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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 139

Saturday – Hospital / Townhouse - 8 March 2003

Thankfully for Apollonia, Jon Parks arrived first, followed immediately by Howard Cohen, and then a cadre of plain clothed detectives from the Major Crimes Unit and the Special Victims Unit. Last to arrive were the Crime Scene Unit investigators and the Coroner's Office personnel. The conversation between the former police detective and the active detectives was short and to the point. Jon Parks knew each and every detective that arrived including the recently promoted. Howard was surprised to see one of the senior ADAs arrive at the scene and he figured it was due to the location of the incident. He knew his relationship with the senior ADA was one that would be a help and not a hindrance to the Moretti family attempting to keep the death of the young girl under the radar and out of the media circus. Fifty-five minutes after their arrival, Apollonia and Nathan were released with the knowledge that if the police wanted to question them again they could under one simple condition. Howard Cohen had to be present. The detectives did not like the condition, but they all knew that they were not looking at the perpetrators. Neither Apollonia nor Nathan gave them anything more than their recently formed friendship with the deceased and Apollonia's calling her to arrange an agreed upon time for them to meet for dinner.

Apollonia instructed Howard and Jon to meet her at the townhouse. The look on her face was enough to tell them that she had more knowledge than she had previously let on to the detectives. Both men agreed to go directly to 84th Street. Nathan followed her out to the car where Alessandro waited as instructed.

Nathan held out his ham-hock hand, asked for, and received the keys. He opened the rear passenger door for Apollonia, but not the driver's side rear door for her guest. After Alessandro snapped closed the locking mechanism on the seat belt, Nathan started the Lincoln Town Car, backed out of the parking space, and made his way towards the townhouse.

Alessandro noticed they were both covered in blood. He asked, "Anything I can do for you? Either of you?"

Apollonia turned her head and spat, "FUCKIN' SHUT-UP!!!"

Her response to his simple request to aid either or both of them made him turn to face her and reply in kind, "Listen, I didn't need nor did I deserve to be spoken to like that. I don't know why you would respond to me that way, but I'll leave it to whatever took place in the hospital. The arrival of the police and the coroner's wagon was enough of a clue. Simple solution is for you to have your driver pull over and let me out. Else, you tone done your attitude and

respect me as I respect you.” He looked out the front window for a moment more to gaze into the rearview mirror to see if her mountain man of a driver was using it to check out their interaction in the rear of the vehicle.

Nathan waited with baited breath and when he wasn’t told to pull over, he continued on his way to 84th Street. As he did get to the hospital, he drove the Town Car as if it was an open wheeled Formula One racer. The rest of the trip was completed in a silence that could only be described as deadly and thick as molasses.

Apollonia waited for Nathan to open her door when they arrived in front of the townhouse. Alessandro let himself out and made his way to the sidewalk where he silently admired the exterior of the five story Federal townhouse. Nathan mouthed to Apollonia that he was headed to the parking garage then then returning. She nodded her assent, looked at Alessandro for a moment, and headed up the stairs to the front door. Alessandro followed. Before she could put her key into the lock, the door opened, and she was greeted by Viviano dressed casually in tan khakis with a brown leather belt, a tan Ralph Lauren polo shirt, and a pair of brown loafers.

“Hi,” he said. He could see her clothing was covered in blood. “Let’s get you upstairs and changed. I’ll have Sienna wash and iron your clothes for you.” It was then he looked beyond his sister-in-law to see a man unknown to him standing behind her. He wasn’t covered in blood. “And, your friend?”

Apollonia turned for a second, looked at Alessandro, turned back, and said, “I’ll explain later. Have Giuseppe take him into the main floor parlor and make him comfortable. Advise Giuseppe that. . .”

Apollonia did not get the words out before the front doorbell sounded. She tuned, nodded to Alessandro, he took the cue, and opened the front door. Howard and Jon entered the townhouse followed by Nathan a few moments later.

Viviano saw the blood on Nathan’s clothing. Two thoughts flew through his brain. First, he was impressed that he either protected Apollonia or helped her without a care for himself and second, knew there wasn’t a stitch of clothing in the townhouse large enough to fit him. “Nathan, I’m sorry to say, but there isn’t a single piece of clothing here that will fit you. I could have them washed and pressed for you but you’ll be sitting around in your underwear.”

The chuckle was enough to make everyone relax a bit as he replied, “If it isn’t a problem, I have no issues waiting in my skivvies until everything is washed and dried. Or, if I’m not needed, I can run home and change. I’m not that far from here.” He paused, and then continued, “Shit, means I’ll have to take the car from the garage if that is ok?”

“Nathan, go, but don’t dawdle,” said Apollonia. “Viv, instruct Sienna meet me upstairs in the master bedroom. Get them settled and you come up, too.” She turned to Howard and Jon, “Give me a minute or two. Then we’ll meet and I’ll give you what you need to find the perpetrator. Alessandro, come with me.”

Viviano attended to his instructions. Alessandro followed Apollonia to the elevator, inside, and rode with her up to the second floor. Neither spoke until Apollonia opened the door to the master bedroom, allowed him to enter, and shut the door behind her. She leaned against the door, eyed the tall, handsome, Italian. She felt the stirring of sexual need in her loins. Alessandro did not move or say a word as he watched her and too felt a stirring in his loins. Apollonia watched as his manhood began to swell in his pants. As it did, it became plainly obvious that it was also becoming painful. His pants had room enough when he was flaccid, but erect or tumescent was another story altogether.

With a smile and a twinkle in her eyes, Apollonia cooed, “Something growing and bothering you?”

“Jesus fuckin’ Christ,” he groaned, “you really know how to fuck with a man’s brain.”

“I do,” she responded, “because all men think with the small head that hangs between their legs.”

“Damn you woman!!!”

Apollonia stepped away from the door and just as she did it opened. Viviano stepped in and could immediately sense the sexual tension in the room. "Ummm," he paused, "should I leave?"

Apollonia burst out in uncontrollable laughter. "Not without Alessandro. Take him downstairs and return. We need to talk."

When Viviano returned he was not alone. Per Apollonia's instructions, Sienna Moretti accompanied Viviano to the master to retrieve her employer's clothing so she could wash and dry them. Apollonia stood near the bed in just her panties and thigh highs. She saw Sienna, turned, and bent at the waist. The older woman knew what she had to do but hesitated just long enough to rile Apollonia. She turned her head, stared at the matronly woman, and pointed to her ass. Sienna looked to Viviano for help, but none was forthcoming. Instead she felt the man's hand on her back as he pushed her to a position behind the head of the Moretti family. He then he forcibly pushed her to her knees.

"Kiss her ass, bitch," growled Viviano. "Show her the respect that is due her station. If not, I'll personally rape your old cunt, ass, and mouth until you're bleeding from all three orifices and can't walk, talk, or shit anymore."

Sienna Moretti began to shake, cry, and then the ultimate insult befell her. She peed in her panties.

"Fuck," growled Viviano.

Apollonia turned saw the puddle between the old woman's legs, stood up, and approached where she knelt. She took the old woman's by the chin and said, "Clean up your fuckin' mess. Take my clothes and throw them in the garbage. I never want to see them again. Then wherever I am you come to me, apologize, and get on your knees and kiss my ass. You don't do it; I'll rip your heart out through your old incestuous cunt. Now get the fuck out of here."

Sienna Moretti did not move. She looked at the floor and then to her employer. Her eyes pleaded for instructions on how to clean up the mess without returning.

Apollonia tossed her blood soaked clothing on the floor in front of the old bitch.

Sienna still on her knees used the clothing to wipe up her urine. Tears flowed down her cheeks. The thoughts running through her head were all focused on her having to suck her hated boss' ass in front of people she did not know. Her life was wonderful until this cunt named Apollonia came into it. She loved her brother and paid the ultimate price to be able to spend the rest of her life with him fucking and sucking him to her heart's desire. She gave up her biological need and ability to have children so she could spend the rest of her life as her brother's lover. If events had been different and she had a child like the bitch standing in front of her, she would be housed in a maximum security prison because she would have murdered the child. For now, all she wanted was to clean up her mess and return to the kitchen. Maybe, just maybe, the cunt would be too busy to remember that she needed to suck on her asshole to show her submission and fealty to her and the family Moretti.

Viviano and Apollonia watched Sienna clean and then with a look of disgust bundle up the urine soaked clothing. She stood and quietly made her way out of the bedroom. When the door clicked shut Viviano said, "Scared the living piss out of her."

"Not my problem."

"What happened?"

"That fuckin' piece-of-dog-shit, Goldsmith, fucking murdered Felicia Dwyer. I don't know the whole truth of the situation, but I intend to find that weasel and torture it out of him."

"Who else knows?"

"Nathan. I plan to tell Howard and Jon. I hope they get to him before the police find out he is responsible for her demise. What I want is his ass in a cell in the basement. When I know he's there, I have a plan."

"What about me?"

"I want you to put the word out to all the family members and contacts nationally and worldwide that we want that prick alive and in good health. Then you are to return to Columbus Place and watch over his children. If he attempts to get them by showing up there, let him on the property. Make like you know nothing, keep him there, and have Raffaella call me."

"Are you going to transport him to the townhouse?"

"Him and his offspring."

"Appy, not the children. You can't involve them. They're innocents. They have nothing to do with his craziness. His fuckin' mother is the one responsible."

"I'm not Lucia. I intend to use them as pawns. I have no intention of hurting them mentally or physically. I want him to see them. When the screams of one or both of his children invade his brain he'll wonder if I'm maiming or sexually abusing them. I'm hoping that will be enough to fuck with his emotions thus enabling me to force a confession so I can watch him die as I choke the shit out of him."

"Understood. Alessandro?"

"I have all intent and purpose to fuck his brains out. He is hung like the proverbial horse. Has brains, intelligence, and I believe is perfect for my needs both sexual and maternal. He took the time to Google the family after I met him this morning. My plan is to see how much he can take before I let him into me. Maybe, I just found the man and cock that will be mine. Not to replace Colin but to give me a nicely sized cock when I need one. Let me get dressed. See you in the main parlor."

Taking longer than she expected, because she ended up taking a shower, Apollonia entered the main parlor on the first floor wearing a pair of hip hugger jeans, a white tailored oxford shirt that was not tucked in, braless, and a pair of brown two piece riding boots that came just above her knees. She did not have any makeup on and her skin was pure and slightly red from the scrubbing she gave it to try and remove the psychological dirt from the scene at the hospital. The room became quiet when she entered and to make sure everyone knew she was on an even keel she made a point of shaking hands and saying a personal hello to everyone.

The first to speak was Howard Cohen, "Received a call while you were changing. The Chief of D's wants to know if you'd be willing to talk to him without an attorney present."

"What did you say?" asked Apollonia.

"No," replied Howard. "I told him you have nothing to hide, but it is my council to have me there with you."

Apollonia looked around the room for a seat, decided to sit in one of the wing chairs, and moved it to a place in the room where it would be easier to hold the impromptu meeting. She rubbed her hands on her thighs for a moment, turned to Alessandro, and said, "If you stay, you're committed to silence. I should have you escorted out of here and I don't mean just this room. Everyone in this room will tell you that I have the ability to make your life miserable or bring it to an untimely end. You will be missed, but your disappearance will go down as an unsolved mystery. If you decide to try something stupid, you will not have time to defend yourself. I'm that quick. I need to know before we continue."

The men in the room watched Alessandro and they noticed he was slowly looking to each one for confirmation of what Apollonia just told him. As his eyes rounded the room, only Viviano confirmed her statement with an obvious nod of his head. Tense, but wanting her more than ever, Alessandro Bruno said, "What do I need to do?"

Everyone waited with baited breath. Apollonia did not laugh nor did she crack a smile. She gazed at Alessandro and said in the most matter-of-fact way, "You have to blow my brother-in-law since my husband is not available at this time."

The look on his face was priceless. "You're kidding?" he responded totally dumbfounded.

It was Howard Cohen who spoke, "No she isn't. You want to get close to Apollonia Moretti and begin more than just a passing relationship with her? Then you'll stand, go over to Viviano, get onto your knees and without hesitation take out his cock and suck him to completion. You will not swallow. You will turn to Miss Moretti, show her your cum filled mouth, and when she gives you permission you will swallow."

"Sorry, but, hell would have to freeze over before I suck a cock," Alessandro responded. "Guess you'll just have to take a chance that I will not say anything about what I saw and heard to this point, but. . ." He stood, smoothed his pants, rubbed his hands together, and said, "You want to show me out?"

Viviano started to stand but was stopped when Apollonia stood and stepped over to where Alessandro stood. She put her arms on his shoulders, raised her lithe body up onto the toes of her boots, and whispered in his ear, "Don't be an asshole. Listen to me and you'll understand. Your father, your grandfather, and all Bruno men back until the dawn of time in Italy, sucked a Moretti cock to maintain their position in the hierarchy of La Costa Nostra. The Moretti family owns every Mafia family in the world. The Vatican bows to us as do politicians from all the nations of the world past, present, and future. That includes the assholes that run North Korea and China. So, Alessandro Bruno, you want to get to know me intimately? Then I suggest you sit your ass back down and hope that I let you off the hook for now. But, when push comes to shove, there will be Moretti cocks in your mouth and up your ass. Your call and don't let your manhood give you away."

Everyone watched as she placed a light kiss on his lips and gently rubbed his shoulders. Alessandro Bruno was frozen not out of fear but out of desire for her. He'd never heard anything about what she spoke of concerning the Bruno family history. He did know that the Moretti family was an extremely powerful entity, but having of all things the Vatican under its thumb was incredible. He stared into her eyes and was taken by their turquoise and gold flecked beauty. Never in his life had he been taken with a female as he was with Apollonia Moretti. His father always told him to be wary of beautiful women especially those who caused a rise in sexual desire at the most inappropriate times and places. He came from a conservative Italian family. He was an observant Catholic and attended church three out of four Sundays a month. His mind raced with possible solutions to his dilemma.

The first thing that ran through his head was his dislike of anything homosexual. He did not care if a man was gay, but having sex with another man was abhorrent to him. Though his college and law school years he'd come to know a few gay men. Any friendship he had with them was based on a non-sexual foundation. Alessandro had attended parties where gay couples were in attendance. He always had to look away when they danced together or did the unthinkable in public and kissed. But, here he stood with a magnificent creature no more than inches from his body with a decision to be made that would negate everything he accepted as coming from the word of God. Sleeping with another man and spilling of one's seed were abominations. He was at peace with his religious views especially when it came to masturbation. His mother would scold him during his passage through puberty when he could not control his ever hardening penis. His father would whisper in his ear that in time all would be alright. Either way, when he was alone and needed to, Alessandro Bruno masturbated into a tissue to relieve the pressure in his balls. He never once thought about ejaculating on himself or tasting the fruit of his loins.

He didn't know how long he stood with Apollonia hanging on his shoulders. Alessandro took a breath and whispered, "I'm torn. My religious upbringing tells me to run like hell, but my desire for you tells me to stay and see what happens. I really don't know if you're pulling my leg or telling the truth." He paused, put his hands on her waist and again whispered to her, "Tell me what to do?"

She knew she had him when he asked her to make the decision for him. "Sit. Understand that what Howard told you is the whole unvarnished and unabridged truth. You want to become intimate with me and have more than a fuck each other relationship you are going to have to learn and accept the Moretti family ways. I also want to make sure you understand; that I am very happily married. As you get to know me you will understand. I'm going to tell to sit and if you do, you will be confirming your understanding that sometime in the future you will fellate as many Moretti men as I tell you. Your ass will be their playground also."

His mind exploded when he heard that he would be butt fucked at will by any Moretti man ordered to by the beauty that stood in front of him. His heart began to race and his breathing became a bit labored. Alessandro Bruno counted to ten, took a deep breath, and having decided to take a chance said, "I'll sit."

Apollonia Moretti stepped away and returned to her chair. She looked around the room and realized that no one had any refreshments or food. "Are any of you hungry? Do any of you want something to drink?"

Jon Parks answered for the group, "Actually, Miss Moretti I think we're more interested in what you and Nathan know. Every minute we sit here without moving towards a coordinated search and a resolution upon finding the perpetrator, we're closing the door to solving the crime."

"I hear what you're saying Jon," replied Apollonia. "The knowledge I have makes that police method and timeline a non-issue. See, I know who murdered Felicia Dwyer. Nathan knows because he was with me and Viviano knows because I told him while we were together upstairs. So, that leaves you Jon, Howard, and Alessandro. I won't keep you in the dark any longer. Dr. Joshua Goldsmith murdered Felicia Dwyer."

"How do you know?" asked Jon breaking the moment of stunned silence. "What evidence do you have that he committed the crime?"

"Felicia Dwyer's dying declaration, Jon," said Apollonia. "With her last breath and in a clear enough voice to be understood, she said, 'Goldsmith'."

Both Jon and Howard faces showed no emotion as they heard that the good doctor had gone over the deep end yet again.

"What is the plan?" asked Howard.

"Simple," replied Apollonia. "We find him before the police do. We make sure that all evidence leads away from Joshua Goldsmith even if it means on their books it is an unsolvable murder mystery. I have a feeling he will show up at Columbus Place or here sometime within the next few hours. My gut says he goes to Columbus Place."

"How sure are you?" asked Jon.

"As sure as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west," stated Apollonia. "See, his daughter and son are presently ensconced at Viviano's house. He knows they're there. As soon as he comes down from his sexually induced murder high, he'll seek them out. I'm figuring he'll level out around eight or nine tonight and because he's related to my husband through marriage, he'll come to Columbus Place."

"So, what are our marching orders?" asked Jon for both Howard and himself.

"That's easy," replied Apollonia. "Howard, please keep your ear to the goings on inside the District Attorney's office and Jon, please do the same for the NYPD. You both know how to reach out into the community to find someone who may not want to be found. You both have my private phone numbers and you are to call me as soon as you have information as to his location or plans. This will take precedence over the acquisition of the lab. Once this is settled, we're back on task in securing a lab and working against the Nassau County DA. That being said, you're both free to go."

Howard and Jon both stood bade their good-byes to Viviano and Alessandro, made a final stop in front of Apollonia, and departed the parlor. Just as soon as they left, Giuseppe and Sienna Moretti entered the parlor. The old woman stood next to her brother as he addressed Apollonia.

"Miss Moretti," he intoned, "I want to apologize for my sister's intransience and accident in your room."

Apollonia heard the your instead of your father and mother's room. She did not say anything to him.

"I would please ask your indulgence as Sienna is not one to . . ."

Her voice cold and filled with anger, "FUCK YOU GIUSEPPE MORETTI YOU INCESTUOUS SISTER FUCKER. TELL THE CUNT TO GET OVER HERE, KNEEL AND KISS MY ASS NOW. IF SHE DOESN'T, IT WILL BE THE LAST INSOLENT THING SHE DOES BECAUSE I WILL END HER LIFE RIGHT HERE AND NOW."

Giuseppe turned to his sister, shrugged his shoulders as he held his hands out palms up arms bent at the elbow. Sienna understood his motion and nodded in reply. Ever so slowly she walked over to where Miss Moretti sat, knelt, and lay her head on Miss Moretti's right thigh. She did not look up at her. She stared off into her own little world and said, "Take me. I'd rather be dead than perform as you require in front of people whether they be known to me or total strangers."

Apollonia was floored. The incestuous cunt would rather die than kiss and tongue her ass. In a strange change of events, Apollonia Moretti rose from her chair, picked the old woman up by her underarms, and held her until she stood on her own two feet. Their eyes met and Apollonia said, "You have strength Sienna. You offer your life rather than debase yourself in public even though you're nothing more than a sterilized incestuous cunt. I'm not going to take your life. I am going to do as you requested upstairs. You will suck my ass albeit in private, but nothing you do will shorten the time I will force you to keep your mouth and lips kissing and suckling my anus. Now get the fuck out of here before I change my mind."

Sienna Moretti moved away backwards from the hated Apollonia Moretti. Giuseppe stepped forward to guide her towards the door. Before leaving he said, "When you're done here, please see me. It concerns our guest."

Apollonia nodded in assent. She turned to Viviano and said, "You know everything. You know who needs to be contacted and what instructions to give them. Go home to Raffaella and your children. Make the calls from there. If you need to, go to my house and use the private line there. Notify the guardhouse to be on their toes. Tell the guard there is a greater than ninety percent chance that a maniac may be coming to Columbus Place. Make sure it is passed on to all the relief personnel. Remember, let him in but do not take him for granted, Viv. Do not kill him, but make sure he's under control even if you have to knock him out and hog tie him."

She heard the doorbell ring and a moment later Nathan dressed as he was before he got covered in blood entered the parlor. Apollonia wondered if he had duplicates or triplicates of his work clothing. She said to him, "Tomorrow after you take Colin and me home, go out and get yourself some new clothes. I want you to toss in the garbage the clothing you wore today. Understood?"

"Yes, Miss Moretti," he replied.

"Good," replied Apollonia. "You can take off, but keep your cell phone on. I will want you back here later. It all depends upon the situation with the good doctor."

"Yes, Miss Moretti," Nathan replied as he stood, nodded to Viviano and Alessandro, and made his way out of the main floor parlor.

Viviano followed suit. He stood, went over to Alessandro, shook his hand, and whispered, "It's going to be nice taking your virginity." He released his grip and turned to his sister-in-law. Alessandro watched as Viviano took Apollonia into his arms and gave her a bear hug. He lifted her off the floor, squeezed, and brought her down so she

was pressed against his body. "Be careful. Not with him, but with Joshua if he happens to come here instead of heading to Columbus Place. And, if you're doin' the stallion and your cell phone rings, fuckin' answer it."

"Of course I will," chided Apollonia. "Like I said, go home."

Apollonia kissed Viviano. Alessandro was taken that it was more than a peck on the cheek. He also witnessed Apollonia grab her brother-in-laws ass and give it a squeeze through his jeans. They parted. Viviano gave a wave and a wink to Alessandro as he departed the main floor parlor. Apollonia returned the wing chair to its original position before she said to Alessandro, "I have some private business to tend to that I have to keep you away from if only to protect you from any possible legal issues. I can call you a cab or I can have Nathan return to take you wherever you want. Or, you can stay here, relax, and when I'm done we can spend some quiet quality time together. Your call."

Alessandro stood, approached Apollonia, and said, "I have one question."

"Ok," she replied.

"Truth – you're married?"

"Yes," she sighed. "I love my husband dearly, but he had made a decision that leaves me no choice but to take a lover. You could fill that position. What it means is when I'm convinced you're the one, I'll tell you to move from the city to the island, live with me, and provide what my husband cannot."

"There's more to it than that, isn't there," he said, his face showing his lack of understanding of the situation and the unpublished truth about the Moretti family.

"Yes, there's more than you could probably accept and comprehend at this moment in time," she said. "All you need to know is that what you were told today is the truth. What you need to wrap your head around is accepting that you will not be the dominant one in our relationship. You will have a life that only can be compared to the life of an Arab oil sheik except that you will not be in control. I will."

"That isn't my cup of tea, but sometimes life throws you curve balls," he stated. "I cannot stop thinking about you. I so want to kiss you, but I know there is a lot on your mind right now. I believe you have some other business to tend to here, so, I'll wait and we can continue our conversation."

"Good," was all Apollonia said as she departed the main parlor on the first floor.

Giuseppe led Apollonia into the basement. He stopped in front of the door of the cell that held the rapist of Alessa Moretti. He turned to Apollonia, "He's actually getting better in the physical sense. The doctor left some powerful antibiotics and I've been taking care of his wounds. He seems to be healing rather nicely."

Apollonia smirked, "Did you suck his cock to check?"

Giuseppe shook his head in the negative. "No," he intoned, but I do have to clean the wounds on his penis and testicles.

"Open the door," she commanded.

Giuseppe put the key in the lock, turned it, snapped the shackle open, and removed it from the hasp on the door. He stepped away allowing Apollonia to open the cell door. Once the door was open, she saw the teenager cover his eyes from the blast of light that entered his pitch black domain. He did not move except to cover his eyes. The smell of urine and feces was nonexistent which meant Giuseppe had recently emptied and disinfected the toileting buckets.

Apollonia stepped over the threshold, went to the prone teenager, and stood above him. She did not say a word for a few moments seeing if the Marinelli teen would uncover his eyes. When he didn't she said, "Marco Mario Marinelli, remember me?"

The sound of her voice was enough to make him move both his hands to his crotch to protect his genitals from abuse. He moaned and began to softly whimper. He did not open his eyes. He kept them screwed shut to keep any sight of his torturer out of his consciousness. He did this because he heard the voice of the woman who tortured him to find out if he had raped her half-sister.

"Sit up, now," she commanded, "or, I'm going to rip your cock and balls from between your legs and send them to Pricilla Smith. You know the young virgin girl you dated in Texas and wanted to fuck here in New York."

Marinelli rolled to his side, threw his legs off the cot, and sat up with his back against the cold stone of the cell wall. He blinked his eyes a couple of times before his eyesight became accustomed to the light. He looked up at Apollonia and said, "Please don't hurt me. Please!!!"

The smirk on her face told the teenager everything. He waited quietly. "Stand," she commanded.

He did. He was naked as the day he was born. The only thing he wore was the cast iron cuff that surrounded his right ankle. Apollonia squatted in front of him and gently grabbed his cock so she could see it better. He flinched but did not say a word or scream in pain. She held his cock up so she could inspect his testicles. They too seemed to be healing nicely. She stood and without reason slapped Mario Marinelli across the face. He did not flinch, show any signs of pain, or try to defend or protect himself from her assault. That impressed Apollonia enough to make a command decision. She turned to Giuseppe and said, "Leave us."

The old man knew better than argue. He did not leave the basement entirely. He waited by the steps knowing that Apollonia could go off the deep end at any moment.

"Want to leave this cell?"

Marco Marinelli was stunned, but he knew inside she was probably jerkin' his chain. "Yes ma'am," he replied.

"Question," she said. "Did you rape Alessa Moretti?"

Marco closed his eyes, relived the pain, and said in a small voice, "No. I fucked her at her father's command."

Apollonia slapped his face again this time once on each side. For the second time, Marco Marinelli did not flinch, cry out in pain, or try to protect himself.

"Does a four year old have the emotional capability to decide to have sex?" she asked.

The question caused Marco to frown and then he realized that a child did not have the intelligence to make such a decision. Therefore, what her father made him do could be considered rape in the eyes of the law. He held his breath for a moment, released it, and said, "No ma'am, she does not. Therefore ma'am, I did rape Alessa Moretti."

Apollonia heard what he said and immediately comprehended that his mind set on what he had done to her half-sister was nothing more than rape. She nodded her head thankful that the teen finally understood the error of his way. She sat on the cot, patted the mattress, and said, "Sit, Marco. Sit next to me."

He looked down at his nemesis and saw she was smiling at him. Relief coursed throughout his body as the thought of her abusing his genitals left his consciousness. The muscles of his body relaxed and for some unknown reason endorphins were released by his brain. A calm relaxing high took over his body. Marco Mario Marinelli sat down next to the woman he remembered telling himself as he drove away from the Moretti house in Texas that he'd eat a yard of her shit to get to her asshole. Then he felt her right hand on his thigh. He felt his cock stir as she gently massaged the top of his thigh.

"Question," she repeated, "Did you enjoy dressing like a sissy for my uncle? Did the thought of having sex with him make you want to open your boy pussy to him? Did you cum when he fucked you?"

"Oh my god," he moaned. She knew everything. "I did it for him because I feared him. After dressing a few times and having sex with him, I began to like the feeling of being feminine, entered, and used. I would get hard and your uncle would see my erection and fuck me harder. When I ejaculated he would laugh, pull out of me, and make me suck his shit covered cock until he came in my throat."

"Do you miss it?" she pressed.

"I don't know if I do," he moaned. "I miss being outside seeing the sun. Doing things I love to do."

Apollonia slid her hand into the crease of his thigh next to his cock and balls. She forced the disgust for his hairy genitals out of her mind. She could tell he was slightly tumescent and for her that was a good sign. She wrapped her hand around the shaft and felt Marco flinch. She did not care that she could possibly be hurting him considering what she had foisted upon his genitals when she tortured him to get answers she already knew. Using her sense of touch she found a smooth uninjured spot just below the corona. It was small but large enough to stroke his injured manhood which elicited a slight groan and then a moan from the teenager.

"Look at me Marco," she said.

He turned his head and made eye contact with her for the second time since she entered his hell. Apollonia smiled and continued to stroke the small spot and the edge of the corona sending waves of pain and pleasure to the eighteen year old brain encased in his cranium. His eyes were begging her to stop when the pain was at its maximum, yet they showed her a begging need for her to continue so he could have the feeling of an orgasm. Marco did not understand what his body was telling him, but he knew that it would be pleasurable to feel his cock spew his fluids for the first time in days or was it weeks. He couldn't remember how long he'd been imprisoned.

"Tell me one more time Marco. Did you rape Alessa Moretti?"

He closed his eyes, pressed his hips up towards the motion of her hand, and said, "Yes."

"Good girl. Now come for your Mistress, bitch boy," she said in a loving voice filled with derision.

His cock was not as hard as it could have been. The injuries were nowhere near healed and the blood rushing into the vessels to cause his cock to harden were causing the teenager more pain than pleasure. Apollonia stopped for a moment, put her hand to her mouth, and spit a considerable amount of saliva into the palm of her hand. Marco's cock was at half-mast and failing to maintain its hardness. Apollonia chuckled at his denied state of sexual pleasure.

"I can help you, Marco," she said. "I can use the warm saliva from my mouth to coat your sissy clit to help you. The saliva will lubricate my hand and ease the friction and the pain. What do you say?"

Marco groaned, "Please, but what do I have to do in return?"

Where he came up with that question astounded Apollonia when she considered his state-of-mind. In the midst of his pain he was cognizant enough to ask a question that told her he was smarter and stronger than she thought. His cock had fallen and was lying against his right thigh. His question brought forth a myriad of answers and additional questions for her to ask. She looked into the palm of her hand and decided not to continue with her game. She wiped the saliva on Marco's face. It took but a moment more for her to make her decision.

"I am going to release you from this hell hole," she said. "I'm not going to let you go free, Marco. I own you. Your life belongs to me. You will live, grow old, and die in this building. How many years you live into old age will be dependent upon how you live your life knowing I am the only person you need to please. The elderly couple who have watched over this place had made their peace with my father as you now will now do with me. You try to escape or for that matter if you do escape, the Moretti family will hunt you down and kill you. Your death will be much more painful than what I foisted upon your body already. You have but a minute to make your decision."

Marco knew better than to just ask a question, so, "May I ask a question, Miss Moretti?"

Surprised again, Apollonia assented.

"Would I be leaving this hell hole today?" he asked.

"Not directly," she answered. "I will instruct Giuseppe to release you from the ankle cuff. You will remain in this room until I leave. Then he will bring you upstairs, bathe you, remove your body hair, and you will remain naked until such time as I agree to let you start dressing in women's clothing. You will do as Giuseppe and his wife command. One error and I will shove a large cattle prod up your ass, flip the switch, and electrocute you from the inside out."

When he heard what she was going to do with him he felt his cock rise and he knew he was showing her his compliance with his feminization. Marco Marinelli had one more question. He did not ask permission, "Pricilla? What about Pricilla?"

Apollonia did not touch his cock, but his cheek. She pressed it gently against his beard and said, "Pricilla Smith is dead to you. If and when she returns to New York, she returns as my submissive lesbian lover. I will take her virginity. When I'm done with her she will open her legs to any and all Moretti men to use for their masturbatory pleasure. Your cock will never feel the inside of her whore holes or for that matter, any woman's body from this moment forward. Decide to do as I command and you will live your life as I deem it to be lived. If Pricilla Smith decides to live here, then you'll serve her as you will serve me. Men will fuck her not for her pleasure, but for theirs. She will bring you her cum filled cunt and ass for you to lick clean. You will be her toilet if none is available to her. The only sexual pleasure you will derive from this moment forward is the feeling of you sissy milk running from your sissy clit as a real man uses your boi pussy as a masturbatory tool. Your clit will be locked up so you cannot play with it. You will never look down at the face of the girl or woman as you are fucking her. You will never fuck as a man for the rest of your life. If I deem it, another sissy will fuck you and then and only then will you be on your back, legs akimbo, with another sissy clit in your boi pussy. Marco Mario Marinelli, you have a choice to make. Live as a sissy bitch beholden to me for rest of your life or die here today."

Marco turned his head, looked directly into Apollonia's eyes, and said, "When I first met you all I wanted to do was throw you onto the floor and fuck the living shit out of you. Now, as I have come to learn who and what you are, I am afraid of you, yet I want to serve you as best as I know how and can. I never want to see you holding a needle, knife, or hammer in your hand with the cruel intent of hurting me without killing me. Your uncle made me into the sick individual I am and I'm hoping you'll make me into the full-fledged sissy cocksucker he trained me to be. I'll forego my macho masculinity for a soft, smooth feminine body and life as two holed slut. I'm willing if this is to be my home and I am to serve you and the Moretti family. I've learned my place and station in life."

Apollonia leaned in and placed a soft kiss on the bridge of Marco's nose. She stood, smoothed her jeans, and said, "I will instruct Giuseppe and Sienna. You have to understand that based upon your size and muscularity, you will not be a sweet small feminine sissy. You're going to maintain your size and muscularity for the men that love a sissy that has some meat on her bones. There will be clients that want you to fuck them and you will. Understand that when I speak to you after I hear your acceptance I will never talk to you like an equal. I own you. You are nothing more than

the shit on the bottom of my shoes. To me, you are so low you have to look up to look down. That is how meaningless you are to me. You will forever address me as Mistress or Ma'am. You will kneel and suck my asshole for giving you a life to live as my inconsequential bitch and slave. You will learn everything you need to maintain this building and household. Failure to do so will result in punishment and you've had an infinitesimally small taste of my punishment. So?"

"Yes, Mistress," he said in a quiet little girly boy's voice. "I will serve you and the Moretti family for as long as I live or for as long as you see a need for my services."

Apollonia did not respond. She stood and without looking back at Marco walked out of the dank cell leaving the door open. She found Giuseppe standing at the base of the steps to the kitchen. He looked up and perked up when he saw her coming towards him. Giuseppe tried to smile but underneath his sweet demeanor was a hatred so deep he had to quell his desire to shove a ten foot pole up Apollonia's ass. Sad thing was if he tried, she would impale the pole up his ass instead. As much as he hated her, he knew his place.

"Giuseppe," she said, "When I leave you are to take Marco upstairs. Bathe him. Remove all his body hair. Cut and shape his hair not for a man, but for a woman. Pluck and shape his eyebrows. File and shape his nails so they will grow long as a woman's. He is to remain hairless and naked at all times. I will send over a chastity device and you will put it on him. Do not scare him when you put it on because there is a part of the device that will be slid into his urethra before it can be locked into place. A small bit of lidocaine will be enough to deaden the pain. He will sit to urinate. Sienna will teach him and feminize him. You will go to a pharmacist who will give you female hormones for him to take every day. You will report to me every evening and if he gives you any sass or backtalk, you are to throw him into his cell, chain him to the bed, and leave him there. Do you understand me?"

"Yes Miss Moretti," Giuseppe replied. "Is he going to replace us when our time comes?"

"Yes, and if Sienna keeps up her bullshit," said Apollonia, "Marco may well become your wife."

Apollonia brushed past the astounded caretaker and headed upstairs to her other guest.

Alessandro Bruno sat in the main first floor parlor thankful that the older woman was kind enough to bring him something to eat accompanied by a sterling silver coffee service filled with steaming hot coffee, cream, and sugar. He idled his time away by looking around the room and then centering on the bookcases filled with first editions and amazing one-of-a-kinds. All of the books were famous and truly belonged in a museum. He found first editions of all of Charles Dickens works as well as one-of-a-kind editions of religious tomes written by long deceased Popes that could only have come from the Vatican library. Alessandro Bruno was impressed. Impressed beyond words. The only way these volumes could be here was because their owners gifted them to the Moretti family. What made him more incredulous was their implicit value and they were not behind locked doors or in a climate controlled safe room. He also was impressed with the antique furniture, the townhouse itself, and how well it was kept. He returned the book he was looking at to its place, turned, and saw Apollonia Moretti standing just inside the door watching him.

"H-h-h-how long have you been standing there?" he asked amazed that she entered the room without making a sound.

"Not long, but long enough Alessandro," she cooed. "Like what you see?"

Flustered, he responded, "I'm impressed with everything. Amazed at the books, the furniture, this townhouse. . ." He paused, looked down at the floor, and said, "And. . . You."

Apollonia smiled inwardly. She moved to where he stood, took him by the hand, and guided him to the elevator. They entered, she closed the door, and pressed the button for the second floor. The elevator groaned, shuddered, and rose at its leisurely pace the twelve feet to the second floor. Alessandro stood still dumbfounded as he watched her slide open the gate, the door, take his hand, and again guide him to what she had called the master bedroom. Once in the room, she closed the door, turned towards him, leaned against the door, and pointed to her crotch.

Eyes wide, focused on the nexus of her thighs, Alessandro Bruno felt his cock rise in his pants as he wondered what she wanted of him. It didn't take long for him to realize that she wanted him to kneel in front of her and kiss her pussy through her jeans. This was not his style nor his sexual desire. Alessandro Bruno was willing to compromise, but become totally subservient to a woman, even a woman as beautiful and intelligent as the one standing in front of him was a dichotomy of emotions and lifestyle. He did not move.

"I can see that you're not comfortable," she said as she moved across the room to where he stood. "Life is too short to fight the desire burning within your loins."

Apollonia stopped just in front of Alessandro. She had to look up to see into his eyes. His face was magnificent as was the chiseled form of his body. His chin was strong and prominent. His nose was shaped like that of an Roman God. The color and texture of his skin was all Italian and most probably his line originated in Sicily where the Moretti family found their roots. Apollonia pressed close to him. Her pert unencumbered breasts pressed against the bottom of his sternum just above his six pack abdomen. She reached with her right hand and cupped the elongating penis that she knew was encumbered from full growth by the pants he was wearing. She heard his intake of breath as she touched his manhood. Apollonia loved the feel of it and the heat it was generating. She did not move her hand. All she did was rest the palm against the underside and use her thumb and fingers to wrap around each side of what she could sense to be a mammoth manhood.

She rolled her head further back and pursed her lips. She wanted him to descend the small distance that existed between his head and hers. Alessandro took the cue and placed his lips on hers. He did not open his mouth to initiate a French kiss. He held his pursed lips against hers, wrapped his arms around her shoulders, and without a thought pressed his hips forward. The result of his hip movement was quick and sure. Apollonia tightened her grip on the Italian meat and gently moved up and down its length through the soft merino wool of his trousers.

Alessandro broke the kiss, "No, please stop. I don't want to. . ."

Frozen with broken expectations, Apollonia released her grip, stepped back, and said as she shook her head in dismay, "Please, don't tell me you're a premature ejaculator. Please don't tell me you can't handle fucking a woman like a real man."

Embarrassed, Alessandro could feel the wet spot forming on the front of his pants and he knew she could see it also. "No, it's not that at all. I'm not a habitual masturbator, so, if I haven't had carnal relations with a woman for a number of weeks or months, I produce an inordinately large amount of pre-cum and can without wanting to or warning ejaculate just from expectations of sexual contact and foreplay. If I'm active, I believe I'm a more than adequate lover."

"Interesting," she cooed. "How about this – we'll forego any foreplay. You get undressed as I will. I am going to sit in that lovely upholstered chair by the window, open my legs, and you're going to go down on me. But more importantly Alessandro, I do not want you to play with yourself. A lot of men jerk off to keep themselves from attenuating their sexual desire to perform the act of cunnilingus and end up spewing their ejaculate all over the floor, bed, or their hands. I want you to forget about your needs, desires, and do nothing but service me. I want to feel your tongue on my clitoris, in my vagina, and on my anus. Your hands will remain on my hips or under my thighs. This tryst is not about you, Alessandro Bruno. It is all about me."

"Jesus, I'll never make it," he whined. "I will not be able to control myself. I can keep my hands off of my. . ." He looked quizzical and shy.

"Any and all words are good, Alessandro."

"Cock. I love to go down on a woman, but I'm always expecting to slide up her body, enter her, and finish our lovemaking together. Ejaculating as I feel the walls of her vagina pulse around the shaft of my cock."

"Not today, Alessandro. Maybe another day. Today, I want your mouth, lips, and tongue."

Apollonia removed her two piece riding boots and then her hip hugger jeans. She waited and watched as Alessandro removed his shoes, his pants, his socks, and his shirt. The only item he wore was his Calvin Klein boxer briefs. The outline of his cock was evident as was the rather large wet spot several inches to the right of the opening. Apollonia removed her shirt revealing her pert breasts. Alessandro's intake of breath meant he approved of what he saw. She smiled at him and walked as sexily as she could over to the upholstered chair that sat in front of the windows on the 84th Street side of the building. She sat, opened her legs, and rested them on the broad arms of the chair. Her panties were drenched. She licked her lips, pointed to the nexus of her body, and placed the V of her middle and index fingers of her right hand over her mouth. She made the obscene gesture of eating a pussy.

Alessandro removed his boxer briefs freeing his ten-and-a-half inch Italian monster. It was not completely erect and even if it was, it's length, width, and weight would not let it stand completely straight away from his body. Apollonia stopped her show and stared at the magnificent penis that hung between his legs. The head was covered by the foreskin and only a minute portion of it was visible. Apollonia could see its outline underneath the foreskin and was immediately impressed with its size and shape. The one thing that turned her off faster than an electric light switch turning off a light bulb was a beautiful cock surrounded by ugly pubic hair. Alessandro Bruno definitely did fall into the ugly hair category, but not the physical genital structure itself. The sight of his large scrotum and the testicles encased within hanging beneath the large beautifully shaped schlong brought a smile to her face. She unconsciously licked her lips and without anything more than seeing it, wet her panties even more.

She motioned him over. Alessandro complied, but did not immediately fall to his knees in front of her. The only turn off for her was the thick black pubic hair that surrounded his cock and covered his scrotum. That was reason enough for her to forego sucking his cock or even letting him enter her body. Apollonia's decision was firm and resolute. Alessandro Bruno would have to accept nothing more than a hand job or sinking to his basest level and jerking off for her.

"No time better than the present, Alessandro."

He took the cue and knelt in front of her. To her amazement, the first thing he did was place his nose just above the small piece of material that covered her womanhood and took a deep breath. He closed his eyes and savored her smell. The tip of his tongue exited his lips and he wet them in anticipation of placing them on this fox of a woman's sex. With hands shaking, he placed them on her smooth skin, and moved them to the inside of her thighs. Apollonia expected him to pull her panties off, but she was even more surprised when he placed his lips on the small patch of panty and kissed it gently. She took an intake of breath when without using his hands; he moved the covering patch with lips and slid his tongue between the moist lips of her vagina. Alessandro was impressed with the smooth, hairless skin of her womanhood. The taste of her vaginal fluid was incredible and tickled his taste buds making him want to keep the fluids coating his tongue and palate. In the midst of this sexual encounter, he thought how sweet it would be if he could bottle and sell her essence. His cock twitched and he felt a large dollop of pre-cum form and drip from the tip of his cock.

Wanting to take his time and savor the texture and taste of her vagina, his desire got the better of him. He moved his hands to the top of her panties, pulled his head back, and with her help slid the panties down her thin shapely legs. He looked upon her hairless womanhood and sighed with desire. Her smell wafted towards his nose and drew him in. Alessandro placed his entire mouth around the circumference her labia. His tongue found the groove and slid from the bottom to the top stopping to uncover and caress her growing clitoris before returning to the opening of her body. He waited a moment before he slid a large length of his tongue into her. Apollonia moaned when she felt his tongue enter through her vaginal orifice. She couldn't help but take him by the back of his head and press his face into her crotch.

"Fuck me!!!" she cried. "Fuck me with your tongue!!! Suck me off!!!"

Alessandro did not fight her. He let her take control of their sexual mating even though it was oral and not coital. His cock was jumping in expectation of entering her body. He felt himself using his anal muscles and hips to fuck the air in front of him when he wanted more than anything to masturbate as he performed cunnilingus on her. He heeded her command not to touch himself, but as he continued to insert and remove his tongue from the opening he wanted to stop, slide up her body, and jam his needy cock into her body. He kept his mouth over her womanhood for a long time before she removed her hands and let him change his method and angle of attack.

He moved her legs and feet so he did not have to support her as he glided his tongue up, over, and around her clitoris. Apollonia gladly allowed him to place her feet back on the arms of the chair in a position that afforded him easy access to her pussy and ass. She noted that he had not made a move to lower his lovemaking and decided it was time to let him know.

"I have another region of sexual pleasure," she said breathlessly. "Don't forget the other hole. I am an equal opportunity pervert. I love to have my asshole sucked and tongue fucked."

Alessandro heard her. He closed his eyes and took himself down to the area of a woman's body he never went near with his mouth. The surprise was immediate and amazingly satisfying. Her anus was not dirty nor was it overpoweringly smelly with fecal matter. He swiped his tongue across the folds of her anus and was taken by their softness and their unbelievable taste. Alessandro Bruno knew he could not get away with not placing the tip of his tongue or more into her anus. He kissed around the hole, licked it a few more times, held his breath, placed his mouth around her shithole, and forced his tongue into her .

"Jesus Fuckin' Christ!!!" Apollonia cried. "Your fuckin' tongue is amazing!!!"

Hearing her cry out in ecstasy was enough for him to continue a moment longer. Alessandro felt his cock begging for attention. He pulled his mouth away from her sex, looked up at her, and with pleading eyes begged her to allow him inside her. "I need to feel you around me!!! Please!!!"

Hearing him say something since he went down on her broke her out of her reverie as she was rising to a full-fledged orally induced orgasm. She looked down at him, scowled, and said, "It is all about me. Not about you and the brain that is in your cock. Get me off and I'll consider letting you jerk off for me. I'm going nowhere near your cock as long as it is surrounded by that nasty pubic bush."

Alessandro fell back onto his butt. He looked at her with eyes ablaze with anger, "What the fuck bitch?" His anger surfaced and it was more than she expected from him.

"I told you when you stayed that if we get together it is under my rules not yours," she spat. "Moretti men and men that I decided to have relations with must be shaved clean. All of their pubic hair removed from above their cock, their balls, and their ass. Another thing you'll need to learn and get accustomed to is giving yourself enemas. Find that I was clean and not shit smelling when your tongue fucked my asshole? Enemas and cleanliness are the foundation of sexual health care for a Moretti. If you want to prove you're worthy, I can stop now and we can go to the bathroom and you can shave. Or, you can go back to eating me and when I'm satisfied, you can go into the bathroom and jerk off."

Alessandro's lips curled in anger. "I told you I'm not some submissive bitch. I like to climb on top of a woman and give her all I'm worth. . ."

"Yeah, that's why you're leaking precum like a fountain," she countered. "I bet if I were to kneel in front of you, take your cock in my hand, and stroke it a few times you'd spew your ball juice in a matter of seconds. Want to bet?"

"I'd take that bet," Alessandro said, "if I had been sexually active over the past few days, but I haven't been and I know I won't last. What is so bad if I stroke myself while I perform cunnilingus on you? I really don't understand."

"It is simple dear boy," she said, "you play with your one-eyed monster and your tongue will cease providing me pleasure. It is that simple. Men want to get off and then they walk or roll away from the other sexual partner."

Doesn't matter if they're hetero or homo. When they ejaculate, they're done. In my world, I'm the dominant bitch. In my world, you serve me. Period."

"Your husband serves you that way?" he asked.

"Yes," was her answer.

"This is sick and not very satisfying," he said.

"Your call, Alessandro," she said. "You can go into the bathroom with me and I can help you remove all of your pubic and anal hair or I'll give you the chance to gaze upon my hairless womanhood as you stand there and jerk off into the toilet bowl. When you're done, I'll call you a cab."

"Shit!!! Shit!!! Shit!!!" he cried. "I shaved once and it was an itchy hell by the second day. I swore I'd never do it again!!!"

Apollonia laughed, "Not so with me. You'll be shaving or whatever every day so you'll never grow hair there. You could always do what I and everyone else in my family have. . ." she paused for effect, "have your pubic hair removed permanently via laser or electrolysis."

"If I shave right now," he said, "you'll fuck me?"

"No," she answered. "If you shave, I'll think about kissing your cock and giving you a hand job, but I won't fuck you. My pussy is like a temple and for you to enter it you have to prove you're worthy of her. I'm not going to mince words or lie to you. Your cock is magnificent. Your balls are large and probably produce copious amounts of viable sperm. As long as you have that bush, I'm not going near your crotch."

"You are one tough broad. Do you ever give in to anyone?" he asked.

"First, I'm not a broad. I'm a lady. A lady that knows how to treat a man and be the ultimate whore in bed, but when I am there is still the underlying fact that I am a dominant bitch whose satisfaction is primary. Second, there are two people in my life that I listen to what they say and willingly compromise with them when it is a viable solution to a real or imagined problem." She saw on his face the next question so she answered, "First is my husband, Colin. Although we have made a life changing decision, he is still the one love-of-my-life that I would go to the ends of the earth to keep safe and protect unconditionally. The second is my lover from college. Her name is Ming and we reestablished our relationship a couple of months ago when she approached me to help solve two life threatening problems. She lives with her two sons in a house on the Moretti compound in Lawrence. Colin and Ming are the only two people in the entire world I would heed their council and change my decision on an issue. You, Alessandro are not anywhere near that status or capability."

He looked down at the floor and did not look back up when he asked, "Will I ever?"

Apollonia sighed, shook her head, and said, "Maybe, but I doubt it. You have a lot to prove and it begins with your heeding my commands. If you can't, then I suggest you get dressed and depart."

He continued to look down, the sign of a true submissive. His hands moved to the front of his body and clasped together in front of his genitals. Alessandro licked his lips out of fear and a desire to taste what was left of her juices. The odor of her sex was prevalent in the room and it added to his frustration. Time passed and he realized that Apollonia was no longer going to say anything to him or ask him to do as she pleased. His mind raced as he looked upon this budding relationship as a game of chess. Who would move a piece that would end up making the other resign. The longer he thought about it, the more he realized he had no chance of winning. She was that smart and cunning. Apollonia Moretti had tapped into something inside him and he was afraid yet he wanted to face it. His body began to shake as the realization that he had not looked up and into her eyes for the last ten minutes. He asked all his questions as he gazed at the floor. His cock began to rise when he began to accept the formerly unrealized truth about himself.

Alessandro Bruno looked up and into the beautiful turquoise eyes of Apollonia Moretti. "Would you help me remove the hair around my genitals?"

"No," she replied. Her answer stunned him. "But, Sienna will. I will summon her."

Apollonia picked up the intercom phone and pressed the numbers for the kitchen. When it was answered she instructed Sienna to come to the master bedroom with depilatory, shaving cream, and a razor.

Fifty-five minutes later, Alessandro came out of the master bathroom hairless from his neck down. His embarrassment was obvious and funny to Apollonia. But, as she knew it would, his cock and balls looked bigger and more appealing to the eye. She made sure Sienna departed the room before she said anything to him. Once the door was shut and the sound of the elevator hummed throughout the building, Apollonia rose and walked to where he stood. His dark skin was radiant because she knew Sienna used a depilatory and a skin emollient to keep the burning to a minimum. His skin seemed none the worse for the wear. She also knew he would get used to the daily grind until he took the major step to have all his hair permanently removed.

Without saying a single word, Apollonia took him by his flaccid cock over to the king sized bed. She positioned him so she could sit while he stood. The night table was in an arm's length. She opened the drawer and pulled out a small tube of lubricant. She squeezed a large dollop into the palm of her left hand. After she dropped the tube on the bed, she rubbed her hands together expanding the dollop and coating both hands with the lubricant. Her left hand went to the base of his cock as her right hand skinned back his foreskin to expose the beautifully shaped helmet head of his cock. With a practiced motion, Apollonia Moretti began to masturbate Alessandro Bruno.

His cock rose to its impressive size in a matter of minutes. All ten-and-a-half inches were at full mast. His balls hung directly beneath his crotch. The smoothness of his skin was only outmatched by the flawless beauty of his cock and balls. Apollonia continued to stroke and caress his genitals. He was becoming weak kneed as she masturbated him. She slid back on the bed, opened her legs, and pulled him so his shins were pressed against the side of the mattress. It was then she took him by surprise.

"Jerk off for me," she cooed. "I want you to cum on my pussy. Not in it, but on it."

"Oh, god," he moaned. "Please finish me. Please!!!"

"Jerk off," she said a bit angrier than he expected. "Look at my pussy and jerk off just like you did when you were a teenager jerking off to a porno magazine."

Nothing came out of his mouth. He took ahold of his cock with his right hand and began to lovingly stroke it as he gazed down at Apollonia's hairless pussy. He was thankful that he could rest his shins against the side of the bed as he masturbated for this crazy woman. In all his years, this was a first. Stroking his cock while looking at the crotch of the hottest woman he'd ever met. He knew he would spew his cum faster than usual because of his recent lack of sexual activity. He never understood why a man would pay for sex until his wife told him she wanted something more and it wasn't his size that drove her – it was her need to be with a different man. His cock grew harder in his hand. His left hand went to the left side of his cock and he pressed it against the base of his cock as he masturbated. He lost all contact with reality. Every so often he would close his eyes as he jerked off.

"Tell me what you're fantasizing about," she commanded.

His breathing became shorter and more intense. He did not respond to her command. He was in another world as he stroked himself to an orgasm. Apollonia watched knowing that this little scenario would be the beginning of her taking over his sexual being and probably his entire personality. His size was perfect. What she needed to see was the amount of ejaculate he produced. What also interested her was the strength of his ejaculations and the number of ropes that shot from the tip of his beautiful cock.

"Fuck!!!" he groaned. "I'm going to cum!!! Forgive me for spilling my seed!!! Jesus, this is so fuckin' hot!!!"

"Come for me Alessandro," she cooed. "Spill your seed on my pussy. Coat it with your cum."

Apollonia was astounded as she watched the massive ten-and-a-half incher grow thicker as it prepared to spew the contents of his balls and prostate all over her cunt. The head turned a deep purple and the shaft thickened to what had to be at least six-and-a-half inches in width. The sight of his massive cock sent shivers throughout her body and was enough for her to have a small but hard orgasm. The comparison between Alessandro and Sonny was made as she watched him stroke his cock. Alessandro's cock may have been the same size as Sonny's, but it held her attention and gaze longer with its definition and beauty. The thought passed through her mind for a split second to pull him into her, but that would defeat her plan to test him the way she tested Sonny. If he was going to father her children, then he had to be attuned to her, her sissy husband, and the Moretti family as a whole.

Alessandro could not keep it together any longer. He stroked a few more times, thrust his hips, and used just the ring formed by his thumb and index finger to gently massage the head and corona of his manhood with the leading edge of his foreskin. His left hand drifted to his balls which had risen to the position to add their baby-making sperm to the prostate fluid just before it rose through the urethra and spewed forth from the tip. His knees grew weaker as his body prepared for the evitable tightening of his musculature, release of his seed, orgasm, and relaxation that comes après one's orgasmic release and feeling of pleasure.

"I can't hold back anymore," he cried. "FUCK!!!"

The first two ropes of cum jetted up Apollonia's body and landed between her eyes, down her nose, across her mouth, chin, and came to an end between her pert breasts. The third through seventh ropes landed where the first two ended and ran the length of her body to just below her bellybutton. The eighth, ninth, and tenth rope coated her mons and labia. Amazingly, two small dribbles of cum ran down the head and pooled around the dam made by his thumb and index finger.

When his orgasm was finally over he rested in the same position he was in when the ejaculation began. His right hand was still wrapped around the shaft of his penis just below the corona. His breathing was ragged and his face and upper torso was coated in a light sheen of sweat. His balls fell back to their normal position between his legs. He rose and descended with his orgasm and when he was ninety-nine percent through it, he looked down at the woman who made him masturbate for her.

"Damn," he intoned as he saw the ropes of cum stretching from the bridge of her nose to her pussy. "I told you I ejaculated a lot of semen."

Apollonia felt the warm liquid on her body and was both excited and angry at the amount of cum that covered her. She did not move or make him move from between her legs. Her plan would now have to include parts of her body she did not want him to be intimate with. Timing was everything.

"Time to help me Alessandro," she said. "Time for you to clean up your mess."

"You want me to get a towel?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "I want you to bend down and use your tongue to lick up your splooge. You can start on my face and finish at my pussy. Hopefully, your wonderfully long tongue will entice a deep oral orgasm from my body."

"I don't eat cum," he stated.

"You'll clean me up with your tongue, Alessandro," she spat, "or I'll rip that magnificent cock from between your legs and serve it for dinner to some stray neighborhood dogs. This isn't a request."

He froze when he heard her threaten his masculinity. He started into her eyes and saw she was not joshing or kidding. He remembered how he felt when he came out of the bathroom shorn of all his body hair and how he reacted when she stood in front of him. The idea that he could serve this woman as he never served another frightened him. His intelligence and his street smarts should have warned him away from this dastardly beauty. His

mind began to reel with indecision. He bends to her will and he will be figuratively removing his testicles and serving them up on a silver platter. He leaves and he wonders when and if she will take retribution on him for not living up to his side of their agreement; especially since he listened to the dialog concerning the murder of a young woman who was someone special to Apollonia. He had to make a decision and make it quickly. His stomach rumbled at the thought of eating his own cum. The word homosexual rose from his unconscious and it felt like it was slapping him across the face without relent.

"You going to clean me or do I have to do it myself?" she asked. "If you can't make yourself do it, then say so. I will just give you the first and only demerit you're entitled to as I heave your naked Italian ass out a second story window. Don't be fooled by my size. I've done worse to men your size. My body awaits, Alessandro."

"Please Apollonia," he beseeched, "please allow me to start slowly and build up the point where I will willingly do as you ask. Give me the opportunity to show you I'm willing by not by forcing me to lick up everything."

"What do you propose?" she asked.

He looked down at his cock which was still surrounded by the fingers of his right hand. He saw the pool of cooling ejaculate. "Let me clean my fingers to start with and as I grow accustomed to doing what you ask, I will lick up every drop of my cum from your body. I've never once thought about tasting my own cum and I have never tasted another man's. All I ask is your indulgence to let me start slowly and rise to the level of kinkiness you want from me."

Apollonia moved her arms so she could raise her head and shoulders by resting on her elbows and forearms. Her face and body were covered in his ejaculate. She could feel it cooling as he fought his desire to serve her by licking up all the cum he produced. She could see if on his face and the tenseness of his body. Apollonia was not going to give in to his request.

"Start with the cum on your fingers," she said. "Then you are to lick my pussy clean and if you're not lying on the floor regurgitating, you can think about licking the cum off my pert little breasts culminating with my face. Then as you're above my body you can kiss me. I'm not afraid of tasting your cum. I bet if I blew you, you'd want me to swallow. But, the roles are reversed. You blew your load on me and now it is time for you to clean up your mess."

"So, you're not agreeing to my request?" he asked childlike.

"No," was all she said.

Alessandro felt his cock twitch and he knew she had him when she smiled and pointed at him still holding his penis. If he wanted to have coital relations with her, he knew he had to do as she asked. The thought that came to mind concerned homosexual men and how they did not suffer from eating their or another man's cum. Of course, one still had to be careful of AIDS infected men and for that matter women also. He looked at her face and saw her waiting, somewhat impatiently, but waiting nonetheless. He took a deep breath, exhaled, released the hold he had on his flaccid manhood, and put the fingers of his right hand into his mouth. He scrunched up his face, gagged, and coughed for a moment but succumbed to her need to control him. Once he'd swallowed his first bit of ejaculate, he realized that the acidic salty taste was not all that bad. He could learn to like the taste. He moved to a position that would enable him to start with the thick ropes of ejaculate that covered her face. Without saying another word, he leaned down and began lick his cooling cum from the bridge of her nose.

Apollonia did not move a muscle as she felt him begin to lick and suck his ejaculate from her face, body, and ultimately her pussy. Once he passed from her face and breasts, she placed her right hand on the back of his head, and ever so gently pressed and guided his journey down to her cum covered pussy. When he was just inches away she said, "Open your mouth like you did earlier. Put my entire honeypot into your mouth and suck your cum from my pussy. When you're done cleaning fuck me with your tongue."

She felt him do as she requested. Alessandro tongue fucked her to three quick orgasms. Not because he wanted to, but because she had locked his head between her thighs and forced him to do her orally until she cried, "Enough!!!"

The afternoon sun was setting and Apollonia hadn't heard from Viviano or Ming. She lay content on the top of the duvet with Alessandro next to her. Neither was entwined with the other, but every so often she stole a look at his flaccid cock as he stole looks at her pert breasts and hairless vagina. Sienna had called from the kitchen and asked if she wanted anything to eat. Apollonia spoke for both when she said no to a meal. The silence was beginning to grate on Apollonia. She wanted to know what he was thinking about considering he had never tasted his own ejaculate. "So, Mr. Bruno," she said after she turned onto her right side, "care to elucidate on your eating cum for the first time?"

He rolled to his left side so they would be face to face. His cock rested on his left thigh and was long enough that the head touched the duvet. He didn't smile, but he did nod his head, "You've gotten into me in a way no woman has ever done. After a few licks and swallows, I got used to the acidic taste and saltiness. What is even more disconcerting is my realization that I would accept being submissive to you only if it results in my having coital relations with you on a regular basis. But, I know that by going down on you to clean my ejaculate off of your body, I have already signaled my subservience."

She touched his face and said, "Yes, you have. And, for that you will learn all there is to learn to become a Moretti man. The size of your cock and the quantity of your ejaculate makes you the perfect candidate to impregnate me. Your life, if you so desire, can take a turn that will have you looking back and asking, '*How did I live before I met Apollonia?*' You have to trust me unconditionally. The tests will take you places you've never even thought about on a daily basis. Complete them and you will enter a life that no one on this planet lives. It will also allow you to be an Alpha male when it is required of you, but don't forget that my pussy is the center of your universe. Your life will always revolve around my sexual satisfaction."

"And mine?" he asked.

"Will come when I see you complete the Moretti Rites of Passage," she answered.

"Moretti Rites of Passage?" he asked in a quizzical tone. "Sounds like some deep dark secret like the Masons."

"Worse," she replied. "Failure is not an option. You do not complete or fail at the tests your life of luxury will become a life of hell on earth. Again, you make this commitment and you give one hundred percent of your heart, mind, body, and soul to me and by extension the Moretti family? A very few select men outside the family have tried and an even smaller number have succeeded."

"Viviano succeeded?" he asked.

"Yes. When he met my sister he fell head-over-heels in love with her," she said as she returned her hand to her side. "He is one very strong and dedicated man, father, and lover."

Alessandro closed his eye for a moment and when he opened them he started directly into Apollonia's eyes. He licked his lips and asked, "Did he. . ." He paused, scrunched up his face, bit his lower lip, and tried again to ask the question that was pressing on his brain. "Did he s-s-su. . ."

Apollonia did not return her hand to his face. Instead she reached for and took ahold of his flaccid ten-and-a-half inch cock. She gently pushed the foreskin back and caressed the head eliciting a quiet moan from the man lying next to her. She smiled at him and said, "Yes, he did. On his wedding day, in front of my sister and his future mother-in-law he knelt and sucked the cock that gave forth the semen to create my sister. Moretti men are not afraid to express their sexuality with another man when it is required or desired."

She felt his cock twitch and did nothing more than continue to gently hold it in her hand. Alessandro Bruno was silent, but his twitching cock said all she needed to hear. His eyes were a bit vacant and she could see he wanted to ask additional questions. She began to slowly masturbate him and as she did she said, "Ask me anything. You will see that I have nothing to hide from you."

"Oh god," he moaned, "please stop or I'm going to. . ."

"Ask me, Alessandro," she insisted.

"Was that the first time?" he asked.

"No," she answered, "it was the culmination of the Rites of Passage into the family." She continued to gently play with his cock and as she did she moved so it would be easier to use both hands on his genitals. Apollonia did not preface her next question, "Did Sienna give you an enema or two when she removed your body hair?"

Beyond being stunned, Alessandro answered, "It was humiliating. She made me bend over, filled me, made me hold it, and then when I was more than uncomfortable she allowed me to expel the water and the contents of my lower bowel. She did this three times until she saw I was clean enough to lay with you."

"Sweet," sighed Apollonia. "Ever have an anal orgasm?"

"I don't understand," he responded. "An anal orgasm?"

Apollonia decided not to push the subject. She looked from his face to his cock, moved slightly downward, pulled the foreskin down, and took the head of his rising Italian meat into her mouth. He felt her lock her lips just below the head and begin to swirl her tongue around its sensitive head. Alessandro couldn't take the feeling as she tickled his corona with her tongue while her left hand stole beneath his balls. He felt her begin to roll his testicles in her hand while her fingers traced the line from the back of his scrotum to his anus. He lifted his hips in response to her light touch. She knew from experience that he was not trying to force his cock down her throat, but simply reacting to the touch of her fingers on his perineum and anus.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," he moaned, growled, and cried out as he felt her tongue caress and make love to his cockhead.

Hearing his cry brought joy to Apollonia's heart and started the flow of vaginal juices from her vagina. She removed her mouth from his cock, wet the fingers of the hand that caressed his balls and anus, and when she was satisfied they were lubricated enough returned his cockhead to her mouth. He moaned with pleasure as she began to slide the humongous cock a few inches deeper into her mouth. She held him there as she slid her fingers to her ultimate goal. Alessandro again raised his hips in response to her light touch. Apollonia slowly began the movement of fellating a man. She slowly took him in, caressed the underside of his cock with her tongue, and slid it back out keeping just the head inside her lips. She swirled her tongue around the head and when she heard him moan, she took her middle finger and slid it into his anus. She did not enter him slowly. Her finger went in all the way in one push. Just as he groaned in pain, Apollonia found his male G-spot. She massaged it and knew she hit a home run when his anus began to squeeze her finger.

Alessandro lifted his head to see her with his cock in her mouth and a finger up his ass. He could not take the pleasure while trying to hold his head up and let it fall back to the bed. Then a new sensation rose not from his cock but inside his ass. The finger that invaded him was no longer there. He groaned and after he did, he felt not one but three fingers enter his body. No woman had ever finger fucked his ass as she blew him. Most women who tried to suck him off could not perform the act of fellatio without using both hands. Several women saw his size and simply gave up trying to fellate him. His mind raged with sexual pleasure as well as questions about his sexuality. Alessandro was conflicted because he had eaten his own cum from her body and now he was in the throes of extreme sexual pleasure not from her mouth but her fingers caressing a tender spot in his ass.

The feeling emanating from his anus was something he never felt before or knew he could feel pleasure from. He began to lose control of his body as his hips started to rise and fall in concert with Apollonia's sucking and finger fucking. She continued to use her mouth but her main intent and purpose was to get him to ejaculate from her massaging of his prostate. As he continued to move his hips, she reduced the amount of oral pleasure and increased the amount of anal massage. She could see out of the corner of her eyes his hands grabbing bits of the duvet in response to her pleasure giving. One thing she confirmed which brought her additional pleasure was the taste of his cock. Alessandro Bruno's cock was delicious and she would have no problem sucking him off and drinking his bodily fluids, but that was not her purpose. His cock began to thicken and the head began to flare in her mouth. She timed the stopping of her sucking and increased the finger fucking perfectly.

"Wha-a-a," he cried when he felt her mouth leave his cock. He moved his head so he could see down the bed without having to raise his head. Apollonia Moretti was holding the base of his cock while finger fucking his ass with deft and precise motions. He wanted her to stop, but he could not verbalize his desire because his ass was taking control of his mind and body. He could not stop responding to her fingers. He wanted to feel them deeper inside him, pressing on his sexual spot, and then it happened. Without touching or stroking his cock, it exploded. Seven strong ropes of cum shot out of the head and landed between his chin and his bellybutton. The sad part was his orgasm was not as pleasurable as he expected it would be. He felt a gut wrenching emptiness after his body finished expelling his ejaculate.

"Nice one, Alessandro," Apollonia cooed and licked her lips. Her fingers were still up his ass and he wasn't complaining or begging to have them removed. "First anal orgasm. Different, isn't it? Bet you're even hornier then when I started."

"I'm dumbfounded. At a loss for words," he said breathless from the unsatisfying orgasm. "I'm even hornier than before. I, I, I have this feeling in my cock, in m-m-my ass, my body has this urgent need to cum again so I can relieve this distressed empty feeling."

"Hmmm," she said, "Guess you'll have to jerk off again."

"You're not serious. You're such a bitch," he growled. "You started to suck me and then you. . ."

"Fucked with your head," she spat back in a somewhat loving way. "This is the part of your education that you have to learn to deal with. I am who I am and you will bend to my will. You feel empty, distressed, unsatisfied, and in need of a fulfilling full body orgasm – then jerk off. Do it in front of me. Humiliate yourself again by playing with yourself to relieve this need to spill your seed."

"Take your fingers out, please," his request was needy and brimming with subservience.

"No," she responded, "I want to feel your asshole pulse around them as you cum from your masturbation."

"God, why am I here?" he said. "I should have listened to my intuition when I saw you sitting in the coffee shop. I should have continued to my office. I missed my deadline. Fuck!!! I'm such an asshole."

"No, Alessandro," she countered, "your asshole is around my fingers and you're horny, frustrated, and in need, so jerk off."

Amazingly he squeezed his anus around her fingers, wet his hand with his own saliva, took hold of his cock, and began to jerk off furiously. Apollonia moved back slightly to watch this Italian stud fall deeper under her spell as she pressed her fingers into his manhole as he masturbated for her a second time. Numerous times during his masturbatory activity he stopped wet his hand for lubrication purposes so he could continue jerking his cock to fruition. His face would scrunch up, his eyes would close, and he would hold his breath as his hips rose and fell against the pressure of her three fingers. Knowing this orgasm was going to take a bit longer than the first one, Apollonia made herself comfortable so she could watch him shoot his load a third time. Her curiosity was more about how much he would produce than seeing him jerk off; although his humiliation at her hands was incredibly satisfying.

The third masturbation session took twenty-two minutes to complete. During that time, he looked only one time at the woman who lay next to him with three fingers of her hand inserted in his ass as if this was going to be the first of many times he would have to suffer the indignity of masturbating for her pleasure. When he ejaculated, he closed his eyes, moaned, and pressed his hips against the pressure of her fingers and hand. She felt his anus contract around her fingers and smiled as his cock spewed forth his third orgasm in less than ninety minutes. To her amazement, Alessandro produced another copious amount of ejaculate. This was the confirmation she needed. He was definitely a man that could produce for the Moretti family and she was going to all she could to bring him into the fold.

Apollonia moved next to Alessandro, ran her fingers through the cooling cum, brought her hand to her lips, and moved forward and placed her cum covered fingers between their lips as she initiated a kiss. She opened her mouth as did the amazed Alessandro. Their tongues met as the both lapped at her fingers. After a short moment, she broke the kiss, but left her fingers in his mouth. He opened his eyes and saw her above his face smiling from ear-to-ear, eyes twinkling, and heard her say; "Suck them. I'll bring you more. Suck my fingers and prepare yourself because sooner rather than later you're going to be on your knees felling my Colin"

Alessandro Bruno did not fight or try to have her remove her fingers from his mouth. His brain was fucked and he felt a total raging need to satisfy her especially after she shared some of his ejaculate. For the next sixteen minutes, Apollonia scooped up his cum, fed it too him, and every so often during the process of breaking his will, she would French kiss him and willingly share the cool cum with him. The end result of their cum eating byplay was as Apollonia expected. Alessandro was calm and very much attuned to her and nothing else, except for the slight hardening of his manhood.

This time she allowed herself to place her body next to his with her left leg on his left leg and her pussy pressed against his hip bone. They rested like this for a time before they both fell asleep. Apollonia's cell phone rang and when she found it lying on the floor underneath her clothes she had a missed call from Ming. A nanosecond passed before she pressed the speed dial number for the second love-of-her-life. Apollonia went to the upholstered chair by the window, sat cross-legged, and prayed that Ming would answer the phone. Her wish came true.

"My love," Apollonia said, "I'm sorry, but the phone was hidden and it took a moment for me to find it. Where are you?"

Her voice sounding very tired and hoarse, Ming Zheng responded, "I'm where I want to be, Appy." She paused and when Apollonia did not respond she continued, "I'm home in Lawrence. Where are you?"

Apollonia's heart sank and rose. Her body tingled with expectation and love. She took the phone away from her ear, placed it on her naked thigh, so she could wipe the tears of joy from her eyes. When she put the phone back to her ear she could hear Ming asking where she had gone. "Sorry sweetheart, I had to wipe my eyes. I'm in the city at the townhouse. It is a long story that I want to tell you as we lay together, if that is what you meant by being home and not preparing to leave for China."

"I broke with tradition, Appy," she said, her voice still very hoarse but the sadness came through. "The day. . ."

"No Ming," Apollonia quietly urged her lover, "wait, I'm coming home. I need to call Nathan to pick me up. Then we'll have a late dinner and we can talk. I'm going to ride home with my hand between my legs because I'm assuming you're staying and that just makes me want to go down on you for as long as you like, want, need. I love you Ming Zheng."

Apollonia heard the same from her lover before she ended the call, stood, stretched her lithe body, and screamed with joy. She saw Alessandro on his side facing her with a smile and a quizzical look on his face. The distance between them was closed in a few steps. Apollonia leaned down, kissed the tip of his cock, each ball, and then moved to his lips. Not caring there was a small amount of residual ejaculate on his body; she lay on top of him, pressed her body into his, and kissed him. The kiss was deep and very French. Their tongues played in each other's mouth for the entire time their lips were locked together. Then just as quickly as she had thrown herself on him, she broke the kiss, rolled off of him, stood, and said, "Shower time big boy. It's time to clean up. Jesus, where did the day go? Guess we fell asleep."

"You're not staying the night?" he asked.

"No. I'm headed home as are you."

"When will I see you again?"

"Trust me Alessandro this is not a onetime tryst. You need to go home, finished your work, and then spend some quiet time so you can wrap your head around what happened here today. I'm all in. You agree to be my lover, my bitch, my boi, and do as I tell you; you will enter a world of life, love, and sex beyond your imagination."

"Um, I thought I already made my commitment, because. . . And, I bet you've heard this too many times to count; I'd eat a yard of your shit to get to your asshole. You've made me do things I've read about but always said I wouldn't ever do. You're in then I'm in, too."

"Think about it, because the downside is way worse than the upside. Please, give me that right now. Ming is home and I need to get to her."

Alessandro Bruno looked as if he was slapped across the face with a thousand page telephone book. One minute Apollonia is lying next to him, playing with his manhood, kissing him, and minutes later she is pressing to leave him to be with her lesbian lover. Now he understood why she told him to reflect on the day's meeting and activities. His cock was telling him to stay, his mind was in a turmoil, and the feeling of emptiness in his rectum was just plain old sick. He stood, held out his hand, and said, "A quick shower. Then I'll hail a cab. You're right about the need to reflect upon today's activities, but I am going to say that I am hammered by you. Apollonia Moretti, you have taken my heart like no other woman has ever done."

Thirty minutes later, Apollonia stood in Alessandro Bruno's arms, kissing him, just inside the entrance to the townhouse. They had exchanged phone numbers and to his surprise she gave him her private number. They agreed that he would call her on Monday rather than Sunday, because she was bringing Colin home from the hospital and wanted to spend the day with him. Alessandro stood and held her hands by their sides not wanting to leave. In the same respect, Apollonia wanted to take him home and watch Ming's face as his cock slid between her legs and into her body. She licked her lips at the thought which only made Alessandro wonder what she was thinking about considering his thoughts were on the beautiful smell and taste of Apollonia's sex.

Their little love fest came to an end when the black Lincoln Town Car pulled up to the garage cut out and one very huge African-American named Nathan Childress exited the vehicle. Apollonia did not need to say anything to Giuseppe and Sienna. They both knew what to do. She walked arm-in-arm to the car, kissed Alessandro, and slid into the vehicle. Nathan eyed the two of them, made no verbal or physical comment, closed the door, and before he returned to the driver's side said, "Need a ride, walking or taking a cab?"

Alessandro smiled, "Probably walking for a while before I hail a cab. Need to clear my brain. Nice meeting you Nathan. I'm sure we'll be seeing each other again."

Nathan did not answer. He smiled as any good professional would, made his way to the driver's side, entered the vehicle, and said, "Home, Miss Moretti?"

Pressed back into the soft leather seat, Apollonia Moretti broke out of her reverie, her crotch soaked with expectations of great news, replied, "You get me home in record time and there's a ten thousand dollar cash bonus for you on payday."

Nathan Childress did not need to answer. He put the vehicle into drive and stepped on the gas. Columbus Place here we come.