowed you to read any or all of the journals your mother wrote?"

"Why do you ask?" she responded to his question with a question.

Mario put his utensils on the table, picked up his glass, emptied it, poured another, and emptied it before he continued, "I never knew she wrote them. He paused and waited, but his oldest did not respond. "I only wish I knew so I could destroy them before anyone could read them. I was wondering if you've had a chance to read one or all of them."

"Apollonia has them under lock and key," she replied. "I have only read one or two selected paragraphs and one complete passage. And, what I read was enough to turn my stomach as well as my opinion of her and ultimately of you. I did not need to read what Apollonia read. Her explanation of the sick things performed on children by my parents and their sick friends was enough."

Mario picked up his fork and began to eat as he pondered what his oldest daughter just said to him. The silence lasted for a few minutes before he said out of the blue, "So, Viviano anally raped my grandson last night. Whatever possessed him to do such a thing to a young boy much less his own son?"

Raffaella froze her fork midair between her plate and her mouth. She stared at her father and finally put the utensil back down on the plate. The afternoon sun warmed the back of the house as they sat waiting for Raffaella's response to her father's inquiry. "Viviano did no such thing. Antonio was naughty and I spanked him..."

Mario maintained his cool, "Raffaella Moretti, your son told me his father spent the night filling his bottom with his seed. Antonio told me that Viviano was angry and very hurtful. The cunt, excuse me, your sister admitted to knowing something happened last night between Viviano and Antonio. I love that boy and I want only the best for him. Did Viviano take his anger out on him for some stupid reason that deals with your sister and/or you?"

"Enough, Mario," said Raffaella, her frustration growing at the accusations being heaped upon her husband when everything that happened last night was all her fault. "What happened between Viviano and Antonio is Rossi family business. What Apollonia alluded to at breakfast this morning will be taken care of by Viviano and me. Do not get involved. You'll only make it worse for all involved."

"This family has changed," said Mario, "and not for the better."

"You're wrong, Mario," retorted Raffaella, "my sister has ended the sick sexual abuse of children my mother and you enjoyed. What is more abhorrent are the people who enjoyed it with you. Truthfully, I hope you rot in hell and I know she is already sucking the red hot cock of the devil."

"No Raffaella," countered Mario Moretti, "you're wrong and so is your sister. This family has survived millenniums. We have given and taken from society. What your mother and I did, we did because we could. Ponder the people who were with us at the townhouse. Men, women, and couples of all persuasions took part in the orgies and sexual craziness. We had people begging to get an invitation to our gatherings. The Moretti family has through time and memorial hosted some of the hottest and some of the sickest sexual orgies known to man." Mario shrugged his shoulders, "It is what we are and what we do as a family."

The fork hit the table with a clatter. The red wine wasn't drunk; it was tossed in Mario's face. Raffaella Moretti didn't do as her sister asked. Instead, she stood up from her chair, tossed her father the bird, and walked out of the house back to Apollonia's. The more she thought about what her father had just said, the more she wanted to castrate her own husband for taking his aggression out on Antonio. She quickened her steps because it was cold and because she wanted to get back to her son.

Apollonia and Ming did not spend the afternoon in flagrante delicto. Instead of going to Apollonia's room, they headed to the atelier where Apollonia tried to paint and Ming helped by just being there. The weight of her husband's injuries kept Apollonia from centering her mind on her work. The joy of painting was not fulfilling her as it always did. The biggest canvass was for a customer in Wyoming and the smaller piece was for a friend-of-a-friend that Apollonia promised to complete as a wedding present to present to her friend's friend. Apollonia still dressed in the clothing from the day before leaned against the table she used as a desk and pondered where she was headed on the paintings and her life.

As the sun beat into the room through the enlarged windows, Apollonia turned to Ming and said, "Where would you be today if you hadn't reconnected with me?"

Ming looked out into the backyard, pursed her lips, and after a moment responded, "Truthfully, I'd probably be dead. My son's would either be living with my ex or orphaned and living with my parents. If my ex-husband completed his wishes, then I'd certainly be dead. Why do you ask?

"I ask because, I've been thinking about where I'd be right now," said Apollonia. "If everything went according to Moretti plans, I'd be like Raffaella. I'd have a husband who would have full time job and full access to my body. Not that I would deny him access to my charms. I would have at least two and maybe three or four children. My life would revolve around them like a good soccer mom. I don't know if I would be as prolific a painter as I am now. Who knows, maybe I wouldn't have seen my mother for what she was and she'd be sitting here instead of you. My life is a shambles..."

Ming did not move, she looked into Apollonia's face, and quietly said, "Are you unhappy with your life as you're living it now?"

The question wasn't a slap in her face, but Apollonia knew from whence it came, "No, my God, Ming, no. I'm just..."

"Overwhelmed," Ming interrupted. "I told you I have nothing but respect and love for you and Colin. I admire Raffaella for her motherly and sisterly instincts in the midst of the Moretti family. I have come to accept the morals and lifestyle of the Moretti family. I do close my eyes sometimes when I think about what your family is capable of, but at the same time, I'm wealthy beyond my dreams because you. We fell in love with each other at a time when we were curious and open to new experiences. You are a strong woman and to maintain your position as the head of the Moretti family, you need to remain focused. You need to keep your eye on the ball. You cannot waiver one inch or one iota."

Apollonia took a few steps from where she stood, turned her back to her lover, and said, "I've lied to you Ming as recently as this morning."

Ming did not react to Apollonia's statement, she casually offered, "About?"

Apollonia turned to face her lesbian lover. Their eyes met. The woman she would go to the end of the Earth for sat patiently waiting for a response to her one word question. Apollonia said, "About Raffaella and the kiss. This morning while we were in this room she begged me to release her from the meaning of the kiss. I didn't because I couldn't. She took the one thing that she knew I held sacred and threw it in my face. She accused me of sleeping with her husband. Then when faced with the truth of the situation she lied. Again she lied when she wouldn't face up to her husband raping his son in retaliation to her charge of his infidelity. And as you already know, I did cause her to experience pain the one place she would hurt the most; both physically and emotionally. I am sorry for that, but, I'm not sorry for reacting as I did to her accusation and her stupidity."

Ming did not respond. She sat calmly, hands held on her lap, and listened.

"He came to her last night, Ming," continued Apollonia. "He came to hear her say she was sorry. Instead she continued to be a self-centered bitch. All she had to do was admit her stupidity. I'm sure Viviano would have been satisfied, but no, the fuckin' cunt goes and demands he admit to sleeping with me. As God is my witness, Ming, I did not sleep with Viviano. But, because my sister was such a bitch, I made her crawl to me, kiss my denim covered cunt, and profess allegiance to me. I made her give me her children if I wanted them. Then to add insult to injury, I made her verbally accept that if I wanted to bed Viviano, I could even if she had to suffer the verbal slings and arrows of her family and friends over her status as a cuckold."

Apollonia could see that Ming was just going to listen and not respond. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and said, "Why aren't you striking out at me? I lied to you!!!"

Ming rose from the stool, walked to her lover, and said, "I know you better than you think Apollonia Moretti. I know the games you like to play with people. I know when you're serious beyond the shadow of a doubt. But, I also know when you're using something as leverage to get what you want. You don't hate Raffaella. What you want is her

husband and you can't face up to the reality that he is off limits to you. Sonny Rossi was a compromise, but he proved to be too simple minded for your level of intelligence. I think you need to look into your soul and decide what you want or need out of life. As the head of the Moretti family, you need to portray yourself as a family woman, but inside you have this desire to be what you know you are – a lesbian."

"How can you say that to me?" cried Apollonia. "You hid your lesbian behavior and love for me from your parents. You married and had two wonderful boys. Why can't I find a man to impregnate me like you did? What is so wrong with that?"

"Appy, your world is so screwed up because you're letting it become so," said Ming. "Colin is a wonderful man, but his brain is wired all wrong. I would never have come back into your life if he was a real man. I wouldn't do that to him no matter no matter how much you begged and pleaded. But, he is what he is and you're standing here reviewing your life because you're afraid of losing him. You can find a man that meets your requirements to fornicate with and impregnate you. But, you'll never find another Colin Cathcart and you as much said it this morning."

Frustration began to show on Apollonia's face. She was absolutely awestruck that her lover did not react negatively to her admission. She stood but a foot away from her and wanted more than anything for Ming to strike out at her. Show her some anger for betraying their trust and confidence. Rather than make an asshole of herself, Apollonia stepped away from her lover, walked to the large center window, bowed her head, and said, "I expected you to strike out at me, Ming. I expected you to make me realize that I hurt you by lying to you, but you just sit and stand there calm as you can be."

Ming smiled to herself because Apollonia was still looking out and down in front of the window. "I'm not falling for your bullshit, Apollonia. If you're having a problem, come out and say it. If you're just looking for me to spank you because you've been a bad little girl, then say it. If not, you have work to do and so do I."

Apollonia raised her head, turned to her lover, and said, "One more thing, you stand there loving me knowing I have taken the life of my mother, my uncle, and my aunt? You do not get in my face about what I did to Adolfo and Adelina? You're ok with Marco Marinelli being held prisoner in the basement of a townhouse my family owns?" Then with a tinge of incredulousness, "Please. . ."

"You're trying, but I'm not buying," said Ming. "I've already expressed my understanding and acceptance of your family's lifestyle. If I didn't believe you were correct in what you did, I wouldn't be here. I love you Moretti. If I could have your children, I would. All I want right now is for you to go to your room, take a shower, get dressed, and go to Colin. That is the most important thing that faces you right now."

Apollonia stepped from the window to where Ming stood. She wrapped her arms around her lover and hugged her. Ming returned the hug and pressed her body into Apollonia's. They were in the embrace when they heard footsteps coming up the staircase closest to the atelier. They did not separate entirely when Raffaella came storming into the room.

"That prick!!!" she cried. "That fuckin' prick!!! I so want to..."

Apollonia and Ming both glanced at each other and arm-in-arm they approached Raffaella. Each could see the anger in her eyes and her body language accentuated her ire. Apollonia could not figure out what was driving her sister so crazy, "Calm down, Raffy. Take a deep breath and tell me what happened."

Raffaella caught her breath, put her hands on her hips, and said, "Daddy tried to get me to accept the horrible things Lucia wrote about in her journals. He said that the Moretti family has been purveyors of child torture and sex for millenniums. I swear he wanted to me to see his side. He tried to make me feel like I'm wrong for believing that what happened is abhorrent."

"Welcome to Mario Moretti," said Apollonia. "I hope you see him for what he is and always was. We're the product of his loins, but we don't have to endure his bullshit anymore Raffy. As children we were required by our family

mores and morals to give him handjobs, but today, he is nothing more than a broken down old man who wishes he could remove me from power. He tried to play you and apparently he got to you. Is he locked in his room?"

"No," said Raffaella, "I threw a glass of wine in his face and stormed out of his house. I'll go back and..."

Apollonia put her hand on her sister's shoulder and gently pressed down. Raffaella's eyes widened with fear, but she did not fight going to her knees. Their eyes met and Apollonia could see the fear. She smiled and said, "Which pussy do you want to suck first? Mine or Ming's?" She didn't wait for an answer. "Ming take her downstairs to her son. I'm headed into the shower. I must smell ripe. See you guys in twenty minutes or so."

Raffaella didn't move. Ming stepped over to her and was surprised when Raffaella wrapped her arms around her hips. She held on for dear life. Ming could not break her hold. She allowed her lover's sister to hold on to her body for a moment before asking, "Is there something wrong?"

Raffaella released her hold on the thin Chinese woman's body. Ming looked down into Raffaella's eyes and saw something she did not want to face. She tried to break Raffaella's hold on her but to no avail. The only solution to the present issue was to face the problem. "Raffaella, I'm not going to sleep with you. You are not going to insert yourself into my relationship with your sister. Do not try to rectify your accusations of infidelity by trying to bed me. Your sister was making a joke." Ming pressed her hands against Raffaella's arms and with a tone that imparted anger said, "Release me and get up, now!!!"

Instead of releasing her, Raffaella broke out in uncontrollable tears. She pressed her shoulders into Ming's thighs and her head against the outside of her right leg. She would not ease her hold on her sister's lover. "I want to die. I have no reason to live. Please, let me do you so my sister will have more of a reason to take my life. I just want to die!!!"

Ming had no choice but to hit Raffaella on the back of her head hard enough to get her to release her grip on her body. Now free of Raffaella's hold, Ming's first thoughts were to apply physical pressure to Raffaella, but unlike her lover she sank to her knees and put her hand underneath Raffaella's chin. She pressed upwards so their eyes met, "Listen Raffaella and listen to me good. Your sister is not going to harm you. You want to know the truth. Your sister is jealous of you because she wants your life. Jealous of your husband and your children, but she won't take them from you."

"Please Ming," cried Raffy, "I kissed her privates and told her that I'm hers to do with as she pleases. I gave my children to her. I told her she could bed Viviano at her pleasure. Just kill me. Please!!!"

Ming finally broke; she slapped Raffaella across the face once but with enough force to send her to the floor. Raffaella Moretti did not cry or move. She remained prone in a fetal position waiting for the coup de grace. It didn't come. Instead, Ming reached down, pulled her up to her knees, and said, "Get your Moretti head out of your ass. Face the reality of the situation. You fucked up, royally. I don't know the entire story, but your son needs you. I would suggest you apologize to your husband. Apologize to your sister. Put this fucked up day behind you. Learn from your mistakes don't wallow in your muck and mire."

"You don't understand, Ming," moaned Raffaella. "You don't understand this family. My sister will lie to your face. She'll tell you one thing when she's already done another. She is holding my life in the palms of her hands. This I know for a fact. She is going to take from me everything I hold dear. My husband from the moment he laid eyes on her, told me, and he has asked me since, if he could, just once, fuck her. Please, Ming. Do me so she has reason to take my life."

"I do understand," replied Ming calm since slapping Raffaella's face. "I'm not going to do anything. Sit up here and stew if you please. I'm headed downstairs."

Ming Zheng walked from Apollonia's atelier not looking back to see if her lover's sister was following. Raffaella Moretti prayed, made the sign of the cross, and rose to descend to the family room and her son.

Thirty-five minutes later, Apollonia Moretti entered the family room dressed to travel into the city to the Hospital for Special Services. She was dressed in a grey merino wool two button man tailored suit jacket with matching pencil skirt, a white scalloped collared blouse with a silk scarf loosely tied under the collar, stockings, and a pair of conservative grey pumps with three inch heels. Her hair was parted in the middle and accentuated the lines of her face, nose, and large eyes. The turquoise color was again enhanced by the mascara and eyeliner. No matter how she tried to tone down her looks and her sexuality, Apollonia Moretti was a walking bombshell of a woman.

"Have I received any phone calls from anyone?" asked Apollonia.

Both Raffaella and Ming shook their heads in the negative.

"Not good," said Apollonia. "Raffy, would you do me a favor, please?"

"Anything," she replied.

"Take Antonio home. Then call Mario and apologize for throwing the wine in his face. Invite him to your house for dinner. Stroke him and make sure you ingratiate yourself back into his good graces. I need you to be my eyes and ears. He will not be honest with me at all, especially since I'm in a relationship with another woman. Do you understand what I'm asking of you?" asked Apollonia.

Raffaella looked down at the floor. She was sending submissive signals to her sister. Ming did not like what she was seeing and said, "Stop it now Raffaella. Look up and not down. Look your sister in the eyes."

Apollonia decided not to get involved. She left the family room for the breakfast table not waiting for a response from her sister. She found her cell phone and pushed the speed dial number for Viviano. The phone rang twice and was answered. She was curt, "Status, now."

What Apollonia did not see was Viviano shaking his head in frustration as well as his left hand repeatedly making a fist. "He is awake, but cannot speak. His jaw is broken and it is temporarily wired shut. He is swathed in soft ice packs to force the swelling down. I have not spoken to the surgeon. Joshua is ensconced in his office doing catch-up administrative work. I know he is aware of Colin's status." He lied about Joshua not arriving at Colin's room as he promised he would.

"Make sure both doctors are there when I arrive," said Apollonia. "I should be there by dinner time. I don't care what it takes, but you make sure Joshua keeps the surgeon available."

"Yes, Apollonia," Viviano said resigned that he would not be home with his family until later that night. The only thing that would change his mind was a meeting with Felicia Dwyer.

The next call Apollonia made was to retired detective Jon Parks. When he answered the phone she said, "Parks, please a status on Nathan Childress. I really don't want to drive myself into the city tonight."

"Um," he replied, "If you want, I'll come pick you up. It would be a pleasure to drive you around town."

Her ire was not kept in check, "Listen you old fuckin' broken down detective, I did not offer you the position as my chauffeur. If you want the job, then get a fuckin' hack license. I asked you to do something for me and I want an answer."

"Whoa there Nellie," said Jon. If Apollonia could see him, she'd witness the hair on the back of his neck standing at attention. He calmed down physically, but his voice was coarse and filled with venom, "I suggest you back off or you can take your fuckin' attitude and see how far you can shove it up your ass, lady. I don't have to take your bullshit. I demand the respect I give to you to be returned. I spoke to Howard Cohen and I'm aware of what happened. I went to church for the first time in years and lit a candle for Colin. Decide now Apollonia whether you want me to work for you or not."

Apollonia pulled the phone away from her ear and stared out the back window. Jon Parks was on the precipice of departing her employ. He knew too much about the Moretti family. Something in the back of her mind rose to her consciousness and it was what Mario said about fucking everything up since she took control of the family. The phone went back to her right ear and with all the strength she could muster said, "Jon, I apologize for speaking to you that way. I had no right. You've done things for me and I should reward you not belittle or berate you. It's been a hard morning for me. Please, do you have any information on Childress?"

She heard Jon's breath and knew he was forgiving her. He said, "I still have a very good connection at the FBI. His clearance came back, but there is something amiss. There are a large number of months without any data. I'm trying to ascertain what happened. Nothing from the state or the city."

"Hmmm," said Apollonia. "Try the Defense Department. He said he was asked to leave the Marines after a botched black operation. He was a bit forthcoming about his discharge from the military."

"Ok," replied Jon, "but that will not be answered today, Miss Moretti."

She was impressed that he did not use her first name, "Listen Jon, I have to trust your judgment. If his background looks good to you from the data you've received, please call him. I don't care what it takes, find him and if you have to drive him to the car service company to get a Lincoln Town Car. Have him drive to Columbus Place immediately."

"Again, Miss Moretti," said Jon, "I'm more than willing to help you until we have vetted this guy completely. But, if you insist, I will do as you ask."

Apollonia closed her eyes. She knew in her heart that Jon Parks was trying his best to be something more than an employee but not rise to becoming her lover. She opened her eyes and said, "I appreciate your offer, but you're more important to me doing the work I've assigned you. Please, Nathan Childress. I want to hear the guardhouse phone ring and when I answer I want to hear the guard tell me there's some large assed nigger in a black town car at the gate."

"Done," was all Jon Parks said.

Neither of them said good-bye to each other. They ended the call simply by pressing the disconnect button.

The house seemed different to Apollonia. The lack of seeing Colin standing in front of the kitchen sink or walking around with cleaning implements disturbed the yin and yang of her life. The days where he would go into the city to work as the Chief Financial Officer and Executive Vice President at the software development company seemed like it happened ages ago. Her body began to tremble slightly as the rush of memories filled her consciousness. The feel of his lips on hers. The press of his hips and hardening manhood against the flatness of her lower abdomen. Their embrace. The feel of his hands on her skin and hers on his. The whispers of love in her ears. Apollonia Moretti for all her bravado and dominance knew that no matter how much she hated him for becoming what he was; she could never do anything my love him unconditionally.

The room began to spin. Apollonia dropped her cellphone and it clattered to the floor. The vertigo increased as did the rotation rate of the room. Her stomach began to tighten, feel queasy, and her legs weakened. Her knees buckled and with a crashing thud she fell to the hardwood floor of the breakfast area.

Seven minutes later she awoke on the couch in the family room. Ming Zheng was cradling her head in her lap. Raffaella was kneeling on the floor next to her, holding her hands, and quietly praying. Antonio Rossi was curled up on one of the wing chairs watching and praying that his favorite aunt was not sick or dying. Apollonia tried to move and was kept in place by both women.

"Whaaa... What happened?" she said her voice breathless and tired sounding.

"You fainted," replied Raffaella. "You collapsed after speaking to Jon Parks. You went down like a rock. How do you feel?"

"My stomach is doing flip-flops," she replied, "and the room is wavering but not spinning like it was when I fell."

Ming stroked her face and asked, "Did you eat anything other than drinking multiple cups of coffee?"

Apollonia head resting on her lover's thighs, looked up, and said, "No, but that doesn't mean I haven't done it before."

Her anger was loving and controlled, "You fuckin' idiot. How could you think your body would handle the stress of this morning and not fall prey to vertigo or fainting? You feel strong enough to get up and go into the breakfast room?"

"I think so," Apollonia replied.

Raffaella moved away from the couch. She retook her sister's hands and helped her up to a sitting position. Ming stood and the two women did not interfere as they watched and walked behind Apollonia as she ever so slowly made it to her seat at the breakfast table. Antonio followed and stood staring at his favorite aunt. Raffaella went to him and guided him to a seat at the table. He did not complain or make a face when he sat down on the hardwood seat of the matching oak chair. His mother kissed his cheek, rubbed it gently, and made the executive decision to go into the kitchen and cook something for her sister to eat.

Thirty minutes later, the three women and the young boy had servings of French toast and maple syrup in front of them on the table. They ate in silence and when the plates were empty of food, Raffaella rose, collected them, and placed them in the dishwasher. Apollonia felt better now that she had some food in her stomach and some sugar in her blood. She tried to stand and thought better of it for the moment.

"Ming, please find my cell phone," she said.

Ming stood, went to one of the shelves on the pieces that were against the wall and retrieved Apollonia's cell phone. She handed it to her lover who checked to see if she received a call from Jon Parks. Her rising anger and angst was ended when the guardhouse phone rang.

Raffaella answered the line. She listened to the individual standing his shift, nodded to herself, and said, "Yes, a big black man in a black Lincoln Town Car. Let him enter and give him directions to Apollonia's house." She turned to her sister, "Your ride to the city is here. Are you well enough to go alone?"

"Yes," replied Apollonia. "You have something to do, remember?"

Raffaella nodded her head. She came around, kissed her sister, and guided her son to the back door to return home. She called out before she left, "Call and update me please." She did not wait for an answer.

The front door bell rang two minutes after Raffaella departed. Ming and Apollonia went to the front doors and could see the tower of a man standing on the front porch. Apollonia opened the right door, stepped aside, and said, "Come in Nathan."

Nathan Childress entered the house. He was dressed in a black wool topcoat coat that hung open unbuttoned. Underneath he wore a simple black mohair suit, white shirt, navy blue striped tie, and black wing tipped shoes which comprised the uniform of a hired chauffeur. The only piece he was missing was the black cap. He looked around at the paintings and sculptures, swallowed, and said, "Thank you Miss Moretti. Ah, did you..."

Apollonia smiled, "Yes, Nathan. I am the creator of all you see. Please let me close the door. You're letting the heat out. I'll just be a minute."

The huge man stepped inside. He watched Apollonia and Ming return to the rear of the great room. Apollonia retrieved a simple dark gray merino wool topcoat from the closet in the hall leading to the back of the house. She could see concern on Ming's face. After putting the coat on, she said, "I'm fine Ming. I ate and I feel fine. Please don't worry."

"Don't tell me not to worry, Apollonia," replied Ming. "You should call Raffy and tell her to take care of Shen and Lian until we return. You shouldn't go to the hospital alone. I'm afraid for your health and wellbeing. I'm not going to plead or beg you, but I'm going to tell you that if you for any reason don't feel well, you tell that mountain of a man to bring you home."

"I promise," said Apollonia.

Ming heard the seriousness to the sound of her lover's voice. Accepting Apollonia's declaration, Ming stepped into her, placed her arms on Apollonia's arms, leaned in, and planted a kiss on Apollonia's lips. The reaction was not what she expected. Apollonia placed her left arm around Ming's shoulders, used her right to pull her head closer to hers, and instigated a deep French kiss. Their tongues twirled inside each other's mouth as they moved them between. Both women knew if they kept up the intensity of the kiss, they would both end up on the floor, naked, and eating each other's pussy. Ming signaled it was time to stop kissing and the lovers stepped back just enough to make the break easy for each of them.

"I promise to call you and keep you apprised of the situation Ming," said Apollonia. For a moment she thought to bring her lover with her, but just as quickly decided against it. Apollonia hugged her lover, kissed her, and they walked over to where Nathan Childress waited mouth agape by the front doors.

Ming looked at Nathan, smiled, and said, "Be careful with her, Nathan."

Flummoxed for a moment Nathan Childress stood like a tree in the forest. Finally, he got over seeing the two women kiss, and said, "Yes, ma'am. Miss Apollonia has nothing to worry about because Nathan Childress is on the job."

Both women cracked up laughing which made Nathan wonder what was so funny. Ming opened the heavy oak door, kissed Apollonia on the cheek, and watched as the two incongruent individuals walked down the front path to the black Lincoln Town Car.