

© Copyright, Emanon_Pen™, 2008-2012. All Rights Reserved.

The stories on this website are works of fiction. Any characters resemblance to persons living or dead is purely and entirely coincidental. Any actions taken by the characters or the portrait of such actions never occurred and if they mimic any form of reality, it is purely and entirely coincidental.

These stories contain explicit descriptions of sexual activity and may be perceived by some as being pornographic. If you feel that literary erotica is pornographic, then do not continue surfing this website or begin reading any of the stories posted here. If you inadvertently or with willful intent download a story to your computer or receive it as an e-mail attachment, then you should DELETE IT NOW AND LEAVE THE WEBSITE. The author assumes no responsibility if a minor downloads this story, is caught, and prosecuted by his parents or the federal, state, and/or local government.

This copyrighted material may not be freely distributed onto any website or newsgroup without the express written consent of the author.

Commercial websites that post this copyrighted material without the express written consent of the author and payment of royalties to the author will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

You may download this story for personal use. You may make no changes to the story and the copyright statement must not be removed. The author grants no other permissions to you or your successors.

The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 145

Tuesday Early Morning – Columbus Place -11 March 2003

Apollonia and Ming

The glow of the clock radio was enough to cause Apollonia to open her eyes. She didn't want to look at the time, but her fight to close her eyes was lost when she saw the numerals on the clock – 4:38AM. The night was all she expected. Ming used an eleven by six inch dildo to make her cry out several times as her body was wracked with deep vaginal orgasms. The only oral exploration of her hairless pussy by Ming was the ten minutes prior to her mounting her lover. Apollonia's intake of breath as she felt the ersatz cock enter her body was the signal that she was ready to be fucked for as long as Ming could thrust her hips before collapsing from the physical activity. When either woman took the active role, they relished the fact that they were giving to the other what no man could – a deep, total body wracking vaginal orgasm.

Apollonia sighed as she moved her gaze from the face of the clock radio to her lover's face. Ming's eyeballs rotated behind her lids and Apollonia knew she was in deep REM sleep and most likely dreaming. Her lover was on her back, her legs slightly parted, her left hand was resting on her stomach just above her bellybutton, and her right hand rested on her mons. Apollonia sighed as she thought how sweet it would be to see the fingers of Ming's right hand seek out her clitoris and begin to gently caress her love button in response to her dream. Her own body tensed as she felt her sex become moist remembering the deep fucking her lover gave her in response to the need to feel something hard inside her body. Changing her gaze from her lover's crotch back to her face reduced Apollonia's need to respond to her lover as she promised. Her sleep infectious and Apollonia moved as close as she dare to her lover's body, rested her head on the pillow, closed her eyes, and thought not about Ming, but Sarah Goldsmith.

The alarm clock sounded at 6:15AM waking both lovers. Ming opened her eyes to find Apollonia staring longingly at her face. She did not say a word to her lover. The movement of her left hand to the back of her head was enough of a signal. Apollonia kissed Ming's left breast. She gently sucked the nipple between her lips and caressed the flat mesa with her tongue. Ming Zheng sighed, but did not move to force her lover's head between her legs. She knew that Apollonia would make her way down and give to her what she promised.

Apollonia felt her pussy moisten. She released Ming's nipple to begin her downward slide to her lover's honeypot. She used her tongue and lips to lick and kiss her way to the nexus of Ming's legs. Knowing she promised her lover a one sided oral experience Apollonia moved her body down the bed so her head and shoulders lay comfortably between her lover's legs. She placed her hands underneath Ming's knees and raised her legs. She

exposed the beautiful Oriental pussy and saw her bodily fluids gleaming between her labia. The smell of her sex released several milligrams of dopamine in her brain. The receptors lit up and Apollonia's addiction to Ming's bodily fluids drove her to make oral love to her vagina. She kissed Ming's vagina as if she was kissing her mouth. Her tongue sought out her opening as she French kissed her lover's cunt. Apollonia's body could not absorb the rising sexual neurotransmitter high and she began to hump the bed hoping for relief.

She knew the minute her either of her hands left the leg it was holding to pleasure her rising clitoris, Ming would tense up and cry foul. Their love for each other kept Apollonia on her task. The first flood of vaginal fluid filled her mouth. She groaned as its sweet salty taste sent another flood of dopamine and serotonin to her sexual receptors in her brain. It was enough to set off a mini orgasm. Her legs tensed and her vagina flooded with her own pleasure juices. Ming felt her lover's tongue inside her and pressed her hips upwards to give her better access to her charms. When her hips reached their highest point, Ming moved her hands to the back of Apollonia's head. She pressed her lover's face into her crotch.

Ming fucked Apollonia's face.

The pressure of her hands on the back of her head was exactly what Apollonia knew Ming would do as she tongue fucked her pussy. The elixir of her body poured forth so Apollonia could greedily suck and lap it up. She swallowed Ming's juices and with each swallow her mind and body exploded with sexual pleasure. Eating her lover was just as thrilling sexually as having a well-endowed man thrusting into her body. She felt Ming tense and force her legs together. Apollonia did not let go of Ming's legs. Her touch invited Ming to press her thighs against the sides of her head as she crested in a full body orgasm.

"FUCK-K-K-K!!!" cried Ming as her body released the tension and the euphoric feeling of an orgasm overtook her body and soul.

Apollonia sucked gently as the flood of vaginal fluids filled her mouth. After the second swallow, she felt her pussy contract and her body tense and release in rush of orgasmic pleasure. Her mind raced as she sucked her lover's juices. Apollonia's thoughts were not one hundred percent about her lover. For the second time that morning, Sarah Goldsmith entered her consciousness and added to the orgasm she just achieved by simply eating her lover's pussy.

As Ming came down from her sexual high, she gently pushed Apollonia from between her legs. Her body was coated in sweat. She felt her lover move next to her and wrap an arm across her midsection. She turned her head, her eyes sought out her lovers, and she said, "Nice. . . If I didn't have to get the boys ready, I wouldn't have stopped. You would have been sucking me for hours."

Apollonia gently pulled her back, rubbed her flat stomach, and said, "Anytime. But, I have to admit I was scared. . ."

A questioning look crossed Ming's face, *'What on earth could have scared Apollonia as she made love to me?'* "What???" she said and asked.

Apollonia pulled her tight, her mouth went to Ming's ear, and she said, "I shouldn't start this now, but I'm afraid. Afraid I'm like my mother."

Ming broke the hold, rolled to face her lover, and said, "You're nothing like your mother. You. . ."

She placed the index finger of her right hand on Ming's lips, "Not now. You have to take care of Shen and Lian. I'm going to get dressed, go home, and wait for you. When you return come directly to me. I need to talk and it only can be you."

Ming saw it in her eyes. A fear that in all the years they'd been together she never once saw. She pursed her lips, nodded, and said, "I'll come directly to you."

Colina and Antonia

The alarm sounded waking Colina but not Antonia, because Antonia had not really fallen asleep. From the moment he got into bed with his sissy uncle, Antonio regretted admitting to his aunt that he was a sissy. To his surprise, Colina did not attempt to have sex with him. Instead they talked about what and how Antonio felt and what he could do to change his aunt's mind about his sexuality. But, deep inside, the boy liked the feeling of the satin panties against his genitals and the nylon against his legs. He was confused.

Colina opened his eyes, felt his erection pressing against his panties, and without thinking lowered the waistband freeing his sissy clit. He saw Antonia lying on the bed not far from him. He reached for his left hand and said as he held it, "Morning masturbation is the best. When I wake up in the morning and I have the time, I jerk off thinking about how sweet it is to have an orgasm first thing in the morning. Is that what you do?"

Antonia turned to face his uncle, eyes wide open, and said, "Before yesterday, I would say yes but, not today. I'm not going to live my life getting butt fucked by Moretti men. I am a Moretti man."

"Are you sure?" asked Colina. "Seems your aunt thinks differently about your sexuality. And for that matter, as a Moretti man, you could, if you so desire, take me because I cannot say no to you. My sissy mouth and sissy pussy are available to you." Colina watched Antonio's face to see his reaction betting to himself that the youngster would turn his offer of fellatio or anal sex down."

"What can I say," replied Antonia. "The thought of taking you is appealing, but I'm not sure Aunt Apollonia would approve of me using you." Antonia paused, looked at his sissy uncle, shrugged his shoulders, and said. "When I was in the backseat with Aunt Apollonia and you my cock did jump, but it did because of how close I was sitting next to my aunt and not because of her cum coated finger. There is nothing more to it. I'm sure that I'm a Moretti man one hundred percent."

Colina smiled, released his hand, and said, "Then I suggest you get out of bed, go into the bathroom, and get washed up. I'm going to relieve myself because that is what I do in the morning. When I'm done, I will shower, get dressed, and take you home. I will tell your parents that nothing happened, but you do anything to prove me wrong; I will bend you over and shove my seven inch sissy clit so far up your sissy ass it will come out your mouth. Now, get moving."

Antonio Rossi jumped out of his uncle's bed and made a beeline to the bathroom. Now the only persons he needs to convince were his mother, his father, and his favorite aunt. If need be, he'd eat a yard of her shit to get to her asshole to prove he was a Moretti man and not a sissy.

Raffaella and Viviano

The morning alarm sounded but wasn't needed. Raffaella had her legs wrapped around Viviano's waist as he pumped his nine-and-a-half inch Italian cock into and out of her well lubricated Moretti cunt. Their morning fornication was the first in many days. Viviano did not ask and Raffaella did not refuse him. He rolled on top of her. She opened her legs. Without any preamble or petting, Viviano pushed his rampant erection into her near dry hole.

Once he pressed his crotch into hers, Raffaella's body reacted and flooded her vaginal canal with love's lubrication. The sex was urgent and not at all loving. They both needed release and all each of them wanted from the other was a good fucking. The sound of the mattress springs resounded in the room and if they were heard by the children neither of them cared. Viviano pressed his body down on his wife's. She opened herself to him as any good Moretti wife would. They fucked nonstop for a good seventeen minutes.

Viviano uttered to his wife, "Here. . ."

"Yes-s-s-," was her reply.

Viviano pressed his cock deep into her body. She felt his cock thicken and grow harder. Viviano's body tensed and then his cock released the product of his prostate and testicles into his wife's womb. At the moment he began to orgasm, Raffaella's body tensed and released her vaginal fluids mixing them with the baby making sperm of her loving husband. Raffaella did not release her legs as she kept the love-of-her-life inside her body. Viviano knew what she wanted, but there was no time for a second go round.

"I love you," he said. "Open your legs. We have to start the day."

Raffaella pouted, but knew he was correct. She uncrossed her ankles and allowed him to roll to his side of the bed. She turned to him and said, "I love you too, but I'm worried about Antonio. Have you decided what you're going to do with him?"

"All depends," he replied. "If he accepted Colina's advances, then he'll be Antonia and live his life being a bitch for Moretti men. I doubt anything happened. We'll talk to him and then we'll take the three of them and read them the riot act. We have to be on the same page or it will not work."

"I agree," said Raffaella. "If he's a sissy, then I want at him. I want to see him bent over in front of me as I ram a large dildo up his sissy ass. I don't think he is and I too want to read them the riot act. Spanking and grounding them will not be enough. We need to do something they will remember."

"After I come home from taking them to school we'll talk," he said.

"First, we need to see to Antonio," said Raffaella.

"True," replied Viviano. "He should be home soon considering he has to go to school."

Both Viviano and Raffaella heard the backdoor open and close. Viviano hopped out of bed, threw on his bathrobe, and made his way downstairs. Upon entering the kitchen and breakfast room, he saw Colina and Antonio standing just inside the doorway to the kitchen. Colina was dressed in a maid's uniform and Antonio was wrapped in a dark navy blue bath sheet.

"What gives?" asked Viviano.

"Your son is no sissy," said Colina. "We spoke at length last night. What happened with his siblings was the truth. His reaction in the back of the Town Car on the way home from the funeral was a result of his unrequited love for his aunt and not because he is a sissy. I believe your son is all man and I'll stake my life on it."

"Why is he wrapped in a towel?"

"I did not want to continue the humiliation," replied Colina. "I had him shower to remove all remnants of his aunt's makeup. He is naked underneath and I thought it best to wrap him in the towel to cross the street."

Viviano eyed Colina and then his son, "Drop the towel."

Antonio did as he was told.

Viviano stepped up to his son, wrapped his hand around the boy's shoulders and pushed him to his knees. He opened his bathrobe. His cock hung between his legs coated with his and his wife's love juices. What is in front of your face?"

"Your cock," replied Antonio.

"Where is it going?" asked Viviano.

Antonio looked up to his father and then to his sissy uncle. He shivered and said, "In my mouth?"

"If not there? Where?" asked his father.

"No-o-o-o. . ." whined the boy.

"WHERE???" shouted Viviano.

"In my ass," cried Antonio.

"Not your pussy?" asked Viviano.

"I'm not a sissy," cried Antonio.

"Then get your ass upstairs and get dressed for school," commanded his father. "Don't fuck with me Antonio Rossi or I will personally get permission from Aunt Apollonia to use you first before your mother fucks your sissy pussy with a big black dildo."

It didn't take but a second for Antonio Rossi to stand and run stark naked into the great room and up the stairs closest to his room.

Viviano noticed Colina staring, "Care for some, bitch?"

"Sorry Viv," said Colina. "I'm not bending over for you."

"Sorry Colina," said Viviano. "You know I can force you to, but I forgot that Apollonia has control over who, what, where, and when of you taking a Moretti cock." After he said what he did, Viviano looked flustered. He stood a moment before he said, "Thank you for what you did and didn't do."

"You're welcome," replied Colina through his wired shut jaw before he turned and departed the house.

Apollonia and Colina

Apollonia walked into her house to find her husband dressed in a white cotton maid's uniform, white stockings, and white maid's work shoes. The coffeemaker was brewing and the newspapers were laid out on the breakfast table. She stepped up behind him, wrapped her arms around his waist, and pulled him backwards into an embrace. Colina did not refuse her attention. He put his hand on hers. They stood together for a few minutes before she spoke, "I love you Colina. I love Ming. There is a man that I believe is going to become the father of my children. Yet, I'm scared. Scared that I am going to be like Lucia."

Colina shivered, broke her hold, turned and said through his wired shut mouth, "What are you talking about?"

"Later," she said, "when Ming is here. I want you there with me. I have to release my inner being and you two are the only people on the face of this earth I trust to bear my soul to. For now, please some coffee."

"I'm not sure I understand, but all I want for you is happiness," he said as he moved to the coffeemaker to pour a cup of hot black Starbucks French Roast coffee into her favorite mug.

Apollonia moved to the table, sat, and laid flat The New York Times. She perused the front page and immediately set it aside for the Business Section. The news there wasn't much better, but she did see that the dollar fell against the Euro because of a statement by Secretary of State Colin Powell concerning a possible attack on Iraq. She had to check the status of their currency holdings, but her mind was not wrapped around business. She tossed the paper aside just as her sissy placed a mug of hot coffee in front of her. Apollonia took ahold of his hand, smiled as she felt the softness of the palm and his fingers, and asked a one word question, "Antonia?"

He didn't ask. Colina sat and said, "You can call him by his given name. Your nephew is no sissy."

She was partially surprised by his answer, "How so?"

"What you saw was not his excitement over eating the fruit of his loins," stated Colina. "It was his reaction to being so close to you Appy he could feel the softness your skin. He is totally smitten with you. Nothing you'd do to him would break his undying crush on you. His cock jumped because you touched his body. Antonio was scared shitless and feeling his unrequited love for you surge throughout his nine-year-old body as your finger gathered up the results of his forced masturbation."

"Please," sighed Apollonia, "a crush? Unrequited love, as if he understood the meaning of the word? You mean to tell me my nephew would do anything. . ."

Colina interrupted, "That boy would eat a yard of your shit to get to your asshole, Appy. You mean to tell me you don't see it when he looks at you? What was his answer when he ejaculated so fast in the back of the limo?"

"I know, I know," she said, "but, he's only nine. He's a Moretti man, but he's still a boy."

Colina stood and as he went to the kitchen he said, "A boy that would love to fuck, no, make love his favorite aunt." He poured himself a cup of coffee and returned to his seat at the table. "He thought I was sound asleep when actually I was watching him. Antonio is frustrated because he can only stare at you. When he sees you or is near you, his cock takes over. That boy would do anything to get between your legs Apollonia. Maybe you should allow him. Didn't he do his mother?"

The mug of coffee almost fell out of her hand when she heard her sissy's question. Shaking just a bit, she put the mug down, and replied. "That was and is a horse of a different color. I don't think it would be good for him. . ."

"Excuse me," interjected Colina, "he fucked his own mother. She opened herself to him as a reward for passing the Moretti *Rites of Passage*. No matter how you look at it, it was and will always be incest. Your father and his father introduced him to the world of Moretti mores, ethics, and sex. Maybe you should give him one roll-in-the-hay. It may just give you the opportunity to show him he has a long way to go to be a real man. It may just cure him of his infatuation."

"And," Apollonia continued, "It could also stoke the fire within his loins to want to have relations with me on a continuing basis." She picked up her mug took a sip, smiled, and said, "That would just fuck over Viviano. That son-of-a-bitch would give his left testicle to bed me. An interesting idea if I must say so. Fuck his son instead of him." She took another sip and said, "I have to ask and I won't be mad. Did you offer yourself to him?"

Colina blushed and replied, "Yes and he turned me down. But, it wasn't because he wasn't interested. His reason for turning me down, and I'm speculating, was his fear of you confirming his sissiness and not accepting that a Moretti man can use a sissy anytime he so desires. My other thoughts deal with his fears of you berating him for fucking your sissy without your permission."

So, he isn't a sissy at all?" asked Apollonia as she stared into Colina's eyes.

"Not in the least," replied Colina.

"Good," said Apollonia with a finality that Colina knew would seal forever the thought that her nephew preferred the feel of a cock deep within his ass instead of his inside the warmth of a female pussy. Feeling more confident about her nephew but not about her designs on Sarah Goldsmith, Apollonia finished her coffee, stood, and said, "I'm headed upstairs to shower. I must smell like Ming's pussy because all I did this morning was suck and swallow her juices for a liquid breakfast. While I shower, please make me something to eat. Surprise me, Colina."

"Yes," he replied. With a twinkle in his eye, he said, "I'll surprise you."

She paused for a moment, stared hard into his eyes, and realized his sense of humor was showing itself. That made her more than happy because he was dealing with the loss of his sister and beginning to move past her death. Apollonia smiled and said, "I don't know if you split your sissy milk this morning, but don't get any ideas of serving me cereal covered in Colina's Sissy Milk." Nodding knowingly, she rose from the breakfast table and made her way to the master bedroom.

Apollonia, Ming, and Colina

Ming returned from taking Shen and Lian to school although she could have just as easily allowed Viviano to take them as he has almost every morning since she moved to Columbus Place. As she told her lover earlier that morning, she came directly to Apollonia's house. She was getting quite used to just walking in the back door and just letting the screen door slam shut as a signal that someone had just entered. As she walked down the short hallway from the back entrance mudroom to the kitchen she stopped for a moment to smell the combined odors of Apollonia's house and the unmistakable smell of fresh brewed coffee. Her body reacted in an unexpected way. Her pussy flooded sending waves of pleasure to her brain. Ming leaned against the wall as a totally unexpected miniscule orgasm surged throughout her body. She caught her breath, felt the wet spot on the small piece of material that covered her sex, unconsciously smoothed the front of her skirt, and remained with her shoulders leaning against the wall.

It took a couple of minutes for her to recover and she thought, *'Jesus Christ!!! I just had a small orgasm initiated from the smell of her house.'* She stepped away from the wall and called out jokingly, "Apollonia Moretti?!?! Where are you?"

"On the breakfast room table, legs akimbo, waiting for your tongue," chortled Apollonia.

Colina turned from his place in front of the kitchen sink and watched as his wife stood open armed waiting for the arrival of her Asian lesbian lover. Ming Zheng did not acknowledge Colina with even a nod of her head or a wave of her slender hand. She went right into Apollonia's embrace and melted into her lover's body. Their kiss was more than enough to get Colina's sissy clit to jump. Thankfully, he had enough control to keep it from rising at the sight of two beautiful women kissing passionately while each cupped the other's buttocks. It didn't take but a second for him to remember how he and Apollonia would embrace and kiss like the two women were presently doing. His sigh was a bit louder than he expected or wanted.

Apollonia broke the kiss, but not the embrace. She looked over to her sissy husband and said, "Remembering how it used to be Colina?"

He turned, blushed, and said, "Yes Mistress." He bounced on his toes for a couple of seconds before he said, "I was just remembering how we used to kiss like that."

"I bet you do, Colina," said Apollonia. She placed her lips on Ming's cheek and whispered, "I bet his sissy clit is trying to drip, but knowing him he emptied his sissy eggs this morning before he got out of bed. God, you feel so nice against my body. I love you, Ming Zheng."

"I love you Apollonia Moretti," replied Ming. She moved signaling her lover it was time to break the embrace. Apollonia complied not before giving her ass a good squeeze. Ming turned to Colina and said, "Would you pour me a mug please Colina." She did not wait for an answer from her lover's cuckold sissy. Ming looked directly into her lover's eyes and simply asked, "So?"

Apollonia closed her eyes, licked her lips, and said, "Let's go into the great room. I'll be more comfortable there." She was about to tell her sissy to bring the coffee to the great room when she saw him exiting the kitchen area with a steaming mug of coffee for Ming. She put her arm around her lover's shoulders and guided her towards the conversation pit in the center of the great room. Colina followed.

Ming allowed Apollonia to maneuver her to the love seat that faced the front door. The two women sat and Colina placed the mug of coffee on Moretti Construction coaster to protect the polished wood. He stood for a moment before Apollonia realized that she had told him he was to be part of bearing of her soul. Apollonia did not say anything to him. She pointed to the couch that faced the driveway. Just as Ming was about to say something, she placed the index finger of her right hand on her lover's lips to silence whatever she was going to say. When Ming remained silent, Apollonia moved her hand so her palm was against Ming's left cheek. Their eyes met and Ming knew instinctively that it was best for her to let Apollonia begin the conversation.

The house was silent except for the whirring of the motor on the Sub-Zero refrigerator. Both Ming and Colina held their breath as they watched Apollonia unconsciously rub the palms of her hands over the material of the gabardine pant that covered her thighs. They knew she was thinking about how she was going to start what she felt was a very important and complicated conversation.

Apollonia did not know who to look at when she started to speak and for reasons she could not fathom, she looked at neither her lover nor her sissy husband. Her eyes focused on the painting of what appeared to be a woman looking out of a window at a boat on a lake. "I'm petrified, scared, stressed, and at the same time sexually excited by a person that should not elicit such feelings in me." She paused and waited for either Ming or Colina to interrupt with the logical question, but neither of them spoke.

"This morning as I lay between your legs making love to you my mind wandered from my focus." Apollonia paused, took a deep breath, exhaled, and said, "I was pressing my body on the bed relishing the taste of your love juices and just before I orgasmed I thought how sweet it would be to have my tongue inside the body of," she paused, took a breath, closed her eyes, exhaled and continued, "Sarah Goldsmith."

Ming was not mad or hurt by what she just heard. If Colina's mouth wasn't wired shut, his jaw would have dropped. Apollonia did not look at either of them. She covered her face and through her hands said, "The two times I have been close to her my body reacted sexually. I'm scared that I'm reacting the way Lucia did when she ultimately made her decision to have sex with prepubescent children. I can see in my mind's eye the words Lucia wrote about the young girl that drove her to seek orgasmic relief. I'm not going to go into detail, but this child was person zero for that crazy bitch." She uncovered her face, looked directly into Ming's eyes and said in a quiet little girl's voice, "I'm afraid of what I want to do with her. There is something. . ."

Ming couldn't help but chuckle. She leaned forward, took her lover's hands into hers, and said, "You're not a pedophile Apollonia. Miss Sarah Goldsmith has a high content of sexual pheromones exuding from her body." She paused, picked up Apollonia's hands, and kissed them. Ming made eye contact before she spoke, "You asked me to take care of her for a bit yesterday and when had my arm around her shoulder, the same thing happened to me. My vagina flooded and there was nothing I could do to stop it from happening."

"You're just saying that to calm my nerves," said Apollonia.

"No, my love," breathed Ming. "I too was afraid, but I put my thinking cap on and I realized what was happening. I don't think she knows how or why she sexually affects people."

"You were there when she admitted to having feelings for Antonio," said Apollonia.

"Yes I was," said Ming, "but nothing happened because Antonio was not aware of her desire for him."

"True," said Apollonia, "but, she did have an effect on me."

Colina sat listening to their conversation and decided to ask, "If Sarah Goldsmith were to enter this room and sit on next to you, what would happen?"

"I know what would happen," deadpanned Apollonia. "I would smell her and become sexually excited. That is the effect she has on me. I would want to push her down, pull down her panties, spread her legs, and suck her until she screams for me to stop."

"Really," said Ming.

"Yes," replied Apollonia, "and that is sick. Why in God's name would I want to sexually molest an eight year old girl?"

"Maybe your reaction is a result of her unknowing desire to be sexual with you," said Ming.

Colina could not believe what he heard. "Ming, do you really think an eight-year-old girl has the presence of mind to entice an adult into a sexual situation? Especially when she exhibits absolutely no desire for sexual contact with anyone."

"That is just it," said Ming. "She has no idea that her body exudes a strong odor of sexual pheromones. It could be related to her beginning to go through puberty. Isn't true that girls today are starting at a younger age than when we went through it?"

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," moaned Apollonia. "Does that mean when Carmen begins her changes I'm going to be sexually attracted to her? I don't buy that at all."

It was Colina's turn to chuckle. "Stop for a minute and think about your nephew. Remember our conversation from this morning. You exude something that makes him crazy for you, so why can't Sarah do the same to you? In fact, why can't she do it to both of you? It is plausible, isn't it?"

Apollonia fell back into the loveseat, covered her face, and moaned, "I'm fuckin' wet just talking about her. If you were to pull down my panties they'd be soaked through. I'm telling you both there is something more to this than just her fuckin' pheromones." She sat up, looked directly into Ming's eyes and said, "I have no desire to be with Carmen. I have been around other young girls and I have never reacted the way I do around Sarah Goldsmith." She turned to her sissy husband and said, "Colina, I so sorry, but your sister's daughter has this sexual hold on me and the only way. . ."

Ming reacted before she could say what Ming knew she was about to express. Her right hand made full contact with Apollonia's left cheek and ear. The force of the blow sent her backwards into the corner of the loveseat. Apollonia did not have the presence of mind to respond to Ming's physicality. Her right hand went to her face which was the reaction Ming was hoping for. She immediately pressed her left hand against Apollonia's elbow forcing her hand to slide off her face and push the crux of her arm into her neck. She applied just enough pressure to let Apollonia comprehend she had gotten the drop on her.

"Listen Miss Apollonia Moretti," growled Ming, "you lay one finger on that girl and I will take from you what you want to take from her sicko father." Ming stared into her lover's eyes waiting for the color change. None came. She loosened her hold enough to allow Apollonia to relax. "I'm going to release you, but you make one move and your Colina will be a widower. And, you know I'll do it."

Apollonia nodded her head. Ming released her hold and with a bit of wariness moved back the small distance the loveseat would allow. Her face stung from the open-handed slap and she understood why her lover did it to her. Apollonia rubbed her cheek for a minute, stared out at one of her favorite paintings and said, "I'm so fucked in the head right now. Ming, I know I don't have to say this, but, if you need to control me by tying me up or knocking me out so be it. I'm just. . ."

"You're just up to your eyeballs in alligators," said Colina. "We're here to help and you need to understand that."

Before Apollonia could respond, the gatehouse phone sounded in the kitchen interrupting their conversation. Colina stood and made his way into the kitchen to answer the phone. Apollonia's eyes widened trying to tell her lover that she did not expect anyone this early in the morning. Colina answered the phone, listened, and told the gate house guard to wait for his return call. He returned to the great room, but did not sit down. He stood at the opening to the conversation pit and said, "You're not going to believe this one Apollonia, but Mario has three unexpected visitors."

"From where?" she asked wondering who would have the temerity to come to Columbus Place unannounced. Her mind immediately dropped the issue the three were talking about.

He looked down at the floor, tried to figure out the best way to say who was at the gate, couldn't, and decided to just let it fly. "There is a limousine with three," he paused and thought for a moment, "with three holy men from the Vatican asking to see your father."

Apollonia rose from the love seat, walked to the kitchen, picked up the gate house phone, and when the guard answered said, "Tell whoever is in the vehicle to come to my house. If they ask for Mario, tell them he is unavailable. If they balk, tell them they can take the crucifixes that are hanging around their necks, shove them up their asses, and return to Vatican City." She hung up the phone and said to no one in particular, "Fuckin' church. . . They think they own you if you're one of their parishioners. I'm not a happy camper!!!"

Ten minutes later, three men stood on the porch in front of the two hand-carved oak doors. Apollonia waited for the bell to chime before acknowledging their presence. When it sounded she nodded to Colina to open the door but not to let them enter.

Colina cracked the right hand door and asked, "May I help you?"

Cardinal Renaldo DeTomaso was not used to being stopped or held at bay growled, "I am the personal representative of the Holy See. I am here to see Mario Moretti. Now, step aside and let me enter."

Colina turned to Apollonia who smiled and said, "Let him enter but no further than the area rug by the front doors."

Colina stepped aside just enough to let the Cardinal enter the house. The two other much younger church officials were kept on the porch. They were not happy and let it be known by trying to push their way into the house. When she saw the other men trying to barge into her house Apollonia stood, walked over to the Cardinal, and said, "Tell your Vatican protection detail to remain calm or before you know it they'll be dead." She paused, stared into the old man's eyes and said, "Your choice cocksucker."

The Cardinal turned and waved his right hand while nodding to tell his security detail that everything was under control. When the commotion on the porch ended Apollonia stepped back and allowed the Cardinal's security detail to enter her house. She saw that the two priests were armed and that did not bode well with her at all. The decision was instantaneous. Apollonia stepped up to the priest on her right and before he could react grabbed his throat by his prominent Adam's apple. She applied enough pressure to cause the man to sway as his larynx was beginning to cave in from the exact amount of pressure needed to break the bones. Her left hand went to the priest's right side and she removed his Beretta semi-automatic from its belt holster. Before the other priest could react, she placed the barrel of the gun to the Cardinal's temple. Although her arms were crossed she still had enough physical self-control to make the men pause and not react to her physically.

"Gentlemen," said Apollonia in a calm but stern voice, "do not ever bring a gun into this or any Moretti house. If you want your boss to live, disarm yourselves completely. Guns, knives, and whatever else you have on your person that can be used to inflict harm or death. You are supposed to be the messengers of God."

Ming Zheng stood and moved to the opening of the conversation pit but not close enough to the three men to put her in harm's way. She eyed Apollonia which was enough for her lover to know that if anything went awry she would enter that fray. Colina did what all sissies do; he backed away and positioned himself in the entrance way to the back of the house.

"How dare you put a gun to my head," cried the Cardinal. "Do you know who I am? I am the personal representative of the Pope and the Holy See. My security has weapons just in case there is trouble and there was no reason for you to react as you did. Now please, remove the gun from my head!!!"

Not moving the gun from his temple or her right hand from the neck of the priest assigned to protect the Cardinal, Apollonia said, "Ask me if I fuckin' care. Your men disarm themselves while in this house and on the compound or I will personally rip their useless gonads from between their legs and sauté them for dinner."

Fear was evident as the Cardinal's aged hands began to shake uncontrollably. His legs were beginning to buckle. He wanted to make the sign of the cross but settled for praying to Jesus that the insanity would end. Cardinal DeTomaso closed his eyes, used breathing to gain control of his physical body, and when a modicum of calmness overtook him he said, "Father Mangini and Father O'Connor do as she says."

Father Mangini could not move because Apollonia had his throat. Father O'Connor removed two Berettas from his person. He looked at Apollonia who pointed to the floor and he dropped them in front of his feet.

"Fuck you father," growled Apollonia. "Bend over and remove the cap pistol you have strapped to your ankle. Do it or I crush his larynx."

Father O'Connor made a gesture as if he didn't have another weapon, but when he saw his partner begin to flail his arms he relented and removed a small five shot Smith & Wesson .38 from its hiding place on his left ankle. He dropped the hammerless weapon on the floor next to his Berettas.

"Kick them to the Asian lady standing to your left," ordered Apollonia.

Father O'Connor did as he was commanded. Ming grabbed the three weapons. Two she placed one on the coffee table while the third she pointed at the Cardinal. His fear overtook him and as all truly frightened people do, the old man pissed in his pants."

Apollonia released her hold on Father Mangini, stepped back, and held out her hand. The good father knew what she wanted. He retrieved a second Beretta, a Smith & Wesson .38, and a six inch throwing knife. He placed them in her hand and made no other move. Apollonia dropped the weapons and kicked them to her lesbian lover. Ming retrieved them and placed them on the coffee table with the other weapon.

"Now that we are disarmed," said Apollonia, "we can begin a dialogue. But first, Colina, clean up the Cardinal's mess and then go to Mario's and find a pair of pants and underpants for the scared representative of the fuckin' pope. So, what brings you to the Moretti compound in America?"

"We have urgent business for Mario Moretti," said the Cardinal. "It is for his eyes only."

The look on Apollonia's face was priceless. She nodded, pulled the gun down keeping it by her side, and said, "Mario Moretti is no longer the head of the Moretti family. I am. Any business the fuckin' pope has with the Moretti family goes through me – Apollonia Moretti. You have two choices. One, put your tail between your legs and return to The Vatican or two, sit and confer with me because if you don't chose option two then option one is your only choice."

Colina decided it would be better to get a fresh pair of pants for the Cardinal before he cleaned the mess by the front doors. He left and returned in a matter of minutes. What surprised him was Mario's cavalier attitude when he entered and left with a pair of his pants and underpants. He offered a pair of Mario's black gabardine dress pants and a pair of white cotton boxers to the Cardinal.

"Thank you," the Cardinal said. "Where can I change?"

"Right where the fuck you are" stated Apollonia. "We're all grownups here. It's not like you have anything to hide. I'll bet you a million dollars to a hole in a doughnut your useless cock has been in more boys' asses than in a nun's pussy. Either stay wet or change where you stand."

Father Mangini and Father O'Connor were trying hard to control their anger. Training had taught them to never give up their weapons, but the speed of the woman driving the conversation was beyond their training, physical abilities, and knowledge of personal security procedures. They both knew if they tried to end the insanity, both of them plus the Cardinal would be mortally wounded. As much as they wanted to be the protector of the Cardinal, their fear of dying for another's stupidity was keeping them still.

"At least a towel to dry myself," pleaded the Cardinal. "Please Miss Moretti."

Apollonia screamed to Colina to bring a bath towel when he returned to clean up the Cardinal's piss. He returned with a bucket and a mop from the utility room and towel from his bathroom. The Cardinal removed his black overcoat, his suit jacket, his shoes, and then his pants. In the process of removing his shoes, he was allowed to lean against the door but not one of his security detail. He removed his boxers and dried his genitals and the inside of both his thighs. He was thankful that the person who brought him a change of pants also brought a clean pair of underwear. After he had changed, he stood waiting for the next shoe to drop.

"I'm going to ask you one time Cardinal. Why are you here? Especially without a written invitation," asked Apollonia.

"Please Miss Moretti, may we at least sit?" asked the Cardinal. "I'm an old man and standing on my feet can get very tiresome."

"Really," chided Apollonia. "What the fuck do you do when officiating at a mass? You come to the Moretti compound unexpectedly, announce that you are here to see Mario Moretti, and expect me to bend over and kiss your faggot ass? You've got to be kidding me."

"I don't know what your problem is with the church, but if I may, please cease with the foul language. It doesn't become you." When Apollonia did not answer the frustrated Cardinal he said, "We have been trying for weeks to make contact to arrange a meeting, but no one was answering our phone calls or e-mail messages. It is very important that I speak with Mario Moretti concerning some crucial financial issues."

"For the last time Father," she used the term father in a derogatory manner and she saw how the man reacted, "it is me or the highway. Again, it is your fuckin' choice."

Trying to buy time, the Cardinal asked, "Would it be possible to make an international call? I need to contact the Pope. I'm not at liberty to discuss the financial issues and the Vatican's concerns with anyone but Mario Moretti."

"Guess you're headed out the door asshole," stated Apollonia. Inside she was loving being a total asshole to the representatives of the church. Ever since she read and confirmed her sister was fucking the priest at their church, she lost all respect for the men that supposedly spoke for God. "Mario Moretti is no longer the head of the Moretti family. If you have anything that needs to be discussed then you do it with me or the financial backing you need to complete certain projects and most importantly the unsavory projects will not be forthcoming."

Cardinal DeTomaso's jaw dropped. This woman knew of the underhanded things that were occurring in the name of the church. No one outside of the Holy Father, Mario Moretti, and himself should have knowledge of the

political and economic dirty tricks being used by the church. "Miss Moretti, please elucidate for me, because I am now out of my area of expertise."

"Bull fuckin' shit," growled Apollonia. "The Vatican has been washing money through the Moretti's since Jesus was nailed to the cross. What we have done and presently do for the church would curl your fuckin' toes, but then again, you're probably privy to the whorehouses that allow holy men like yourself to indulge in sex while maintaining the face of purity to the masses. Mario Moretti sucks my ass to show his allegiance. He is under my control. Therefore, you deal with me or you get the fuck out of my house."

"Miss Moretti," said the Cardinal resigned to the fact that he would not be speaking with Mario Moretti, "I come to ask why the scheduled payment was not delivered as required by the long lasting agreement between the church and the Moretti family."

"How much?" asked Apollonia.

"Ten million US dollars," replied the Cardinal.

"Oh that is easy," laughed Apollonia. "The money that was allocated to be given to the church secured Mario's release on bond while he fights a second degree murder charge. Guess the pope is going to have to wait for his money."

"Impossible," cried the Cardinal. "That is not acceptable. We have a long established and never ending deal with your family."

The smile on Apollonia's face said it all, "And we have the goods to take the church and crush it like a cockroach. Did you know that the present pope has a thing for prepubescent boys of all races, creeds, and cultures? Throughout his climb to the top, the Moretti family supplied him with boys from around the world to sate his sick sexual desires. I can go on about anyone." She paused, smiled from ear-to-ear, and gleefully added, "Including you Cardinal DeTomaso."

"PLEASE!!!" cried the Cardinal.

"Afraid to face the truth about whom you really are Father DeTomaso? Go home to The Vatican Cardinal," said Apollonia, "kneel between the Pope's legs and as you suck his ancient cock you can tell him that there is a new order in the Moretti family. What he wants from us has to be renegotiated and I expect him to come to me. He will kneel behind me and kiss my ass before I consider giving a dime to the church. Now, get the fuck out of my house."

Shaken to his religious core, Cardinal DeTomaso tried again to get the beautiful woman standing in front of him to heed his plea. "Miss Moretti, I beseech you to reconsider. If I return to The Vatican without the money, the Holy Father will make it difficult for the Moretti family; so difficult that you will crawl to him as he sits on his throne in St. Peter's Basilica to make amends. You will prostrate your body in front of him, beg his forgiveness, and if he is amenable you will kiss his ring after you've kissed his feet."

His threats fell on deaf ears. Apollonia needed to prove her point so she stepped closer to the priest named O'Connor and without any fear kicked him directly on his right thigh. The force of the blow broke his fibula. The priest fell to the floor screaming in pain. The Cardinal's eyes bugged out of his head. Father Mangini made a move to subdue the crazy bitch, but before he could make contact with Apollonia, she used the base of her open left hand to hit him directly underneath the cartilage of his nose. The pressure of the punch was enough to break his nose, but not enough to drive the cartilage and bone into his brain killing him. Father Mangini grabbed for his face and screamed in pain as he fell to his knees next to his security detail partner.

Apollonia recovered, stepped back from the two injured priests, and said. "Next time I use physical force it will be to wrap your ancient faggot asshole around your ears Father DeTomaso. I denigrate you by not using your designated title within the church hierarchy. You listen to me and you listen good. After the faggot priest forced my younger sister to suck his cock for five years, I have no use for the church and assholes like you. The church has to

deal with me and only me. The second you leave this house, word will spread that the Moretti family is no longer the protector of the Catholic Church and the sick pedophiles that inhabit it. Take a moment to look at your security detail. They are useless because a ninety pound woman kicked their asses. As I told you before, the fuckin' pope will come to me where I designate, kneel, and place his faggot lips on my asshole to show his obedience to the Moretti family. Once he's shown his true colors, I will discuss a renegotiation of any and all agreements. And, last but not least, gather up your laughable security detail and get the fuck out of my house."

Father Mangini recovered enough to help his teammate with the broken fibula to stand and use him as a crutch. Cardinal DeTomaso looked at Apollonia and said, "Their weapons. May they retrieve their weapons?" He saw the look of derision on Apollonia's face and decided against pushing to get their weapons. He looked down at the floor, made the sign of the cross, mumbled something to himself, and said, "This is a sad day for the Moretti family and the church. I will return to The Vatican and report to the Holy Father what occurred here today. May God have mercy on your soul."

Apollonia, Ming, and Colina watched as the three ambassadors of the church hobbled back to their limousine and laughed as the three tried to decide who would drive. Apollonia turned to Ming and said, "Now where were we?"

"I can't fuckin' believe you Apollonia!!!" cried Colina. "You just fucked two thousand years of Moretti family interaction with the church. Mario would never have. . ."

The punch was not directed to his face. It landed squarely on his solar plexus forcing the air out of his lungs. Colina doubled over trying to catch his breath. Apollonia stood next to him for a moment before she helped her sissy to sit on the couch facing the driveway. "Breathe Colina," she whispered. "You will regain your ability to breathe. Just don't ever tell me that Mario would have done it differently. You should have known better."

Colina started to regain his ability to breathe nodded his head in agreement. He mouthed, "I understand."

Apollonia stepped away, sat on the loveseat, and patted it beseeching her lover to return to her side. Ming mindful of where the conversation was before the interruption, sat, and said, "I think we've come to a decision about Sarah Goldsmith. Both of us will make sure the other does not do anything that will cause any harm to the youngster. I can deal with her sexuality. If you cannot, then stay away from her and delegate anything dealing with her to Colina or me. Agreed?"

"Yes," whispered Apollonia as she leaned in and placed her lips on her lover's lips. She broke the kiss, moved her mouth to her lover's left ear, and whispered, "Let's go upstairs and make love. I need you."

Ming rose, took her hands, and guided her to the stairs closest to her bedroom. As they rose to the second floor balcony, Ming called to Colina and said, "We are not to be disturbed. I don't care if the building is falling down around us, we will not be disturbed. We will be alone together until noon. Then and only then will your Mistress take you to the townhouse to deal with Dr. Goldsmith. Leave us and go about your sissy duties making sure you contact whomever you need to explain what has happened here this morning."