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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 144

Monday – A Day of Tears – 10 March 2003

5:30AM

Monday morning started off with a bang. The gatehouse called Apollonia's phone precisely at 5:30AM to announce the arrival of two Nassau County Detectives and an Assistant District Attorney. They presented to the guard on duty two warrants. The first was a warrant to search the contents of Mario Moretti's house. The second was an arrest warrant charging Mario Moretti with second degree murder, second degree manslaughter, aggravated assault, deviate sexual intercourse, involuntary sexual intercourse, and kidnapping. The District Attorney decided to arrest Mario before he would be able to have his attorney present, but she did not realize that he lived in a secure compound on a private street that was not deeded to the Township of Lawrence or the County of Nassau. The ADA on site had to make a command level decision and if he made it wrong he knew his employment in the District Attorney's Office would be short lived. He instructed the guard to open the gate and was politely told he could go fuck himself.

"Miss Moretti," said the guard, "there are two cars here. They are an unmarked detective vehicle and what appears to be a pool vehicle from the District Attorney's Office. The ADA presented me with a search warrant for Mr. Moretti's house and a warrant for his arrest. What would you like me to do?"

The phone woke Apollonia out of a dead sleep, but she heard what was said to her as clear as a bell ringing in the cool summer air. 'Fuckin' assholes,' she thought, '*think that we won't be ready at this hour in the morning.*' She rolled out of bed, stood stark naked, and said to the guard, "This is private property. If they do not have a search warrant for Columbus Place in its entirety which comprises some fifty-one acres, tell them they cannot enter the compound. If they threaten to arrest you, let them. But, make sure they do not have access to the guardhouse. Lock the door behind you. If you understand just say 'yes'."

"Yes," replied the man working the overnight shift.

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5:40AM

The next phone call Apollonia made was to Viviano.

Raffaella answered the phone and when she heard the tone of her sister's voice immediately handed the handset to her husband who was also awoken by the early morning phone call.

"What time is it? What's up?" asked Viviano.

"The fuckin' police are here to arrest Mario," said Apollonia, "at fuckin' 5:30 in the morning. That cunt of a DA thought she'd get one over on us. I told the guard if they do not have a search warrant for the entire compound not to let them in. A stalling tactic at best, but you need to get to Mario's, wake him, and prepare him to be arrested."

"I understand," said Viviano. "What about you?"

"My next call is to Howard Cohen," Apollonia replied. "We all thought the information we had was good and Mario would not be arrested until Tuesday at the earliest. I have to make some calls. I want you to keep everything under control. Do not let Mario go off the deep end. Do not let the fuckin' detectives throw their weight around. If and when they take him, I want you to follow them. They'll probably go to the Fourth Precinct or direct to the County Jail in East Meadow."

"There is another tactic I can use," stated Viviano. "Under the law, I have the right to read every word of the search warrant and the arrest warrant. Don't know if that will stall them long enough but I could use that ploy."

"Won't really work, but give it a shot," said Apollonia. She hung up without waiting for a response.

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5:46AM

She made her way to her atelier where the upstairs extension to the Moretti private line was located. She opened the drawer, pulled out the phone, and hit the speed dial for Howard Cohen.

"Howard," said Apollonia, "sorry to awaken you, but the fuckin' Nassau County DA has sent two detectives and an ADA to arrest Mario."

The sleep that encased Howard's brain cleared as fast a roadrunner making its way across the Mojave Desert. This time he did not leave his bed. He sat up and said, "Do not play games with them. Let them arrest Mario. Find out where they are taking him. Most likely will be the Nassau County Jail in East Meadow, but they could pull a fast one and take him to the local precinct which, if I am correct, is the Fourth in Hewlett. They have to book him and then arraign him. They have to arraign him in Mineola at the Superior Court so he'll have to be transported." He paused for a moment, gathered his thoughts about who should appear in his defense, and said, "Whatever you do, do not stand in their way. You can stall by telling them they need a search warrant for the entire compound. That is total bullshit, but it should keep them busy for about fifteen to thirty minutes. Is there anything in Mario's house we need to worry about?"

An emphatic, "No!" came from Apollonia, "and we're already using the compound ploy."

"Then let them do their jobs," stated Howard Cohen. "I am going to make a few phone calls. I will personally represent Mario at arraignment. What I need to know is why my contact gave me bad information. Remember, let them do their jobs. I will have Mario released by the end of the day."

"I understand," said Apollonia. "I don't care what it takes, Howard, I need to be updated as soon as something of consequence happens. And, I will let you know where they're taking him when I find out. Damn, what about bail?"

Howard smiled to himself, "Miss Moretti, don't worry about bail. I know more than my share of bail bondsmen. Whatever the amount, I will post it. The Moretti family isn't going anywhere."

"Thank you," said Apollonia relieved that she would not have to transfer monies without knowing the bail amount. Both parties hung up without saying good-bye to each other.

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5:59AM

Apollonia returned to her bedroom to find Colina standing next to her bed in his pink pajamas. Her first thought was to yell at Colina, but she realized the activity in the house must have awoken him. She walked over to her sissy husband, placed her right hand on his cheek, and said, "I'm ok, Colina. We have a bit of a problem, but it is nothing I can't handle."

"Who is at the gate?" he asked.

"How did. . ." was the beginning of the question that was going to be asked by Apollonia. Her house was far enough away from the front gate that he should not have heard anything much less be awoken by the activity.

"I heard everything, Appy," said Colina. "You weren't very quiet or soft spoken. I am going to assume that the police are here to arrest Mario. What do you want me to do?"

Being the bitch she could be, Apollonia said, "If your jaw wasn't wired shut, you could offer to suck off the detectives and the ADA." She saw the look on Colina's face and realized that she did exactly what she scolded Viviano for saying. She did not apologize. She continued, "You're not going to believe this," she said, "but, I have this sick need for you do go down on me, but with your jaw wired shut it would be a totally inadequate and a very unsatisfying sexual encounter."

Colina, after the initial hurt from her statement about sucking off the detectives, smiled, a twinkle formed in his eyes, and he said, "Well, I could always put my sissy clit on your clit and I could attempt to. . ."

"No way bitch are you going to penetrate me!!! Just my luck, one of your sissy milk sperms will make contact with an egg and for me that would not be acceptable." scolded Apollonia. "You know the only parts of your anatomy that gets near my Moretti pussy are your lips, tongue, and fingers. I'm just glad I slept here tonight and not at Ming's house." Not at all fazed at her nudity, she paused, thought for a moment about the day and said, "Fuck!!! Go downstairs and put up a pot of coffee. Get the newspapers and when I'm dressed I'll come downstairs."

Foregoing her morning masturbation ritual, Apollonia decided to dress appropriately for the two expected events. The arraignment of her hated father and the funeral of her sister-in-law Elizabeth. She wore a custom made black two button single breasted man tailored business suit, white-on-white cotton and silk blouse, and a pair of Bally three inch lambskin pumps. Around her neck was one of her favorite jewelry pieces. It consisted of three elegant strands of twenty-four carat yellow, rose, and white gold twisted into six strands that when worn lay just above the slope of her breasts. On her ears were earrings that matched the necklace and hung down to just above her shoulders. On her left hand she wore for the first time in weeks her wedding and engagement rings.

Colina made the coffee, retrieved the newspapers, and waited in the kitchen area for his wife and Mistress to arrive for her morning coffee. He did not prepare anything to eat deciding to wait to see if she was going to eat at all. Colina wanted to scamper into his room so he could change into some clothing, but he knew if he wasn't standing in front of the sink waiting for her arrival he would suffer the consequences. It was bad enough that today was going to be the day his family buried his sister, but the added insult of his father-in-law being arrested would make the day akin to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor - a day that lives infamy. He waited patiently hoping Apollonia would release him to change and make the calls later in the morning to the Jewish cemeteries in Suffolk County.

As she entered the breakfast area, Apollonia smiled and pointed to the coffeemaker. Colina immediately filled her favorite mug and brought it to the oak breakfast table. Situated on the table were her newspapers. There was no need for milk, sugar, or a sugar substitute because Apollonia lived on strong black coffee. The only change to her coffee ritual was if she was in the mood for a double espresso or, to everyone's amazement, a cappuccino. She took her place at the table, spread The New York Times in front of her before she picked up the mug, and took a single big draught of steaming hot Starbucks French Roast coffee.

"Fuckin' administration is still marching this country to war," she said as she perused the front page. "Seems like the President has a bug-up-his-ass about Saddam Hussein and his so called Weapons of Mass Destruction and that he tried to kill his daddy. Guess I'll have to investigate where the family has holdings and what we can do to reap profits from another foolish war." Apollonia shook her head knowing that the politicians would back the President because of the possibility Iraq had developed weapons of mass destruction. She pushed the paper aside, picked up her mug, and took a large gulp of the hot black coffee.

"Ah!!!!" she chortled as the coffee made its way into her stomach. "Colina, go and change. Put on clothing appropriate for your sister's funeral. Then come and sit with me while I make some phone calls."

Colina looked at the floor and in a soft voice asked, "Mistress, may I please wear men's clothing to my sister's funeral. I know I am a sissy, but please, just this once, let me stand at her gravesite dressed as a man."

Apollonia almost spit the coffee that was in her mouth out all over the table when she heard her sissy ask to be dressed as a man. The idea was abhorrent to her. He made a deal and he needed to live by it or he could pack his bags. She looked at him saw the pain in his eyes, the tremor of his lips, and most amazingly a slight bulge in his pink pajama pants that did not have a fly because women don't stand to urinate. It was then she felt what she always felt when he stood in front of her and basically opened his soul to her. Her love for Colin Cathcart would and sometimes did overpower her domination of him. Apollonia took another draught of coffee which finished the mug. She held it up signaling Colina for a refill.

Colina took the mug, filled it, and returned to Apollonia. She placed the mug on the table and before he could turn away he felt her hand grab his testicles. He looked down at her and said, "Go ahead. Take them. If you're so cold hearted you cannot approve my request, then emasculate me. Put me back in the hospital so I will miss my sister's funeral. Then you'll know what it is to have someone hate you after giving their heart, their mind, their body, and their soul to you." Resigned to his fate, he said, "Take them. They're yours."

"Is that what you thought?" she asked, but did not wait for a response. Instead, he moved her hand to the waistband of his pajama pants, pulled the front down, and exposed his sissy clit. She saw it was partially erect. "This is not acceptable Colina. Your sissy clit should not be trying to get hard when all you're doing is serving me my morning coffee. Be thankful that I do not put you into that insidious chastity device you are supposed to wear." She released the waistband, smiled, took a sip of coffee, and said, "Pull them up, go into your room, and get dressed as you please. I will not cause you any pain today, Colina. But understand it is out of the goodness of my heart and the loss of your sister, a wonderful woman, that I give you your wish. Now go."

She watched a relieved Colina leave the kitchen/breakfast area for his room. Apollonia stood, went to the refrigerator, and took the pad and pencil from their spot so she could make a list of phone calls. It took a few minutes, but she had her list, prioritized it, and began to make her calls.

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6:28AM

The first was to Nathan Childress. She woke him and told him to come to Columbus Place touts suite. Apollonia also mentioned that the family would need two to three limos early in the afternoon and he should make the arrangements with the car company. Apollonia knew that it would not be an issue because the owner was beholden to the Moretti family.

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6:32AM

The second call was to Jon Parks. He was surprised to hear from her, but he knew the call had to be important. Apollonia informed him of her father's impending arrest and the need to acquire a DNA laboratory had now taken top priority. She told him that if the initial cost was much higher than anticipated or lower with additional costs to bring the lab up to current standards he was not to hesitate. He understood, but confirmed that she was giving him permission to pull the trigger. The answer from Apollonia was more than satisfactory. The last bit of information concerned the funeral and the capture of Joshua Goldsmith. He respectfully declined to attend the funeral so he could make extreme headway in finding and purchasing the DNA lab. Both parties committed to keep in touch throughout the day.

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6:51AM

The third call was to Ming who answered the phone on the first ring.

"Ming love," said Apollonia. "Up early aren't you?"

"Well, the commotion at the front gate woke me," she replied, "and, I do have to get the boys ready for school. What is going on?"

"The police are here to arrest Mario," she said in a deadpan voice. "The guard called me at 5:30. Viv is at Mario's house now. We're stalling, but that will come to an end soon. The attorney is already on the case." Apollonia took a sip of coffee, felt her panties dampen, and said, "I missed you last night. Did you?"

If Apollonia was standing in front of her lover, she would have seen the frown on her face. "Did I what?" answered Ming coly answering a question with a question.

"Did you twiddle and diddle yourself to sleep?" she cooed wishing she was holding her close smelling her hair and body.

"You are a pig, Apollonia Moretti," chuckled Ming in response to her sexual innuendo question. "What I did last night is none of your business, because you weren't here."

"I know," she sadly replied, "I needed several diddles to get to sleep. I would have loved to have you between my legs with a dildo of your choice. I could have used a good fucking last night. God, I miss when we're not together and it doesn't have to be sexual."

"I miss you too," said Ming. "To more mundane issues, what is on your agenda today? And, is there something you need me to do?"

"There are two primary activities for today," replied Apollonia. "First are the arrest, booking, and arraignment of Mario. Hopefully, Howard will have him out on bail tonight. Second is Elizabeth Goldsmith's funeral. Colina is going to make calls and arrange whatever needs to be arranged. I'm figuring the funeral will be sometime late this afternoon. I don't want to have to pick which one I'm going to attend, because I want to be at both of them. I have to."

"I understand," said Ming. "If Viv is with your father, who is going to take the children to school this morning?"

"That is a good question," replied Apollonia. "I'm going to guess that Raffy's and yours are not attending school today. I think they're headed with us to Elizabeth's funeral, unless you're not going."

"I never really knew the woman," said Ming. "I don't want to hurt Colin. . ."

"I guess you're going to have to get used to calling him Colina," stated Apollonia. "No, I don't think it would and I think he'd understand. So, that being the case, why don't I come over and we can. . ."

"NO APPY," said Ming. "I have to get the boys ready and then I have to take them to school. If you are home and not up to your ears in alligators, I'll come over and we can play. I'm just as horny as you are, but I know that you're going to be too busy to play. Let's just table it for now. Then tonight if you're still in the mood, I'll pick my, not your, favorite, slip it in me, and fuck your lights out. Only condition, you suck me off first thing in the morning."

"Done. Love you Ming Zheng," said Apollonia.

"Love you Apollonia Moretti," said Ming.

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7:03AM

Colina returned to the kitchen dressed not as a man, but as a woman in a man tailored suit. It was a Ralph Lauren solid black silk and mohair double breasted peak lapel with a subtle dark grey pinstripe. He wore a white cotton women's man tailored oxford shirt with a solid black tie. On his feet was a pair of women's black lambskin loafers from Bally. He had taken the time to remove a majority of his bandages, put on makeup, and parted his hair in the middle so it framed his face. Since he accepted his femininity, Colina had one haircut that styled his hair so he could let it fall around his face. It was growing longer and the work that the surgeon performed on his scalp had a minimal effect on the way his hair fell around his face.

"Acceptable, Mistress Apollonia?" he asked.

"Fuck me!!!" she chortled. "If I had a cock, I'd fuck you in a New York minute. You look great and I see you removed ninety-nine percent of your bandages. What a wonderful choice to wear today. We're dressed as twins and I do not mind in the least. As much as it is going to be a trying afternoon, no one is going to give you a second look. My, my you are turning into one sexy sissy."

"Thank you, Mistress," Colina blushed as he replied.

"Make yourself something to eat or get a cup of coffee and join me," she said as she walked herself to the coffeemaker and poured herself a third mug of black coffee.

Colina waited until she was done before he took a mug and finished the carafe of coffee. "Should I make another?" he asked.

The gatehouse phone sounded and that made Apollonia's decision, "Your choice, but sit." She then turned, picked up the handset, and said, "Yes?" She listened for a minute, cursed under her breath, and said in a controlled voice, "Let them through but not until I'm at the main house so wait about five or so minutes. Bullshit them, but then let them through."

"Sorry Colina," she said, "I have to go to Mario's house. You can stay here or go to Raffy's."

"Do you mind Mistress," he asked, "if I stay here?"

She looked into his eyes for a moment and said to his surprise, "Don't think I'm not aware you are not wearing your chastity device. I'm no dope. You fuckin' jerk off and I promise to turn you into a nullo. That being said, yes, you may stay here."

"I have no desire to masturbate," Colina replied, "I just want to drink my coffee, read the newspapers, and then go up to the computer and begin my search of Jewish cemeteries. I have more important things to do than sit and jerk off."

The smile said it all. Apollonia turned and walked to the back door. She exited her house, walked down the driveway to the sidewalk, and as she turned to walk to the main house, two cars pulled past her. They parked in front of the house with the detective's car strategically blocking the driveway. As Apollonia approached she said, "Assholes!!! This is the Moretti compound. It's not like we're going to take a car and crash through the front gate. Want to know why?" Apollonia paused and looked at the stunned detectives. They did not respond. "I'll tell you why," she continued, "the gate can withstand up to tens of thousands of pounds of direct force. A car travelling at a base speed of one hundred miles an hour would bounce off the gate like handball bouncing off the court wall. So, please move the fuckin' car or I will have it towed."

Apollonia heard the detectives move their vehicle as she made her way up the driveway to the back door of Mario's house. Halfway up she turned, pointed to the detectives and the ADA who were following and growled, "To the front door assholes, you're going to have to do this by the book. Take one step forward and I will declare you personas non grata which will result in all three of you lying on the ground holding your nuts. The pain will be so excruciating you won't have the strength to call for help."

The three men looked at one another, paused, universally decided to return to the sidewalk, and walk to the front door. The ADA rang the doorbell. No one came to the door. His decision was to wait at least five minutes before pressing the button again. The idea of surprising the family was lost when they pulled up to the street to find it was blocked by the gate and guarded by private plainclothes security personnel that were legally armed.

Viviano stood when Apollonia walked into the kitchen/breakfast area. Mario remained seated. She walked to her brother-in-law, opened her arms, and hugged him. She allowed him to kiss her on each cheek. When they stepped back, she said, "No time to kiss my ass this morning. The fucking assholes should be at the front door."

"I heard the bell," he said, "but, did not go to open the door. What did Howard say?"

"He said to let them do their job. We're just to observe. Go to the door, invite them in, and make them give you the warrants," she said, "I'll follow in a minute or two."

Viviano did as she asked. When he was partly down the hall leading to the great room Apollonia stepped over to her hated father. She looked at him sitting quite contently with a mug of coffee, a plate of half-finished toast, and The Wall Street Journal. He was dressed in a pair of black gabardine pants, a blue oxford shirt, and a pair of black loafers. His hair was combed and he was as calm as if he was sitting waiting for a typical work day to begin. He did not say good morning or any other words to his daughter. He looked up at her, sort of smiled, and returned to scanning the front page of the paper.

"Viv tell you what is going to happen?" she asked.

Mario Moretti did not respond. He did not look up. He maintained his gaze on the newspaper in front of him.

Apollonia Moretti counted to ten, stepped up to her hated father, and without any warning bitch slapped him across the face. "You fuckin' piece of shit," she growled in a whisper, "I am going to do whatever i can to assure you that you do not spend more than this day in prison. All you have to do is follow Howard Cohen's instructions. I will be making calls to the family. I will call a meeting for Thursday. You don't have to say a word to me, but as God is my witness, I promise that if you do anything no matter how inconsequential to fuck up this day, I will personally shove a pointed pole up your ass, tie you to a stake, make you stand until your legs can no longer support your weight, and you will sink down forcing the pointed pole to slide deeper into your bowel ultimately skewering your guts. Your death will be slow and extremely painful."

Mario Moretti looked up at his youngest daughter, his eyes cold, and his face set, "Do what you have to Apollonia. Before I'm taken into custody you have to know, I fuckin' killed her. I choked the shit out of her because she would not fuck me as she had for years. I'm as guilty as hell. My life ended the day you murdered your mother." Mario Moretti stood, "Let's go to the front door and get this over with."

Apollonia followed her hated father into the great room. Standing just inside the closed doors were the two detectives and the ADA. Viviano was standing just to their left reading one of the warrants. He looked up when he heard them enter, smiled, and returned to reading the warrant. Apollonia saw the frustration on the three men's faces and had to take a deep breath to stop from laughing in their faces. As difficult as it was going to be seeing her hated father handcuffed and taken away, Apollonia Moretti made sure her game face was the only thing the assholes from the police department and the district attorney's office saw.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the ADA, "but, the warrants are in order and. . ."

"Excuse me, asshole," started Apollonia, "oh, excuse me sir. My name is Apollonia Moretti and you may address me as Miss Moretti. According to our attorney, we have every right to read every word of the warrants. If I am correct, there are two. An arrest and a search warrant."

Flummoxed, the ADA responded, "Yes Miss Moretti."

"Viv, which one have you read?" she asked.

"I've read the search warrant," he replied.

"Are there specifics?" she asked.

"No, just said the residence of one, Mario Moretti located on Columbus Place," Viviano replied while obnoxiously rolling his eyes.

"Excuse me Mister ADA," she verbally jabbed, "but how do you expect to search this entire house with just the three of you? There are three floors plus the basement, the separate garage, and the pool house. Think I should put up a pot of coffee because you're going to be here for quite a long time."

"No, Miss Moretti," the ADA replied, "we just need to search his bedroom."

"The search warrant is not specific," interjected Viviano. "I'm not an attorney but according to this warrant you want access to the entire house. I suggest . . ."

"I'm Detective Lieutenant Esposito and why don't we just cut the bullshit," he said interrupting the discourse between Apollonia, Viviano, and the ADA. "We're here to arrest Mario Moretti on several felony charges." He turned to the ADA and said, "Fuck the search. Let's just handcuff the prick and take him to the Fourth."

Apollonia raised her eyebrows when she heard the detective's surname and him calling her hated father a prick. She looked at him, smiled, and said in a strong pointed voice, "Italian. Guess you should learn about the Moretti family. But, then again, you're probably second or third generation Italian-American. You probably think we're part of the Mafia, but I hate to burst your bubble Lieutenant, we're not."

"Sure," he replied, and I'm the Pope."

"Funny you should say that," Apollonia stated, "because my family has direct access to the Pope. If you'd like, I can take you into the dining room and you will see one-of-a-kind Vatican dinnerware and engraved Baccarat crystal wine glasses. Why don't we just can the bullshit? You're here to arrest my father. So, Mario step forward and allow this good detective to handcuff you and perform his duty. You will be taking him to the Fourth in Hewlett?"

"Yes," replied the detective. He was totally disarmed and as he continued to look at the woman he realized that she was beyond beautiful. He wanted to lick his lips and grab his crotch, but that was out of the question. He'd have to suffer with the small but growing erection and think of her while he fucked his wife.

Mario Moretti stepped forward, turned his back to the detective, and put his hands behind his back. Detective Esposito placed one handcuff on his right wrist and then the other on Mario's left. He made sure they manacles were not too tight. He grabbed the small chain that held the cuffs, pulled up just enough to make his point, and guided Mario Moretti out of his house.

Viviano followed and went directly to his driveway, got into his truck, and waited as the two car caravan made its way down Columbus Place to the gate. As he fell in behind the cars, he called the gate from his cellular phone and told the guard to keep it closed until he saw his truck close in behind the stopped cars.

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7:43AM

Apollonia went home and found Colina sitting at the breakfast table reading printouts from Internet sites of the Jewish Funeral Homes and Cemeteries on Long Island. On a legal pad were notes he had taken. He stood when she entered, bowed his head, and waited for her to say or command him to do something. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched her retrieve her coffee mug, fill it with the freshly made coffee, and take her seat at the breakfast table. For one of the few times in their relationship, he saw a pained expression on his wife's face. She wasn't his Mistress now, but the woman he loved and would without any question give his life to save hers. Colina, not Colina, wished he had the testosterone to stand up and be the man Apollonia Moretti deserved, wanted, wished, and silently prayed he would be. Instead, Colina, not Colin, stood in an expensive handmade Ralph Lauren women's man tailored suit wearing black silk and lace panties, a matching bra, and black nylon elastic lace top thigh high stockings. The only thing he did not have was a vagina and the wherewithal to be a man.

He continued to look down as he broke the silence, "Mistress, is there anything you wish for me to do?"

Colina heard the tired lilt to her voice. She was not the same Apollonia Moretti who forty minutes ago departed to be a witness to her father's arrest. "I swear Colina, I never thought seeing my father with his arms behind

his back being led out of his house would affect me as much as it did. He was so cool, calm, and collected. With all my strength, I would have been a basket case. I would have fought and most definitely been taken down with a Taser. As much as I dislike what he did as the head of the Moretti family, I have to give him credit for standing tall and bearing up with his arrest. God, I wish I . . .”

It wasn't the gatehouse phone that interrupted Apollonia. Colina did not ask or wait for permission. He walked over to the phone, lifted the handset, and said, “Hello.” He listened for a moment, looked at Apollonia, and instead of getting her thoughts he said, “Come over. It is ok.”

“Who was that?” asked Apollonia.

“Your sister,” Colina replied.

The mug of coffee was teetering close to being tossed down the hallway towards the great room. Apollonia Moretti was counting anything and everything to keep her anger from rising beyond the surface of her not very cool calm demeanor. Colina held his breath because if she tossed the mug there was a good, no a one hundred percent chance, she would hit one of her paintings that surrounded the entranceway into the great room. Time moved slowly for Colina as he silently prayed nothing would become the straw that broke Apollonia's will to keep the mug of black coffee in her hand and not flying down the hallway.

They both heard the backdoor open and a moment later slam closed. Apollonia turned in her seat to see her frazzled sister come through the entrance into the kitchen still dressed in her pajamas and housecoat. She was followed by Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa. The children were dressed and ready to be taken to school. Before anyone could say anything Colina moved to the children and guided them into the family room. He turned on the television, told them to be quiet, and to wait for their mother.

As he stood in the doorway into the breakfast room, he witnessed the breakdown of Raffaella Moretti.

“Apollonia,” she cried as a flood of tears rolled down her face, “they fuckin' arrested him. He'll never survive in prison. He's not a young man.” Raffaella took a deep breath and gained a small amount of internal control. She walked over to where her sister sat and screamed, “DO SOMETHING!!! YOU'RE JUST SITTING THERE AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED!!! OH MY GOD, DO SOMETHING!!!”

Colina waited for something short of Apollonia cold cocking her sister to calm her down. Instead, Apollonia stood, took her sister in her arms, and said in a calm voice, “Do not yell at me, Raffaella Moretti. Since 5:30 this morning I have been moving heaven and earth to make sure he spends no longer than a few hours in jail.” She pulled her head back from her sister's right ear, looked into her eyes, and saw the beginning of the end of her anger. Apollonia smiled and then with a hard cold edge to her voice said, “You ever fucking yell at me like that again and I will wrap your cunt around your ears. We are sisters, but I am the head of this family and don't you ever fucking forget it.”

Raffaella Moretti wiggled out of her sister's embrace. She sat and said as she stared at the floor. “I had to see him being marched to the car like a common criminal. Viv did not say a word to me when he left for daddy's house. All I had was what I saw, Appy.” She looked up at her younger sister, “You owed me a phone call. We're blood. You know that I would do anything you ask. I know you hate him, but please just keep me informed when it comes to what happens to him. I can't lose him so soon after mother. I can't!!!”

Her eyes began to darken. She saw the frightened look overcome her sister's face. Apollonia leaned down and to Raffaella's surprise, placed her lips on her sister's forehead. Her hands went to her cheeks and turned her face up towards hers. They kissed. Apollonia's tongue sought to open her sister's mouth which was enough of a signal for her to do so. Raffaella placed her hands on her sister's hips, allowed the kiss to linger for a moment, broke it, and pulled her sister's body into hers. Raffy rested her head just on Appy's sternum and listened to her heart beat. The never ending lub-dub sound of her heart calmed her nerves. Apollonia Moretti put her right hand on the back of her sister's head and gently massaged her scalp in a motherly attempt to relieve the stress and bring peace to her sister.

"Raffaella Moretti," said Apollonia, "you are to go home. Change into clothing you can wear to court and to your sister-in-law's funeral. The children will not attend school today. They will attend the arraignment and the funeral. Viv has his instructions. He is the eyes and ears of the Moretti family until such time Howard Cohen as our attorney becomes the face of the Moretti family. You must be strong. You have Moretti blood running through your veins. Look at me!!!"

Raffaella Moretti pulled her head from her sister's breast, looked up, and into her beautiful turquoise eyes. They were not dark and foreboding. The bright gold flecks and lines were as bright as they've ever been. Raffaella relaxed, "I hear you Appy. Please just one request?"

"What?" replied Apollonia.

Raffaella looked behind her, saw Colina standing in the doorway, turned and said to her sister, "Just a kiss. Please let me. I need to. Please!!!"

Apollonia shook her head knowing what her sister wanted to do, but she knew it wasn't the time or the place. "Not now Raffaella. When the time is right, I will let you continue to beg my forgiveness. I haven't forgotten what you said to me about Viviano. Now collect the children and go home. I have to take care of business and I will tell you when the limousine will be here to take you to either the arraignment or the funeral, or both."

Raffaella wiped her face on a napkin, stood, and went to the family room to collect her kids. Colina walked with them to the backdoor. He opened the door and whispered to Raffaella, "Be strong Raffy. Between you and me and the four walls she is emotional about Mario being arrested. Just be a good solider and everything will be just fine."

Colina returned to the breakfast room, sat, and returned to his reading and evaluation of the funeral homes and cemeteries. He took a moment to look at the digital clock on the oven and realized that he could not make a phone call for another two to three hours. Colina realized that he did not know where his sister's body was because the funeral parlor would have to pick her up and get her ready. He turned to Apollonia and asked, "Where is Elizabeth?"

*'He finally asked,'* she thought. "Elizabeth is at Star of David in West Babylon. Howard made the arrangements. I just found out this morning."

"Thank you. Now I can eliminate the list of funeral homes I made," was all Colina said. He returned to reading the information for the fourth or fifth time to keep busy.

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8:18AM

Fifteen minutes passed since Raffaella departed Apollonia's house when her cellular phone rang. She checked and saw it was Viviano. "Yes?" was all she said.

"He's at the Fourth," stated Viviano in a very businesslike voice. "He'll be processed here and then taken directly to Mineola for arraignment. You may not find this humorous, but I know the captain at the Fourth. We had a private conversation and he's going to keep Mario in an interrogation room rather than putting him in the bullpen lockup. So, for now, he's safe, but alone."

Apollonia audibly sighed and said, "Thank you Viv. You're going to stay there?"

"Yes," he replied, "in fact, the captain is letting me sit just outside the door to make sure there aren't any shenanigans. I'll talk to you later."

Just as she ended the call, the gatehouse phone rang. Colina stood, stepped to the phone, and picked up the handset. He listened and said, "Let him through."

"Who?" asked Apollonia.

"Your driver," replied Colina.

Faster than she expected the backdoor bell rang. She nodded to her sissy. Colina stood, walked to the backdoor, and opened it to allow Nathan Childress entry.

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8:22AM

"Howard," said Apollonia when he answered his cellular phone, "They've taken him to the Fourth in Hewlett."

"They're trying to hide him," replied Howard. "I've already called Roger Whittingham and he is waiting for my call. He knows what to do when he gets to the precinct."

"I sure as hell hope so," said Apollonia, "based upon my interaction with him, I wouldn't bet a plug nickel on his capabilities. Just to let you know, Viviano is there. Apparently he is friendly with the precinct captain. He is presently sitting outside the interrogation room where they are holding Mario. The captain was nice," she paused, thought about the use of the word 'nice', before she continued, "to not house Mario in the bullpen holding cell."

Not knowing Viviano very well, Howard asked, "Your brother-in-law have something on him?"

"Couldn't tell you," replied Apollonia. "I'm not privy to everything or everyone he knows, but I'm sure as hell going to find out. He knows better than to cultivate connections without passing them on to the family."

"Ok. Based upon the time of day," said Howard, "I'm figuring they're going to arraign him sometime around 11AM. If everything goes as I expect, he will be back home on Columbus Place by four."

"Not good," Apollonia sighed. "We have a funeral to attend this afternoon. I hate to say this, but would you keep him in stir or under your control until say 6:00PM? This way I can come by and bring him home."

Not wanting or liking to keep Mario Moretti under his control, Howard Cohen, Esquire knew which side his bread was buttered on, "No problem Miss Moretti. All I ask is he is picked up as soon as humanly possible. Even better, I'll drive him home and wait for your return. Is that acceptable?"

"Yes," said Apollonia, "and, thank you." She waited a moment and when he did not end the call she said, "By the way, do you have an estimate as to what bail will be set at?"

"I haven't seen the charges," he answered, "but, I'm not going to guess because I don't know which judge is going to be in the Arraignment Court today."

Seething at his answer, Apollonia demanded, "Give me an estimate Howard. I'm not going to shove it up your ass if you're wrong and if you're close, I'll get two sweet eighteen year old college freshmen to entertain you."

'Fuck me,' he thought. "Ok," he said, "Giving that he is most likely being charged with second degree murder, I'd say with a strong anticrime judge sitting, bail will be around five million. I base that on who Mario is."

Calmer she said, "Thank you Howard. Talk to you later."

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9:00AM

Raffaella did not call before she returned to her sister's house. She entered through the backdoor. This time the children did not have their school bags and were nicely dressed instead of wearing denims and sneakers. Raffaella wore a pair of black gabardine pants, a dark gray blouse with subtle lighter gray stripes on the collar and cuffs. On her feet, was a pair of DK pumps with five inch heels. She wore a black trench coat over her clothing. Her face was made up and unlike her sister she did not wear any jewelry except for her wedding and engagement rings. She wore her hair down with a simple barrette made of tortoise shell and gold which held back the right side to just above her ear. She approached the table, looked at her sister, and waited for her to signal it was ok to take a seat.

When she did she removed her trench coat before she sat, and asked, "Why do the children have to come? They do not need to see their grandfather in handcuffs and they sure as hell don't need to see a coffin lowered into the ground."

Apollonia couldn't believe what she was hearing. She picked up her mug, held it in both hands to quell her rising anger, and said, "They need to learn. We do not hide or insulate Moretti children from the vagaries of life. Mario, will not be in handcuffs when he enters the courtroom. He'll be dressed as he was when he was taken in by the detectives. What's more important is it not true that your son went through the Rites of Passage? Is it not true that your daughter Carmen has given hand jobs to Viviano as well as Mario? What if I as the head of the Moretti family command her to come in here with Antonio, pull down his pants, and give him a hand job? You know I can."

"You wouldn't?" asked an astounded and questioning Raffaella.

"Don't test my mettle, Raffy," replied Apollonia. "Your son did complain about needing some relief. So . . ."

"Ok!!! Enough!!!" cried Raffaella. "You made your point. I'm in no condition to drive and I don't. . ."

"You don't what? Have a driver like I do?" was Apollonia's sarcastic interruption. She shook her head in the negative for a moment, smiled, and called out, "Nathan, please come here!!!"

The tall African-American driver and protector of Apollonia Moretti rose from the couch in the great room. He strode into the breakfast area and stopped just inside the room. "Yes Miss Moretti?" he asked.

"Please tell my sister what I have instructed you to do?" inquired Apollonia.

"Yes Miss Moretti," he replied. "You told me to have three limos available for use by your family today. I have made such an arrangement with my employer."

"So, if I tell you to have one of the Town Cars here by ten to ten-thirty, it will not be a problem?" requested Apollonia.

"No ma'am," he replied. "Just give me the word and I will make the call."

Before she gave Nathan the go ahead, she looked at her sister and said, "Maybe I should force you to fellate. . ." Apollonia paused, put her right hand to her lips, put a questioning deep thought look on her face, and said, "Naw, you don't want to suck Nigger cock or am I wrong?"

Nathan Childress couldn't believe his ears. He knew his employer was crazy, but to use the word Nigger in front of him was either stupid or very shrewd. He did not move or make a sound. He watched the interplay between the sisters hoping to learn more about their relationship and ultimately have additional data to effectively deal with one or both of them.

Raffaella's eyes bugged out of her head. Thankfully the children were not in earshot of what their aunt had just said. She turned and looked helplessly at Nathan trying to use her eyes, facial expression, and body language to tell and show him she was above using the word Nigger. Her sister had put her between a rock and a hard spot. How could she answer without making an issue of the potential sexual encounter or the implications of the outright racism? She looked over to her sister, shook her head, and said, "Ok, Apollonia. I'll take him up to one of your guest rooms and give him what you want. I have no problem doing it, but when I return to the breakfast table, you will no longer have a hold on me. My sucking his cock will abrogate the kiss and I will no longer bow to your insanity."

"Fuck you Raffy," chided Apollonia. "You suck that Nigger's cock and you'll never make it out of this house alive. Moretti men and women do not suck Nigger cock. It was the Tunisian Niggers that raped and pillaged their way through Sicily in the Middle Ages. The Sicilians never forgot or forgave them. We also compartmentalize all Niggers together no matter where their people originate from. Again, do you want to suck his cock?"

"No," she replied in a frightened whisper.

Apollonia turned to Nathan, "Please forget what I just said to my sister about African-American men. The only truth was the overtaking of Sicily by the Tunisians in the Middle Ages. I am not a racist, because if I were, you wouldn't be standing in my house working for me. You will hear Nigger used as a pejorative term and well as a demeaning one, but it does not define you. There are African-American men and there are Niggers. Niggers are criminals, pimps, and drug dealers. How they can ruin the life of their children is beyond me, but Mr. Nathan Childress you are very far removed from the term Nigger. Please make the call and have a car sent here immediately."

Tight lipped Nathan Childress nodded his head, reached into his jacket pocket, and pulled out his cellular phone. He did not say anything in response to his employer's definition of Nigger. Inside he always wondered why black men and women would use the term Nigger to define themselves. He pressed the menu button, then the contacts button, scrolled through to his company, and pressed the Send key. Nathan put the phone to his ear and walked down the hallway to the great room. By the time he reached the couch, the phone was answered at the other end.

Once Nathan was out of the room and out of earshot, Raffaella opened up on her sister, "How in God's name could you, Apollonia? Nathan is your driver. Whatever possessed you to ask me to suck his cock? Are you that pissed at me for what I have apologized for too many times to count?"

"You will never, and I mean," she paused, looked hard at her sister, and growled, "NEVER do anything short of skewering yourself on a barbecue spit and letting the family cook and eat you to gain my forgiveness."

Raffaella leaned back in the chair, her hands went to her chest, and she audibly groaned at the thought of never having her sister the way she did prior to accusing her of sleeping with Viviano. *'Is my life as I know it over,'* she thought. *'What can I do to show her my contrition? Do I give her my husband? Or, do I allow her to humiliate my daughter? Do I commit suicide?'* Raffaella regained her composure, stared into her sister's eyes, and called out to Antonio and Carmen.

The children entered the breakfast room and stood next to their mother. They smiled at everyone in the room, because today they were not attending school. Following behind shortly was Alessa. Although she wasn't called by her mother and half-sister, her head strong personality took control and she calmly walked into the breakfast area. She wiggled her way between Antonio and Carmen. It did not go unnoticed by both Apollonia and Raffaella as did the color change to Antonio's face.

The sister's exchanged glances, but it was Raffaella's that signaled Apollonia that she was afraid of what they just witnessed. Raffaella's mind raced with the possibilities, 'Was Antonio having sex with Alessa? Was both Antonio and Carmen both under her influence?' It did not take long for her to exceed her boiling point and if steam could come out of her ears it would. She forcibly moved Antonio from her side so she could wrap her right hand around Alessa's neck and shoulder. Raffaella pulled the youngster to her side. Just the simple act of forcibly pulling her was enough to make tears roll down Alessa's cheeks.

It wasn't Raffaella who spoke. "Why are you crying?" asked Apollonia.

The youngster did not respond. Antonio and Carmen looked down at the floor. Both of Raffaella's natural children were scared because the both knew they were hiding something and that something was not good. Alessa continued to sniffle and cry. Her small body shook with the expected parental anger, punishment, and inability to sit for several hours to days.

"Carmen, here!!!" commanded Apollonia.

The youngster sidled around the table to her aunt's side. She looked at her with pain in her eyes. Even at the tender age of seven she knew when she was in trouble. Her legs began to shake and she cried out, "Please, please, I need to go to the bathroom."

With a voice coated with anger and concern, Apollonia asked, "Are you so afraid of what I or your mother will do to you based upon what we are seeing?"

"Uh huh," she whined.

"Then piss in your panties," her aunt said, "because, I am not going to let you go. You're going to tell me, not your mother, what is going on among the three of you. Tell me the truth or I will send you to a convent in Italy."

Carmen's eyes grew wide and her body became taut. She looked to Antonio for help. He did not offer any which broke her will to keep the secret. "It was Antonio's idea. . ."

He responded, "No it wasn't!!! It was Alessa!!! She. . ."

Raffaella took the five year old by the shoulders, turned her so she faced her, and said, "You are my half-sister and I have done nothing but be kind to you. I treat you like my own." Raffy paused, looked at her son, then her daughter standing next to her sister, and growled, "You little fuckin' slut. What have you done? Tell me or I will make your life more miserable than you've ever known!!!"

A wellspring of tears cascaded down Alessa's face. It was she who peed in her panties. The puddle on the floor spoke to her fear. She did not respond to her mother and half-sister.

Raffaella looked to her natural children and said, "One of you tells me or I am going to ground the three of you until you're old enough to realize the error of your ways."

Again, Antonio and Carmen exchanged a look that spoke volumes.

Apollonia believed she figured it out, "I really don't want to think about the consequences, but, Antonio are you fucking Alessa?"

Silence from the three. The only sounds were coming from the bawling Alessa.

"Young man," said Apollonia, "either you tell me the truth or I shall put you in panties."

He could see the threat was real. He took a deep breath and owned up to the issue, "We've been naked together, but, we didn't do anything. . . Well," he looked down and continued, "we masturbated, me more than Carmen and Alessa."

"Raffy," said Apollonia, "take Alessa home, bathe and change her clothing. Colina, clean up the mess Alessa made."

"What are you. . ." started Raffaella.

Apollonia's pot boiled over. She growled, "DON'T YOU DARE, RAFFAELLA MORETTI. YOU HAVE ONLY ONE CHOICE, STAND, TAKE ALESSA HOME, AND CLEAN HER UP!!!" She turned to Antonio, "AS FOR YOU YOUNG MAN, YOU WILL SUFFER FOR YOUR STUPIDITY AND YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL COME, BUT YOU'RE LUCKY THERE ARE TWO MORE IMPORTANT PRESSING ISSUES. I FIND OUT YOU'RE DOING MORE THAN PISSING THROUGH YOUR COCK; IT WILL BECOME A TROPHY ON MY MANTLE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?"

Truly frightened, Antonio replied in a quiet little boy's voice, "Yes, Aunt Apollonia."

To Carmen she said, "What is between your legs is more precious than gold Carmen. He may be your brother, but you don't go showing your privates to him. And, you don't pleasure yourself in front of him or Alessa. I have one question for you. Have you put anything inside?"

As frightened as she was, Carmen answered in a voice that surprised Apollonia, "No Aunt Apollonia. I know better."

Thankful for her response, Apollonia said, "Then I shall meet out the punishment. Your mother and father will enforce it, but I will decide for how long and how severe. Now, the two of you get out of my sight."

Antonio and Carmen walked gingerly back to the family room where they sat on the couch and wondered what their aunt was going to do to punish them for their sexual transgression. They both knew they were in a heap of trouble and nothing short of crawling to their Aunt Apollonia and begging forgiveness would soften the punishment they were about to endure. The fear of the future was more than enough to keep them under control.

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9:43AM

Ming Zheng slipped into Apollonia's house through the back door, made her way to the kitchen, and purposely knocked on the countertop to let everyone know she had entered. Apollonia turned at the sound, smiled, and made her way to her lover. Colina smiled, raised his right hand, and waved. Raffaella was still across the street taking care of Alessa. Nathan was half-asleep on the couch and Antonio and Carmen were counting their lucky stars that Aunt Apollonia had not immediately enforced any form of Moretti punishment on either or both of them.

Colina watched his wife embrace and kiss her lesbian lover. The two women kissed as if they had been apart for a year and not just a several hours. He smiled as he watched Ming's hands slide around and under the crease of his wife's backside. His sissy clit twitched as he remembered the feel of her body against his and the tight musculature of her backside in his hands. He sighed wishing it was him holding Apollonia. He knew from experience exactly what Ming was feeling.

They broke the kiss, stepped apart while continuing to hold hands, and gazed longingly into one another's eyes. Both women attuned to each other as they were, became wet. Their sexual desires took precedence over anything and everything. As they continued to stare into each other's eyes, the world around them melted into the void

of deep space. Their entire being was centered on each other. Their surroundings were no larger than the space in which they stood. Their need for each other was evident as they held hands and gazed lovingly into each other's soul.

Reality hit when Apollonia's cell phone rang. She sighed, kissed her lover, and pulled her to the table where her cell phone lay. She picked it up, saw it was Viv, and answered, "News?" Apollonia listened and instinctively shook her head in the positive. As Viv spoke, she heard what he said, but her mind was on her what she and her lover could be doing instead of her listening to her brother-in-law. Life as it presented itself brought the reality of the day back to her consciousness. When Viviano was finished she said, "Good. As much as I dislike the asshole, if Howard sent him, then we have to work with him until the arraignment. Let me know when they move him or when you know what time he is going to be in court."

She ended the call, turned to her lover, and said, "God, I want you. But, today is a day that is going to be filled with tears. Raffaella is a basket case. I'm ok, but finding out this morning that Antonio, Carmen and Alessa have been playing show-me-yours and I'll show-you-mine coupled with masturbation activities was a bit more than I cared to hear or expected of them. Mario is going to be arraigned in Mineola sometime late this morning or right after lunch. Colina needs to make calls so we can arrange a last minute funeral for his sister. But, I have this need and more than anything on the face of this earth, I want to be naked, in your arms, making passionate love to and with you."

Ming Zheng, put her right hand on her lover's face, felt the smoothness of her skin, admired how she was dressed, and said, "We have a lifetime to make love to one another. I know you have a need to bring a child or children into this family. I also know that the act will be just that - an act of procreation. Your love is tied to me as mine is tied to you. Do what you need today knowing that I will be here when you return. I love you Apollonia Moretti."

The moment the last syllable of her surname left her lover's lips, Apollonia pulled the beautiful Asian woman into her arms and body. She did not kiss her. All she did was hold her close and say over and over again, "I love you Ming Zheng."

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10:06AM

Raffaella returned with Alessa and everyone could see the child was scared shitless. With the youngster standing in front of her, she screamed, "ANTONIO ROSSI!!! GET YOUR ASS IN HERE!!!"

Before he stood up from the couch, he looked at his sister, and what passed between them was the unexpressed knowledge that Alessa had spilled the beans completely. Carmen bowed her head and silently prayed. Antonio did everything possible to keep from pissing his pants. He stood and with his head down walked into the breakfast room. As he stepped up from the family room, he looked up, and saw his mother standing at the entrance of the kitchen area. No sooner than he had both feet on the hardwood floor of the breakfast area his bladder let loose. The wet spot forming on the front of his pants grew as the urine soaked his pant legs and puddled on the floor. He stood frozen on the spot.

"YOU FUCKIN' LITTLE SHIT," cried Raffaella. She held Alessa by the shoulders, pushed her forward until they were standing in front of the frightened boy. As soon as he looked up at his mother, her right hand made contact with his face. It was hard enough to make Antonio tumble backwards down the single step into the family room. He landed on his ass. His hands went to his face, he cried out in pain, and began to sob uncontrollably. Raffaella pushed Alessa who also fell to the floor. She picked up her son by the front of his shirt with her left hand and held him off the ground. In a blind rage and without thinking about the consequences, Raffaella Moretti slapped her son across the face multiple times before she summarily dropped him.

Apollonia did not interfere. Ming stood with her mouth agape. Colina shivered fearing what an irate Moretti mother would or could do to her child. The three waited with bated breath for more physical punishment and a verbal jibe to know what has set her off so completely.

Breathing hard, but under control, Raffaella picked her son up a second time and brought him into the breakfast area where she put him down. She open-handed slapped him again, before she growled, "YOU FUCKIN' LIED TO ME!!! YOUR SISTER LIED TO ME!!! BUT, YOU ARE THE ONE THAT DESERVES THE WORST OF THE PUNISHMENT!!! HOW FUCKIN' DARE YOU!!!"

It was now time for Apollonia to interject herself into the mother-son imbroglio. She stepped away from the table to where her sister stood holding her son by the neck just inside the breakfast room. She eyed Alessa lying on the floor in a fetal position crying. "Ming, please pick up Alessa," said Apollonia.

"DON'T YOU FUCKIN' MOVE!!!" cried Raffaella. "THAT LITTLE CUNT IS DESTINED FOR THE GARBAGE HEAP OF LIFE!!! SHE MAY BE MY HALF-SISTER, BUT SHE'S NO FUCKIN' MORETTI!"

Apollonia nodded to Ming and turned her body to face her sister who was still facing away from her. "Unhand your son, Raffaella Moretti. Slap him one more time and I will rain hell down on you." She paused to see what her sister would do and was ready to put her sister in the hospital if she did not turn to face her. Three minutes passed. Just as she was about to kick her sister in the crotch, Raffaella Moretti turned around.

Calmer she said, "That little shit did more that jerk off. He may not have fucked her. . ."

"Her??? Who???" interjected Apollonia.

"Make that plural," growled Raffaella. "That little shit, ejaculated on their vaginas and made the other lick it up. I'm going to rip his balls from between his legs." She looked up and yelled, "GOD, I HATE THIS FAMILY AND THEIR SEXUAL DEVIANCE. MARIO, LUCIA, AND NOW FUCKIN' ANTONIO!!!"

When Carmen heard her mother scream, she rose from the couch and cautiously made her way into the breakfast area. She stayed next to her Sissy Uncle Colina in an effort to protect herself from bodily harm. Her mother looked at her, pointed, and crooked a finger ordering her to come over. Carmen closed her eyes, made the sign of the cross, and stepped over to her mother. Just like Antonio, she received an open handed slap across her face. Carmen fell to the floor in tears.

"ENOUGH!!!" shouted Apollonia. She waited a moment before continuing, "Raffaella Moretti, sit your ass down now. Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa I want you to stand in front of the counter beside the breakfast table. I want each of you within my reach."

Raffaella sat. The children made their way to the counter and faced the breakfast table. Ming made her way over to where her lesbian lover's sissy husband stood. He had made no effort to clean up Antonio's urine puddle. Ming was amazed when she felt Colina take her hand and whisper under his breath, "I'm not sure how this is going to turn out. But, I'm afraid for them." Ming turned her head, looked up at Colina, and saw the fear in his eyes.

Apollonia returned to her seat. She picked up her mug, found it empty, and raised it signaling Colina for a refill. When he returned she took the mug set it before her and said, "This is not what I expected of you. Any of you. This family has traditions that fly in the face of the world's moral code, but what we do, we do to protect and provide for our family and others less fortunate." As her sister had done, she pointed, and crooked her finger at Antonio. He stepped over to her. His pants were still soaked from his involuntary release of his bladder. Tears rolled down his face stinging the red areas where his mother's hand made contact with his cheeks.

"Did you do what your mother said?" asked Apollonia wishing against all things Moretti that Alessa had lied to Raffaella.

His body started to sway and Apollonia immediately knew that her half-sister had told the truth. What she needed to know was who was the instigator of the activity. The only two with any prior or ongoing sexual activity were Antonio and Alessa. Apollonia thought, *'What could a five year old do or know to make Antonio and Carmen fall into or under her spell?'* She shook her head and just knew it had to be Antonio. She raised her voice, "TELL ME OR I'LL GIVE THE OK TO YOUR MOTHER TO RIP YOUR BALLS FROM BETWEEN YOUR LEGS."

Shaking he answered, "It was my idea. . ."

"NO!!!" scream Carmen, "Why are you protecting her?"

Alessa started to cry anew. Raffaella was at her wits end because her children were breaking all the rules of the family. Next thing she'd find out is her son is really a fag like her brother-in-law.

"I'm not protecting her," said Antonio. "It was my idea to get you two to agree to the game."

"What game?" asked Apollonia.

"If they could guess what I did with Nancy," he said, "the winner could feel my sperm on their body, but the loser had to lick it off."

"Where in God's name did you come up with a game like that?" asked Apollonia.

"I just made it up," replied Antonio. "I wanted a way to. . ."

Raffaella lurched across the table and just the tips of her fingers made contact with her son's face. He did not fall, but he did shed quite a few tears. She recovered, stood up, and demanded. "You little habitual masturbator!!! We fuckin' trust you and you spill your seed. What is worse, you spill it on your sister and my half-sister. Do you know what could have happened?" She waited for an answer and when it did not spill from his lips, she growled, "You could have gotten either of them pregnant!!! I'm going to fuckin' put you in a device so you can't play with yourself."

"I don't have time for this," stated Apollonia. "Antonio, you will spend the day with me. Raffaella, you take Carmen and Alessa. I will deal with your son. You quietly talk to the girls and find out how many times this game was played." She pulled Antonio between her legs and whispered in his ear, "You better be sure you can take care of yourself, because from this moment on Antonio Rossi you are my bitch." She looked away towards Colina and commanded, "Take the habitual masturbator home. Give him a shower. When he dresses make sure he is wearing a pair of his sister's sexiest panties and knee highs. He refuses, tie him to his bed, and come get me."

Colina released Ming's hand, stepped forward, and said, "Yes, Mistress." Colina took Antonio by the shoulder and guided out of the house and across the street.

Raffaella was still in a tizzy about her children. She said to her sister. "What about them? They're no angels, you know. They're just as much at fault as it Antonio."

"You are correct," said Apollonia, "but if he did not have a cock and balls the most that would have happened is a bit of lesbian curiosity. But, he does have a cock and balls and just like any man, he always wants to spend his seed even at the cost of hurting himself and family. Carmen and Alessa will pay, but for now, the person that needs to learn a lesson is Antonio. I will make my point to him today. When he returns home tonight after the funeral, Antonio Rossi will be a different boy."

Raffaella froze, looked at her sister stunned, and begged, "Please don't Appy. Don't do it to him!!!" She begged because of her sister's instructions Colina to put him in a pair of his sister's panties and knee highs. Raffaella knew from experience that the head of the Moretti family could at his or her whim, take the *'man'* designation away from a male member and force him to become a *'sissy'*. That realization was enough to cause Raffaella to cross her arms on the table, put her face on them, and cry like a little baby.

"Maybe if you kept the game to yourself," said Apollonia, "you wouldn't be crying at the possibility that Antonio will become Antonia. Sometimes it is better to keep the secret than letting it become known. Get up and take your daughter and our half-sister upstairs and clean them up."

Shaking Raffaella did as her sister commanded.

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10:40AM

The limousine to take Raffaella and her children to the arraignment and the funeral arrived. Nathan took the other driver under his tutelage and made sure he remained in the car until they were ready to leave. Rather than returning to the great room, Nathan sat in the front passenger seat of the second Town Car and waited for the call to drive to Mineola. The funeral was in his estimation going to be a late afternoon affair.

Colina returned with Antonio. Apollonia told Colina he'd better get busy making his phone calls or his sister would not get buried today. She also told him to seek her out if he needed assistance in securing a burial plot on such short notice. She rose from her seat, took Antonio by the arm, and walked him back to Colina's room.

When they were in the room, Apollonia closed the door and locked it. Antonio Rossi froze because never in his nine years had his Aunt Apollonia been in a locked room with him. He waited. Five minutes passed and his aunt had not said a word to him. He waited. Finally, she spoke to him.

"So, pull down your pants and show me what you are wearing," said Apollonia.

Antonio did as she asked. He opened his belt, undid the slide clasp to his pants, unzipped his zipper, and with his face reddening in embarrassment lowered his pants. He let the waistband go and his pants fell to just below his knees. He was totally embarrassed standing in front of his Aunt Apollonia.

"I see your Uncle Colina picked wisely for you and," she paused smiled at her nephew as she said, "he even put you in a pair of your sister's lace top stockings rather than knee highs. Are you horny?"

Red faced, Antonio said, "No."

"Really," said Apollonia, "I don't believe you. I bet you're saying that so I don't make you stand there and jerk off. Would you like to jerk off?"

"No," he replied.

"Even if I get undressed and you can spew your spilled seed on my pussy," stated Apollonia.

"No," he replied his body beginning to show the stress of his wearing his sister's panties and stocking in front of his favorite aunt.

"We have a very busy day in front of us," stated Apollonia. "You are going to travel with me. You will sit in the back seat with your pants open, pushed down around your ankles, and you will masturbate. You will finish and begin anew. When we arrive at our destination you will pull up your pants, tuck your shirt in, and you will suffer being sticky and smelling of ejaculate. Do you understand me?"

"Please Aunt Apollonia," cried the boy. "I'm so sorry and I won't do it again. I promise."

"Promise all you want boy," said Apollonia. "Starting when I leave this room, you are to sit on the bed, not lie on the bed, and play with yourself. When I return I expect to see your seed on your stomach. You will masturbate until you are sick of it. Now get to it."

Apollonia did not wait to see Antonio start masturbating. The evidence of his activity would be plainly visible on his stomach and chest. She unlocked the door, opened it, and without saying another word left Colina's room closing the door behind her.

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11:18AM

Her cellular phone rang and she saw it was Howard Cohen. She moved to great room, sat on the couch that faced one of her favorite paintings, patted the seat next to her for Ming, and answered the call.

"Hello Howard," said Apollonia.

"Good news and bad news," he said. "Which one do you want first?"

"Either way it deals with Mario, so I'll take the good first," she said.

"He's going to be arraigned at one PM," said Howard.

"And the bad news?" asked Apollonia.

"Actually there are two pieces to the bad news," stated Howard. "First , he pulled a hard ass judge. Second, his bail may be out of my reach."

'Fuck,' under her breath. "Do we know the judge?" she asked.

"I know of her," said Howard. "She is a real hard ass especially when it comes to rape and murder. I'm doing what I can to soften her, but you may need to expend one of your chits before the trial."

"Understood," she said, "Bail?"

"Please do not flip out on me," he said. "I tried everything to make his bail reasonable. We were in the judge's chambers for a good ninety minutes arguing reduced bail . . ."

"Howard," said Apollonia frustrated, "how much?"

"Ten million," he replied, "cash, no bond."

"You've got to be kidding me," said Apollonia. "I can't get that much cash in less than a couple of hours. What will they accept in lieu of the balance?"

Howard coughed, wiped his mouth, and said, "All or nothing. When you have the full amount, the judge will release Mario."

Apollonia put her free left hand to her face and pondered how quickly she could round up ten million dollars in cash. She thought about it while making Howard hold on. She would have to make a phone call or two to get the money, but she was going to have it delivered to her at the courtroom. "What time is he being arraigned?"

"One," said Howard.

"What time do I have to have the money there by and does it have to be cash?" asked Apollonia.

"I asked for and got permission to give the court a certified bank check," said Howard. "The judge wanted cash, but the head bailiff said that the courts had no place to store that much. She relented and agreed to a certified bank check."

"Ok," said a relieved Apollonia. "I will have the check delivered to the court. If I make the call now, it will be there by one, one-thirty the latest."

"Great," he replied. "When will you be here?"

"No later than 12:30," replied Apollonia.

Neither party said good-bye. Apollonia pressed the end button, looked at Ming, and said, "I need to round up ten million dollars. You'll excuse me, but I have to go upstairs to my atelier because I need some peace and quiet."

"One question," said Ming.

Apollonia nodded her head.

"What did you say or do to or with Antonio?" she asked.

"Would you mind if I did not tell you?"

"Yes," replied Ming.

"He's in Colina's room masturbating. When he is travelling with me to Mineola and to wherever we go in Suffolk County he will have his pants around his ankles and he will jerk off. Once he cumms, he'll start all over again."

"Do you really think that will help him?" asked Ming. "Because, I don't."

"I don't care," replied Apollonia. "He will learn or he will forever be like Colina. That is the Moretti way."

Ming did not respond. She leaned towards her lover, kissed her, and said, "You'll excuse me, but I'm going to return home to get some business done. I will be waiting for you. I love you Apollonia Moretti."

Apollonia took Ming's face in her hands, kissed her forehead, eyes, nose, cheeks, and her lips. She stood, pointed to her womanhood and said, "Tonight you are going to fuck me and tomorrow morning my mouth is yours to do with as you please." She did not wait for an answer. Apollonia made her way through her paintings and sculptures to the staircase nearest her atelier. She had less than an hour to secure the money to bail her hated father out of jail.

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12:30PM

The Superior Court in Mineola was situated on an esplanade of county buildings in the northern section of the town. The building had several courtrooms, conference rooms, judge's chambers, and in the basement single cells and a two large common cells one for men and the other for women. The arrestees awaited arraignment while the found guilty awaited a government ride to the county jail or a state prison. The halls of the building were wide and airy.

The floors were marble and halfway up each wall were multiple windows that on a sunny day let in a huge amount of light. The court house was filled with attorneys, prosecutors, police officers, and family members.

The Town Cars dropped off the family members in front of the building and made their way to whatever parking they could find. Nathan made arrangements with Apollonia to be called when they needed to drive to Suffolk County. He was thankful that Colina had finalized all the arrangements within the hour before they had to leave for the courthouse. It also allowed him to arrange for the second Town Car to go to Westchester to pick up the Cathcarts and the Goldsmith children. He was going to say something to his employer, but knew better. It was a rather sickening drive having to watch a young boy sit in the back of his vehicle playing with his cock. He knew that would be a discussion for another day.

Viviano, Howard, and Roger Whittingham rose from the bench they were sitting on when they saw Apollonia walking towards the courtroom where Mario was going to be arraigned. Roger Whittingham could not believe his eyes and he had to turn away after they said hello to one another because he was again taken with her beauty. Viviano and Howard saw his dilemma, chuckled, and shook their heads in dismay.

"How is Mario holding up?" asked Apollonia directing the question to all of them.

"He's doing fine," replied Howard. "I spoke with him when he arrived. They are keeping him separate from all of the others. They are actually bending over backwards to make sure he's not uncomfortable or treated badly."

Raffaella sighed when she heard Howard say that her father was in good spirits. Her concern was his ability to cope with the crazies and the small area of a cell. Feeling much better, she guided her children to a bench where they sat waiting to enter the courtroom. Raffaella looked at her son and by the wet spots on the front of his shirt knew he was covered in his own ejaculate. She did not say a word to him. She did not console him. Raffaella pursed her lips, nodded, and turned away from her son. She pouted that her husband did not come over to greet her, but rather than make a scene, she decided not to make anything of it due to the seriousness of the reason they were where they were.

Howard saw Colin and asked, "How are you doing, Colin?"

Not knowing what to do, he looked at his wife for guidance. Apollonia gave him a look that told him to explain that he is no longer to be addressed as Colin. "I'm doing well thanks," he said, "except for the six weeks I have to have my jaw wired shut. Also, per Apollonia, please address me as Colina. She has decreed that I am no longer to be addressed by my given male name."

Apollonia without saying a word, punched her sissy husband in the arm and then said, "You little bitch!!! I didn't make you become a sissy cocksucker. I thought I married a man, but to my dismay, I found out I married a man who could only cum with a dildo or cock in his mouth or ass. So, don't blame me for having your name changed."

"You are quite right Mistress," stated Colina. "I stand corrected. Mr. Cohen, please change the reasoning to my desire to be a sissy and not because my Mistress declared I am no longer a man."

Howard knowing the interplay between the couple, smiled, and said, "Thank you for the explanation Colina. Either way, you look lovely. I see that it looks like you will heal just fine. Also, it is quite obvious that you and your, hmm, Mistress decided to dress accordingly. Very nice if I must say so."

The rolling of her eyes was enough to tell Howard to can the bullshit. Apollonia noticed that Roger had quietly departed the group and was nowhere to be found. "Where is Roger?" asked Apollonia.

"I will assume he went into the court room to find out what time Mario is scheduled to be arraigned," said Howard. "I have to ask; do you have the bail money?"

No sooner than he asked a private messenger approached Apollonia. He asked for her and also required photo identification before he would even let her sign for the business sized envelope. She showed him her driver's

license, signed the paperwork, and took the proffered envelope from the messenger. She nodded to her sister, who went into her purse, retrieved a hundred dollar bill, and handed it to the messenger.

Apollonia relieved that the check arrived earlier than expected opened the envelope to verify its contents and the face amount of the cashier's check. She pursed her lips, shook her head in dismay, and handed the envelope to Howard Cohen. "Ten million," was all she said.

He did not even look at the check. Howard simply put the envelope into one of his interior pockets of his suit jacket. He looked towards the doors of the courtroom, turned, and out of the blue asked, "Have you heard from Jon Parks at all today?"

Realizing she hadn't made her wonder why. "No I haven't," she replied, "he was supposed to call me to keep me abreast of his findings. Either he's dead, drunk, or up to his eyeballs in alligators."

"Me too," stated Howard. "You'll excuse me, but I'm going to call him."

Apollonia watched him step away, take out his cell phone, and make the call. The day was slowing to a crawl as they waited for the bailiff to call the arraignment of Mario. Colina excused himself and went to sit with Raffaella and the children. Viviano stood with Apollonia and they both watched the large Roman Numeral clock at the end of the hall slowly tick the minutes away as the minute hand closed the distance to the 'XII' at the top. The activity in the hallway ebbed and flowed with the start and finish of trials and arraignments. It was easy to pick out the private attorneys as compared to the public defenders and of course, the litigants. Plain clothes and uniformed police came and went. Uniformed security forces patrolled the halls and every so often spoke to people to give the aid, but not comfort. The court building handled only criminal cases. Civil cases were heard in a smaller building across the esplanade.

Viviano decided it was time to make small talk but was interrupted by Roger Whittingham.

"We need to go into the courtroom," he stated.

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1:06PM

The Moretti family sat directly behind the defense table. Somehow, someway room was made for them. They watched the bailiff guide Mario by the elbow to his seat at the defense table. He was not handcuffed. He looked at his family for a moment, turned, nodded to Howard, and sat down. He folded his hands on the table until Howard pushed a legal pad and pencil in front of him. He raised his clasped hands, put them down on the pad, and whispered, "How long is this going to take?"

"Shouldn't be more than thirty minutes," replied Howard. "All of the negotiations were done in the judge's chambers and she signed off on the bail and . . ." He paused, thought for a moment, and decided it would be better coming from him than the judge, "You're going to have to wear a GPS ankle bracelet. You will be allowed to travel between Columbus Place and the offices in Astoria, Queens. Any other travel will have to be approved by the District Attorney's Office and the judge."

"Sounds like it would have been better to lock me up," deadpanned Mario. "Ok, how much is it costing me?"

"Not you," replied Howard as he stared into Mario's dark brown eyes. "The bail was set at ten million. Apollonia did what she needed to do and I have a cashier's check made out to the court for that amount." He saw

Mario squint and frown when he heard the amount. Howard showed his anger, "The fuckin' cunt of a DA and the bitch of a judge would not accept ten percent or allow a bail bondsman to arrange your release."

"So, that money sits in the county coffers making interest," Mario stated with an anger that was borne of financial expertise, "and all I get. . ."

Howard interjected, "You get your freedom, albeit, not without conditions, but you're not sitting in East Meadow."

"Freedom," sighed Mario, "was lost when my insane daughter ousted me as the head of the family."

"She may have," stated Howard, "but she's moving heaven and earth to get you acquitted."

"Yeah," stated Mario, "and I won't cum in your mouth."

The bailiff entered and announced, "All ye having business before this court, please rise. The Honorable Eileen J. Watson presiding."

Judge Watson was a short, rotund woman that made it plain to the people sitting in her court she was the boss. She sat in her chair, scanned the prosecution and defense tables, picked up the court paperwork, and said, "In the case of the State of New York versus Mario Moretti, are the parties present and ready to begin the arraignment?"

"For the prosecution," stated the young female ADA, "Judy Altman. We are ready to proceed."

Howard Cohen stood, "For the defense, Howard Cohen. We are ready to proceed."

The judge scowled at Howard, shuffled the papers in front of her, and announced, "Are both parties in agreement to the terms of the bail?"

Both the prosecution and defense answered in the positive.

"Well, I've been thinking about it," the judge stated, "and I'm not. Mr. Moretti is accused of murder, deviate sexual intercourse, rape, kidnapping, and a myriad of lesser crimes. I think it would be in the best interest of the state to deny Mr. Moretti bail and remand him to the Nassau County jail to await trial."

Howard was on his feet, "I object, your honor. We had a deal. I have the money you demanded to secure Mr. Moretti's release."

"Your objection is noted, Mr. Cohen," she intoned looking down at him in more ways than simply staring down from the bench.

Howard looked at the ADA who had turned to him shrugged her shoulders, made a face, and made like she had no control over the judge's decision. He turned to Apollonia and mouthed, "Make the calls."

Apollonia stood, walked out of the courtroom, pulled out her cellular phone, and no sooner than the door closed behind her was on the phone with the Chief Justice of the New York State Court of Appeals. The conversation was short and sweet. His family owed more than a debt of gratitude to the Moretti family because they did what the federal government couldn't. They rescued the judge's daughter from the clutches of a Columbian drug cartel. Apollonia walked back into the courtroom, went to her seat, and before she sat saw the bailiff make his way to the judge and whisper in her ear.

Howard turned to Apollonia who nodded and he immediately knew who she called.

The judge did not say anything when she left the courtroom nor did she say anything when she returned. The smoke coming out of her ears told the story. She picked up Mario's paperwork, handed it to the bailiff, and said,

"Mr. Moretti, you know the terms of your release. Follow the bailiff and within the hour you'll be released." She stood and stormed out of the courtroom.

Howard stopped the bailiff for a moment, leaned to Mario's right ear, and said, "You owe Apollonia big time. That cunt of a judge was going to throw you to the wolves. Apollonia called the Chief Judge in Albany. I'll be downstairs momentarily. I will drive you home after they lock the GPS on your ankle."

Mario Moretti turned stared at his youngest daughter for a moment before the bailiff gently took hold of his elbow and guided him out the side door of the courtroom.

Apollonia stood behind the banister that divided the courtroom and watched her hated father leave. She waited before she turned to leave only to be stopped by Howard Cohen.

"That was quick," he said, "how?"

Apollonia smiled, "We rescued his daughter several years ago. I've never had to call in a chit from him, but he understood. Told me Judge Watson is a strong law and order judge, a loose cannon, and reviled by a majority of her peers. He made the call without me even asking."

"I'll get him released and take him home," said Howard. "Anything else?"

Apollonia widened her eyes, pursed her lips, and said, "Jon Parks."

"Damn," said Howard, "sorry, he's been on the phone with a lab in Pennsylvania. They're hanging on by a thread but they don't want to sell. He's offered them a lifeline, but they don't want to take in a partner. Have any ideas?"

"That's a simple one," said Apollonia without having to ponder the response. "You know my bankers and brokers. Find out who holds their debt, purchase it, and we'll threaten to foreclose if they don't sell."

"You know that is patently illegal," stated Howard, "but, I've done it before for the Morettis and I will do it again. I just needed to hear you say you wanted to make the debt purchases. Talk to you later. I have to run."

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1:48PM

The family departed for the funeral home in West Babylon. Apollonia had Nathan check with the Town Car sent to Westchester to pick up the Cathcarts and was told everything was moving as planned. The driver of the Town Car taking Raffaella, Carmen, and Alessa was told depart immediately. Viviano, as expected, was to wait for Mario's release and then drive his pickup to the cemetery. Apollonia had Colina send the name and address to his cellular phone. Colina and Antonio waited with Nathan for Apollonia to finish her phone call before they too would depart for the funeral home.

"Jon," said Apollonia, "I didn't expect to hear what you are doing from my attorney. I expected to hear it from you directly."

Jon Parks knew he was wrong not to call his employer, but the tenor and timing of the negotiations to purchase the DNA lab in Williamsport, PA did not give him a moment to make two phone calls. He thought about how he was going to explain the situation and decided to take it head on, "Miss Moretti, I made a strategic decision. I know you were involved with Mario's arraignment as was Howard, but Howard's been down that road more times than you

have. I did not want to add any additional emotional or psychological stress to your day. I apologize, but, you have to trust me. My decision was based on the best interests of the Moretti family. As I have said to you before, I am dedicated to serving you and the family. Please, just let me do my job."

Shocked at his honesty, Apollonia could not lambast him for not contacting her. She had to give certain of her employees the latitude to make decisions on the family's behalf. "I understand Jon," she said, "but, please know that when you have that moment you need to call me. I need to hear that you are making progress and believe it or not, I can be of assistance with certain decisions. For example, I have instructed Howard to purchase all of the outstanding debt that the banks and financial institutions hold against the lab. If everything goes as planned by the end of business today, we, the Moretti family through a blind holding company will be the sole owner of their debt."

"And," Jon Parks said, "By tomorrow late morning they will be at the table signing the documents of sale."

"Yes," stated Apollonia. "Do not give them any inkling of what is going to happen to them. Just work the deal and I will work in the background."

"Are you headed to the funeral?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "not going to be easy."

"Please give my condolences to the family," said Jon. "I better get back to working the deal. I will talk to you, but I will wait until the evening so I do not interrupt the funeral."

Apollonia ended the call, turned, and walked to the Town Car where Colina, Antonio, and Nathan waited. She stepped up to the car and directed Nathan to take the longest, slowest route to West Babylon. She did not wait for him to open the passenger side rear door. Apollonia pointed to Colina and then her nephew to enter the vehicle. She slid in next to Antonio and closed the door. She waited for Nathan to get behind the wheel, start the vehicle, and pull out into traffic before she turned to Antonio.

"What are you waiting for boy?" she commanded more than she asked.

"Please Aunt Apollonia," moaned Antonio, "please don't make me. I'm sorry and I know I've learned my lesson. Please don't make me."

As they made their way down a busy thorough fare in downtown Mineola, Apollonia turned, took Antonio by his chin, and said, "I do not fuckin' care Antonio." She paused, looked him in the eye, and lied, "I spoke to your father about what you did. He is livid and he is behind me turning you into a Moretti sissy. Sissies stand in front of women and play with their clitties. Moretti men do not because their cocks are special. They fuck women to make money and make love to their wife. Now open your fuckin' pants, pull the waistband down on your panties, and do what all sissies do when instructed by their Mistress – play with your clitty."

"Please," cried Antonio, "I'm sore. It hurts. Please!!!"

"Colina, tell the sissy how he can lubricate his clitty," commanded Apollonia.

Colina did not look at his wife or his nephew. He spoke as he gazed at the lower back of the driver's side bench seat, "Use saliva, Antonio. Spit on your hand and be sure to use light strokes. If it starts to hurt due to the friction, stop, and spit in your hand again." Without prompting, he said, "I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry for Colina?" asked Apollonia not really wanting him to answer. "You're already a sissy. Antonio thinks it is fun to jerk off in front of Carmen and Alessa. He also thinks it is fun to spew his precious Moretti baby making sperm on one of their pussies and make the other lick it up." Apollonia jumped in her seat when the next humiliation came to her. She looked at Antonio and said, "I know what will help you ease the pain of masturbating. You can suck your sissy uncle's cock while you do it. Or, if you'd prefer, I can have Colina drive and you can suck your first Nigger cock because that is primarily what sissies love to suck – big black Nigger cock."

Nathan heard what she said and his reaction was muted. His hands tightened on the steering wheel and he controlled his anger. He was not into children, period.

Antonio Rossi did not hesitate to open his pants, lift his backside so he could slide them down to below his knees, move the lace waistband of his sister's panties, and begin to masturbate per his aunt's demand. After a few strokes, he paused, spit in his hand and renewed stroking his cock. He closed his eyes and tried to think of anything but having to suck off either his sissy uncle or the black driver. He opened his eyes, turned his head, and stared at his favorite aunt. He smiled as he thought of the times he had seen her naked. He fantasized about her flat abdomen, her pert breasts, and the space between her thighs that surrounded her beautiful pussy. As he continued to think of fucking his aunt, he licked his lips, stroked his boyhood faster, and before he could do anything spewed five ropes of cum all over his stomach, chest, and chin.

"Nice job faggot," said Apollonia. "Tell me what got you off so fast?"

Breathing hard, Antonio replied, "You did. I thought about how sweet it would be to inside your beautiful pussy."

"More than being with your slut?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "I would give her up for you."

Apollonia could not contain her laughter. Her nine year old nephew wanted her more than anything and he was not shy about telling her. When she finally stopped, she looked at her sister's son, a consecrated Moretti man, and said, "You aren't man enough to make love to me, Antonio. But, I love that you are so taken with me. So, to make you feel better about yourself, I will let you stop masturbating, but I will not let you wear briefs until you can prove to me you're not a sissy. So, you will continue to wear panties and stocking every day and on weekends you will wear your sister's dresses."

His jaw dropped. "What about Nancy?" he groaned. "She cannot see me dressed in my sister's clothing. Please, Aunt Apollonia. Please don't let her see me dressed like a girl."

Apollonia tipped her head to the side, smiled, and said, "It is all your own doing, Antonio. If you don't want to become Antonia, then I suggest you prove to me that you are a man and not a sissy. Because, as far as I'm concerned, you are nothing more than a habitual masturbator that has an opportunity on weekends to rest his hand and use the whore's holes to jerk you off." Apollonia reached for his stomach and the cooling ejaculate. She used the nail on the index finger of her right hand to scoop up a generous amount. Antonio flinched when he saw her gather his spunk because he knew she was going to feed it to him.

"Eat," she commanded, "and don't think that I won't force you to suck both Colina and Nathan."

Antonio opened his mouth and took his favorite aunt's cum coated finger into his mouth. What he didn't see was the look on his aunt's face when she witnessed his cock jump as the salty acidic ejaculate slid across his tongue and into his stomach.

"Enough," she said knowing that her nephew was headed to the dung heap of Moretti men unless he could change. "Pull your pants up and thank me for allowing you to cease jerking off."

Antonio did not need to be told a second time. He pulled up the waistband of his sister's panties, lifted his butt, and pulled up his pants. He looked down at his shirt and saw the wet spots and cum stains from the previous masturbation activity he had to complete under the watchful eye of his Aunt Apollonia.

The remainder of the trip east to West Babylon was not at all eventful. The only interruption was a surprise call from Ming to find out if Mario was released on bail and if Apollonia was maintaining her cool. Otherwise, Nathan drove at a leisurely pace especially when he was cruising on the parkways east bound.

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3:10PM

Nathan exited the Southern State Parkway at Exit 35 the Wellwood Avenue / Pinelawn exit. He rounded the curve to the traffic light, made a right onto Wellwood Avenue and travelled north past New Montefiore Cemetery to the Star of David Funeral home. He pulled into the parking lot and parked the Town Car next to the vehicles that had transported the other Moretti, Cathcart, and Goldsmith family members. He opened the door for Colina before rounding the car to open the door for Apollonia. She stepped out of the vehicle and was asked, "Could you give me a minute, Miss Moretti?"

Apollonia nodded her head and said, "What may I do for you Nathan?"

The big man looked down at his employer, rubbed his face with his right hand, shook his head, and finally said, "I am going to lose my job, but, did you have to humiliate that boy by making him jerk off while we were driving to the court and part of the way here?" Before she could answer, held his left hand up, and said, "I know I'm off base, but if you're going to do such things in the future, I'm going to suggest you get a limousine that has a privacy glass between you and the driver. I really don't need to see or be a witness to the abuse of a child."

"Are you finished?" she asked.

Nathan Childress nodded his assent.

"Today is not the day to instruct you on the maturity of Moretti boys into manhood," she said. "The one thing I am going to tell you what you witnessed is nothing compared to the Moretti 'Rites of Passage' for a boy into adulthood. Once a boy has his first nocturnal emission, a wet dream, he is required to go through the rites that make him into a Moretti Man and to begin his life helping barren women get pregnant. One commandment given to any boy going through the passage into maturity is '*Thou shall not masturbate.*' It is that simple. Those who do and do it habitually are stripped of their Moretti manhood and turned into a sissy. Antonio Rossi is a consecrated Moretti man, but he is also a habitual masturbator. As head of the family, I have to make sure he lives by the rules or, you'll excuse me, dies by the rules. Enough said."

"Then you'll excuse me," he said, "from tomorrow forward, you will be driven in a vehicle that has a privacy glass between the driver and the passenger. It does not have to be a stretch or large vehicle. If I need to, I will personally outfit this vehicle since you are comfortable with it."

Apollonia smiled and said, "Do what you need to Nathan."

Inside the chapel, Apollonia greeted the Cathcarts and the Goldsmith children. William Cathcart wore a single breasted black merino wool suit, white shirt, and a black tie. On his lapel was the traditional k'rai ribbon which was cut. Although he was not Jewish, he accepted the explanation that in the Jewish religion when a member of the family passed away the remaining members tore a piece of their clothing as a sign of mourning. Mrs. Cathcart wore a simple black dress and pinned on her right side was the same button. Sarah and Jason Goldsmith were dressed but not in black. They also wore the black ribbon. When Apollonia knelt to hug the Goldsmith children she was taken with Sarah's natural body smell. She did not want to react sexually, but her body would not allow her to keep from lubricating her vagina as she placed a gentle kiss on Sarah Goldsmith's cheek.

The funeral director asked if anyone wanted to take a last look before they drove to the cemetery. Colina, William, and Lillian took up the funeral director's offer. They were guided into a small chapel where a simple wooden coffin rested on a bier covered with a tapestry of blue and white the colors of the Israeli flag. The funeral director stepped to the head end of the casket, lifted the portion that covered Elizabeth Goldsmith's face, and stepped away.

Colina allowed his mother and father to step up and view the remains of their daughter and his sister. William Cathcart took a deep breath, put his fist to his mouth, and moaned as if he was in extreme pain. Lillian Cathcart looked down at her oldest child, screamed, and broke into uncontrollable tears. She leaned into the coffin and held on to her deceased daughter for the last time. It took some doing, but William finally got his wife to release her hold on their daughter. They stepped away from the casket which allowed Colina to step forward to gaze upon the remains of his sister.

He spoke in a whisper, "Elizabeth, sweet Elizabeth, I wish you had confided in me the way I confided in you. I stand here the sissy I always wanted to be and it is with a heavy heart I look upon you knowing I will never be able to hold, kiss, or talk to you. I have respected your wishes and although you cannot hear me, you will be buried according to your adopted religion. I want you to know that Sarah and Jason will be taken care of by our parents, my wife, and most of all me. Your husband will suffer for what he has done to you. I love you and I will miss you. I think of you every day and will for the rest of my life."

Colina wiped his eyes, leaned over, and placed a chaste kiss on his sister's cheek. When he stood he nodded to the funeral directory, stepped away, and took each of his parents by the elbow and guided them out to where the others waited.

Apollonia approached the funeral director and asked if they could go to the cemetery now instead of waiting until the scheduled time. He asked for a moment to call the cemetery because the internments were based upon how soon operations personnel would be ready. He returned seven minutes later and said that it was acceptable to leave for the cemetery. Under the funeral director's direction, the hearse, the three Town Cars, Viviano in his pickup, and the car driven by the Rabbi departed for New Montefiore which was just minutes down Wellwood Avenue.

The area chosen by Colina was partially filled. The plot chosen by him was near a tree that according to the sales person would shade Elizabeth's grave during the spring, summer, and early fall. Standing to the side were four gravediggers, a Kubota backhoe, and four shovels. When the hearse arrived, the grave diggers slid the coffin out, placed it on the metal bier, and situated the straps so the casket could be easily lowered into the ground. The Rabbi was intuitive enough to keep the service short. He said the traditional prayers for the dead, spoke glowingly and lovingly about Elizabeth, and as the final part of the service asked if anyone wanted to drop some dirt on the casket as a last good-bye.

Colina stepped forward, took the shovel, and as he placed it in the pile of dirt, the Rabbi stopped him. He turned the implement over so the back of the shovel picked up the dirt. He explained that it was how one showed reluctance and hurt at having to bury a loved one. Colina nodded, placed the shovel using the back into the dirt, lifted a small amount, and dropped it into grave and onto the casket. He turned and it was Sarah who stepped forward. Then Jason who was helped by the Rabbi followed by William Cathcart and to everyone's amazement Apollonia Moretti.

Tears were shed by everyone. Not a single person was dry-eyed. Everyone hugged one another. Sarah and Jason were given a minute to grieve by themselves next to the open grave before the Rabbi gently moved them away so the gravediggers could finish the internment. Elizabeth Goldsmith's funeral took twenty minutes from start to end. Apollonia told Antonio to ride home with his mother. She said good-bye to her in-laws and the Goldsmith children. She expressly told them that they had her private cell phone number and not to be afraid to call. She also reiterated that they had nothing to fear and their future was bright. She kissed each of them and they hugged her back. When they departed for their Town Car, Apollonia took Colina by the elbow and guided him to their car where Nathan waited.

Colina slipped in first and moved from the passenger side of the rear seat to the driver's side. Apollonia followed him in and slid right next to him. She nodded to Nathan which he took as permission to return to Columbus Place. Apollonia Moretti moved slightly and pulled her sissy husband into her body. She pressed his face into her breasts and said, "I promise you her death will be avenged. If you wish, I will let you be the instrument of his death. Her children will be looked after and I promise you, no harm will ever come to them. They will live a long, happy, and prosperous life."

She felt his body shake, then a deep breath, and he began to cry quietly. Apollonia Moretti wiped a tear from her eye before she placed her hands on her husband's head and shoulders. She gently caressed him to sooth his

pain. In a matter of moments, Colina fell into a deep sleep. Apollonia sighed thankful he was coping with his immediate pain through sleep. She leaned back into the leather seat, closed her eyes, and within minutes was also sound asleep.

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5:00PM

Before Nathan returned the Town Car to the garage in the city, Apollonia pulled him aside. She looked up at the giant she hired to drive her and said, "Nathan, I want to thank you for all you do for me and my family. I know you were totally taken aback when I used the word I will not repeat. I'm not going to apologize for using it, but I will tell you that in your presence I will never utter it in jest or not. What I am going to ask you to do is to read about how Sicily was overrun in the Middle Ages. My family goes back further than that era and if you wish, I will sit with you and teach you. For your diligent work today, I will add a cash bonus to your pay."

"Miss Moretti," he said a bit taken with her speech, "I respect what you're telling me. I have a problem when I hear another black man call or use the word to describe another. It also goes when I hear women say it or use it as a descriptor of a black individual. I think you know I'm smarter than that. I'm not asking to become part of your family. I'm asking to be accepted as an individual who wishes to provide a service and wants that service to be the best you've ever had. As for the bonus, there is no reason for you to give it to me, but, I'll accept it with thanks. I see the interaction between you and your family, between you and business people, and between you and strangers. You are beautiful and a genius. Your artwork is truly amazing. All I want," he paused, rubbed his face, smiled at his employer and said, "All I want is to be accepted as a man and a diligent employee."

Apollonia returned his smile, offer her hand, and said, "I accept and respect what you just said, but, I will not accept you not becoming part of this family if I deem it. There are individuals and families that have long close relationships with the Moretti family. At this point I am not going to say anything positive or negative but just going to let our relationship grow and go where it goes. There is nothing more to say. Drive safely and I will call you with tomorrow's itinerary."

They shook hands and Nathan departed the Moretti compound.

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7:30PM

Mario Moretti and Viviano Rossi sat naked on the couch that faced the driveway in the great room conversation pit. Raffaella Rossi sat opposite her husband dressed in casual clothing having changed after arriving home from the funeral. Next to Raffaella sat Colina dressed in an outfit that his Mistress picked. He wore red lace top thigh high stockings, matching red panties and bra made of lace and satin, and on his feet were a pair of five inch red patent leather 'fuck me' pumps. His face was made up not as it was for the arraignment and the funeral. Per his Mistress' instructions, Colina's made his face up to represent himself as a sissy whore and not as a lady.

Apollonia Moretti sat on the loveseat that faced the double front doors. On her left sat Carmen Rossi. On her right sat Alessa Moretti. Standing on the coffee table was Antonio Rossi. He was ordered to wear a pair of his sister's sexiest red panties, red knee high stockings with matching red bows, and a pair of red patent Mary Jane's. He

was forced to wear eye liner, mascara, rouge, and red lipstick. His hair was combed down around his face to soften his features and to make him look more feminine.

Ming Zheng, Lian, and Shen were sent home by Apollonia because she did not want her lover to have to witness the debasement of a nine year old who only weeks before had passed the *Moretti Rites of Passage*. Ming quietly begged Apollonia to be gentle with her nephew knowing that her concern was heard but not heeded. She hugged her lover before leaving for her home with the knowledge her lover would be crawling into her bed sometime later that evening.

"I have called this family meeting to discuss the outrageous behavior of Antonio Rossi," stated Apollonia. She looked directly into the frightened youngster's eyes and asked, "Tell the gathering what you did with your sister and your cousin."

It was bad enough that he had to dress like a sissy, but to repeat what had been told to his mother and his aunt in front of his father scared him shitless. He turned his head to look at his father only to see indifference on his face. Antonio Rossi turned to his mother only to see anger. He knew his goose was cooked. "I made up a game. Carmen and Alessa had to guess what I did with Nancy when she was here. The winner had to open her legs, watch me jerk off, and allow me to cum on her pussy. The loser had to lick up the mess."

"And they both readily agreed to this game?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Antonio.

Apollonia felt both girls shiver when Antonio replied yes to her question. "Was there an ulterior motive to you making up this game, Antonia?" asked his favorite aunt.

Antonio closed his eyes and swayed when he heard his aunt call him by the feminine derivation of his name. Something travelled though out his young body that he could not control. His legs began to shake and he forced them to stop before he replied, "It was so I could masturbate."

"What did you learn about masturbation, Antonia?" asked Apollonia.

"Moretti men do not masturbate," he replied.

"Why?" asked Apollonia keeping the pressure on the young boy.

"Because their seed is precious," he replied and before she could ask, he continued, "Moretti men give to women the baby that their husbands could not. We pride ourselves on our ability to give women babies. That is why Moretti men are taught not to masturbate."

"What happens if they masturbate habitually?" asked Apollonia.

Antonio shook, "If it is proven, they are stripped of their Moretti manhood and turned into a sissy. As a sissy, the Moretti must submit to any Moretti man or Moretti woman to provide them with sexual release."

"You remember well your teachings," said Apollonia. "I need to know why you broke the vow especially with your sister. Alessa," Apollonia rubbed her hand on the youngster's shoulder to make the point, "is not pure because her step-father raped her because found out he was not her biological father. That being known still does not give you permission to masturbate in front of her. Tell me Antonia!!!"

Before his grandson could answer, Mario interjected, "Why are you calling him Antonia?"

"Look at him Mario," said Apollonia. "He dressed like a sissy because he is a sissy. He knows he's a sissy and tonight he is going to prove it to his mother and father. Isn't that right, Antonia?"

Mario held his tongue. Antonio Rossi could not contain his new found fear of his favorite aunt. Without her permission, he fell to his knees, and begged, "Please Aunt Apollonia!!! I'm so sorry!!! I'm not a sissy!!! I just needed to feel myself cum!!! I promise I will never jerk off!!! Ever!!!"

Apollonia laughed in his face. "You're nine years old and you're a habitual masturbator. You recently passed into Moretti manhood and within a few weeks have failed to maintain being a Moretti man. Want to know how I know?"

Shock showed on Antonio's face. He wondered, *'What does my aunt know? All I did was jerk off when I was taught not to. What?!?'* He looked at his aunt, wonder and fear on his young face, he begged, "Please. . ."

"Did I make you eat your seed today?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Did you feel what happened?" she asked this time with an emphasis on 'happened'.

Antonio closed his eyes. He knew. He knew she saw his cock jump when he tasted his own seed. That was how she knew and now he was going to have to admit eating his own when he masturbated in his room. Antonio looked to his father for guidance but none was given. He returned his gaze to his aunt. When he did not answer she began to rise from her seat and that was enough for him, "Yes, yes, yes!!! I felt my penis jump when you put your cum coated finger in my mouth."

"You like the taste of cum?" Apollonia asked.

"No," the youngster replied.

"LIAR!!!" shouted Apollonia. "Look at your panties, Antonia. Just thinking about eating cum has made you begin to get hard. Pull down your panties and show everyone. NOW!!!"

He rose to his feet, pulled down the front of his sister's panties, and freed his rather nicely sized cock. It did not flop down as any soft prick would; instead it stood away from his body enough to show that he was excited about eating cum. Antonio tried with all his might to force his cock to stop getting erect. It did not work. He began to face the truth of it all. He liked being yelled at by his favorite aunt. He was a sissy. Antonio Rossi preferred cock to pussy. Although he fucked Nancy nonstop every weekend, he thought about what it would be like to be on the receiving end willingly. His passage to Moretti manhood was difficult because he could not show his true desires. Now, everyone knew.

"Say it Antonia," ordered Apollonia.

"I'm a sissy," he replied as tears began to roll down his face ruining his makeup. After he stopped the tears, the relief was evident on his face.

Raffaella broke out in tears. Viviano couldn't believe his ears. Carmen laughed at her brother. Apollonia turned to her husband and said, "He sleeps with you tonight. Make sissy love to him. Do not let his new found clitty enter your pussy. If you have to, tie it in a knot. From this moment forward, Antonio Rossi no longer exists. His name will be changed and he will forever be called Antonia 'Pussy Boi' Rossi. Take him home Colina. I'll follow shortly."

Colina stood, helped his nine year old nephew get off the coffee table, and with a gentleness borne of concern guided him to the back of the house where their jackets were hung. Inside Colina knew exactly how Antonio felt at being outed, but he also knew as a born and bred Moretti, his life was going to be a living hell. Maybe, Colina could help but proving to his nephew that what he was feeling was not what he really wanted or. . . Colina did not want to think of the OR.

"So, Viv, any thoughts?" asked Apollonia. Still seated on either side of her were Carmen and Alessa.

"I'm totally dumbfounded," he replied. "Is Colina actually going to sleep with my son tonight?"

"What do you think?" she replied.

"I don't know what to think," he answered. "I'm just at a loss for words. I had no idea what was going on behind their closed doors. If I had any inkling, I would have nipped it in the bud. I just don't see him enjoying sex like a woman. He just loves fucking Nancy and I was sure he would be a wonderful provider for the family. Maybe we, meaning Raffy and I, should have been a bit, no, a lot more vigilant with him."

"What about Carmen?" asked Apollonia as she put her left hand around the back of Carmen's neck.

"She is no angel," Viviano replied. "She is just as much at fault as is my son."

Apollonia stood, turned, and stated to Raffaella's and Viviano's surprise, "When I get home I will instruct Colina to make your son fear that his ass is going to be used like a pussy without ever performing anal intercourse. Tomorrow morning he will bring your son home and both of you will perform whatever punishment you feel fits his crime. If for any reason, both of you feel that he is truly a sissy then I want to see him in my house dressed and ready to fellate Colina. Truthfully, I don't think is going to come to that."

Raffaella and Viviano had looks of concern and relief on their faces. Without responding to Apollonia, they gathered up Carmen and Alessa and made their way back to their house. Both girls knew they were going to be punished. How hard was still to be known.

Once Apollonia and Mario were alone, she sat next to him, and said, "How are you feeling?"

"Do you really care?" he answered.

"Yes, I do," she replied. "No matter what you think of me, I am still your daughter and if you like, I will give you a hand job just like I did when I was seven years old. See, you old fuck, I know you'd love to take me by the throat, throw me down on the floor of the great room, and fuck the shit out of me. Your desire to take from me what I in essence took from you is plainly written all over your face. You cannot rationalize how I can help you beat a murder rap and at the same time hate your fuckin' guts because you are nothing more than a piece-of-shit pedophile."

The snort said it all, but Mario verbalized, "And what do you call what just occurred with your nephew? Was his humiliation worth proving your superiority over him and for that matter the rest of us? That is not how you guide this family. What would you have done if it was your son who may be homosexual? Hopefully, you would not humiliate him the way you did my grandson."

"And your shit don't stink, right dad?" said Apollonia. She saw the surprise on his face at her use of dad instead of his given name. "You don't have to answer. Just know that I have to power. Lucia's diaries are a fount of knowledge and wellspring of sexual deviance that can and will be used against some very powerful people. Consolidation of my power will continue on Thursday at the meeting I am calling. You can try to stop me, but if you come to your senses and see that you will be better served by sucking my ass and living then I'll gladly accept your allegiance."

"Fuck you, Apollonia," stated Mario. "You sleep with another woman. Your body ages and nothing is put into it to bring forth a child to continue the Moretti name. If it was in my power, I'd give you what you need, but I know you prefer silicone to real cock. As long as you're eating pussy over getting a nice hard cock shoved up your cunt, I'm never going to accept you as my better."

Apollonia laughed, patted her father's face, and said, "Wait until you meet Alessandro Bruno. This time instead of the son-in-law sucking the father-in-law's cock, I'll have the father-in-law suck the son-in-law's cock because when we get married, you are going to eat your words and my ass will be the only part of my body you will kiss for the rest of your lousy life."

Mario sat surprised at what she just enunciated. He did not move as she turned and walked out of his house. He knew she was headed to the Chink's house which was enough to make him retch as he stood and made his way up to his bedroom. The ankle bracelet was going to take some getting used to, but having his freedom far surpassed spending any time in prison.