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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 148

Wednesday – Williamsport, PA -12 March 2003

Nathan Childress opened his eyes and knew he was not dreaming. His big black cock was still embedded in the extremely tight pussy of the young white married woman with whom he had spent the night. He fucked her in her marital bed while her husband was away on business. She called him, introduced herself, and gave him the name of the individual that passed along his name and number. She invited him over for a night of ribald sex with no strings attached. She explained that she wanted him to use all her orifices and she would start pleasing him the minute he walked into her apartment. To her word, she met him wearing only a pair of high heels. Her body, while nothing close to his employer's was enough to make him lick his lips in expectation. The young sprite of a married babe, closed the apartment door, fell to her knees, and without even a hello, sucked his cock to completion. The night was so crazy that Nathan had to beg her to stop playing with his black love tool. He was that sensitive and worn out.

The clock read 4:00AM and he knew he had time to fuck her good-bye. His employer expected him at 6:45AM. The bitch's body molded into his as she would not let him remove his big black cock from her ravaged pussy; he placed his left hand on her hip and began to fuck her. He was not considerate. Nathan would have been, but she begged him to treat her like a twenty-five dollar street whore. Remembering how she reacted when he filled her mouth with his first ejaculation, Nathan rolled her onto her stomach and fucked her mercilessly. The married woman woke with a start, groaned, and raised her hips giving him easier access to her violated white married pussy.

No words were exchanged. Nathan got his rocks off. The young girl orgasmed multiple times just from feeling his big black cock sliding into and out of her velvet love tunnel. When he finished, Nathan got out of bed, used her bathroom to clean his body, and after he dressed, he pointed to the apartment door. Totally naked, ravaged with fresh cum dripping from her cunt, and wanting nothing more than to have him fuck her whenever he wanted, the young wife took him to the apartment door, kissed him, and whispered, "Fuck me when you want. I don't care about my husband and his minuscule cock."

Nathan made his way to the black Lincoln Town Car smiling knowing he would be between the white bitch's legs sooner than she expected. He would stop for breakfast, which would most definitely come from a twenty-four hour McDonalds, and as he ate, he would make his way to his employer's compound.

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Mario Moretti awoke with a raging erection. He groaned knowing that the only way he could relieve the pressure in his balls was to masturbate. Thankfully, his bitch of a daughter had not put the insidious chastity device back onto his manhood. The sexual pain was something he could accept, but when he moved his right leg and felt the ankle bracelet, his cock began to shrink. The GPS tool around his ankle which permitted the DA to monitor his movement twenty-four/seven was beginning to wear on him. Although it was only a few days, his alpha personality was not accepting or handling his subservience to of all jurisdictions, the District Attorney of the County of Nassau. Now that his erection was no more, he rose from his bed, made his way to the bathroom, and stood in front of the toilet relieving his bladder as he fantasized that he was pissing on the District Attorney's face. Only time would tell if he would figuratively piss on her face and that would be when his trial culminated with a not guilty verdict.

He showered, got dressed for work, and made his way to the kitchen. The emptiness hit him, as it did every morning, when he rose, showered, and went downstairs to the kitchen. His love was nowhere to be found. She did not awaken him by sucking his cock or pulling him on top of her to take either of her offered holes. She had not arisen before him and quietly made her way to the kitchen to prepare something for him to eat before he drove or was taken to his business by his son-in-law. He missed walking into the U-shaped kitchen finding her there and feeling his cock rise in expectation of a blow job or bending her over and taking her. Eight times out of ten, she would beg him to take her anally. He would oblige because they both knew that he preferred ass to pussy in the morning.

God how he missed her. God how he hated his youngest daughter for effectively neutering him as the head of the Moretti family. Mario Moretti screamed as he thought that every action he took to remove her had resulted in him falling to his knees and sucking her asshole in gratitude that she did not take his life. The cunt that murdered his wife, her mother, and took everything he stood for in the eyes of the family and the world would not allow him to live the remainder of his life in peace. Now, she offended the church and he could do nothing to resolve and make amends with the Holy See. The family members that called him out of respect did not offer to help him regain the leadership of the family. They wanted to confirm that a decision was made to fuck with the church and make the pope prostrate his body at the feet of the Moretti family. To force the pope to beg to be allowed to continue to fuck the followers of the church in every way possible was not his style of exerting Moretti control. Mario Moretti shivered at the thought of watching his insane daughter making the pope kiss her cunt to prove that he was her bitch and not the other way round.

The clock showed that it was only 5:00AM. Mario realized that Viviano would not be in his driveway that morning. He was traveling to Pennsylvania with Apollonia; therefore he'd have to drive the Mercedes to the business in Astoria. His depression grew as he sat at the oak breakfast table. He put his head down into his crossed arms and quietly cried.

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Apollonia woke to find her bed empty. She smiled and thought, 'I do own him. Lock, stock, and barrel'. She looked over her side of the bed, saw nothing, and rolled to the other side. On the floor, sound asleep was Alessandro Michele Bruno. He made his way to her bedroom without any complaints after being soundly fucked in his ass and mouth by her sissy husband and her brother-in-law. The expectation of fucking Apollonia was painted on his face and his body language confirmed his expectation as he climbed the steps to her bedroom.

Upon entering, they kissed like two teenagers. Standing next to the bed; Apollonia remained dressed and Alessandro was totally naked as they enjoyed sucking on each other's tongue. The room was bathed in the soft glow of the partial moon as it shown through the bedroom windows. Alessandro made one attempt to remove her clothing, but learned very quickly that the woman he so wanted to fornicate with would not allow him to touch her. How she got to his balls so quickly amazed him. The pain was short and to the point. Her statement scared yet intrigued him. The

fear was something he'd never truly faced especially when it came to women. The intrigue was borne of his inability to say no to this and only this woman. He allowed a sissy to fuck him and he sucked and swallowed the ejaculate of another man in front of her as she was masturbated by her older sister.

The clock read 4:30AM. Apollonia put her hand on Alessandro's shoulder and said, "Wake up. Get into bed."

His eyes opened to see the woman he was falling in love with looking down at him. 'Wow,' he thought, 'I did really sleep on the floor.' Alessandro did not smile back. He stretched and every so carefully rose from the floor trying to keep his erection from distracting him as he got into the oversized king sized bed. He watched Apollonia slide back to her side and then he slipped under the covers.

"Face away from me," stated Apollonia. "Pull your knees up and relax."

Alessandro did not argue. He did not comment to her that he was erect; but then again, how could she miss it. He did as she asked. Then he felt the head of the strap-on dildo press against his anus. He could feel the cool gel that covered the head of the ersatz cock that would momentarily enter his man pussy. He fought calling his ass a man pussy until sometime that night when she had him on his hands and knees, the ersatz cock pressed into his bowel, and her left hand wrapped around his testicles. It did not take long for him to accede to her demand that he forever refer to his ass as his man pussy. He closed his eyes and whimpered, "Again???"

"Yes my sweet pussy boi," she cooed. "You want to fuck me. To be able to fuck me, I get to fuck you whenever and wherever I want. You learn to open your man pussy for me, take any of my specially designed strap-on cocks, and I promise that your Italian fuck stick will spew its baby making sperm into my womb. Remember, I told you that your predecessor could not understand that he had to accept intellectually and physically what a woman feels when a man is thrusting inside her body. Most times, no practically all the time, a man could care less about the woman as he fucks her."

He heard what she said, but did not have the strength to fight her on the topic. "I don't know if I can take it again," he begged. "Please let me rest. Let me warp my head around what you want. Please may be talk about what you are seeking. It's not like I protested and walked out of your house and life last evening. I just need to rest."

Apollonia sighed knowing she had gone a bit overboard fucking his ass. She was impressed that he didn't endlessly beg her to cease and desist. Maybe it was best that she did not fuck his man pussy, because she needed to build his confidence when he finally accepted that their relationship was female dominated. Alessandro had to be able to be the alpha male while away from her, but the moment they were together, no matter who was in attendance, he had to accept the submissive position. He had to accept being second fiddle to Apollonia Moretti.

"Just let me put it in," she cooed. "I promise that I will not expect you to let me fuck you until you spew your baby making sperm all over my sheets." She moved her head to the back of his neck and placed small kisses from the back of his left ear to his right. She felt him relax and without saying a word of warning, she pushed the dildo into his body. Amazingly, he did not fight or squeeze his man pussy tight in a vain attempt to stop the dildo from entering his bowel. Apollonia thought, 'Maybe he is more of a submissive than meets the eye. He did not flinch as I slipped nine inches of pure silicone cock into his man pussy.'

He felt her pubis press against his buttocks and he knew she had buried the full length of the dildo trough his man pussy and into his lower bowel. His life as he knew it was slipping from him. A woman with enormous power and the beauty of a Goddess had taken him physically, emotionally, and intellectually. She crushed his ego and emasculated his manhood. Apollonia Moretti continued to show him who was the dominant partner. He shivered, which he knew she felt, at the thought of his accepting her fake cock yet again. He did nothing to stop his introduction to submissiveness and not acting as the dominant man and a partner in their relationship. He did not moan or show any signs of physical pleasure when she bottomed the dildo out in his man pussy. He closed his eyes and prayed that it would not be another forty-five minute fucking.

"Apollonia," he groaned, "please let me rest. I lost count at how many times you . . ." He paused.

"Say it Alessandro. Say it out loud so we both can hear it, but more importantly, let it sink into your brain. Let your emotional being accept, because your physical has. Say it."

He let out his breath, fought within his mind, and finally said, "I lost count as to how many times you fucked me last night."

"It was only three not including right now."

"I thought you said. . ."

She finished his thought, "That I would not fuck you now." She pressed the dildo in and said, "Remember that I am attached to his toy. It is my cock. I have it in my pussy and my ass. I gain an enormous amount of sexual pleasure when I use it as it is intended. If I woke up alone this morning, I'd slip my right hand between my legs. My middle finger would slide between the lips of my womanhood. I would caress my clitoris. I would masturbate to a point where I had to take three fingers of my left hand and insert them into my body. I would have fucked my pussy until my muscles tightened and I crossed over the Rubicon with a mighty orgasm. I have masturbated every morning since I was a preteen. I added the fingers after I lost my virginity to my husband on our wedding night. The cock I wear will perform, albeit with some difference, the same as my fingers. I will orgasm."

"I thought, well it appears that I am wrong in my assumption, the dildo was primarily used with Ming. Never thought it was intended to be shoved up the ass of the man you want to impregnate you. Did Colina suffer the indignation of being butt fucked every morning or butt fucked when you desired?"

"It isn't your ass. Now, say it again. And, don't ever ask me about my relationship with Colina before he became my cuckold sissy. If I want you to know something, I will tell you. Now, what did you have to say?"

"Never thought it was intended to be shoved up the man pussy of the man you wanted to impregnate you."

Apollonia burst out laughing. She slapped his rump a few times before she said, "Isn't true that all men think with their penises?"

"You're not a man. You're one hell of a beautiful woman who happens to have a strong desire to have a cock between her legs. That dildo is an extension of your need to have the upper hand in any sexual relationship you desire to begin and maintain. I never, for the life of me, thought I'd ever become a bitch for a woman I just met but, here I am, on my side with my knees close to my chest, and the woman I want so much to," he paused, thought about it, and continued, "fuck is instead fucking me. Don't you see something a bit strange and wrong with that picture?"

Apollonia moved so she could kiss his ear. She actually tongue fucked his ear which caused him to moan and press his man pussy onto the portion of the dildo that had retreated from his man pussy. Her hips pressed forward. Her pussy began to lubricate the bulb that helped keep her cock attached to her body. His statement intrigued her, but it did show his intelligence. It was then she decided to abuse him differently. Apollonia kissed his ear, pulled the dildo out of his ass, and said, "Follow me."

The moment he felt the head of Apollonia's dildo leave his ass his mind reacted to the signal that his lower bowel was empty. The feeling of having something in his ass was beginning to grow on his psyche. He moaned under his breath, "I'm turning into a fag."

Apollonia heard him and much to his embarrassment, she said, "Only if you look at it that way. To me, you're learning. Learning about our relationship and how you will fit into this family and the Moretti family as a whole. Now, rise up and go into the bathroom."

He followed her in and saw that she pointed to the toilet. He frowned. She smiled and said, "Please stand in front of the toilet. Urinate if you have to, but don't move after you're done."

"You want me to go to the bathroom while you're standing there?"

"It's not like I haven't seen a man urinate before. I know you have to relieve your bladder so, don't fuckin' fight me at every turn. PISS,"

And piss he did. He held his flaccid cock just behind the corona. It took him a bit longer than usual to begin the flow of urine because he was adding this indignation to the list of indignations he'd been through since meeting Apollonia. As he pissed into the toilet, he turned his head and saw a big smile on her face.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"It's not funny. I'm just smiling at the sound of your urine hitting the water in the bowl. It sounds, um, manly, strong, like it has some force to it."

"And, that proves what? You, dear Apollonia, are an enigma. Maybe it is because you are so fuckin' intelligent."

"Thank you, Alessandro. Actually it is an unscientific poll. I tend to believe that men with a large thick cock have a stronger flow than men with smaller thinner cocks. What also amazes me, are the number of men with huge cocks that have small, no minuscule testicles. And, what adds insult to injury is the small amount of semen they ejaculate. Their piss sounds like a major thunder storm when it's the water in a toilet, but dribble when they cum. Strange."

"My God, only you would come up with that cockamamie theory. Could you then extrapolate that smaller women have shallower and tighter vaginas? That a man with a penis as big as mine would not be able to have coitus with her? You have to be kidding,"

Apollonia continued to grin at Alessandro. She stepped up to his left side, put right hand in the small of his back, and said, "Masturbate."

"Here?"

"Yes. The final indignity for at least a few hours. You've taken my sissy husband's clitoris into your ass. He bred it and turned it into your. . . ."

"Man pussy. . . ."

"And you. . . ."

"Sucked my first cock and swallowed his cum. . . ."

"And last night, you. . . ."

"Gave up my man pussy to you. . . ."

She gently rubbed his lower back. Every few moments, she would slide the tips of a few fingers between the cheeks of his ass to caress his anus. Apollonia pressed her naked body to his. He reacted as she expected he would. His cock began to harden. His breathing would stop momentarily as her fingers glided over the opening to his man pussy. She kissed his bicep and that was because even on her tippy toes she would not be tall enough to kiss his cheek.

Alessandro took a breath and said, "What are you doing to me? Why am I putty in your hands?"

"Masturbate. Spill your seed into the toilet and flush it away. Show me you have the backbone to watch what you want to spew into my body go into the sewer system. Masturbate for me Alessandro."

He was taken and surprised that she did not call him 'bitch'. He turned his face and looked down at her. He gasped when he saw her body and his cock twitched somewhat uncontrollably. He wanted more than anything to fall to his knees, force her against the vanity, spread her legs, and suck her bare pussy until she orgasmed in his mouth. No sooner than that thought passed through his mind, his insecurity rose to the forefront. He thought, 'How would he compare to her lesbian lover. Would he be better at sucking her to an orgasm? Or, would she tolerate his attempt at cunnilingus to the point that she would tell him stop ever trying to perform better than Ming?' Alessandro groaned. His body shook due to the flow of stress and anxiety. His eyes betrayed his inner being.

"What's the matter? Something has taken you. What?"

He wiped his face with his hand. He could feel the thin layer of sweat that coated his body. He licked his lips. "I was just thinking about going down on you and . . ." He shivered again, caught his breath, and groaned in frustration as he said, "I wondered if I would be as good as or even better than your lesbian lover at cunnilingus. The cliché hit about who was better at oral and I shivered knowing that I want to go down on you. I'd love to do it right now."

Apollonia moved her hand from the small of his back to his left cheek. She caressed it and as she did, she said, "The next time you eat me will be post coitus. Not like at the townhouse. You will always go down on me after you cum in me. For now, put it out of your thoughts. Think how much you enjoyed getting fucked and when that feeling of fullness overtakes you physical being, masturbate for me. Spew your seed into the toilet. Flush it away with your piss. Do it for me."

Alessandro closed his eyes and when he did he felt her hand leave his face. He did not flinch when he felt her fingers caressing his anus. He knew she was thinking that she was stimulating his man pussy so he would find it easier to take his cock into his hand and begin to fondle and caress it. She hit the nail on the head. His body shook as he began to stroke his manhood. His cock grew hard as he stroked it. It did not take long for his body to begin to create a bubble of precum. He felt it and without thinking he rubbed his thumb on his piss slit and used it to coat his fingers with the slippery liquid. The body's natural lubrication helped as he slid his fingers up and down the shaft of his now engorged cock. Then to his amazement he felt something that made him pause momentarily. He felt it again which confirmed what he had felt moments before.

Apollonia pressed her bare pussy on his leg as she began to masturbate. She did not stop when he did to confirm what he felt. Alessandro turned on even more that the woman who was breaking him down into a sniveling bitch was using his leg and her fingers to get off. He stroked faster and as his orgasm built, Apollonia felt it. She pulled her hips back from his leg which caused him to groan in displeasure.

"Jerk off fag boi," cooed Apollonia. "Spew your useless faggot seed into its primary receptacle. Do it sweet cheeks."

"Oh God," groaned Alessandro.

"Say it."

"W-w-what???"

"Tell me what you are and what you want."

"Oh God!!!"

"I know you don't need any help, but here. . ." She took her right hand, licked her middle finger, and inserted it into his man pussy.

"I'm your. . . Jesus, forgive me!!! Argh!!! I'm your fag. Finger fuck me."

"Yes!!!" He finger found his prostate. He groaned when she began to massage it relentlessly. His knees weakened. His hand continued to stroke and then it happened.

"Oh, oh, oh, I'm cumming!!!" he cried.

Being as mean as she could be, "Where bitch!!!"

He heard it. She called him a bitch. Her degradation of him saw no relief. Why was he standing in front of a toilet jerking off with a finger up his ass? His muscles tensed as he felt his testicles rise into this crotch in preparation to release his sperm. He close to screamed as his cream began to exit from the tip of his cock, "Into the toilet. Where all fags shoot their cum."

Apollonia felt the ring of his man pussy throb around her finger. She watched, fascinated as seven ropes of cum sailed into the water of the toilet. For a split second, she thought to degrade him by making him drink the urine and cum fouled water. The last pulse of his anus brought her back to reality.

"Flush it. Watch it go down the drain. See your future taken away from you."

No question. No reaction. Alessandro reached for the flush handle and pushed. The toilet flushed. He watched the water swirl and take his baby making seed down into the sewers of the Village of Lawrence. He watched another possible baby leave his body to never see the inside of a woman's body. He could not help himself. He fell to his knees, covered his face, and began to cry uncontrollably.

Apollonia knew he was done. In two sessions with him she had broken him. Taken his masculinity away. From this point forward, she would build him into the submissive man that would give to her his potent seed without once taking control of their sexual union. He would for the rest of his life look to her for guidance, control, and permission to have sex. She orgasmed just before she knelt next to him on the bathroom floor.

"Come with me into the shower. You'll be in for a treat."

She stood. He stood. Apollonia gather three bath sheets, two wash clothes, and made her way to the bench next to the entrance to her shower. She smiled, wagged a finger at the man she broke in record time, and then she set the controls rather than picking her favorite shower program. When Alessandro hesitated, she stepped forward, took his hand, and pulled him into the shower just as the heads began to flow water.

Twenty-five minutes later, Apollonia and Alessandro descended to the first floor and made their way into the kitchen. Alessandro was dressed in the same clothing he had worn yesterday, except his underwear, shirt, and socks were clean and pressed. Apollonia was dressed in a navy blue pinstripe business suit, a white man-tailored oxford shirt, and a pair of navy blue lambskin five inch heels. Underneath she was wearing white lace undergarments. Her stockings were navy blue thigh highs. Around her neck was a simple 18 carat gold chain and hanging from it was a three diamond pendent. The diamonds were round cut with the center one weighing in at three carats. The two diamonds on either side weighed one-and-a-half carats. On her left wrist she wore a Patek Philippe Aquanaut wrist watch in white gold and the case was set with forty-six diamonds. Instead of carrying a purse and an attaché case, Apollonia opted to take her limited edition Pineider City Chic Alligator Briefcase. It contained everything she needed for the trip to Williamsport.

On the breakfast table were two settings and Apollonia's morning newspapers. She guided Alessandro to the seat already chosen and set by Colina. She did not say a word to Alessandro as she walked to the kitchen area where she embraced her husband and kissed him good morning. Her arms remained around Colina's waist as she said, "Thank you for taking care of his clothing. I'll just have some coffee and dry toast." She turned to Alessandro, "Coffee and what else for breakfast?"

"Um," he paused, "is the restaurant open for business?"

"Colina will cook whatever you want to eat. Just tell him."

"I don't want to put him out. . ." he started to say.

Her short fuse let go, "FUCK!!! TELL HIM WHAT YOU WANT!!!"

Frightened at her outburst, he said, "May I get two fried eggs on toast? Please."

"Coming right up," said Colina as he winked at his wife and Mistress.

Apollonia returned to the breakfast table, sat, opened The New York Times and perused the front page above and below the fold. One article caught her attention. The headline read 'New Federal Plan for DNA Testing Proposed'. She flattened the paper next to her plate and began to read the article. She ignored Alessandro and Colina. It seemed quite serendipitous that the day she was headed to purchase a failing DNA lab the federal government was proposing spending one billion dollars over the next five years to alleviate the growing backlog of DNA testing for those prisoners that claimed to be innocent. It was announced by the Attorney General with the intent to also include the backlog of DNA kits that needed to be tested for upcoming trials.

"FUCK ME!!!" cried Apollonia when she finished reading the article. It couldn't have come at a better time. She folded the newspaper and placed it her briefcase. She really did not need to take it, but having it would be better than not.

"What's up?" asked Alessandro.

"Nothing really mind blowing, but my trip to Williamsport, PA just had an added impetuous to the reason for the trip. Our wonderful government just gave me additional fodder to make my case for purchasing the DNA lab."

"Oh," said Alessandro.

Colina brought a plate with Alessandro's egg sandwich. "Salt and pepper are on the table. If you'd like some ketchup, I can get it."

"No thanks," said Alessandro. "But I do need to thank you again for taking care of my clothing. It was very kind of you."

"Just part of my household duties," Colina replied. He stepped back, ran his hands down the front of his uniform, and said, "As you can plainly see, I am dressed for today's work. When I'm done cleaning the house, I will begin my duties contacting couples who have made contact with the Moretti family to help them begin a family."

"I see," said Alessandro. He turned to Apollonia, "How am I going to get back to the city?"

"You could walk," was her first response. She appeared to be serious which made Alessandro sneer at her. "You actually have four choices. First, you can take a taxi to the Long Island Railroad station and hop a train to Penn Station. You can take a taxi to Far Rockaway and take the A train into the city. You can see if my sister will take the time to drop you off. Or, you can stay here today with Colina and relax until I return."

"And, when you return?" he asked.

"We'll have Nathan drive us into the city," she said. "We'll go to your place where you can shower and change. Then we'll head out to dinner."

"Sounds interesting and after dinner?"

Chuckling, she said, "After dinner, we can return to your place and I will continue to help you learn to accept your role in our relationship."

He close to drop the sandwich when he heard that he wasn't finished with her education and humiliation of him as a man and a lover. He grimaced as he felt his cock stir in his pants. By the look on Apollonia's face, he knew she knew his cock had just answered for him. He stared into her eyes and said, "I'm lost. I can see that you already know my answer."

"Yes, I do," she replied. "And, you may have verbally thanked Colina for cleaning your clothing, but I think you should thank him properly."

"Properly?"

"Yes. Stand. Go to him. Embrace him and kiss him. Not a chaste kiss on the cheek or closed lips. Kiss him like you mean it. Remember, he took your cherry last night."

"I can't. Are you telling me that Colina is to be another woman in this relationship? Will I be expected to treat him like a lover? Have sex with him when and where you or he wants it no matter if I do?" His frustration grew and finally exploded, "FUCK!!! I'M NOT SOME FAGGOT!!! I DID WHAT I DID BECAUSE I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU, BUT I HAVE NO INTENTION OF BEING YOUR BITCH."

"Then I suggest you have Colina call you a taxi so you can leave for the city." Apollonia stood, placed her hands on the tabletop, leaned as close as she could to Alessandro, and calmly said, "You are not my superior. You kowtow to me and not vice versa. You want to be my lover? Then you accept that I am the dominant one in the relationship. Get it through that thick Italian head of yours that I want to fuck you. I want to feel you inside me. I want to feel your magnificent cock throb as it fills my womb with your seed. But, don't expect me to fall in love with you. I love two people with all my heart - Ming Zheng and Colina Cathcart. You are just a vessel. Your genitals are a means to an end. So, stand and show my husband the respect he deserves or tell me you want to leave forever."

The fact that she was calm, cool, and collected when she read him the riot act only added to his frustration. His cock grew and he couldn't stop it. Inside his brain, things were occurring that had never occurred before except for last night. Had she opened a door to his psyche that no woman or man could have before? His body betrayed him. How many men had she done this to before she met him? He wanted to make love to her, but could he take being her bitch? Could he stand next to her knowing that certain individuals were looking at him knowing that she fucked him in his ass to maintain her control over him? Could he face a man like Viviano knowing that he's sucked him off and swallowed his cum? He could not control his muscles as he shivered in fear of what he should or would do.

He looked at Colina then to Apollonia. "Please help me. I know you know that my cock is hard. You can see my frustration. I want to leave, yet I want you to tell me what to do. Can you understand my predicament?"

Apollonia relaxed. She moved next to him and put her left arm around his shoulder and pulled his head into her breast. Alessandro sighed audibly when his head pressed against her breast. The sound that came out of his mouth confirmed to her that he needed more guidance to help him accept his subservience.

As she gently rubbed his cheek, she said, "I understand completely. You're an alpha male. You had your choice of women. You married a woman you thought would be true to you and you alone, but you found out differently. Her adulterous lifestyle did not sit well with your moral code. Now, you're here and you're even more frustrated. Of all the women in New York City, you met me and, I can say this as being true, you fell in love with me. You were taken the moment you laid eyes on me. Your alpha male attitude rose to the surface. You were going to make me swoon, figuratively fall on my knees, and beg you to fuck me silly. . ."

"God, I hate you," he whispered. "How long did it take for you to see the deep into my being and soul?"

"It took the length of our original conversation at the coffee shop. I knew I had you when I got you to answer my questions. Alessandro, you are not a stupid man. You are quite intelligent. If you had met me when I was single, I would wager that we would have developed a relationship that would have ended in our marriage. That being said, you would have fellated Mario, as Viviano did, and walked down the aisle with the taste of the man who created me in your mouth and on your lips. The guests would have seen you prior to and after he took your anal cherry. You would

have a place in this family, but you would still be subservient to me. Just as Viviano is subservient to my sister, Raffaella. I'm not going to force you to do anything. If you want to father children with me under the circumstances as you know them to be, stand, go to Colina, embrace him, kiss him, and to prove you're worth my time and energy, suck him off."

"Before, all I had to do was embrace and kiss him," Alessandro said in a surprised, voice. "You added my sucking him off. Why? What is the game?"

"No game. Just reality," she answered. "Be glad that I don't have you on your knees sucking off my ten-year-old nephew who is a consecrated Moretti man. Remember, any sexual relationship that is between Moretti men and women is not taboo. Get over your moral issues. Stand, go to him, and do as I ask. It is not a command. Just show me you can accept your place or verbalize that you want to return to the city to never see me again."

Just as he was going to rise from his seat, the backdoor slammed shut. Apollonia returned to her seat and said, "For now, saved not by the bell, but by the bang of the back door."

To her surprise, Mario Moretti entered her kitchen. He nodded to Colina and Alessandro. He waited to see if his bitch of a daughter was going to force him to kiss her ass. Apollonia smiled, pointed to the left side of where she sat, and said, "Here, kneel, and tell me why you are here?"

He did as she commanded. Dressed for work, he made his way to her left side, knelt, and said, "I want to discuss the incident." He did not allude to it exactly to keep private Moretti business from the individual sitting to his left.

"There is nothing to discuss," she responded frustrated at his interruption. "Unannounced people are not graciously invited into my home or for that matter onto the compound. I have no love lost for the church."

"May I inquire as to why?"

"Please, like you don't know. Start with Raffaella having to fellate the young priest at St. Joachim's at the tender age of . . ."

"Enough," cried Mario. "Whoever he is, he does not need to hear the lie you are about to spew from your venomous mouth."

The slap was quick and right on the mark. Mario's face stung with the force of the blow. Alessandro sat dumbfounded. Colina could have cared less about the upcoming brouhaha. He was frustrated because he did not have time to jerk his sissy clit and was rather looking forward to getting blown by the man that would fuck his wife for the rest of his life. Mario did not rub his face or cry out in pain. He held back any form of retribution to show his fucked up daughter how strong he was. It partially worked.

"Do not ever tell me what you think," she said. "I have replaced you. You are nothing more than the shit under my feet. You have proven on numerous occasions that you are not the leader everyone thought you were. I know family called to verify what happened yesterday. I know that they backed my play. You're just remembering what was, especially with that sick cunt that lies buried in the family plot behind the main house. Let me ask; how many times have you gone to her grave and in the throes of your sorrow, took out your cock and jerked off spewing your precious Moretti cum on the ground?"

Apollonia paused, slapped his face a second time, and continued, "The fuckin' pope will crawl to me. He will beg me to forgive him, as the leader of the Catholic Church, for all the centuries he allowed pedophile priests to abuse parish children. He will remove his vestments. He will lie at me feet, nude, and he will kiss each and every toe on my feet as he begs my forgiveness." Her pause gave no quarter to her hated father. She raised her voice and growled, "I WILL PISS ON HIM. I WILL HUMILIATE HIM. HE WILL BEG ME TO ALLOW HIM TO ASK THE MORETTI FAMILY TO CONTINUE TO FUND AND PROTECT THE CHURCH. OR, I WILLSHIT ON HIS FACE AND TERMINATE THE MORETTI SUPPORT FOR THE LARGEST CONGLOMERATION OF PEDOPHILES IN THE WORLD."

Clearly frightened, Mario Moretti said, "I hate you Apollonia Moretti. I hate what you are doing to this family. You murdered your mother. Murdered Uncle Umberto in my house at the monthly family meeting. May God shit on you and leave you barren. May your womb shrivel and die within your body. You know nothing of this family and what is has done for the church. I put a . . ."

Apollonia thought, 'Why today? Why this morning before I have to travel to Williamsport? Why would he fuck with me when I am working to keep him out of prison? Fuck him. . .' She rose from her seat, leaned over, and before Mario could react took hold of his throat. He stood, squeezed and pulled him to his feet. "You fuckin' piece-of-dog-shit. I could end your useless life right here and now, but maybe I'll just let the state do it for me. I don't fuckin' trust you and I'm a going to make sure you do nothing to impede my trip today and contravene my authority."

Mario felt her release his throat and at the same time, he felt the air leave his lungs. He doubled over trying to catch his breath. Apollonia stepped back, slipped out of her heels, and with the grace of a ballerina, kicked Mario until he was unconscious. She turned to Colina, "Call Viviano. Get him over here. Tie this fuckin' useless piece-of-dog-shit up. Lock him in the basement of his house. Make sure he cannot escape. I will take care of him when I return."

Colina made the call. Viviano showed up five minutes later dressed for the trip. He did not have to ask what happened when he saw his unconscious father-in-law. In the midst of the craziness swirling around Alessandro. Viviano, smiled, and said, "I see you're sitting. Guess she didn't fuck you until you couldn't sit. Guess I'll have to pay my wife. She bet that you'd be ok this morning."

Twenty minutes later, Viviano returned with Colina. He checked the time and saw they had at least thirty minutes before Nathan arrived to take them to MacArthur Airport. Without asking, he sat at the breakfast table directly across from Apollonia. He looked around trying to maintain a semblance of order, but his curiosity got the better of him. "Two things. What precipitated the action between you and your father? And, how is Alessandro sitting?"

"The asshole came here and started with me about the Cardinal. He is so tied to the church that if the pope asked him to suck off all the Cardinals in public he would. He asked God to shit on me and leave me barren. You know my fuse with him. I would not stand for his insolence. I know he has a trial coming up, but if he crosses the line one more time, I will send him to the bottom of the Atlantic."

Viv did not respond or reply immediately. He turned to Colina and asked for a mug of coffee and told him to refresh everyone else before he nodded to Apollonia that he understood to a point. "You know Raffy will stand between you and him. She is the product of his loins. She is still his oldest and, whether you like it or not, she will defend him."

"Hrmph," groaned Apollonia. "She is taken with him because she holds one thing over his head that I don't."

"What is that?" asked Viv.

"You don't know?"

"No. I swear."

"That asshole used my sister. Forget the Moretti handjobs every female child has to give her father. He came to her bedroom and made her suck him. When he grew tired of that he raped her anally. He was smart enough to leave her intact vaginally. Although she should hate his fuckin' guts for what he did, she doesn't."

"And you? He did nothing with you?"

"He tried, but I stopped him. Yeah, I jerked him off per family moral code. The one time he came into my room was the last. He walked funny few a few days as his testicles healed. He never expected his youngest daughter would outsmart him and pummel his balls until they were black, blue, and swollen."

"Shit," said Viviano. "And, Mr. Alessandro? Please tell me why I lost my bet?"

"Ask him," replied Apollonia. "Oh, never mind." She faced Alessandro and said, "Tell him."

Alessandro blushed from embarrassment. She expected him to tell her brother-in-law the details of their night together. Another humiliation for him to deal with. He did not respond to her. Instead, he licked his lips before he said, "She took me three times. Each time she told me she would be gentle and she was. The dildo she used, according to her, was not the largest nor was it the smallest. She used a lot of lubrication. She used. . ."

Apollonia interrupted, "Say it Alessandro. Say the word. Don't be fuckin' shy about it."

He let out his breath hoping he would not have to say the word, but she wanted him to and he did. "She fucked me. Fucked me until I ejaculated. Three times without once touching my cock, I spewed my sperm on the sheets."

"My woman," said Viv. "Where did you sleep?"

Embarrassed, but he knew he had to answer, "On the floor."

Viviano eyed Apollonia, smiled, returned his gaze to Alessandro, and said, "And when you awoke this morning?"

Under his breath, "Fuck me." He continued knowing if he didn't the shit would hit the fan, "She called me into her bed and as she was about to fuck me again, I asked her to let me rest. She agreed, but her humiliation of me did not end. We went into the bathroom and she forced me to masturbate into the toilet as she fingered my man pussy. She wanted me to experience what all sissies' experience."

"And what is that Alessandro?"

"The degradation and humiliation of seeing his seed being flushed down the toilet."

"That is true to a point," stated Viviano. "What she didn't say or make you state categorically is that as a sissy you don't produce sperm. You produce sissy milk. The useless product of your useless sissy balls and internal g-spot. You should be thankful that she did not use a dildo that you would not have been able to accept. In fact, you should kneel at her feet and beg to be taken anytime she wishes."

"You've got to be kidding me," he said. "Just before her father came in I was about to hug, kiss, and blow to completion the sissy that took my anal virginity last night. I would have, without question, knelt before her in supplication, kissed her feet, and begged her to fuck me when she wished. Shit. I'd even bend over for her lover, Ming."

"Would you bend over for me?" asked Viviano.

The look on his face changed immediately. It was blank with no emotion. 'How should I answer? Knowing her, if I say yes, she'd probably want him to fuck me immediately. If I say no, she'll probably tell me to leave never to see her again. Another conundrum. . .' "To maintain my building relationship with your sister-in-law, I would have to respond in the positive. My question to you – would you bend over for me?"

Viviano smiled, looked to Apollonia, and saw that she was curious as to how he was going to respond. "Yes. In fact, if you wanted to assuage your homosexual fears, I'd bend over in front of my wife and my son. The reason I say my son is simple – he may be the product of my loins, but he is the son of a Moretti woman and is, as we speak, a consecrated Moretti man. I'm just married into the family. His rights within the family hierarchy are higher and stronger than mine as are my wife's. Apollonia, as the head of the Moretti family, controls everyone and everything. She tells me to jump, I ask how high."

Alessandro slumped down when he heard Viviano's response. Sitting to his left was another virile alpha male. He just, in a matter-of-fact tone of voice said he would bend over and take his cock up his man pussy. "I don't know what to say. I'm at a total loss for words."

The conversation was interrupted when the guard house phone rang. Colina answered and gave permission for Nathan to enter the compound. They sat in silence until Nathan entered the house, but he was not alone.

Ming Zheng walked directly to Apollonia. She looked hard into Apollonia's eyes, reached for her hands, and pulled her to her feet. She released her hands, wrapped hers around her lover's waist, and offered up her mouth for a kiss. Apollonia did not deny her. She placed her lips on her lover's. Their mouths opened and their tongues danced the dance of an impassioned French kiss. Apollonia felt the tenseness in Ming's body. She broke the kiss, but not the embrace.

"What is wrong, my love?" she asked.

Ming closed her eyes and whispered, "I had a bad dream last night. It was the closest thing to a full-fledged nightmare. I don't want you to travel today. Stay home with me. I implore you to stay home."

"What did you see?"

"I saw your plane crash just moments after takeoff. No one survived. Please, don't travel today."

"Would it ease your mind if you came with me? I cannot stay home my love. Your premonition may be wrong and if it isn't, then you have my permission to piss on my grave. But, if you come with me and your premonition is true, then we'll die together holding hands. We'll call Raffy to watch Lian and Shen. Colina will help. Hurry home and dress for a business meeting. Come with me. In fact, I insist."

"And what am I to do if my premonition is correct? My children will be without their mother. . ."

The pause was purposeful. Apollonia stared into Ming's eyes and said, "True, but they won't be without family. I know you do not want your children sent to China to live with your parents. The Moretti family will care and watch over them. They will inherit your money and status within this family. They will grow up to be well educated and good men. They will visit our grave and pray over you. This I promise."

Ming nodded allowing her lover to sway her emotion. "Do you really want me to come today?"

Apollonia leaned down, kissed Ming, and said, "I insist. I'd have it no other way."

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As Apollonia, Viviano, and Ming walked to the Lincoln Town Car, Apollonia noticed that Alessandro and Colina were standing together with Alessandro's right hand on Colina's ass. She smiled and thought, 'Someone is going to get his pussy fucked by a large Italian cock. He better finish his housework and Moretti business first.'

Nathan pulled up to the hangar of the private airline with whom Colina made the reservations. The company was always used by the family because of their close ties. Once they departed the Town Car, the group was met by the manager of the facility. He welcomed them, advised them that two other gentlemen were waiting for their arrival, and informed them that the owner had ordered him to provide a Gulfstream 550 for their use. He went on to explain that for such a short trip, the equipment was overkill, but it would be ready for departure at the prescribed time. The equipment, the pilots, and the cabin crew would wait at the Williamsport Regional Airport for the return flight. He also iterated that if there was going to be an itinerary change, it would not pose any problems. His last bit of information

was a question asking if anyone was carrying a firearm. Satisfied that no one was armed, he led them to the waiting room.

Howard Cohen and Jon Parks stood when Apollonia, Viviano, and Ming entered the small but very comfortable waiting room. Breakfast snacks were available as was both caffeinated and decaffeinated coffee. On the coffee table in front of Howard and Jon's seats were two coffee cups and empty plates with crumbs on them.

"Get here early?" asked Apollonia. "Oh, yes, good morning gentlemen."

"Didn't want to face any issues on the drive," answered Howard, "so we departed forty minutes earlier than we needed. The people here have been more than amazing. We're fine. How was your trip?"

"Nothing to write home about," Apollonia answered. "Oh, by the way, have you read The Times this morning?"

"Perused it," replied Howard.

"There is an article about the feds moving forward on DNA testing for existing prisoners and those awaiting trial. One billion dollars is going to be allocated. Serendipitous wouldn't you say."

Jon Parks rolled his eyes and interjected, "It's the government. A boondoggle waiting to happen. But, considering today's jaunt, it could be a blessing in disguise."

"Exactly," said Apollonia. She looked for a clock, found it, and saw they had fifteen minutes until departure. She took Ming's elbow and guided her to the coffee pots. She lowered her face so she could look out of the top of her eyes, smiled, and saw her lover's reaction. Two cups were removed from the stack and she poured black coffee into each. As she was replacing the coffeepot she whispered, "A Gulfstream 550 has two nicely sized bathrooms." She batted her eyebrows and whispered, "Maybe we could join the mile high club."

Ming lovingly punched her arm, "Why don't we just move to the back of the cabin and do it there. It's not like the place is going to be full."

"Oink! Oink! You pig."

The women returned to the couches and chairs. No sooner than they got comfortable, the manager opened the door and said if they cared to, they could leave early. Apollonia took a quick gulp of the coffee, rose, and without asking for the rest of the party's agreement made her way to the equipment. Five minutes before scheduled departure, the Gulfstream 550 was wheels up headed for Williamsport, PA.

The cabin layout allowed the party to conduct business as if they were in a small conference room. Howard laid out several folders of information on the owners and the business. He apologized for not bringing any additional dossiers, but had he known that Ms. Zheng was attending, he would not have made the mistake. After the cabin attendant performed her duties and returned to the rear of the aircraft, Howard started the short meeting.

"Ok. . ." he said only to be interrupted by Apollonia.

"Sorry Howard, but I have a question for Jon. Are you packing?"

"Yes Miss Moretti," he replied. "I'm always armed." He did not as if she was because she really didn't need to carry. Her physical fighting skills were more than enough to subdue anyone who decided to attack her.

Apollonia shook her head with approval, turned to Howard, "Sorry, I had to know. Please continue."

"Jon had identified the business and through his efforts found them to be upside down. Their assets are far inferior to their liabilities. He tried and failed to get the owners to see a way out of their predicament through our good

offices. So, we're headed there not to offer help, but to beat them up because as of six-thirty last night, Financial Partners of Pennsylvania became the sole holder of all of the outstanding debt of DNA Laboratory of Williamsport. It should be rather simple for us to get them to see the light."

Apollonia listened as she perused the folders. She saw there was data on the owner's family. Business was business, but she wanted to know about Dennis and JoAnne Hingle. "Howard, Jon, either one of you; tell me about the owners. Give me their demographics."

Jon took the lead, "Dennis Hingle is thirty-eight. He has a BS in Chemistry and Biology from Penn State Main Campus, a Masters in Biology and Chemistry from Bucknell, and a Doctorate in Biomedical Engineering from Penn State. He is one very smart man. JoAnne is thirty-six. She has a BA in Secondary Education with a concentration in English. Her Masters is in Reading. Both degrees were earned at Penn State Main Campus. She taught for two years and stopped after she was broadsided by a drunk driver that put her in the hospital for eighteen months. Children were wanted, but the accident opened the possibility that she would never be able to conceive and have children. But, things went her way and they have two children. A son fourteen and a daughter eleven. They attend the local public school. The children are smart, well-behaved, and well-rounded children. The family attends church every Sunday, on Easter, and Christmas. Each of the Hingles has a younger sibling that lives in the Williamsport area. Both of their parents are deceased."

"So, may I infer that they were childhood sweethearts?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Jon.

"Good," said Apollonia. "Here is the tact we take today. I don't want to crush them like I would a major international company. I want them to see us as well-heeled investors that have their best interests at heart. Our first goal is to make them feel more than comfortable with us as people. I can see them fighting us as the big bad corporate raider type moguls from the big bad City of New York. I want to impress upon them that we have the ability to turn their company around, help pay off their debts, and over a period of time return their company to them with the caveat that when we call, we are their primary focus. I take it they're broke?"

"Yes," replied Howard. "So broke that all of their creditors cheered when we took over their debt."

"Then we are the golden ring and we have to make them grab it," said Apollonia. "We will offer them everything. If they have school loans, we'll pay them. If they have a need no matter how large or small, we will facilitate the satisfaction of their need. Even if that need is a vacation for the family. I have this gut feeling that we are dealing with home grown country folk. If I'm correct, the only time Williamsport is in the news is when the Little League World Series takes place. I want this company. I need this company. Gentlemen, excuse me Ming, don't fuck it up."

The flight took just thirty five minutes airport-to-airport. Per Colina, a Lincoln Town Car waited for their arrival. The driver knew the address to where they were headed so there was no delay getting out of the airport. Apollonia told the pilot and crew they could stay with the aircraft or they could rent a car, on her, and go wherever they pleased. She would cover all costs. The drive to the offices of DNA Laboratory of Williamsport took just eleven minutes. When she exited the vehicle Apollonia asked the driver to wait. After a few minutes of conversation and a phone call the driver returned to his vehicle to wait no matter how long per his employers instructions.

The building at 2912 Reach Drive was not what anyone expected. They walked into a building that was built and configured as a warehouse. The main entrance housed the offices and behind it were the labs. The available useable space was near three hundred thousand square feet. The offices and work space of DNA Labs took no more than fifteen hundred square feet. Howard looked at Jon, shrugged his shoulders, and held the door for Apollonia to enter.

The receptionist was polite when she saw five strangers enter where she worked. Per protocol, she asked them their business. Apollonia answered that they were here to see the owners, Dennis and Joanne Hingle. The call was made by the receptionist and she advised the visitors that Mrs. Hingle would be out in a minute.

Ten minutes later, Apollonia asked again to see Dennis and Joanne Hingle. When she was put off a second time she returned to her seat, opened the dossier that had the personal information about the Hingles, and called JoAnne Hingle's cell phone. The call was answered on the second ring. Less than five minutes later both Dennis and JoAnne Hingle presented themselves to the people they considered interlopers and not guests. After a rather tense greeting, Apollonia followed the owners to the corporate conference room.

JoAnne spoke as her uninvited guests found seats around the twenty-four seat conference table, "You'll excuse me, but I have just two questions. Who are you? And, how did you get my private cell phone number?"

Apollonia did not have to say a word to anyone. They all knew she would be the lead spokesperson. "Permit me to introduce myself and my fellow travelers. My name is Apollonia Moretti. Sitting next to me is Ms. Ming Zheng. Next to her is Mr. Viviano Rossi. Then next to Mr. Rossi is Mr. Howard Cohen, Esquire. Next to Mr. Cohen is Mr. Jon Parks a retired New York City homicide detective."

It took a split second for the Hingles to put two-and-two together. JoAnne took the nearest seat which signaled Dennis to do the same next to her. JoAnne took his hand and said, "Mr. Parks are you the individual that called several times about purchasing our company? Didn't I tell you that DNA Laboratory of Williamsport is not for sale?"

Jon did not respond. He just nodded in agreement. Apollonia smiled and replied, "Yes, Mr. Parks did call at my behest. He works for me. So, any questions you have please direct to me."

"Ms. Moretti," said JoAnne, "we don't take lightly your uninvited travel to our facility. I will express it again that we are not for sale."

"Mrs. Hingle, it is true that your company is not for sale, but," Apollonia paused for effect, "as of six thirty PM yesterday, Financial Partners of Pennsylvania a private company, I control, purchased one hundred percent of your corporate liabilities. If you want a moment, I'd suggest you return to your office, call your corporate mortgage company, leasing company, and your credit card company. As required by federal law, they will send you notification through the mail as will Financial Partners, but ask them who holds your debt. Ask them to whom they sold it to yesterday. Then do the same for all your personal liabilities. I imagine you'll return here with quite a different attitude."

The owners exchanged glances not accepting what was just told to them. JoAnn whispered something to her husband, rose from her seat, and left the conference room. Dennis sat waiting for her return. Their interplay caused Apollonia to smile inwardly because she knew a dominant female when she saw one. JoAnn Hingle was going to be the negotiator. Dennis Hingle would sit quietly and agree when necessary. JoAnn Hingle returned to the conference room with eyes ablaze and anger on her face.

"Just who the hell do you think you are?"

"I suggest you calm down before you cause the screws that are holding your neck vertebrae together give way and your head falls to your chest. We not here to take your company from you. We are here to help you save it."

"And why would you want to do that?"

"There are several reasons, but before I expound on them I need to know that you're a partner and not a hindrance. I know that you are just making enough to pay the mortgage on this building. A building I can readily see is too large for your enterprise. You are two months behind on your house mortgage payment. Your leases on the DNA and laboratory equipment were less than thirty days from going into default. If Financial Partners had not taken over your automobile leases and if I was a fly on the wall, today both your cars would have been repossessed. The same goes for the two panel vans that are parked outside. All of your financial troubles can go away immediately if you sit patiently, open your mind, and listen to me. I hope and pray when we leave today, I will have a partner. A partner that, if they do right by me, will in time regain majority control of their company with Financial Partners remaining as a minority shareholder and silent partner. The arrangement will relieve you both of all corporate and personal money

woes. DNA Laboratory of Williamsport will become known as the go to lab for forensic testing pre and post judicial trials. You will not worry about when and where your next customer will come from. How would you like that?"

Dennis began to speak, but his wife silenced him with a simple look. "My husband isn't a businessman. He's great at biology, chemistry, and bioengineering, but he truly has no mind for finances. As I see it, you really don't own this company. You own the debt." She paused, shivered at the thought, but continued anyway, "So fuckin' what!!! We default. We declare bankruptcy. You come and take the assets. DNA Laboratory of Williamsport is still wholly owned by Dennis and me. All you have is a building and some equipment."

"I have more than that. You default here and you default on every other loan. You're in arrears on your home mortgage. I'll foreclose and take your house. I'll put you out on the street with nothing but your clothing on your back. I totally ruin your credit. It usually takes seven years to clear bankruptcies from your credit history. I will make sure they stay on for as long as each of you live."

Incredulous at what she just heard, JoAnn screamed, "YOU WOULDN'T!!! WE HAVE CHILDREN!!!"

Calm as a cucumber, Apollonia replied, "Take the difficult road and I don't give a rat's ass about your children. You want to see how far I'll go? Then try me. You'll regret your decision."

Dennis Hingle would not hold his tongue, "I don't understand, but I do. You need this facility. We are known for what we do inside this facility. Our primary specialty is working with recombinant DNA parsing and testing. What is it you need to prove or disprove?"

"You are one hundred percent correct Dennis," stated Apollonia. "I do need this facility to do some private testing. I know that you are on three waiting lists for the most current technology available for your industry. I can move you to the top of the list and by the time I leave today have delivery dates for the equipment. Anything you need, I'll provide. I will add to the capability of this company. Money is not an issue. This isn't a game with me. You need to also prove to me that you know what you're doing. You, Mrs. Hingle, have to prove that you know how to run a business, set pricing, and control costs. You do that and you'll spend Spring Break with your children in Disney World as my first present to you as my partners."

"What you want us to do is not illegal in any way, shape, or form?" asked Dennis. His wife kept her mouth closed in amazement at the confidence of the woman chairing the conference for Financial Partners of Pennsylvania.

"Nothing that I ask you to do will be illegal," stated Apollonia. "Mr. Cohen has drawn up the Agreement and the documents that will satisfy all of your loans, give you working capital, and provide you with the ability to work for Financial Partners as you rebuild the business."

"Do we need to phone our attorney?" asked JoAnn.

"You can, but I wouldn't recommend it," answered Apollonia. "If you want your lawyer to read over the documents, I would do it after you sign them. I have nothing to hide and I'm not here to hurt either of you. What I want is an open working relationship that allows me priority access to one laboratory that will be assigned to work only for my family."

Dennis and JoAnn exchanged glances for the second time. Their decision was made based upon the truth of their financial condition. They both suffered to keep their company open. "May we at least read the documents before we sign?"

With a big smile on her face, Apollonia replied, "But of course. In fact Howard and Jon will sit with both of you as you read them. You could kill two birds with one stone and sign as you read. While you're doing that, would you mind if I walked around your facility?"

JoAnn answered, "I'll show you around. Dennis has a better mind and grasp of dry legal issues."

Apollonia turned to Ming, "Care to take a walk?"

"No," was Ming's reply. "I just want to relax. I was a nervous wreck and we still have to fly back home."

"Ok sweet pea," said Apollonia after which she leaned in to her lover and against all business rules, they kissed.

JoAnn did not say a word as she stood and made her way to the door. Apollonia followed.

The women started in the offices which were an open concept. People did not work in cubicles. JoAnn explained that they were trying to engender a family attitude and camaraderie among their employees. With the swipe of her ID card, JoAnn gained access to the laboratory space. Apollonia followed her in surprised at the lack of stronger access controls.

"Excuse me JoAnne," said Apollonia, "is every employee's ID card their key card to gain entrance to the lab space?"

Quizzical, she answered, "Yes, but only those that need access have it. We've never encountered a problem."

"Understood, but as part of the reinvigoration of the company and the need to control access to the labs, I'm going to insist on state-of-the-art security controls. You'll understand when we discuss the details of the agreement. I will insist that only those that need access have it. Also. . ." Apollonia paused and thought better or saying anything yet, "It can wait. Trust me, you and your husband will be privy to everything."

"If it is not costing me a cent, why would I argue?"

"You should. Just to keep the idea of cost controls in your management style. What we both want is for DNA Labs to have a black bottom line, growth, and with it a rosy future. We will be financing all of the upgrades, modifications, and build outs; but, you need to keep your eye on the ball. Just because you're going to be flush with cash, you still need to control the expenses."

"Sounds like a plan to me. Now if I may, it is my turn, Ms. Moretti. . ."

"OK, but please call me Apollonia. What do you want to ask?"

"Um, I'm a bit embarrassed to ask, but are you and Ms. Zheng involved with each other, say, as lovers?"

"Direct and to the point. I see a bit of myself in you. Yes we are since college."

"But, you're wearing a wedding band and engagement ring. Do you have some liberal open marriage?"

Apollonia wanted to laugh out loud, but knew better than doing that. She smiled and said, "I believe what goes on in the privacy of someone's bedroom is not anyone else's business. You know the saying, 'What happens in Vegas – stays in Vegas'. Please don't take this wrong, but correct me if I am, your relationship with Dennis is based on your control and dominance. I see it in your interaction with him. I see it on his face. He does what you tell him."

With a bit of enmity to her voice, "Is it that apparent?"

"To me it is. But, then again I live in a female dominated relationship with my husband," replied Apollonia. "Colin, who I call Colina, is totally subservient to me. My lover, Ming, and I have a relationship based on equality. Have you ever. . ."

"Oh my God," said JoAnn, "I've never cheated on Dennis whether it was with a man or God forbid another woman." Showing her frustration and fear of the unknown JoAnn said, "Why don't we just forget this topic."

"I know you're a God fearing woman, JoAnn. I know Dennis, Dennis, Jr., Beatrice, and you attend church every Sunday, Easter, and Christmas. I will agree to drop the topic, but you did ask and I did with all candor answer you."

"How do you know that I go to church regularly? And, more importantly, how do you know the names of my children?"

"You would, excuse the language, shit your pants if you knew in detail what we know about you. It all started when Jon made calls to you seeking information about purchasing your company. When you were adamant about not selling we took the tact to purchase one hundred percent of your outstanding debt. The intention was to accumulate all of your debt to take the company from you. As we worked to purchase the debt, we investigated both Dennis and you. We had to do our due diligence. Yesterday I had a bit of a change of heart. I decided to approach both of you with an opportunity that you would hopefully agree is beneficial to both of you. I decided to use the debt to make a quasi-temporary purchase of your company and offer you and Dennis long term contracts to manage the facility. For all intent and purpose, as I learned more about who owed the company, I decided it would be beneficial to all involved if we structured a common goal deal. We help you out of debt by purchasing it all, which we have, and make you an offer you cannot refuse. I will say this to you now and I will repeat it in the conference room. Read about the Moretti family. Learn and understand that we have been a close knit family since before the time of Christ. We have performed business miracles before with and without the original owners. I'm hoping my sixth sense is correct about Dennis and you. Trust me I could crush you like a cockroach and not look back or have any sadness about leaving your destitute and living on the street."

"You're not serious. . ." JoAnn's face showed her amazement.

"As serious as the look of amazement on your face," said Apollonia. She decided it was time to return to the conference room. She reached for JoAnn's arm and gently guided her to the door. JoAnn did not pull away, but she did take the lead as the two women walked back to the others. As they entered the conference room, Jon Parks was on the phone and Howard Cohen was giving legal documents to Dennis to either initial and or sign. Apollonia could see they were only halfway through the multiple Agreements. The best solution to the signature issue was to have JoAnn sit next to her husband and for her begin use the pages he's already signed as a guidepost.

Dennis looked to his wife and said, "They own us."

"No Den," said JoAnn calmly, "They own the debt we've accumulated."

"But, they own the mortgages on the house. They own the credit card debt. They own the auto loans. This is insane!!!"

JoAnn turned her head, scowled at Dennis, and said, "Sit, sign, and when we're done, we'll both listen. The quicker you sign, the quicker we'll have the knowledge to move forward."

Twenty minutes later with their hands hurting, Dennis and JoAnn finished signing the Debt Agreements and the temporary transfer of ownership of DNA Laboratory of Williamsport to the shell company owned by the Moretti family. Howard put the documents back into his legal case. There was a moment of silence as the Hingle's comprehended their loss. Both their faces showed shock and sadness. They were of the opinion that they had their debt under control. The figurative slap across their faces, based upon what they just signed, caused their dejected and depressed state.

Viviano broke the silence, "I don't know about anyone else, but if we're going to be here for a while, then I'd like to suggest getting some lunch. I have no problem with belly bombs, fries, and sodas. A working lunch of fast food is ok with me."

JoAnn took the lead, "Are there any food allergies or meals that are off limits to anyone?"

A communal negative was the response.

"How does hoagies sound?" she asked. "I can have a few made, cut into individual pieces, and you can choose what you'd like. I'll get some coleslaw, potato salad, pickles, and a few different pops."

Viviano looked at Apollonia, Ming, Howard, and Jon. He saw blank looks on their faces and knew none of them were going to make a decision. He growled to himself and said, "Ok executive decision concerning lunch. Hoagies, submarines, hero sandwiches are acceptable. If anyone disagrees, speak up now. We'll keep it simple. Get the best roasted turkey, provolone, lettuce, tomato, roasted red peppers, oregano, and just a dribble of oil. Add to that some coleslaw, potato salad, pickles, and some chips. We'll keep the drinks simple, too. Get as many liters of Coke, Pepsi, and Sprite as you think we'll need."

"You'll excuse me for a moment," said JoAnn. "I'll make the call from my office. It should only take a minute."

JoAnn returned in ten minutes. "Lunch will be here in," she rolled her eyes skyward, "twenty minutes." She sat and said, "Let's get started."

"I believe you have three hundred thousand square feet of usable space under roof," stated Jon Parks. "By my calculations, we can build out six fully equipped forensic and DNA labs. That will leave us with enough space to establish two offices."

"Why two offices?" asked Dennis.

"One will be for DNA Labs," stated Jon. "The second will be exclusive to work you will perform for the Moretti family."

Dennis looked to his wife for a reaction, but saw nothing on her face. "I'm sorry, but I'm not going to get involved with anything illegal or nefarious. We run a clean lab here."

"You have nothing to worry about," stated Apollonia. "JoAnn was worried about the same thing. I am going to assume that you both have heard of the 'Innocence Project'. We believe in the future of DNA when it comes to forensics and criminal proof."

"That still doesn't answer the question concerning the separate lab for your exclusive use," stated Dennis.

The time has come to make sure the Hingles are on board. "Dennis and JoAnn, one of the documents you signed is a Confidentiality Agreement. It states that you will keep anything and everything that occurs in the day-to-day operations of the labs secret. You say anything to anyone no matter how innocent and you lose everything. What you will be overseeing for the Moretti family is the downfall of a very powerful Attorney General. This individual, we believe, has altered and modified DNA results to benefit her cases. We have come to this conclusion based upon her win to loss ratio. No one, and I will emphasize, no one has ever won every case this person has prosecuted except for two."

Dennis sat dumbfounded. Everyone could see his mind working. If there were lights on his forehead they would be blinking at a rapid rate. He bent his head slightly to the right, straightened it, sat bolt upright, and said, "That is patently impossible. You cannot alter the results of a DNA test. It is physically impossible."

"I disagree," said Jon Parks. "I have a close friend that works for the New York City Crime Lab. She has told me and confirmed that DNA evidence can be altered. It can be made useless or it can be modified to get the results that you desire. She swears by her statement."

"I disagree," said the man with a doctorate in chemistry, biology, and biomedical engineering. "I agree that you can mess with the sample. You cannot alter the sample enough to change it to get results you need or want. You'd have to engineer the sample to the DNA strand level. You can alter a gene but not a DNA strand."

"Ok," said Jon. He wasn't a doctor so he deferred to the expert. "Then give us your take on the possibility."

"I'd have to think about that one," Dennis replied.

"Let me give you my thoughts," said Jon. "What if the lab had personnel that could take the original report, modify it on a computer, and print it out on the same or a duplicate printer? The data could possibly be altered too."

"Interesting concept," stated Dennis; his mind working the problem as he spoke. "That could be something to look into, but you'd need someone who knew how to extract the database from the machine, modify it, and print the new results. You would have to destroy the original run."

"The Moretti Lab will be dedicated to rerunning the DNA samples that were used by this District Attorney?" asked JoAnn.

"Yes," replied Jon.

"That is why we need total secrecy," stated Apollonia. "One bit of data that gets out will bring the wrath of this individual down on the operation. Remember, we are doing nothing illegal."

"The DNA samples," started JoAnn, "How will we receive them? And, how do we verify that they are not stolen?"

"You will receive and sign for every package," said Howard. "They will be sent to you under the auspices of the New York State Court system via Attorney General's Office, the District Attorney's Office or the attorney for the defendant. You will use all in your power to keep the samples separated and pristine. I know you know your business and what the retests mean to the incarcerated. There is a good possibility that these men and women are innocent."

"How many retests are we speaking about?" asked Dennis.

"We're guessing somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-five hundred," said Howard.

Both Dennis and his wife were surprised at the number. JoAnn finally asked, "I mean, since we're working on this. . ." She paused, got her thoughts in order, and asked, "Who is this District Attorney."

Apollonia nodded. Howard said, "Melanie Margolis, Esquire is the District Attorney for the County of Nassau in the State of New York. She is the individual we believe has with malice aforethought altered DNA results to get convictions. I will send you all the necessary background information. Just remember, nothing is spoken to anyone about the Moretti lab."

Animated, Dennis said, "That's fucked up."

"Dennis!!!" cried his wife. "Watch your language!!!"

Dennis folded into himself because he was yelled at by his wife. Apollonia smiled at her and nodded knowingly. She said, "You'll excuse me JoAnn, but fuck is a word that everyone in this room has heard and used. I understand what you are doing, but we're not offended. What is most important to me, us, is that you speak your mind. We expect honesty and openness. This business agreement will not work otherwise."

"What about the equipment?" asked Dennis.

"By the end of business today or no later than tomorrow before noon," said Apollonia, "you will have delivery dates for all the equipment needed to build the six labs, a morgue, and the office space."

"Why do we need a morgue?" asked JoAnn. "We're not a primary forensic laboratory."

"True," said Apollonia. "But, if it goes the way I expect, the State of Pennsylvania will come knocking. And, we will be performing private autopsies on exhumed bodies. We will send you names of qualified pathologists when the time comes."

"I guess we'll need to contact contractors," said Dennis.

"Not at all," said Apollonia. "My family owns a construction company. We're known worldwide. Viviano will co-ordinate with you about the configuration, construction, and getting all the state and local construction permits and licenses in place. What would take you months to accomplish will take us a few weeks."

"Will Viviano be on site as the construction goes forward?" asked JoAnn.

"I'll be here as required," Viv answered. "Knowing our contacts and the firms we will be using, a daily phone conversation should suffice, but if you'll feel better, I can be here one day a week."

"How much of this work will be done with local companies?" asked JoAnn.

"All of it," stated Viviano. "It is our policy to use local construction companies and artisans. We want the money to work its way through the local economy."

A short heavy-set woman entered the conference room with two boxes. JoAnn instructed her to put them on the small bureau that ran along the wall without windows. She rose to help her set up the lunch. When she was done, she announced, "Lunch is served."

"Whew," said Viviano, "I'm starved."

Everyone took pieces of the sandwiches, coleslaw or potato salad, and pickle. The drinks were moved to the conference table to make that part easier for all involved. For a working lunch, nothing was said, and everyone just sat quietly and ate. The conference table and small bureau were clean thirty-five minutes later.

"Thank you for lunch," said Apollonia. She spoke for them all. "Two final things. By end of business today, you will have. . ." She turned to Howard, queried him with her eyes, and he mouthed 'Ten'. "Ok," she said, "You will have ten million dollars available to you for day-to-day operations. It will be deposited in the present corporate checking account. It should be treated as a capital infusion. That money is net of all outstanding liabilities. For all intent and purposes, your balance sheet will show no outstanding liabilities. Lastly, I need to reiterate the extreme need for confidentiality and silence about the Moretti project. I am not in a position to interview and pick the employees. That will be your job, Dennis and JoAnn. I am putting my full trust in the two of you. I will tell you bluntly and everyone in this room will confirm what I am about to say. I do not take failure lightly. I will not accept errors or loose lips. If you have a question, call Howard. He will know how to get ahold of me, Viviano, or Jon. Please make sure the individuals you choose to put into the Moretti lab are vetted completely. We do not need to have this come back to bite us in the ass. Am I clear and understood by you two?"

Both Dennis and JoAnn said, "Yes Miss Moretti."

"Good!!! Then I think we can make our way back to the airport and head home," said Apollonia.

Good-byes were expressed by all to each other. The surprise came when JoAnn hugged Apollonia and whispered, "Please do not think me a crass bitch. Dennis likes the relationship we enjoy."

Apollonia broke the hug and said, "That is the one thing you have absolutely nothing to worry about. Just make everything runs smoothly and I'm sure we'll get along famously."

The drive to the airport was uneventful.

The flight to MacArthur Airport in Islip was uneventful.

The drive from Islip to Lawrence was uneventful.

The partially open gate and the empty guardhouse were completely out of the norm.

That posed an immediate problem.