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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 131

84th Street Townhouse - Friday Evening- 7 March 2003

The ride to the townhouse on 84th Street was done in total silence. Apollonia sat behind Nathan and Felicia Dwyer sat next to the rear passenger door. The ride uptown was thankfully short. Apollonia did not have to tell Nathan where to go on 84th Street. He pulled in front of the Federal townhouse, parked in front of the cut out that allowed entrance across the sidewalk to the garage, and opened the door for Apollonia first. He then walked to the passenger side where he found Felicia standing next to the still opened door. He smirked at her and gently moved her away from the door so he could facilitate its closing. Apollonia came next to the waif of a girl, took her by the elbow, and without saying a word guided her to the bottom of the steps leading to the front door.

She turned to Nathan and said, "We can't put the car in our garage so put it in the garage on 85th Street. Tell them you're my driver. They always make room for my vehicles. When you've completed the task you have a choice. You can return here or you can go find yourself something to do until I call you to return."

Nathan nodded his head and said, "How long do you think you'll be Miss Moretti?"

"All depends," replied his employer. "All depends."

Felicia Dwyer caught Apollonia's inference. She did not respond or add anything that would make for a difficult situation. Instead she stood quietly waiting to be brought forth into conversation by Apollonia. There was something about the woman that was beginning to intrigue her.

"I know my place, Miss Moretti," said Nathan. "I'll park the vehicle or if you don't mind, I can make a call and use the vehicle to get to my destination. Of course, I will make good for the gas and the mileage."

The stare told Nathan the story and before Apollonia could say anything, he reiterated, "I know my place. What happened last time I drove for you will," with emphasis, "NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN."

Apollonia's eyes softened and the corners of her mouth curled upward. She nodded to Nathan which he took as his cue to leave. Felicia Dwyer allowed Apollonia to guide her to the top of the steps whereupon the front door opened. The elderly man standing in the entranceway smiled and moved to the side to allow the women to enter.

"Good evening, Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe. "An unexpected pleasure to have you here this evening, may I take your coats."

Both women removed their coats and handed them to the elderly man. Before he could leave, Apollonia took him by the right bicep and said, "I am going to wait here. You will return with Sienna and both of you will perform your penance."

Giuseppe Moretti's face grew ashen as he backed away from Apollonia. He knew his wife would be pained and fight every moment of having to suck or simply kiss her employer's cunt in front of the young stranger.

Felicia Dwyer could not hold silent. She asked a one word question, "Penance?"

"The elderly couple who watch after and take care of this two hundred and fifty year old townhouse are relatives of my family. Because they broke a cardinal rule of the family, they are childless and subservient to me. It was my father before me, but that is another story altogether. Their penance will shock you. I have no bones about you witnessing their humiliation."

"Humiliation?" asked Felicia.

"You'll see," was all Apollonia said.

Seven minutes later Giuseppe and Sienna returned to the front of the building. Both of them made their way down the entrance hall to a position about two feet away from Apollonia. Neither of them acknowledged the young girl by her side. Instead, they stood shoulder-to-shoulder, gazed at the floor, and waited for some sign or word from Apollonia. Sienna was wearing an old pastel flowered frock that had a white scalloped collar. The bottom of the frock came to just above her ankles. On her feet were a pair of white knee high socks and heavy black ankle boots. Giuseppe wore a denim work shirt, pants, and a pair of cheap running shoes that had Velcro straps as closures.

"Giuseppe Moretti," intoned Apollonia, "do I need to invite you to pay your respects to me as the head of the family?"

The elderly man closed his eyes, put his hands in front of him palms together as if he was praying, and said, "No Miss Moretti. You do not have to say anything else. I know my place, but..."

Apollonia stepped forward. Giuseppe flinched but it was Sienna who received the wrath of the younger woman. "Listen you old cunt," roared Apollonia, "I don't care that someone you don't know is present. You do your obligation or you die on the spot."

Felicia Dwyer could not believe the words that came out of Apollonia's mouth. Whatever was expected to happen appeared to be something that the elderly woman was not prepared to do in front of a stranger. Nervous energy borne of fear and anxiety began to roil inside the young woman's body. She felt her hands and legs begin to shake. She could see the fear of and loathing for Apollonia on the woman's face. Felicia Dwyer would and could not stand silent, "Please Miss Moretti," said Felicia in a quiet tone, "I can readily see she is fearful and does not want to do your requirement in front of a stranger. If I may interject my unwanted opinion, take them someplace else. I don't need to be witness to their humiliation. I'll consider it to be a reason for me to remain here with you."

Apollonia turned, eyed the young girl, stepped in front of her, and said, "Kiss me. Kiss me on the lips, open mouthed, and give me your tongue. Press your body into mine and wrap your arms around my body. Show me you want me to give them release from their obligation to me. So you know, the obligation is what keeps them alive."

Felicia's mouth dropped open. Her intuition was on the mark. The woman wanted to have a lesbian sexual encounter with her. Only once in her short life did she ever meet someone who made her want to engage in lesbian sex. The other individual was older like Apollonia. She was strong willed, dominant, and gifted in the way she carried herself and communicated. It took a moment for the request to sink in and for Felicia to react. She felt something and knew it was a magnetic pull and she could not resist. Felicia Dwyer opened her arms, stepped forward, and for the first

time in her life kissed another woman with the passion she would have kissed a man. Her arms surrounded Apollonia's body beneath her arms as she placed her partially opened mouth onto Apollonia's. She felt her body being gently pulled into Apollonia's embrace. Her legs shook with fear and building sexual desire. The wetness forming between her legs was real as was the desire to be with this woman who has so completely taken over her being.

The young girl's body felt taut and Apollonia knew she was scared and a somewhat unwilling participant. As they kissed, she felt the fear drain from Felicia's body. Her small breasts and flat stomach felt good against her own body. Apollonia played with her tongue as her hands caressed Felicia's back and buttocks. Apollonia wanted more than anything to press her down to her knees so she could hold her head against her needy crotch, but she knew it would have to wait until later. The kiss lasted only seconds, but it was enough for Apollonia. She broke the kiss and held the young girl by her side. She did not want to release her from her half embrace.

"Giuseppe, take your sister into the kitchen and prepare us something to eat," commanded Apollonia. "Surprise us with something nutritious, but light. The young lady and I are going to the solarium. Bring the meal there and if something is going on, leave the room service cart. When we're done, I'll summon you."

"Yes, Miss Moretti," said a relieved Giuseppe.

"I forgot," said Apollonia, "Dr. Goldsmith will be here at five. Show him to the basement so he can take care of my guest. Have him wait down there for me. If he gives you any trouble, come get me and I will make sure he listens." Apollonia did not wait for a response. She guided Felicia to the elevator, opened the door, entered, and pushed the button to take them to the fifth floor solarium. Before entering the elevator, Felicia noticed the elderly woman take the arm of the man as they made their way to the back of the townhouse.

As they rose in the elevator shaft, Felicia, asked, "You said she was the older gentleman's sister. But, I thought they were husband and wife."

Apollonia smiled, her turquoise eyes sparkling as she replied, "Giuseppe and Sienna are brother and sister. They entered into an incestuous relationship and fell in love. To maintain their relationship they both agreed to be sterilized so they could never have children. By doing this they saved their lives. My father gave them the opportunity to live and work in this townhouse which they've done for several decades. They are basically subservient to me since I replaced my father as head of our family."

The elevator stopped, Apollonia opened the door, and as she had done since their arrival, she guided Felicia into the solarium and to the couch perpendicular to the front windows. Felicia looked around the room, sat, and put her hands on her lap. She turned slightly when Apollonia sat next to her and not at the opposite end of the couch. Neither Apollonia nor Felicia said anything. For Apollonia, it was perfect. The silence allowed her to gaze upon the teenaged beauty and feel the unknown future oozing from her pores. Without making a scene, Apollonia reached for her right hand and took it into her left. They continued to sit in silence as their eyes betrayed the need in one and the fear in the other.

The silence in the room was broken by the ringing sound of Apollonia's cellular phone. She checked the screen to see if she knew the caller and without hesitation pressed the answer button. "Hi," said cooed, "I miss you."

Ming Zheng responded, "I miss you too. Where are you? You're not at the hospital."

"No, I am not. I'm at the townhouse checking on our guest with another guest. Someone I will introduce to you when we're together."

Inside Ming knew her lover was with a younger girl. Her own bodily fluids began to pool and seep from her vagina. Her trust for Apollonia so secure she did not become angry. "What time will you be home? I need you."

"You'll have me because I too need you," said Apollonia. "Dr. Goldsmith will be here shortly to check on the guest. I will be having a bite to eat with my young friend before I take her back to the hospital and to check in on Colin. If I guess correctly, we'll be in each other's arms by midnight."

"Don't be stupid or foolish," said Ming. "I'll see you later love."

Apollonia took the phone from her ear, pressed the end button, and returned the smart phone to her purse.

"Who was that?" asked Felicia.

"Ming, she is my lover. We met in college and reconnected about a month and a half ago. She lives in the house next to mine," responded Apollonia.

Felicia furrowed her brow, squinted, and said, "I don't understand. You're married to Colin, but you have a female lover?"

Felicia felt Apollonia's hand on her face. She did not flinch, but she was beginning to wonder what was going to happen. Would she be forced into a relationship with Apollonia and her lover? Would she become a third wheel in a manage-a-trois? The ideas of what could or couldn't be between them roiled around her brain. Apollonia's facial features, her body, her beauty, and her commanding presence was wearing Felicia's will down. She heard Apollonia, yet she didn't.

"Yes, Felicia," said Apollonia. "I'm married to Colin, but I have a female lover. I live on a very private street in the Village of Lawrence. There are seven houses on the private street. The house next to mine was empty and I gave it to her. She lives there with her twin sons. My father lives in the main house which I will move into when he passes. My older sister and her family live directly across the street on the other side of my father's house. In fact, you met her husband, Viviano."

"Yes, he approached me at the hospital."

Apollonia smiled, "Yes he did. He wants to make love to you, Felicia."

"I'm not that kind of girl, Miss Moretti,"

"Call me Apollonia or Appy. You know why you're here?

"I'm no dope, Miss Moretti. The kiss downstairs was the key to the kingdom. At first, I thought I did it to protect that poor woman's dignity, but the longer I'm around you the more I want to experience..."

"It was my thought to see whether or not I could be intimate with you today, but I'm going to use the kiss and maybe another to keep my appetite whetted for your most intimate of spots." Apollonia paused for a second, leaned in, and placed her lips on Felicia's. The response for the young girl was immediate. Felicia opened her mouth and used her tongue to seek Apollonia's. Her arms sought Apollonia's shoulders which allowed Apollonia's right hand to slip around her left breast. Felicia felt her hand gently caress and squeeze her breast. She sighed as their tongues played between their mouths. The kiss lasted longer than the first and could have led to the removal of clothing but for Apollonia breaking the embrace.

In a breathy sexual voice, Apollonia said, "Say it to me Felicia."

The girl froze for a moment before responding, "I want you to, Appy. I want you to be the first person to other than myself to enjoy my body."

For the third time that day, Apollonia kissed Felicia. This time Apollonia did not hesitate to seek out and press her hand between the teenager's denim covered thighs making her way to her crotch. She could feel the heat her body was generating. Her kiss became more intimate and needful. For the first time in her life, Felicia pressed her virgin vagina against the hand of another person. The feeling of pressure on her womanhood was sending waves of pleasure throughout her body. The young girl did not fight the advances of the older more experienced woman. Her mind reeled with desire, but out of nowhere came the voice of her conscience and she froze. It a matter of seconds she tried to move Apollonia's hand and pull away from the embrace.

Apollonia's immediate response was to relax and let the younger girl move away from the embrace and the touching, albeit covered, of her privates. She watched as the now openly frightened girl moved into the corner of the couch. Apollonia licked her lips and wanted so much to smell her hand, but her intuition told her that would be the wrong thing to do. Seeing the frightened girl opposite her made her want her more, but adult sexual knowledge took over and allowed her to sit back and relax. "It's ok Felicia," said Apollonia. "I understand completely."

"Y-Y-You do?" stuttered the girl.

"Yes and that is why I did not force myself on you," said Apollonia. "I want this to be mutual and something you'll want to come back to me for."

Both women heard the whine of the motor that would bring the elevator to the fifth floor. Apollonia smiled and Felicia began to relax. Without asking or caring, Apollonia slipped closer to the teenager. Again, she took her hand into hers and held it gently. She used her thumb to rub gently across the back of Felicia's left hand. She hoped the action would give pause and let the youngster relax. Three minutes later the door to the elevator opened and both women watched Giuseppe Moretti push the room service cart onto the floor. Apollonia pointed to the table and chairs situated in front of the rear windows which overlooked the private garden. Felicia allowed Apollonia to guide her to a chair which she pulled out for the teenager. She continued to hold her hand as she moved to the opposite side of the small table and sat.

"What are we going to enjoy, Giuseppe?" asked Apollonia.

"Sienna made a garden salad with lettuce, spinach, tomatoes, cucumber, carrots, green onions, artichoke hearts, and avocado. The hot meal is a seared AHI Tuna covered in pepper with mashed potatoes and rice pilaf. The wine is a French Rose cooled to forty-five degrees," said Giuseppe.

Apollonia did not look at her watch when she asked, "Has Dr. Goldsmith arrived?"

"Yes, Miss Moretti," replied Giuseppe. "He is in the basement with the guest."

"By the by, how is our guest?" asked Apollonia.

Giuseppe looked at the young girl whose hand was still being held by his boss before he answered, "He is healing physically, but his mental state is another story."

"Hmmm, guess I'll go visit the young man as soon as I'm done here. Thank you Giuseppe you may go," said Apollonia. More to herself than anything she said, "Never thought he'd breakdown mentally."

Felicia looked at Apollonia. She wanted to ask about the guest, but something inside told her to keep quiet. Instead she said, "May I have my other hand so I can eat? I'm sorry I pulled away, but . . .

Apollonia released her hand. The smile and twinkle in her eye were genuine. "Don't be sorry. I'll bet you a trip to anywhere in the world that I know what happened."

"Anywhere?" Felicia asked.

"First thing to understand about me, Felicia," replied Apollonia, "when I say something I mean it."

"Ok," said Felicia, "a trip to Paris, Monaco, and Italy. Say four weeks." She paused, licked her lips, and said to Apollonia's amazement, "Just you and me. No one else."

"Deal," said Apollonia thinking about how sweet it would be making love to her. "You froze and pulled away because you're inner conscience woke up and questioned what you were doing." Apollonia pursed her lips, widened her crazy beautiful eyes, and lowered her head to look up at Felicia.

The sound of a knife and fork hitting the edge of the plate and table was enough of a reaction to tell Apollonia she hit the nail on the head. Felicia Dwyer sat back, mouth agape, and just stared at the older woman. It took a moment for her to regain her equilibrium and when she did she said, "How? How did you know?"

Apollonia reached across the small table, caressed Felicia's cheek, and said, "I was nineteen once. I remember the first time a woman came on to me. . ." Apollonia paused, shook her head in the negative, and continued, "That's not true. I was the aggressor. I saw Ming Zheng enter one of my classes and I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt I wanted her. Just like when I saw you. I got wet. I knew I needed to be naked with you. Am I being too forthright?"

Ashamed and blushing, Felicia looked down at the plate of food in front of her. Her right hand went to her hair and she began to curl a hank a hair around two fingers, releasing it, and starting again. She caught herself and forced herself stop. She did not look up when she said, "I've never felt the way I did when we kissed. Even when I've kissed boys, men. I felt something rise in my body and mind. Then when you pressed your hand between my legs the something you call my conscience awoke and began telling me I was not being the girl my father and mother wanted me to be. I told you I'm a virgin and I wanted to give my virginity to my husband. Can you understand?"

"More than you think or know, Felicia," replied Apollonia. "What if I promise not to take your virginity the way a man would? What if we enjoy the taste of each other when we make love? See, I love the taste of a virgin's bodily fluids. There is something sweet and untouched about them."

"Oh my God," cried Felicia. "That is more information than I care to know at this point. I never. . ."

"Relax," soothed Apollonia. "I'm not going to force you into anything. I could, but it would defeat my purpose which is to make you want me. And no, I do not care if someday down the road you get married and have children. What I will tell you specifically is don't fuck anyone I tell you not to fuck."

Frozen in her seat yet again, Felicia fumbled, "I, I, I don't understand. . . You can't tell me w-w-who I, I, I can f-f-f-fuck or who I c-c-c-can't."

Apollonia leaned in to close the distance between their faces and said, "Yes I can and from this moment forward you belong to me."

The wetness emanating from her pussy was more than she could take or understand. Felicia Dwyer was crossing the proverbial Rubicon and had become enamored and taken with the beautiful creature sitting opposite her. She did not know where it originated, but her body released a good amount of vaginal fluid into her panties. She opened and closed her legs which was not lost on Apollonia. The idea of becoming infatuated with another woman and having sex with her was something she would have to deal with considering she looked in the mirror and saw a heterosexual woman. Felicia Dwyer could not say no to Apollonia Moretti. "Yes, Appy, I am thinking about belonging to you."

"Good," said Apollonia, "Let's eat."

Joshua Goldsmith arrived precisely at 4:59PM. He rang the doorbell with seconds to spare. Giuseppe Moretti invited him in, took his coat, and before anything could be said marched him to the basement door. Sienna was cleaning the dishes from the preparation of the dinner that Apollonia and the young girl were presently enjoying. She did not greet the doctor. In fact, she did not look up when he walked in with her brother.

"Let's go," said Giuseppe, "follow me. I believe you know the way."

Joshua nodded and followed the elderly man down the steps and into the hallway that separated the cells from the dungeon room. The place was eerily silent. Joshua expected to hear the young man either moaning or crying due to his physical and mental condition. He watched as Giuseppe put the key into the lock, twisted it, and pulled it open. Again there were no sounds coming from inside the cell. Joshua stepped close to the elderly man and whispered, "Is he alive?"

"Yes," replied Giuseppe. He offered no additional information to the doctor. He pulled the lock from the hasp and opened the door.

"Has the light been on constantly?" asked Joshua.

"I'm supposed to keep it on all the time, but I can't really do that," replied Giuseppe. "I'll face her wrath, but I give him at least four to six hours of darkness so he can at least feel the movement of days if he is counting. Otherwise, he eats, pisses, shits, and cries for his mother every so often. He has been hog tied to the bed since Miss Moretti left."

Joshua entered the cell to find Marco Mario Marinelli on his back wrapped in the gray flannel blanket that was his only form of covering. His arms and legs bound to cast iron cot. Underneath him was a pail to catch his urine and his shit. His skin was ashen from the lack of light and his eyes were bloodshot from the constant crying and whining. When Joshua approached him he involuntarily flinched as his hands tried to cover his crotch to protect his injured genitals. Seeing his fear, Joshua knelt, felt his head, and said, "Marco, I'm a doctor. Dr. Goldsmith. I'm here to check your injuries. Remember, I helped you after the incident the other night."

Marco Marinelli's eyes flew open. He tried to focus on the face that was next to his but the only thing he could do was cry, "Please someone help me. PLEASE!!!"

Joshua put his medical bag down, opened it, and found what he was looking for. He removed a syringe and a bottle of morphine. He opened a small packet of alcohol rub, cleaned the top of the bottle, inserted the needle, and withdrew two milligrams of the drug. He uncovered Marco's left arm, cleaned a spot, and pushed the needle into the biceps muscle. Approximately three minutes after he pressed the syringe plunger home, Marco Marinelli was calm, no longer in pain, and breathing easier. Joshua picked up the blanket as if it was covering a highly contagious individual, and put it on the floor. The smell of the bathroom bucket was enough for him to pull it out from under the bed and push it to where Giuseppe stood. The odor dissipated some but not completely.

When he was ready, Joshua pulled on a pair of latex gloves and began his medical inspection of the young man's genitals. Per Apollonia's instructions, the needles were still where she put them. The skin around each one was a dark reddish purple. A few of them had puss beginning to ooze and Joshua knew they were painful when Marco groaned even under the influence of two milligrams of morphine. From his prospective, cleaning the wounds would be futile. The only way to make things better was to remove the needles, drain the wounds, and give the teenager antibiotics for the next fourteen days. He used alcohol and iodine to temporarily clean the circumference of the wounds.

When he was finished he turned to Giuseppe and asked, "Where is Apollonia?"

"She is upstairs," replied Giuseppe. "She told me to keep you in the basement until she arrived."

"She did, did she," said Joshua. "And if I want to go upstairs, you have the strength to stop me?"

Giuseppe Moretti, grinned, and pulled out a small .22 caliber handgun. He showed it to Joshua and said, "Physically I don't, but the equalizer does. It may be a twenty-two, but emptying the cylinder into your body will be more than enough to keep you in the basement. I wouldn't bet on you ever leaving if you want to try me."

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith held up both hands in the universal sign of surrender, "Ok, you win. At least can we go someplace a bit more comfortable?"

Giuseppe used the handgun to direct Joshua across the hall to the dungeon. Both men made themselves comfortable on the small platform that was used as a stage. Giuseppe left the door open to the dungeon and Marco's cell so they could monitor the teenager's health.

Apollonia and Felicia entered the kitchen to find Sienna sitting at the small table reading a book. She looked up, closed her eyes, and made the sign of the cross. Apollonia released her arm from around Felicia's shoulders, positioned her where she could witness everything, and walked over where the elderly woman sat. Sienna watched as the woman she hated more than anything on the face of the Earth raised her business skirt, spread her legs, and pointed to her crotch. Sienna Moretti closed her eyes again, made the sign of the cross again, and with tears streaming down her face went to her knees in front of Apollonia. With hands shaking she leaned in and placed her lips on Apollonia's panty covered womanhood.

"Uncover me, you incestuous cunt," commanded Apollonia.

Sienna had no choice but to comply. She reached up and moved the small piece of material that covered Apollonia's bare womanhood. She leaned in, placed the tip of her tongue between Apollonia's labia, and licked between them in an upward arc. Sienna tasted the warm vaginal fluid and wanted to wretch. She looked up at Apollonia and continued to lap at her womanhood. In return, Apollonia placed her right hand on the back of Sienna's head and pressed just hard enough to show who was in control.

Felicia Dwyer was stunned. She thought the deal with Apollonia would preclude any humiliation of the elderly woman. Much to her surprise, she felt herself getting wet watching the action between the Apollonia and Sienna. Inside her mouth, her tongue was pressed against the back of her teeth to keep from saying something that would cause trouble. She stood silently and watched what Apollonia wanted her to do when they first entered the townhouse.

When she had enough, Apollonia released Sienna's head, stepped back, and said to Felicia, "That is how all people subservient to me greet me. There are others that do it to show me how indebted they are to the Moretti family. You my dear will do it because you want to taste my love juices." She turned to Sienna, "Is the good doctor here?"

Still on her knees, her face covered in Apollonia's juices, Sienna responded, "Yes Miss Moretti. He is in the basement with Giuseppe."

"Good," said Apollonia. She reached into her small handbag for her cellular phone, scrolled to Nathan's number, and pressed the send button. Thirty-five seconds later, she replaced the phone in her handbag. She made her way over to Felicia, took her in her arms, and whispered, "I have called Nathan to come and take you wherever you want or need to go. I want you to give me multiple ways I can contact you, but I want you to write them down and give the paper to Nathan. The business I have to tend to does not concern you. What I want from you is your devotion as I teach you how to be a woman. I want your body. I want your soul. If you can't or won't give them to me, I'll give you to Dr. Goldsmith with my blessing."

When she pulled her head back from Felicia's ear, the young girl pressed her lips to Apollonia's. They kissed deeply as she took Apollonia's hand and placed it on her breast. Felicia open mouth accepted the older woman's tongue. She pressed her body into Apollonia's. When she was ready, she broke the kiss, and whispered, "I will give you what you want, but please don't ever say you'll give me to that scumbag Dr. Goldsmith."

"I'm getting very frustrated;" cooed Apollonia, "but I have business in the basement." She released her hold on Felicia, turned to Sienna, and said, "Take her to the front parlor and wait for my driver." She turned back to Felicia and said, "Tell Nathan to return here when he drops you off at your destination."

Apollonia leaned in, placed a light kiss on Felicia's forehead, nose, and lips before she turned and made her way to the basement door.

Apollonia walked in on Giuseppe and Joshua each sitting on the edge of the stage doing absolutely nothing. Neither man heard he come down the stairs, walk down the hall, or enter the dungeon room. She did not take umbrage that they were so unaware of what was going on around them. She walked over to Joshua, "So, how's the boy?"

"Hello, Apollonia," said Joshua in response to her question. "He's not doing very well. Several of the wounds caused by the needles are starting to get infected. If you want to keep him whole and functioning, then you have to allow me to remove them, clean the wounds, and put him on antibiotics. I took it upon myself to give him a shot of morphine to ease his pain."

"The good doctor does no wrong," said Apollonia with a bit of derision in her voice. "Let me ask you, if I let you fix him would you like to suck on his big Italian cock? Maybe if he's into it, I'll let him fuck you up your faggot Jewish ass. What do you say, doc?"

The look on Joshua's face was enough to tell Apollonia that he knew she was trying to get his goat. She waited for his response.

"Sorry Apollonia," started Joshua, "I'm not taking the bait. What you did to that poor young man in the name of finding out the truth is unconscionable." He saw the look on Apollonia's face change. He continued to forestall an angry eruption, "I know I'm no saint, but he's in an awful lot of pain. If you don't tend to his wounds, he'll die a very painful death. Wouldn't you rather have someone who is beholden to you? Consider Giuseppe and Sienna's ages and maybe you'll have the young man at your beck and call here for the next seventy or so years."

Apollonia turned to Giuseppe, "Go upstairs. Keep your incestuous lover company with the young lady. My driver should be here shortly. If he isn't here within the next twenty or so minutes, come get me."

Giuseppe nodded, handed Apollonia the keys to the basement, and departed for the first floor to find his wife and the young lass. Apollonia turned back to Joshua and said, "Show me what you're talking about."

Joshua stood, picked up his medical bag, and made his way to the cell that Marco Marinelli was kept. Once inside, Apollonia could see that Giuseppe kept him hog tied to the iron cot. She made her way over to the teenager and without a care took hold of his genitals and squeezed. No amount of morphine could blunt the pain that surged to Marco's brain. He screamed so loud the walls shook. She released his genitals, leaned over his face, and said, "Remember me???"

The pain cleared some of the fog created by the morphine. Marco opened his eyes and gazed up at Apollonia. He showed no recognition nor did he try to move away from her. He just moaned, groaned, and cried to be relieved of his pain.

"Can you make him coherent?" asked Apollonia

"I don't really think he'll be aware of his surroundings," replied Joshua. "Why don't you go upstairs and let me do what needs to be done. Let me make him healthy for you so you can use it against him. If not, it would be humane to do to him as you would a dog. Let me put him down. A nice large shot of morphine will stop his breathing and his heart."

"Fuck me," growled Apollonia. "He raped my half-sister. He doesn't deserve to live a normal life. Maybe I should emasculate him so he has nothing between his legs at all. He'll get fat, lazy, and maybe enjoy being the bitch

that my uncle wanted him to be." Apollonia stood motionless for a moment. She turned her back to Joshua and said as he departed the cell, "Fix him up. It will be fun fuckin' with him. I'll be gone by the time you're done, so go home. Go to bed. Jerk off thinking about your children. While you're doing that, I'll have Felicia between my legs suckin' my bare as a newborn's pussy."

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith bit his tongue. He listened as she strode down the hall and up the stairs. When she was gone he began the nasty business of removing the pins, cleaning the wounds, bandaging the genitals, and giving him a double dose of antibiotics. He knew he'd have to write a prescription and have Giuseppe pick it up to start the pill regimen in the morning.

Apollonia walked down the main hall to the front parlor just as Nathan was coming up the front staircase of the townhouse. She opened the door and signaled for him to wait. She opened one of the doors to the front parlor, looked in, and said, "Felicia, I actually got done earlier than I expected. I can ride with you to her destination unless you'd like to accompany me home."

Felicia Dwyer rose from the Victorian couch, smiled, and said, "If it is all right with you, I'd prefer to go back to the hospital and then home. While we're in the car together I'll give you my cellular phone number. We can talk a bit more and make plans."

Apollonia held out her hand. Felicia Dwyer stepped to her, took it, and allowed the beautiful Italian woman to wrap it around her waist to help guide her to the car. Once inside the Town Car, Felicia sat next to Apollonia and without as much as a kiss placed her first to be female lover's hand on the inside of her thigh. She did not mind that Nathan was in the front seat and could see everything if he took the time to tip the rearview mirror down just a tad. Felicia moved so she could rest her head on Apollonia's shoulder and when she was comfortable said, "I would love to come to your house tomorrow and plan to stay the night."

Apollonia moved her hand to the nexus of Felicia's being, pressed, and replied, "Tell Nathan what time to pick you up. I'll be waiting." She paused pressed her hand again into Felicia's womanhood and whispered, "If you have any hair down there, please remove it. I want you to forever be like me. Bare."

Fifteen minutes later, Felicia Dwyer departed the limo after giving Apollonia a kiss on her lips and squeezing her hand. Outside she gave Nathan her cellular phone number and told him to pick her up at 3:00PM tomorrow. She gazed into the limo one last time, smiled, gave an air kiss to Apollonia, turned, and walked into the main entrance of the hospital. Nathan returned to the driver's seat and no sooner than he closed the door he heard Apollonia say, "Home."