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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 143

Sunday Evening/Night – Columbus Place – 9 March 2003

After arriving home and getting Colin settled, Apollonia helped change his bandages and insisted that he reduce their size because he really did not need the amount that covered his face. Then she went to his closet and chose his clothing for dinner. She pulled from his wardrobe a simple navy blue A-line skirt, a white scalloped collar blouse, and a navy crew neck sweater. Apollonia laid the clothing on his bed and said, "I'm not taking 'no' for an answer. Pick your lingerie and shoes yourself. You will dress and I will help with your makeup. We will walk to the main house together."

"Um-m-m," he stammered through his wired shut jaw, "What about Ming?"

"She is already there," Apollonia replied, "helping make dinner. I have some business to tend to, so, relax for about thirty minutes and then start to get ready. If I'm early, then I'll help you get dressed."

"You know I'm not comfortable," he said. "I really wish you'd let me stay here." He paused and whined. "Please?"

The right corner of Apollonia's mouth rose, her lips tightened, and she forcibly said, "Don't push me Colina. Yes Colina not Colin. From this moment forward, I will never address you by your given name. Embarrassment comes with the territory. Either way, I still love you and always will. Now, your face is not so terrible that you have to hide. No one, and I mean no one, is going to say anything but good things to you. We're all happy that you're home and I know Raffaella made something special because of your inability to chew food. I wouldn't put it past her at all to have made something very special for you."

She watched Colina's body shake for a moment before he calmed down enough to mumble, "Yes, Mistress."

Apollonia made her way into the kitchen from her sissy husband's room where she reached for the phone and summoned Viviano and the Goldsmith children. She immediately put up a full pot of coffee. Retrieved one of her favorite mugs and placed it next to the coffeemaker. Apollonia leaned on the opposite counter, crossed her arms and legs at her ankles, and watched the carafe fill. At the half-way point, she stepped to the machine, pulled the carafe, and poured a full mug of hot black coffee. She sipped a mouthful and only then did she make her way to the breakfast table to await the arrival of Viviano and the Goldsmith children. Thankfully someone took the time to bring her

newspapers into the house. She laid The New York Times out and began to peruse the front page when she heard the back door open and slam shut.

"Apollonia!!!" called Viviano. Why he did she did not know because as soon as he entered the kitchen he would see her sitting at the breakfast table. Behind him as he entered the kitchen were Sarah and Jason Goldsmith. "There you are," he said.

It was then she realized he was saying what he did because of the children. "Hi Viv," she stated with a happy lilt to her voice. "And who do we have here?" she asked very well knowing who they were.

"Say hello to your Aunt Apollonia," stated Viviano.

Sarah Goldsmith dressed as she was when Viviano picked her up at Joshua's parent's house, scrunched up her face and said, "Why should I? I know who that is. . ." She paused looked at the floor not wanting to call the woman at the table aunt anything.

"Sarah, my name is Apollonia and that is how you address me," Apollonia said. "There is no need for any formality. Same goes for you Jason." Apollonia stood and said, "Care for a drink? Something to eat?"

Both children shook their heads no. Apollonia shrugged her shoulders and without saying a word made her way to the family room. Viviano, Sarah, and Jason followed. They watched as Apollonia sat in the middle of the longest couch and patted the cushions signaling the children should sit on either side of her which neither of them did. When the two children disrespected Apollonia Viviano saw the look in her eyes and said, "I have to return home to help Raffy prepare for dinner at Mario's. If you need. . ."

"I'll call," stated Apollonia.

Viviano departed not knowing what his crazy sister-in-law would say or do to Sarah and Jason. '*Shit*,' he thought, '*Jason is only five years old.*' A shiver ran up his spine, but his intuition told him that Apollonia would not do anything to harm the young ones. She wasn't her mother. Or, was she?

Sarah Goldsmith remained standing which in turn made her brother follow suit. She was tall for her age standing four foot two-and-two-half inches, but she was definitely below the norm for weight. Apollonia guessed she weighed somewhere under or around fifty pounds. She had her mother's looks and factoring in her body changes during and after puberty, Sarah Goldsmith was going to be one strikingly beautiful teenager and woman. Fighting her inner sexuality, Apollonia felt a twinge of desire for the young girl. The thinness of her body and the way she stood in front of her reminded her of a tall thin cattail reed with an ability to bend with the wind. To try and get her mind away from what she hated about her mother, Apollonia asked, "Since arriving here, have the other children treated you well? Are you two ok?"

Sarah did not look up. She did not answer. Jason started to, but the touch of his sister's hand stopped him cold.

"I know it is hard for both of you," stated Apollonia with a soft caring voice, "but things have happened that needs to be explained to both of you. I am going to do exactly that, but you two have to co-operate."

Apollonia waited and watched as Sarah began to shift from side-to-side on her way too expensive for her age running shoes. The young girl was thin and her long hair framed her face adding to the narrowness of her stature. Inside, Apollonia knew the youngster was scared. She decided to try a different approach to make some form of connection with Joshua's daughter. Apollonia stood, stepped in front of the young girl, knelt, and wrapped her arms around her slight frame. She pulled the youngster into an embrace and whispered, "It is alright Sarah. It is alright to cry. I can see it in your eyes. I don't know what was said to you, but it is alright to cry. Your mother was taken from you and you need to acknowledge your love and feelings of loss."

That was the bomb that broke the dam. "Grandma Goldsmith said it was a sign of weakness. She said I need to be strong."

"No Sarah," sighed Apollonia. "Crying cleanses the body and soul when circumstances are such that to feel better you cry. I've cried many times. And, I can feel, sense, and see you need to young lady. I know you love your mother and she loved both of you."

Sarah Goldsmith pulled back and Apollonia released her hold. The youngster stared into Apollonia's eyes. Her intelligence was far beyond her years. For an eight year old, she seemed to have the emotional foundation of a twenty something year old. Imperceptibly her body shook which confirmed Apollonia's take on what was causing her to be closed and not forthcoming. Instead of embracing her, Apollonia put her hands on Sarah's cheeks, leaned in, and kissed the youngster's forehead. Sarah Goldsmith broke. She pushed her arms through Apollonia's and wrapped them around her shoulders and neck. It didn't take long for the tears, body wracking sobs, and moans of pain to spill forth from the youngster.

"Sweet Sarah," said Apollonia as her motherly instinct took hold, "let it out." It was then she saw her brother begin to shake. Her only resolution to the situation was to get both of them into her arms. "Jason, come here sweet boy. You're not alone anymore."

Jason Goldsmith all three feet of him stepped forward, and into Apollonia's left arm. Sarah had taken the cue and moved so her younger brother could feel part of the release. Both children cried and Apollonia did nothing to stop them. What they needed more than anything was the release of emotion due to the loss of their mother. The hard part was forthcoming. They would hear from their Aunt Apollonia that their father was also dead.

Jason stopped bawling first and then Sarah. Both children remained close to Apollonia and she did not force them to step back. Some sick feelings inside her wanted to keep the girl close to her body. Every few moments she would mentally castigate herself for falling into the pedophilia trap that took her mother to her grave. She unconsciously rubbed her right hand on the young girl's tear covered face and swooned at the soft feel of her skin. *'I want you,'* she thought and immediately fought the desire to kiss Sarah on the lips. It would be easy for her to give Jason some finger paints and paper to keep him occupied while she took Sarah to her bedroom. Inside Apollonia Moretti roiled with the pain of wanting to do what she hated most. She wondered what her upbringing had to do with her desires. Masturbating her father had to be the crux of the sick desire she had to make love to an eight year-old.

The desire was killing her inside and the only way she could stem the tide of going over the deep end was to very gently break the hold each child had on her. "Why don't we sit on the couch? We'll be more comfortable." She stood up, held their hands, and moved to the couch where she sat. To her surprise, Sarah sat on her lap and Jason sat next to her on the left. Apollonia tried, but could not get the youngster to move off her lap. She resigned herself to let all things happen as they would. She hoped that she could control her rising sick desire to push Sarah onto her back, spread her legs, smell her panties before she licked Sarah's panty covered preteen cunt.

Sarah pressed her head into Apollonia's breasts and without prodding said completely out-of-the-blue, "Please don't send us to Grandma Goldsmith."

Apollonia took the bait, "Why sweetheart?"

Sarah Goldsmith sniffled, wiped her nose on her free arm, and said in a very direct manner, "She is mean. And, she hurts us for no reason."

"Does she spank you?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," said Sarah. "She keeps us locked in a room when we are there. We can't play or even go outside."

"She ever do things that she shouldn't?" asked Apollonia with somewhat of an expectation that Grandma Goldsmith did.

It was Jason who offered, "She would pull down my pants and spank me. When I started crying she would put a finger in my tushy and laugh as I screamed and begged her to stop."

"And, I would yell at her," added Sarah. "That is when she would get really mad and slap me across the face."

Astounded that Joshua's mother would penetrate Jason in front of Sarah, Apollonia asked, "What else besides hitting you would she do when you yelled at her?"

"She would call me a cry baby. She said I shouldn't care what happened to Jason. I wanted to protect my brother," she replied. Apollonia could see the pain of her past experiences with Joshua's parents showing on her face.

"What about Grandpa Goldsmith?" Apollonia asked.

"What about him?" was her response to Apollonia's question. "He was never there."

"What did your mother. . ." was all Apollonia said.

"My mother would never let us go there without her," interrupted Sarah. "When we went without her she always yelled at daddy for taking us there without her. He never cared or stopped his mother."

"What makes you say that, Sarah?" asked Apollonia. She was becoming more irate at Joshua for hiding his sociopathic personality, but even more egregious was his turning a blind-eye to his mother's psychosexual insanity. *'But,'* Apollonia thought to herself, *'Joshua was probably as scared as Jason was of his mother.'*

Sarah shivered not once but twice before she answered, "Sometimes I heard them when they thought I was asleep. They said things that scared me. Daddy wanted, ah, wanted to. . ."

Apollonia knew and wanted the youngster to verbalize it to get it out in the open. "It's alright Sarah, don't be afraid. You will feel better. I promise." She knew how Sarah felt from a different prospective. Moretti girls were taught to give Moretti men hand jobs starting at the tender age of seven. Their virginities were sacred and if a Moretti man ever took a female child's virginity, he would never ever again see the light of day. It was for time and memorial a simple commandment. Take a Moretti girl's virginity before she was married you lose your life. Throughout Moretti history, only three Moretti men were tempted and died for their momentary pleasure.

"I heard my daddy say in a very loud voice that he wanted to. . ." Sarah looked up and into her aunt's eyes. She questioned whether or not she could say the word she heard her father say.

"I give you permission to say it Sarah," commanded Apollonia. "Say the word."

The youngster shook and Apollonia felt it. In response, Apollonia caressed her face and an immediate flood of vaginal juices wet her panties. *'Oh my fuckin' God,'* she thought, *'I'm turned on by a child.'*

Sarah felt something, but did not understand. She found the strength and continued, "I heard daddy say he wanted to fuck me. I heard it more than once."

"Did you say anything to your mother?" asked Apollonia.

"No," she replied "I was too afraid because sometimes my mom said for him to make like she was me."

"What about a friend?" asked Apollonia.

Sarah shook again and said, "My best friend Rachel. I told her."

"And?" was all Apollonia said.

"At first she didn't say anything. Then she told me her older brother came into her room every night and played with his penis. He would pee on her. She told me she was afraid, but never told her parents," stated Sarah. She took a deep breath before continuing, "Then he forced her to. . ."

"Have sex with him," stated Apollonia. "He didn't pee Sarah. He masturbated and ejaculated on her. The stuff that came out of his penis is the man's half of making a baby."

"Oh," replied Sarah. "It is still happening and she is so afraid of him she doesn't cry or complain to her parents. I don't want that to happen."

Apollonia leaned down, kissed Sarah on the forehead, and said, "It will never happen to you. Your father will never harm a hair on your head. I am going to protect you and your brother." It passed through her head yet again, '*Yes, protect you by having your learn to suck me the way I want to suck you.*' "What I need to ask is whether you like your mother's parents Grandma and Grandpa Cathcart?"

She brightened, but then became a bit morose, "They're not Jewish and. . ."

"I understand," said Apollonia, "but that will not be a problem. I promise you that if you live with them, you will forever be Jewish. What I need from you is a yes or no. If no, then we'll have to figure out a solution."

The question was finally asked by Sarah, "Where is my dad?"

"Your dad is a very sick man, sweetheart," answered Apollonia in a quiet soothing tenor. "He will not be part of your life anymore. It is with a heavy heart I sit here with you knowing your mother is gone from you forever. I promise you will learn about your father when you are old enough to understand. For now, please allow me to help you move to Grandma and Grandpa Cathcart's house. But, understand, you can call or see me whenever you need to talk or just sit with me and cuddle. Ok?"

Sarah looked at her brother, turned back to Apollonia, and said, "Jason too?"

Apollonia eyes twinkled. She broke out into an ear-to-ear smile and said, "But of course. He is family just like you are."

Both children smiled and hugged Apollonia. Inside Apollonia knew she bought some time before the truth about Joshua would have to be told to his children. It also allowed Colina to bury his sister in the family plot without having to worry about Sarah and Jason. The only caveat was her conversion to Judaism and although she was going to be interred in a Catholic cemetery, her service would be Jewish as would be her head and footstone.

"Are you guys hungry?" asked Apollonia with a new found exuberance considering she did not fall prey to orally raping the eight year old.

"YES!!!" they both cried.

Mario Moretti was outwardly stoical but inside he was as joyous as he'd ever been. For the first time in weeks, his daughters, their husbands, and their children were at his house for a Sunday evening meal. The antithesis to his joy was the abject hatred for the Oriental woman who shared his youngest daughter's bed. No matter how he sliced and diced his relationship with Apollonia, he wanted more than anything to see her stomach distended with child. The activity in his house was missing only one person; his wife Lucia. Every morning before sunrise and before he started his day, Mario walked to the back of the property where the love-of-his-life lay. He knelt, said a prayer, kissed

the ground, and wondered how long it would be before his Apollonia put him next to her hated mother. Tonight would be, he hoped, one of family and renewed interaction without any animosity for previous happenings. Mario sat in Lucia's chair in the breakfast room, sipped a glass of Moretti red wine, and watched as a voyeur the goings on in his house – the House of Moretti.

Raffaella and Ming tended to the preparation of the meal which was not the typical Italian Sunday night repast. In the top oven was a twenty-five pound turkey and in the bottom oven were a meat lasagna and manicotti. On top of the stove in a large soup pot was an Italian Wedding Soup, a large casserole containing a mix of green beans and peas, and in a large pot were three pounds of potatoes waiting for the last moment to be mashed into a buttery garlic concoction that everyone loved. In the refrigeration was a concoction of pureed fruits, milk, and yogurt for Colin to sip through his wired shut jaw.

Viviano cajoled Mario to sit in the great room and drink red wine where they could chat about business and sports while they watched the children run around playing a game of hide and seek. The only caveat given to the children was their inability to run up and down any of the four staircases that led to the balcony that circumnavigated the great room.

Apollonia, Colina, and the Goldsmith children arrived together. Raffaella noticed her sister enter the kitchen followed by Sarah and Jason Goldsmith. Bringing up the rear was Colina, but it was his entrance that got Raffaella to stop what she was doing to welcome him home. She went directly to him, put her arms around him, hugged him, and kissed his wired shut mouth making a point to let him know she was not afraid or offended by his temporary looks.

She released her hold and said, "My god Colin, did you lose a little weight in the hospital? Didn't they feed you? Either way, you look absolutely beautiful. What a lovely outfit." She paused, but before he could answer she said, "Welcome home!!!"

Embarrassed Colin responded in a soft voice, "Thank you Raffy. It is nice to be out of the hospital. I just have to suffer for the next six weeks with my mouth wired shut." He looked towards his wife, saw nod, and he said, "Please address me as Colina. Mistress Apollonia will not accept anyone calling me by my given name. I am a sissy and I have a sissy name, so, please address me as Colina."

Raffaella rubbed the uncovered skin on his face and said, "Colina. So it will be now and in the future. I know and no matter how fucked up your wife gets, I'll be here to fix you something to eat. In fact, instead of mashed up meat and vegetables, I've made five gallons of a fruit smoothie that go down quite easily. And, I bet you'll love the taste."

"Thank you. Think I'll just go into the family room and watch some television," he said.

"Don't think so," said Apollonia. "You need to stay here and help with dinner. You're not getting out of what you'd do if you weren't just out of the hospital. You're not so incapacitated that you can't help around the kitchen."

Before he could answer, Viviano who had just walked into the breakfast area to retrieve another bottle of Moretti red wine, chimed in, "The only thing Colina won't be able to do is suck cock for six weeks."

The response from Apollonia was swift, "Why don't you watch your mouth and for that matter, why don't you welcome her home by sucking her sissy clit. Because, you are also in contravention of my standing order to be naked in my presence and you did not kiss my ass as you are required."

No one said a word. The Goldsmith children stood frozen at the opening of the U countertop that made up the kitchen. Ming remained in front of the sink stunned at what Apollonia had said Viviano had to do. The look on Apollonia's face told the whole story. She was serious.

"You've got to be kidding," chided Viviano.

"No," replied Apollonia. "Neither of you are blood Moretti men. Both of you are here because you married a Moretti woman. As the head of the Moretti family, if I so decide, you're fuckin' out of here Viv. Now, since you think you made a funny, I think I'd enjoy seeing you suck my sissy's clit until he makes sissy milk for your enjoyment. Now get to it!!!"

The room remained silent until Raffaella stepped over the Sarah and Jason, put an arm on each of their shoulders, and said, "Let me take them into the great room where the other children are playing hide and seek. No need for them to be witnesses to something that is a private Moretti affair." She did not wait for an answer from her sister. Raffaella gently pushed the Goldsmith children to get them walking and guided them to the hallway that led to the great room. As she passed her husband she whispered, "Sometimes you're such an asshole, Viv."

Viviano hung his head, turned to face Apollonia, and said, "Please Apollonia. Please don't make me. I'm sorry. I was an asshole for saying what I did and I'm sorry for disrespecting Colin in front of everyone. Please don't make me. . ."

Apollonia watched Raffaella return to the breakfast room and waited until she returned to her spot in the kitchen. "First Viv, he is to be addressed as Colina. Colin Cathcart does not exist anymore." She turned to her sister, "Raffy, I think your husband needs to make amends. How would he like it if Colina said something like that to him when he just returned from the hospital with his jaw wired shut? I think he needs to do what I said. Don't you agree?"

Raffaella closed her eyes, thought for a moment, and said, "Why don't we just have Viviano apologize to Colina? Let's not turn this evening into a family feud."

"Just forget about it," said Colina. "I wasn't offended. Truth be told, I can't for six or more weeks and you all know I'd rather be on my knees suckin' a cock than using the one I have the way it is supposed to. Mistress, just forget it and let it rest."

The next interruption was the ringing of the guardhouse phone. Raffaella pressed past Ming, reached for the handset, picked it up, and said, "Yes?" She listened for a moment, cupped the mouthpiece with her left hand, and said to nobody in particular, "We have some unannounced company. Regina and Gregory Rheingold are here as well as a young man. His name is Rocco Traficant. What is our pleasure?"

"Rocco is here because of me," said Viviano. "I forgot that I invited him. He applied for a job on Friday."

"The Rheingolds have to be here to bust our nuts," said Apollonia. "Regina probably wants Viv's cock again. She was one well fucked client when she left here and I suppose she cannot wait until Monday night to get Moretti fucked again."

Raffaella getting a bit frustrated said, "Well?!?!"

The sigh was heard by all, "Let them in," said Apollonia.

Ten minutes later, Apollonia, Colina, Raffaella, Viviano, Mario, and Ming were in the great room to greet the guests. The children were sent to the third floor attic playroom. They were told not to make a lot of noise and the only one allowed downstairs was Antonio, but he had to have a good reason to leave the third floor. Mario was dressed casually in a pair of tan khaki pants, blue oxford button-down collar shirt, brown belt, and a pair of lambskin loafers. Viviano was similarly dressed except for his blue denim Levi 501 button front jeans. Raffaella wore DK denim skirt, a simple round neck top in white, and a pair of running shoes instead of heels because she was moving around the kitchen and between houses to prepare the meal. Ming was dressed in a black Mandarin Collar sleeveless dress that was just long enough to cover her privates. Apollonia wore a navy dress that was shoulder less. The material around her breasts was pleated and bunched. Below her breasts the dress hung tight to her body and like her lover it barely covered her privates. Both women wore thigh high stockings and heels.

Per instructions, Colina dressed in the outfit picked by his mistress answered the door. He invited Regina and Gregory Rheingold and Rocco Traficant into Mario's home. He took their coats, showed them to the conversation pit, and departed to hang their outerwear in the guest closet. He did not offer them anything to eat or drink. They could see there was finger food on one of the coffee tables and additional wine glasses if they chose to imbibe in some Moretti red wine.

"Regina," said Apollonia, "usually one calls before inviting themselves onto our compound and into our home. What brings you here?"

"Amazing news," replied the five foot eight inch beauty. The color to her auburn hair was fresh and she was dressed as if she was going to attend a gala event at some private venue. The outfit she wore was rather revealing for her unannounced visit to the Moretti compound. The front of the dress was wide open and the bra she wore pushed up her breasts giving any onlooker a good view of her tits.

A bit perturbed, Apollonia simply said, "Continue."

For the first time since they met, Apollonia saw Regina pause as if she was looking for the right words. It took a moment, but she found her strength and said, "I'm going to need to go down on you. I'm pregnant."

"As much as I'd like to press your face into my crotch," stated Apollonia with a stern overtone, "I'm not married to Viviano. The Moretti pussy you're going to suck for the rest of your life is my sister's."

Regina's jaw dropped because she was not congratulated by Apollonia and she thought the contract was with Apollonia. She stammered, "I-I-I thought the contract was between. . ."

Shaking her head in the negative, Apollonia pointed and said, "No, it was between the provider of sperm and his spouse. Always was that way. Guess you didn't read the entire agreement. So, I suggest you introduce yourself to my sister."

Raffaella stepped forward, offered her hand to Regina, and said, "Am I sensing a problem here?"

Quiet reigned supreme in the cavernous room as the only sound to be heard was the ticking of the grandfather clock at the end of the room next to the driveway. Everyone except for Rocco Traficant was well aware of what had to transpire. Viviano knew that Regina's husband would have to blow him to thank him for providing the sperm that created what he couldn't.

Rocco Traficant broke the silence, "Um, am I the odd person out here? Was I not invited to dinner?"

Mario stood, stepped over to the young man, and whispered in his ear, "Just take a seat and please keep your mouth shut. Viviano with my consent invited you, but we did not expect what you're about to witness." Mario took him by the elbow and guided him to the loveseat where he had been seated. While watching the other people in front of him, he stated in a stage aside whisper, "Remember, not a word. Watch, learn, and remember what I said to you in my office."

Regina Rheingold caught her breath and when she recovered she said, "It is my problem, but there is nothing that is going to prevent me from going down on you. I live by my word and I never go back on it. I want to thank you for allowing your husband to fill my barren womb with his fertile sperm. My husband only cums when he has a dildo in his mouth or up his ass. It will be a pleasure and an honor to kiss your vagina as a never ending thank you for fulfilling my biological need to procreate."

"We usually wear a different outfit," said Raffaella, "because we always have a party to announce the pregnancy. Moretti women wear a skirt that buttons up the front and the client is required to kneel and open each button to gain access to the pussy that was denied so you could get pregnant. It isn't my call to allow you access without the proper attire." Raffaella continued to hold Regina's hand when she turned her head and asked her sister, "Appy, shall we break protocol?"

Her tongue travelled over her lips wetting them before she spoke. To add insult to injury, Apollonia stepped over to Ming placed her left arm around her shoulders and pulled her close to her. She kissed Ming pressing her body to hers. When she broke the kiss she did not release her lover, but continued to hold her close. The only person showing an outward anger at her display was her hated father. She noticed his distaste and for a moment started at him and smiled the smile that says, *'fuck you.'* Apollonia turned her face to her sister and said, "We have a guest that I don't know and I'm going to address that later, but we're happy that Regina is pregnant. I'll accept her coming here unannounced and if I want to be a bitch I should require her to suck all adult pussy that is here now, but I won't. I'll let her thank the Moretti family by breaking protocol just this once."

Raffy smiled, nodded her head, and took Regina's hand and placed it between her legs. "Go down on me. Kiss my vagina."

Regina Rheingold did not hesitate. The knowledge that a baby was growing inside her body was enough to allow her to sink to her knees, slide the hem of Raffaella's skirt up, and with eyes wide open lean in and place her lips on Raffaella's panty covered vagina. Raffaella placed her hands on the back of the client's head and said, "When I release the hold I have on your head command your bitch to suck my husband's cock. Then you are to move the panty so you can truly kiss my cunt."

Regina did as she was told when Raffaella released her hold. "Gregory, show everyone the beautiful lingerie you have on under your men's clothing. When you're ready, put on your heels and ask the man who knocked me up if you may suck his gigantic cock to thank him."

Gregory Rheingold, the last living member of the family that started Rheingold beer, did not respond verbally. He stood, removed his shirt, pants, and shoes. He was hairless and his smooth skin glowed from the body softener he had applied per his Mistress' direction. His outfit was as white as a vestal virgin would wear. He wore white satin and lace panties with a pretty little bow on the waistband. His sissy clit was tucked to keep the front of the panty as feminine as possible. A white lace and satin bra surrounded his budding breasts and garter belt surrounded his torso just above his hips. The shoes he removed from the small bag he was carrying were white with a good five inch heel. He slipped them on over the satin sheen thigh high elastic lace-top stockings that covered his thin feminine legs to the perfect spot on his thighs. He stood, moved to where Viviano stood without wobbling which meant he practiced walking in high heels, and offered his thin feminine hand to Viviano. He said, "Mr. Viviano, may I please offer my thanks to your ginormous manhood for giving my wife what I could not. I willing submit to you per the agreement between our families."

Viviano was not prepared to be sucked off, but as any man will tell you, the offer of a blow job is never refused. Well, some are because of the person making the offer. He looked around the room, paused, stepped to where his wife stood, and said, "To complete your offer, you must do everything. Open my pants, remove the cock that fucked your wife, suck it, and show me my ejaculate before you swallow."

"Regina, do not watch your sissy," commanded Raffaella. "Your business is providing my pussy with the pleasure it missed because my husband was between your legs and not mine."

Regina Rheingold groaned as she pressed her head forward to the uncovered vagina that she would have to kiss and suckle in gratitude for her pregnancy and child.

Gregory Rheingold, his hands shaking, and opened the buttons on Viviano's denim jeans. He pulled them down to find he was not wearing underwear which allowed his slightly hard cock to spring forth. The newly crowned sissy took the cock that provided the sperm to impregnate his wife in his hand and before he could put the head into his mouth he was stopped by Viviano.

Viviano put his right hand under Gregory's chin and lifted his head so their eyes met. He did not say anything for a moment. Then he said in a rather nasty tone, "Sissy bitches always look into the eyes of the man they're sucking off. You will make and keep eye contact with me throughout the entire process of sucking my cock. I will slap your head or your face if you don't comply or forget who is in control here. Teeth on my cock causing any level of pain or discomfort will result in more than a slap. Now, faggot, prove to everyone here that you're nothing more than a sissy cocksucker."

Regina Rheingold moaned when she heard what was said to her husband, but it was the smooth skin of Raffaella's adult vagina that was making her own cunt flood with sexual juices. Her own tongue played between Raffaella's labia, caressed her uncovered clitoris, and much to her own amazement she forced as much of her tongue as she could into the opening of Raffaella's body. She felt the Moretti woman shift her legs and her hips which gave her easier access to her charms. Regina knew that the move was borne of practice to allow women in her position to offer their thanks. Thanks for having a true and real man between their legs. A man that fucked like a man and not like a sissy. A man that ejaculated one hundred percent viable sperm into her womb. The thought was enough to cause her to orgasm as she ate Raffaella.

Rocco Traficant sat dumbfounded as he watched a husband and wife offer oral services to his future boss and his wife. He looked at Mario and started to say something, but was stopped when he felt a hand take hold of his balls through his dress pants and squeeze. His jaw dropped and he groaned in pain. Mario Moretti leaned into him and reiterated, "Don't say a word. Keep your fucking mouth shut. I am going to release your balls and all I want to see is your nodding head that you understand. Because as God is my witness, you say one word I will slap you silly and then you'll be the center of attraction as I fuck that virgin ass of yours."

The young veteran did as he was told when his balls were released. He thought, *'What the fuck did I get myself into? As soon as I can, I'm out of here.'* He looked at Mario and mouthed, "I'm sorry."

Viviano kept Gregory centered on sucking his cock and not on trying to catch glimpses of his wife sucking pussy. His eyes would stray for a millisecond and Viviano would slap his head to get him back on task. Raffaella knew that the moment her husband ejaculated into the sissy's mouth, she would press her cunt into the client's face signaling the beginning of the end of their first time obligation to orally thank them. Both Viviano and Raffaella knew that going forward each of the Rheingolds would perform the obligation or face the loss of their child and complete embarrassment to the world at large.

Ten minutes passed and Viviano was nowhere near breaking through the barrier of an orgasm. He grabbed Gregory's ears, pulled his head from his cock, and said, "Where the fuck did you learn to suck cock? What you have in your mouth is not a manufactured dildo. If you can't get me off, then I suggest you stand bend over the couch and I will take what I need by using your virgin ass as a masturbation tool." To his amazement, that is exactly what Gregory did. He rose, moved to the side of the couch, pulled his panties down, and offered his sissy pussy to Viviano.

"Please Mr. Viviano!!! Fuck me the way you fucked my wife," he beseeched Viviano. "I have done what I know needed to be done. My ass pussy is clean. Six enemas to make sure that I would pass the cleanliness test. Please, Mr. Viviano!!! Fuck me!!!"

With the wimpiest begging he's heard in a long time, Viviano could not refuse. He used the saliva that Gregory had left on his cock as the only lubricant. He did not warn his prey. He stepped up, placed the head of his cock at the sissy's hole, and pressed the full nine-and-a-half inch length into the client's rectum. He held his cock there for longer than he wanted to because he had to use his right hand to cover Gregory's mouth to stifle the cry of pain as his ass pussy was stretched and his cherry was broken. When he felt the sissy relax he began to fuck him the same way he fucked his wife.

It didn't take long for the pain to subside and be replaced with a feeling of fullness and pleasure. Gregory Rheingold took but a moment to get used to being fucked, he immediately knew that it was what he had always wanted, and responded by clinching his asshole and pressing his body back into Viviano as he thrust. Gregory could not keep from saying what he was more than enjoying, "God, fuck me!!! I waited too long for this to happen!!! Use me!!! I'm your bitch!!! Make me pregnant!!! FUCK ME!!!"

Regina heard her husband's cries of pleasure. What made her piss and moan inside her head was her inability to watch a real man take his ass and turn it into a pussy. She licked harder as Raffaella guided her oral ministrations. Viviano looked over to his wife, nodded, and said, "Just a minute or two more and I'm going to make him into what he always wanted to be – a fuckin' sissy bitch with a forever available sissy pussy."

True to what he had just stated, Viviano Rossi tightened his grip Gregory Rheingold's hips, and slammed his massive cock into his body three more times. The third time he pressed and kept his cock buried to the hilt. It wasn't Viviano that cried out in orgasmic pleasure, but Gregory, "OH MY FUCKIN' GOD!!! HE IS FILLING ME!!! I CAN FEEL IT!!!"

Raffaella released Regina's head and allowed her to turn her face to see her husband bent over taking the cock that impregnated her impregnate her sissy husband. All she could say was, "FUCK!!!"

Gregory Rheingold could not stop the inevitable. His useless penis was hard and as his ass was being made into a sissy pussy, he ejaculated his forever to be called sissy milk onto the leather of the couch. As soon as Viviano pulled out of his christened sissy pussy, he pushed Gregory's head to the small amount of ejaculate and said, "First clean up your sissy milk and then clean the cock that made you into the bitch you always wanted to be."

Gregory did as he was told and when everything was said and done, both parties to the Moretti Agreement were as happy as two pigs in a dirty disgusting pig sty. It didn't take long for everyone involved to calm down. Raffaella and Vivian took seats across from the Rheingolds. They watched as the two newly inducted Moretti clients acknowledged their new status within their marriage. Regina Rheingold held her husband's hand and quietly said to him, "From this moment on, you're nothing to me. You'll never be the man I thought you'd be. You proved that when you preferred to be taken anally rather than orally. I will allow you to wear men's clothing for work, but underneath you will wear only women's lingerie. When you arrive home and on weekends you will dress appropriate to your station. You are forever a sissy, a faggot, and you shall never sleep beside me again."

"Yes dear," replied Gregory.

"Guess it is time for you to return home," said Apollonia. "We'll expect final payment to be delivered here no later than Monday afternoon at the close of normal business hours. We will monitor your pregnancy and after you deliver we will have a party where you will repeat today's activities in front of the Moretti family and invited guests."

Regina nodded her head, stood, offered her hand to Apollonia, and said, 'By noon Miss Moretti. Thank you."

Colina felt for Gregory, but did not express his sentiments. He retrieved their coats and showed them to the door.

Apollonia walked behind the loveseat, put her hands on Mario's shoulders, and said, "So, asshole father, who is the young man sitting next to you? And, why is he here?"

Mario went to turn his head and was immediately stopped by Apollonia. He knew better than to make a scene. "Viv and I interviewed him on Friday. He came to the office seeking a job. He is an Iraqi war veteran. He will be attending the Albert Nerken School of Engineering at The Cooper Union. He will be studying engineering and came to Moretti Construction seeking part-time employment. Based upon his alpha personality, I, no, Viv with my concurrence, invited him here to have dinner in hopes you would find him intelligent, handsome, and sexually attractive."

Leaning down next to his left ear, Apollonia whispered, "Are you sure you're not after his pretty Italian ass? That is a rhetorical question." She stood up but kept her hands on her hated father's shoulders and asked, "Viv, you really thought I'd entertain meeting someone you thought. . ."

"Excuse me, Appy," interjected Viviano, "I thought he would at least make a good candidate. I think if you take the time to speak to him and check out his package, you'll be interested. I was just thinking about the family."

"But you didn't think to put into perspective that I did meet someone," she retorted. "Someone you have already met. And, like any good brother-in-law you should have called this young man to cancel his coming to of all things Sunday dinner."

Viviano did not have an answer. He sat quietly next to his wife waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Apollonia walked around to the center of the conversation pit. She motioned for Ming to come to her side. She then she spoke directly to the young man, "Listen kid, I don't permit my family to make dates for me. The only thing you can do is ingratiate yourself to Mr. Moretti by offering to suck his cock. I know he told you that. The asshole always tells every handsome young man to suck his cock to be assured a place within his company. As for me, I don't need or want you or your cock."

"Jesus, what a fucked up family," said Rocco Traficant. "If you'll excuse me, I'll just take my leave. And, as far as working at Moretti Construction, if I have to suck cock to get the job, fuck you and the horse you all rode in on."

It was Raffaella who responded, "When you were at the Moretti Construction offices did you fill out an employment application?"

Stunned at the question, he replied, "Yes. Why?"

She laughed, smiled, and said, "I suggest you take back what you just said. And, I implore you take the time to do an Internet search or go to the New York Public Library and research our family. When you've gathered all the information you need to educate yourself about the Morettis I suggest you reconsider what you just said. It would take just one phone call for this family to ruin your life. Do you want to reconsider?"

"Reconsider what?" he asked.

"Reconsider not sucking my father's cock to get a job," Raffaella replied. "Best thing you could do is to table the idea, do as I said concerning educating yourself about this family, and calling to find out where and when you are going to kneel and suck my father's cock."

"I-I-I," was all he could get out as his mind grew cluttered with his desire and need to leave the Moretti compound. Rocco Traficant took a deep breath, exhaled, and said, "I apologize for my insensitive remarks. I will forget about the part-time job and I will not say anything about tonight. Please, just let me leave."

"Raffy call the kids down," said Apollonia, "I'm hungry. Rocco, care to join us?"

"Are you serious?" he asked.

"No, but I'm interested in how long it will take you to fall to your knees and beg Mario to kiss and suckle his cock," she replied. "Colina, get his coat, and show him to the door. Unless, he wants to return to my house with you Colina where you can undress him, shave him, and return him here in one of your favorite outfits. I think we'd all get a laugh seeing Rocco totally feminized."

"Jesus," Rocco moaned, "please just let me leave. All I wanted was a part-time job doing anything to help me gain the knowledge I needed to succeed as a civil engineer."

It was Viviano who offered another solution, "Rocco, just get undressed. Sit at the table, naked of course, have dinner, and if you're so inclined you can get dressed and leave or you can kneel and fellate my father-in-law. If you leave, I promise nothing will happen. If you do as Mr. Moretti requested you will find a place in our company as a paid intern with dual responsibilities. . ."

Rocco interrupted, "And what would those responsibilities consist of?"

"That's simple Rocco," replied Viviano. "Your first responsibility is to suck Mr. Moretti off every morning after his arrival, do your work, and finish your day by sucking me off. If I'm not there, you're not responsible to perform fellatio on anyone else. Oh yes, if Mr. Moretti isn't available, then you have to keep a counter of the missed blowjobs and makeup for the missed ones as soon as you can."

Rocco did not move from the loveseat. He covered his crotch to try and hide his partial erection which was the result of seeing the woman named Regina kneel down and suck on Viviano's wife Raffaella. He was not turned on by the man-to-man contact. Rocco knew from the stern look on all the participants faces they were not kidding about his succumbing to the demand he suck cock. The one thing that did intrigue him was the possibility of getting into Apollonia's pants. To him, she was one hot babe as was her sister, but the Oriental babe was totally within his masturbation wheelhouse as he always wanted an Asian girlfriend.

Before he could respond, Raffaella returned to the great room with the children. He watched as five of the children walked to where Apollonia and the Oriental woman stood. The two young Asian boys took each hand of the woman which he assumed to be their mother. The other three hugged Apollonia and returned to Raffaella which he assumed to be their mother. The other two children stood apart and did not greet Apollonia. Rocco could see impatience building on Viviano's face.

"Um," he started, "I am to assume that you want me to undress in front of the children?"

"Wouldn't have said it," answered Viviano, "if I didn't mean it. All except the two youngsters standing slightly away from my wife, every one of them have been around naked men and women. Nudity is not something dirty in this family."

The way Rocco's head moved it could have been a stand in for Linda Blair's head spinning three hundred sixty degrees in *The Exorcist*. He was trying to look all around, but his head was not on a swivel. His nervousness started to show and his alpha façade was beginning to breakdown. The decision would forever change him and he certainly did not want to be known as a cocksucker. He looked at the Asian woman and his cock jumped as he thought about finally living out his sexual fantasy.

Rocco closed his eyes hoping to open them and find that he was living in a dream. When he opened them reality struck him square in the face. His erection subsided which made him feel one hundred percent better. One last scan of the room and he formulated the question that could defuse the situation and not force him to do anything he didn't really want to. "Any chance I can take a rain check? I'd feel a lot more comfortable if the youngsters weren't here. I don't think that is too much to ask."

Apollonia stepped over to the loveseat, lifted her dress to reveal she was not wearing any panties. Rocco's eyes bulged out of his head and his cock began to harden anew. Nothing got by Apollonia, "Lean forward. Kiss my cunt. Then say to yourself that you're not going home tonight. Tonight you will stay here with Mario and become his bitch. Fuck working at Moretti Construction. You'll make so much more money by learning to suck Moretti cock and take Moretti cock up your ass."

It took a minute for Rocco to recover before he responded to Apollonia. "I'm not a fag. I do not and will not suck cock, period."

It was Viviano who took control of the situation. He gently moved Apollonia away from the front of the loveseat. He offered his hand to the young man. When he had Rocco's hand in his he pulled him up to a standing

position and said, "No problem Rocco. Colina will get your coat and he will see you to the door. Drive safe back to Queens and don't bother returning to the Moretti offices."

"So," he said, "I'm not going to have a part-time position at the company."

"You want to work for Moretti?" asked Viviano rhetorically. "Then slide to the floor, open my father-in-law's pants, and suck his cock. If not, no harm no foul. We will not do anything to hurt your future."

Rocco Traficant stood, looked down at Mario, back to Viviano, across to Apollonia, and said, "I would have loved to work at Moretti Construction, but I am not a cocksucker. To be honest, I'd love to make love to the Asian woman. That would definitely float my boat, but sucking cock will sink it like the Titanic. Therefore, I'll take my leave if someone would get my jacket."

Five minutes later, the adults were seated at the main table in the dining room. The children were seated at a larger children's table. Apollonia sat at the head of the main dining table. To her right was Viviano and to her left was Ming. Colina was seated at the end opposite to his Mistress. Mario was to Colina's left which put him next to his oldest daughter. Raffaella and Colina brought the food to the table. When they were finished, Raffaella asked, "Who is going to say grace?"

Sarah Goldsmith, not knowing the protocol of Sunday dinner or an Italian family dinner, immediately said, "Jason and I do not say grace. We're Jewish."

"As I told you earlier," stated Apollonia, "we will not make you change in the least. While we say grace just sit there quietly and say the Hebrew prayer that is said before eating a meal." She looked around and decided it should be Colina who said grace. "Colina, please say grace."

Colina did as he was asked. The Goldsmith children quietly recited the Hebrew prayers. When Colina finished everyone began to eat.

Ming took the initiative to go to the children's table to help the youngest with their food. She cut into small pieces the turkey for Lian, Shen, Alessa, and Jason. When required she poured drinks for them all and made no bones about being the one to help with the children's meals.

The conversation was nil until Raffy asked, "So Appy, who is this individual you met?"

Apollonia leaned back in her chair, thought for a moment before answering, and when she knew her silence was becoming an issue she said, "I met him in a coffee shop as I wandered on foot away from the hospital. He approached me and I invited him to sit while we drank our coffee and ate our breakfast Danish." She looked directly into Ming's eyes knowing she was curious about this unknown man. Apollonia smiled at her, "I was going to tell you when the time was right."

Ming smiled back and said, "No problem. I trust you implicitly."

Deciding to be a bit more open and forthright, Apollonia continued, "His name is Alessandro Bruno. He is a non-practicing attorney. Writes freelance non-fiction pieces for magazines and trade papers and is working on a novel. He was with us when I was called by Felicia Dwyer as she lay dying in a stairwell. He accompanied Nathan and me to the townhouse. We were both sexually charged, but I did not fornicate with him. He began to learn about a female dominated relationship. . ."

Raffy chimed in, "What did you do? Fuck his ass with an object not made for insertion into that part of a man's body?"

"No," stated Apollonia, "I did get him to masturbate for me. Not once, but twice as I remember. I also cajoled him into letting Sienna remove his body hair and give him several enemas to begin the process."

"You're a bitch," chided Raffy. "How hung is he?"

The laugh that came from Apollonia was something no one expected. She sat up and said, "He's a good ten-and-a-half inches. Nice head and shaft. I had to control myself." She paused, looked at Ming, and said, "He is for both of us."

"Really," said Ming. "I thought you wouldn't share such a stud."

"Yes I'm thinking I could allow him to put his seed into my womb, but, he has to step up and prove he's worth it," said Apollonia. "He traces his family back to the Bruno faction of the five families. And, much to my amazement he knew nothing of the Moretti family. Truth be told, I know he wants to have carnal relations with me. A typical man; he thinks with his cock and not his brain when he is around a beautiful woman."

"And I was denied," cried Antonio totally out of the blue and somewhat out of character.

Shocked that he opened his mouth, Apollonia looked at him and simply pointed to the side of her chair between Ming and herself. Antonio knew he was in trouble. He stood and made his way from the children's table with his head down to the spot his aunt had pointed. He licked his lips and remained looking at the floor. Sarah Goldsmith watched intently to see what if anything would unfold between Apollonia and Antonio.

Apollonia put her hand under Antonio's chin, lifted his head, and asked, "What is your problem?"

With his eyes filling with tears, he mumbled, "My whore was taken from me this weekend."

"And rightly so, young man," stated Apollonia with a controlled anger. "She was taken home because we have guests that are not privy to your weekend activities."

"I know," he moaned, "but, I haven't. . ." Antonio paused which gave his aunt an opening.

"Spewed your seed," she said. "You haven't expended the sperm that is filling your preteen testicles? Is that what this is all about?"

Sarah Goldsmith felt a pang. Then her panties became wet. Ever since she arrived and spent time with or around Antonio, she felt something within her and now she understood what it was. Sarah Goldsmith was taken with Antonio Rossi. She thought, *'If he wanted to, I would have.'*

Antonio did not answer his aunt. His silence was all she needed and now because of it, she was going to embarrass him in front of the family. "You know the rules for every Moretti man. Moretti men do not masturbate and spill their seed for their own pleasure. Moretti men fuck women in hopes of impregnating them. Married Moretti men enjoy their sexual liaisons with their wives who are educated to never say no to their husbands. They also use sissies and faggots to help them get off. That isn't fucking. Using a sissy is simply an act of masturbation without using ones hand. Get undressed Antonio."

He eyes bugged out of his head. "Here, now?" he asked.

"Don't sass me, boy," said Apollonia. "Who am I?"

"You are the head of the family," replied the now frightened Antonio.

"Then. . ." was all Apollonia said.

Raffaella and Viviano sat knowing better than to open their mouths. Mario shook his head in the negative. Ming closed her eyes and silently prayed that her lover would not do something she would regret. Carmen, Alessa, and Sarah watched while the younger boys kept their eyes on their plates. Somehow each of them knew that it would be better to keep their heads down than to watch what was going to happen.

Antonio did as he was instructed. First he removed his sneakers and socks. Then he removed his shirt, pants, and underpants. When he was done folding his clothing he stood next to his aunt with his hands by his side. Antonio Rossi knew better than to cover his genitals. He flinched when he felt his Aunt Apollonia put her hand around his testicles. His tears could not be stopped as they rolled down his face. He did not whimper or outwardly cry. The tears spoke volumes to everyone at the table.

"Who do these testicles belong to, Antonio?" asked a rather calm Apollonia.

"They belong to the Moretti family," he replied in a quiet voice.

"Louder," she commanded.

With a more powerful voice, he replied, "They belong to the Moretti family."

"That is fifty percent correct young man," scolded Apollonia. "Who do they belong to?"

Antonio shivered and said, "They also belong to the head of the Moretti family."

"And who is that?" growled Apollonia.

"You are Aunt Apollonia," he groaned waiting for the inevitable pain to rise from his nut sack.

"That is right, boy," she scolded. "I have the right and the power to rip your balls from between your legs. Are you so horny that you can't survive until next weekend to release your seed into your whore's holes?"

"Please Aunt Apollonia," he begged. "Please don't. . ."

"Colina, into the breakfast room and retrieve a chair. Bring it here so Antonio can stand on it," she commanded her sissy husband.

In less than thirty seconds, Antonio Rossi stood stark naked on the chair facing the table. His aunt replaced her hand on his testicles. He stood waiting for whatever she was going to do to him. Antonio wanted to go to his room and hide. His mind raced with the possibilities of his punishment for speaking when he wasn't supposed to. All he wanted was to survive his humiliation at the hands of his favorite aunt.

"What's for dessert?" asked Apollonia.

"Apple pie and ice cream," replied Colina.

"Bring Antonio's portion," she commanded to no particular person.

Colina did not hesitate. He stood, went into the kitchen, and with a speed that impressed everyone returned with a plate on which were a piece of pie and a scoop of chocolate ice cream. He had a choice, but he knew Antonio loved chocolate. He looked at Apollonia to get a clue as to where she wanted the plate and when he saw her finger point to the table space in front of his nephew he brought it over.

"That is your dessert boy," said Apollonia. "If you want to eat it, I suggest you give it something tasty."

Antonio looked at his aunt and begged, "Please Aunt Appy. Don't make me!!! I'm sorry!!!"

"Sorry is not good enough Antonio," stated Apollonia. "Sorry is for losers and you're not a loser or are you?"

Everyone at the main table knew what Apollonia was going to make Antonio do. They did not speak up. Silence was the better part of valor.

Using time management, Apollonia waited and while she waited, she gently rolled Antonio's balls in the palm of her right hand. Every so often she would use the tips of her fingers to gently caress the area behind his balls. When she did Antonio reacted as any male would. Slipping finger in his ass was a possibility, but that thought came and went. She could feel the stress in her nephew's body. Apollonia knew the toll stress could take on the body and mind of an individual, but Antonio needed to understand the rules of the family.

"Question, if you could, who would you like to have sex with right now?" asked Apollonia. She knew he would not say her, although he did make it plainly obvious that he desired her.

As any child would, Antonio looked to his mother and father to get him out of the situation he was in. His eyes pleaded to them. Having to jerk off in front of everyone including the other children was not something he wanted to do. He could not help moving when his aunt lightly stroked his perineum. He was so close to bursting out in tears, but that would only enrage his aunt. He finally gave in to his childishness and said, "Mom, dad, please help me."

It was neither Raffaella nor Viviano who responded to his plaintive cry for help. Mario Moretti leaned forward in his chair, placed his arms on the table in front of him, and said, "Enough Apollonia!!! He's only a boy. Do not fall into the abyss of humiliating children. What he did is a small infraction in the grand scheme of Moretti Mores, Rules, and Regulations. You know if I was sitting there, this would not be happening."

Apollonia applied pressure to her nephew's balls. He cried out in pain. Mario Moretti seethed as he watched his youngest daughter first humiliate the boy then caused him pain. Why his parents were not coming to his aid bewildered him. He stared hard at his daughter and saw the fear in her eyes. Something had transpired between her, her husband, and Apollonia. Something more than just a simple misunderstanding between sisters and he knew he'd have to get to the bottom of the something. He sat watching and seething, but he knew the crazy bitch would not care that there were children present when she would counter any physical move he made. Instead, he showed his anger by staring at her with a look of total hatred.

"Well Antonio, who would you like to have sex with?" asked Apollonia a second time. "And, don't think your mother and father are going to help you. It was your father who raped your asshole the other night. Your mother accused me of fuckin' your dad and that added to the sibling problems. It will be simple for me to add you to the list. All I have to do is kiss you, but dear boy, not in the way you're thinking. Answer my question!!!"

A thunderbolt hit Mario. He knew and understood why Antonio's parents sat quietly by as Apollonia humiliated their son. *'I have to talk to both of them to confirm,'* he thought, *'if what I am thinking is true, Apollonia has created a monster that needs to be dealt with.'*

Antonio succumbed to his fear and said in a whiny little boy voice, "Sarah. I would have sex with Sarah."

"Sarah Goldsmith," said Apollonia, "you'd like to have sex with Sarah?"

"Yes," the helpless boy replied.

"Sarah, come here," said Apollonia.

Sarah Goldsmith could not believe what she had heard. It was like he read her mind. Fearing the worst, but wanting to experience sex, she stood and went to the head of the adult table and stood next to the chair on which Antonio stood. She had seen pictures of naked boys and once in a while she would see her brother naked. Sarah just wondered what was going to happen.

"Ask her," commanded Apollonia.

Fearing the worst, Antonio asked, "Sarah, would you have sex with me?"

The world in the dining room held their collective breath.

Sarah reddened with embarrassment. She waited a moment and replied, "Yes. It is like you read my mind."

Apollonia's reaction was quick and decisive. She slapped Sarah across the face. The girl broke out in tears and fell to the floor. The head of the Moretti family was stunned. She looked at Antonio and then at the prostate Sarah Goldsmith and decided she'd seen and heard enough. She rose from her chair, took Antonio by the waist, and lifted him off the chair, and set him down on the floor. Everyone saw it and hoped she would do nothing more to the children. Her eyes grew dark. Her face showed the anger as her hands began to open and close. Her cunt was throbbing thinking about how she wanted to suck Sarah's cunt. As she did earlier that day, she castigated herself for thinking such thoughts, but the little nymphet wanted to lose her virginity to her nephew.

"NOOO!!!" cried Apollonia. "Antonio Rossi you are forbidden to go near that girl. I find out you had sex with her and I will personally rip your young Moretti balls from between your legs. Now get fuckin' dressed and thank God that I didn't kiss you the way I kissed your mother and father."

"FUCKIN' CUNT!!!" cried Mario. "YOU KISSED RAFFAELLA, YOUR SISTER, AND PUT THE KISS OF DEATH ON HER!!! YOU FUCKIN' CUNT!!!"

Apollonia turned to her father and screamed, "YOU PEDOPHILE PIECE OF DOG SHIT!!! I NEVER FORNICATED WITH OR HURT A CHILD THE WAY YOU AND LUCIA DID. I HOPE YOU FUCKIN' DIE IN PRISON!!! I HOPE SOME BIG FUCKIN' NIGGER RAPES YOUR OLD FAT ITALIAN ASS AND TEARS UP YOUR INSIDES SO YOU DIE A HORRIBLE DEATH!!!"

Ming Zheng finally got into the fray, "APOLLONIA MORETTI, ENOUGH!!!"

Sarah Goldsmith calmed down enough to stand and back away from the woman who told her she was to be protected while at that very moment she was crying from the sting of a quick face slap. She wanted to get back to the children's table, but it was the Asian woman who caught her and pulled her to where she sat. The same visceral reaction that Apollonia had when she touched Sarah coursed through Ming's body. Immediately she wondered how a young girl could start her juices flowing so quickly. Ming took a deep breath and knew what caused the reaction. Sarah Goldsmith had sexual pheromones that were very strong and anyone attuned to them fell under their spell.

Raffaella stood, went to her son, and helped him get dressed. She pulled him into her voluptuous body and cradled him to calm him down, "Antonio, please don't cry. She didn't mean a word of what she said. Aunt Appy is under a lot of stress. I'll take you home and you can relieve your pain."

"Oh no he won't," interjected Apollonia, "if he wants to jerk off, he'll do it here and now. He'll spew his seed on his dessert and then humiliate himself by eating it before we have ours. Antonio Rossi is a Moretti man and MORETTI MEN DO NOT MASTURBATE!!!"

Viviano finally had enough, "Why can't we sit and have a peaceful family dinner? Antonio, return to the children's table. Raffy, give him his dessert and the please serve the rest of us. Apollonia enough-is-enough."

The sun began to set and the darkness outside mimicked the color of Apollonia's evil eyes. The food had sated their hunger, but it did nothing to satisfy their interfamilial wars. The children, except for Antonio and Sarah, happily ate their apple pie and ice cream desserts. Each of the adults went into the kitchen to retrieve coffee to have with their dessert. Small talk about nonsense finally took over the gathering. The only individual with any sort of anger was Apollonia. She fought her inner demon to take Sarah Goldsmith home and give her what she wanted.

Apollonia sat back in her chair, closed her eyes, and thought, '*Am I my mother's daughter? I'm so enthralled with an eight year old. Business demands better of me. Is it the pressure or am I truly perverted. I did what was necessary to find out the truth about the rape of Alessa, but more fantastic was finding out she is my half-sister. The product of Mario's loins. I look at Sarah Goldsmith and my mind's eye goes directly to her crotch. What if I took her home this evening and enjoyed her. That can't happen, but I so want it to. I'll search my soul for an answer, but if I go over the line, I know my life will mimic Lucia's. Please, just let me get through the night until the Cathcarts arrive.*'

The guardhouse phone rang. Raffaella went into the kitchen to answer the summons. She returned less than two minutes later to announce the arrival of Colina's parents.

Colina was dumbfounded and said, "No one told me they were coming here. I don't want them to see me like this. I'm. . ."

"Oh no you're not," interjected Apollonia. "Your parents know everything including the death of their daughter your sister. They know you were hospitalized and are on the mend. All they want is for you to heal and return to a semblance of normality."

"Yeah," he responded, "normality for a transgendered sissy bitch to any Moretti man that wants me." He saw the look on his wife's face and immediately said, "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm just not myself."

The front door bell sounded and instead of Colina going to the door, Viviano did. He was the face of the Moretti family when the Cathcarts were notified of their daughter's death. After taking their coats and hanging them up, he brought them to the dining room.

"Viv," said Apollonia, "let's retire to the great room. We'll sit around the coffee tables, relax, and put everything into perspective." She smiled at her in-laws and said, "Lillian and William, welcome." She stood, walked around the table, hugged Colina's mother and father, and guided them back into the great room.

Raffaella took the initiative to herd the children together and march them up to the attic playroom. Once the children were settled, she called Antonio and Sarah to her side. She looked at them and said, "Do not do anything to make Aunt Apollonia angry. I don't care what just happened downstairs. I am telling you directly no sex. Antonio, keep it in your pants or I will personally castrate you. Miss Goldsmith, do not do or say anything to make my son have sex with you. You do not want my sister angry at you. That is all I have to say to you two."

Mario returned to the love seat. Ming and Apollonia sat together on the couch that faced the driveway while the Cathcarts sat on the opposite couch. Colina stood for a moment before his mother tapped the seat next to her signaling her son to sit next to her. Raffaella returned and stood next to her husband just behind the loveseat. Everyone could see that Lillian Cathcart was devastated at the loss of her daughter. William and Lillian held hands as they sat waiting and both wondering who would speak first.

Mario broke the silence, "I'd like to express my condolences at the loss of your daughter. May she rest in peace."

William replied, "Thank you."

Lillian turned to her son looked him straight in the eye and said, "Are you comfortable? How many weeks will your jaw have to be wired shut?"

"I'm fine mother," he replied. "Six weeks before the wires are cut and removed. Until then it is liquid food for me."

William leaned forward, looked at his son, and asked, "What is the prognosis?"

"I am going to be just fine dad," Colina replied. "The only caveat is I cannot take a hard hit to my face. Especially during the first ten to twelve months. Otherwise, when you look at me you'd never know what happened to me."

"Well, that is some good news," William said. "Now I'd just like to the real truth about how my daughter Elizabeth died. I absolutely smell something fishy."

"Please excuse the initial subterfuge Mr. Cathcart," said Apollonia knowing that her father-in-law hated that she would not call him or his wife dad or mom. "It is my intention to give you the whole truth about what happened to

Elizabeth. But, first I need a commitment, a promise that you will never disclose to anyone what you hear today. One small pinhole in the dam and the whole kit-and-caboodle can; no will come tumbling down. A lot of people can and will be hurt."

William looked at his wife and then his son. He saw Colina nod his head in the positive. He returned his eyes to Apollonia and said, "You don't have to worry Apollonia. I know a bit about the Moretti family and what I am most interested in is how my daughter met her end. Please do not sugarcoat it. I want the truth."

"Sometimes," interjected Mario, "it is better to not know. That way you can keep in your mind's eye your daughter as you knew and loved her. I can categorically state that most of the time the truth hurts so much the lie is a better solution for the long term."

"Thank you Mario," said William, "but, I want to know the truth. Look at my son sitting there dressed like a woman. I know he's doing things sexually I would never entertain. Lillian and I spoke about it numerous times and I have finally come to accept his decision to live his life as he does with your daughter. I need to know, because if I don't, the hole in my heart will never close. And, I'll pursue the truth no matter where it takes me and how long it takes." His gaze returned to Apollonia. He cracked a tight lipped smile and nodded to show he was ready to hear the truth.

"William, Lillian," and for the first time Apollonia said, "mom, dad, what I am about to tell you cannot be repeated to anyone including the police." Apollonia looked into both their eyes and saw first the sadness and second the desire within each of them to know the whole truth. "Elizabeth did not die as the result of an automobile accident."

"What???" asked William. "The police. . ."

"Please William," continued Apollonia, "please let me give you all the details before you react."

Shaking his head, he said, "Yes."

"Good," said Apollonia. She looked into her cup and saw it was close to empty. She wanted a moment, but knew she did not have it. "Raffy, would you please exchange this cup for a mug and fill it to the brim with black coffee."

Raffy took the cup and wandered to the kitchen. She returned two minutes later with a steaming mug of hot black coffee.

Apollonia took a sip, then a gulp, placed the mug on the coffee table in front of her, and said, "Elizabeth was murdered." She waited for the outburst, but to her amazement both William and Lillian sat and showed no emotion at the news. "Your son-in-law, the preeminent cardiothoracic surgeon, is a sociopath, a complete psychopath, and a confirmed serial killer. His mother raised him and abused him. His intelligence was the methodology he used to cover his insanity and growing need to murder to get sexual satisfaction. Dr. Joshua Goldsmith murdered your daughter, his wife, in a fit of sexual rage." Apollonia paused her narrative to take a gulp of hot black coffee. She waited for the outburst, which never came.

"I'm beyond being or getting mad," said William. "My wife and I have cried our eyes out over the loss of Elizabeth. I'm stunned that a man with his credentials could be such a chameleon. Please, Apollonia, don't sugarcoat it. I, we, need to know."

Colina reached for his father's hand and when he had it in his he stated, "I don't think you want to know the whole truth. Because, dad, the picture you have of Elizabeth in your head will be destroyed. I believe both of you would be better served if you leave the details out of what Apollonia just told you. There are things about Elizabeth you don't want to know. Trust me, because I know and. . ."

William for the first time showed a flash of anger, "Colin, do not tell me about what I should or shouldn't know. You're sitting there dressed as a woman. I hear them calling you the female version of your name. I watched

you suck Viviano's brother's cock at the cuckold wedding. No son or whatever you are, I WANT TO KNOW THE WHOLE TRUTH!!!"

"First, William," continued Apollonia, "did you know Elizabeth had an affair with a black man? And, during that time she allowed herself to be whored out to his friends and acquaintances?" She saw the shock of the news on both of their faces. Apollonia did not wait, "Yes, she was having trouble at home sexually. The good doctor was more interested in work than in pleasing your daughter. When Joshua found out he went crazy, but he didn't do anything physical to her. He came to me and I helped him find the men and teenaged boy that were involved. Without getting into the whole scenario, they're all dead now. Joshua got them addicted to a drug that was his concoction."

"Did he confront Lizzy?" asked Lillian Cathcart speaking for the first time since their arrival.

"Yes," replied Apollonia. "He confronted her and laid the law down to her, but even more, he broke all marital bonds with Elizabeth. He was not angel. He had girls on the side. Young girls that he wine and dined to get them close so he could satisfy his murderous needs. Once he had a sexual encounter with the girls. . ."

William, "How young are these girls? You're not using the word women to describe them."

"The youngest was twelve," said Apollonia. "The oldest was in her mid-twenties. As I was saying, he'd wine and dine them to get close and after their first sexual encounter, he would arrange a date and as he was fornicating with them he'd choke them to death. He got off seeing their life light diminish and fade from their eyes as they died. The sick bastard would ejaculate right at the moment they expired."

"Ok, so he's a sick bastard," stated William. "What happened to Elizabeth?"

"They had a fight," continued Apollonia. "It was during that fight Joshua raped Elizabeth." She paused giving her in-laws time to accept what she had just told them. Apollonia took another gulp of coffee and continued, "He took her anally. When he was done he forced her to take his shit covered cock into her mouth. She did not comply with his demands. He flipped out. Took her by the throat and squeezed until she lost consciousness. He broke her hyoid bone and crushed her larynx, esophagus and trachea. As she lay dying because she could not breathe, he urinated on her. And ultimately, the sick bastard ejaculated."

"How did she end up," William frowned for a second trying to remember the dame of the town in upstate New York, "in Ballston Spa?"

"That was my doing," answered Apollonia. "At the time, I was knowledgeable about Joshua's sociopathic tendencies and his serial killer past. I was trying to use him as a medical resource, but, when he murdered Elizabeth he came to me and begged forgiveness to further gain my trust and to help him from going to jail. It was my resources that set-up and implemented the false accident sight upstate."

William leaned forward with a scowl on his face and spat, "You were going to help him deceive us. What in your mind would allow you to do such a thing? You're married to our son!!! Tell me!!! Please!!!

The intake of breath was to control her emotions and her rising anger at William. She thought, *'It is not his fault. I was the person who thought Joshua was too important to lose. They need the truth and I have to fall on my sword.'*

"I have no excuse for my actions," she said after releasing the air from her lungs. "I did what I thought was in the best interest of the Moretti family. I did not even consider your feelings. For that I am truly sorry. . ."

"Where is the bastard?" asked William. "Where the fuck is he???"

"Joshua Goldsmith," started Apollonia, "is in my custody. Yesterday he took the life of a nursing student who was becoming very close to me on a personal level. He took her life because she would not provide sex for him in his office at the hospital. With her last dying breaths, she called me. I returned to the hospital with all due speed. I found

her in a stairwell. Her last word with her last breath was Goldsmith. It was a dying declaration which as you may or may not know is fully admissible in a court of law. But he'll never see a New York courtroom."

"What are you going to do with him?" asked William.

"I am going to give him what he deserves," replied Apollonia. "I am going to include his mother and his father. His father apparently is a total wimp subservient to his wife. Joshua and his mother will suffer before they're put out of their misery. This I can promise to the Cathcart family."

William Cathcart looked at his wife and said, "Can I be there? Can I watch that scumbag get what he deserves?"

"No dad," interjected Colina. "The further away you are the better. No matter how much you want to see the prick suffer, not being there isolates you from the actual activity that leads to his death. You protect yourself because you have no knowledge of what happened to them. Trust me, it is for the better."

"Yes," chimed in Mario, Raffaella, and Viviano. Ming Zheng sat quietly next to her lover keeping a watch over Apollonia so she did not explode.

"There is another issue," stated Apollonia. "Their names are Sarah and Jason. You are their grandparents. I do not know of any relations on the Goldsmith side. Anyway, I wouldn't trust them to take care of Elizabeth's children. Would you raise them?"

"They're young," countered William. "I don't know if I'm able to keep up with youngsters. What are they eight and five?"

"Yes," replied Apollonia. "If you take them, I will personally guarantee you'll have more than enough monetary resources at your disposal to care for them and have someone watch them when needed. I just have one caveat."

"Which is?" asked William.

"That they continue to be raised Jewish," answered Apollonia.

Lillian squeezed her husband's hand and said, "That is not a problem. The only logical place Sarah and Jason belong is with us. We love them dearly and their religious beliefs are theirs. We will do whatever we need to keep their religion as part of them as they grew into adulthood. With that said, any and all help will be appreciated."

"Thank you," said Apollonia. "Oh, one last bit of decision making. Colina wants Elizabeth buried in the Cathcart family plot, but that is in a Catholic cemetery. I think it would be best to bury her in a Jewish cemetery, but Colina is insistent that she be buried in the Cathcart family plot. I would ask that you honor your daughter, who converted to Judaism, by erecting a Jewish headstone and footstone for Elizabeth."

"Why don't we table that decision?" asked Lillian.

"We can't," responded Colina. "In the Jewish religion the dead are buried within twenty-four hours. All things considered, that means we need to inter Elizabeth tomorrow."

William spoke, "I have no problem with the request, but I think we need to call the cemetery and make sure it is acceptable to them. If not, I believe there are several Jewish cemeteries in Suffolk County and I'm sure we can find a spot for her to rest."

Colina eyed his parents and knew they were doing what Elizabeth would want. When she converted her entire being took on the social and religious aspects of Judaism. Except for her dalliance with the black men, she was a true believer. Colina thought a moment longer and said, "I'll get the names from the Internet and call tomorrow. If

you two are ok with it, so am I. We'll find a nice spot in one the Jewish cemeteries for Elizabeth. I'm ok going there to visit her."

"Good. Then we're settled," said Apollonia. "Anyone want something more than what is on the coffee tables to eat or drink?"

Everyone answered in the negative. The room remained quiet as each individual got lost in their own thoughts. Then a quiet conversation began between Colina and his parents about what to do with Elizabeth's belongings. Mario Moretti could say nothing negative about his daughter's handling of the situation, but in his mind's eye he needed to know what precipitated his youngest daughter's placing the never broken Kiss of Death on her sister and brother-in-law. He was surprised by her ability to make decisions and to use her intellectual power to mold the situation to her benefit. Raffaella and Viviano were actually recovering from the unannounced visit by the Rheingolds. Viviano wished he had called the young man to cancel his invitation after he met the man Apollonia brought to the townhouse. He knew he had to be smarter than he was in that situation. Unbeknownst to each other, both Apollonia and Ming were thinking about Sarah Goldsmith and how she affected each of them.

It was Lillian Cathcart who broke the silence, "Where are Sarah and Jason?"

"Oh, I'm bad," said Raffaella. "They're on the third floor in the attic playroom with my children and Ming's. Let me go get them and for that matter I'll bring them all down."

"Thank you," said Lillian. She looked at Apollonia, smiled, and asked, "How are we to receive the money we'll need to raise them?"

"Good question," replied Apollonia and something we'll have to arrange. "Colina and I can come to you for dinner or you can come here. To save you any trouble with depositing a large denomination check, we'll give you cash. If you need a place to keep it securely, we'll arrange to have a safe installed in your house."

"Oh my," said Lillian. "You seem to be talking about more money than. . ."

"Money is not the issue here, Lillian. I want them to grow up and make something of themselves. I hope you understand I have their best interests at heart," said Apollonia.

Antonio arrived first. He bounded down the stairs and went immediately to the coffee tables to see if there was anything he could have to eat. Sarah and Carmen arrived next. They were holding hands as if they'd been friends since they were born. Sarah saw her grandparents and made a beeline to the couch where they were sitting. She threw her arms around her grandmother and then her grandfather. Their smiles were genuine and loving. A minute later, Raffaella came down with the rest of the children. She was carrying both Lian and Shen because they did not want to leave the playroom. Jason Goldsmith did exactly as his sister when he saw his grandparents. Again their smiles were genuine and that brought a tear to Lillian's eyes.

"Are we going home with you?" asked Sarah.

William answered, "Yes you are, but I have to warn you that your rooms are not what you expect them to be, but we'll fix them up to your liking. Ok?"

Sarah rocked on her feet before she answered, "Anything you want grandpa. I'm just happy to be going home with you and grandma."

"Good," he stated, "then let's get the show on the road."

"Colina," ordered Apollonia, "please get their coats." She turned to the Cathcart's and said, "I know their clothing is still in the house in Westchester. We don't have the time to get there, so buy what they need and I'll reimburse you. . ."

"Appy," interjected Colina, "we do have a problem. They expected to be in school tomorrow and the school is in Westchester. Why don't I pack a bag. . ."

"Colina," chided Apollonia, "you are in no condition to attend to your sister's children. But, I will contact Nathan and have him. . ." She paused, thought for a moment, and said, "Shit, that won't work either."

Lillian asked, "Do you have the key to Elizabeth's house in Westchester?"

Colina answered, "I do. Why?"

"That's the first easy question to answer," chuckled his mother. "We'll stop at home, pick up a few days clothing, and we'll stay in Westchester with the kids until we get this figured out. Are we sure the internment is going to be tomorrow?"

"Yes," replied Colina.

"No problem," said Lillian. "William and I will stay with the children, bring them to the cemetery, and stay with them while we figure out the logistics of the situation."

"I like your style, Lillian," said Apollonia. "Let's get you the key and get you on the road. You guys have a bit of driving to do."

Colina left to retrieve the key to Elizabeth's house and when he returned his parents and his sister's children were by the double front doors waiting to leave. He kissed his mother, shook hands with his father, and hugged each child. Since all the good-byes were in order, Colina opened the door to allow his parents and his niece and nephew to leave. When he turned back to the room his eyes were red and the bandages just below them were moist. He wanted to go home to his house, into his room, and cry his eyes out over the loss of his sister. The sister who hated him for doing what he did, but came around to support him because she saw what a happy individual he became.

"Hey everybody," called Apollonia, "before we break up can we gather here in the conversation pit for a moment."

Every one found seats after the children were brought to the family room to watch some television. Mario remained in the loveseat. Raffaella and Viviano sat across from Apollonia and Ming. Colina stood behind the couch where Apollonia and Ming sat. Everyone patiently waited for Apollonia to speak.

"Tomorrow is going to be a long day," she started, "for the Cathcarts and Colina. I am not happy about losing another day, but life throws you curve balls all the time. Since we won't know until early tomorrow what time we need to be at the cemetery or for that matter which cemetery, let's try to keep our eyes on the big picture. We have phone calls to return to couples seeking our breeding help. Each of us has Moretti responsibilities and we need to catch up on those. There are two major issues that need to be resolved. The first is the expected arrest of Mario on murder charges. That should happen tomorrow or Tuesday. The second is the continuing endeavor to find and purchase a DNA lab with the end being the taking down of the Nassau County DA. I am appointing Colina as the lead in coordinating all activities surrounding the legal and questionable work we do. She will be the central point of contact. I think it is time for us to return home and get ready for the coming week."