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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 151

Thursday – Columbus Place - 13 March 2003

Prior to the Arrival of Apollonia

After Colina finished speaking with Ming, he went to find Uncle Gino. He related Apollonia's instructions. Uncle Gino rolled his eyes, made the sign of the cross, and with his certainty of conviction and allegiance to the Moretti family told Colina it would be done. Colina watched him walk away as he was dialing his cellular phone. He did not know nor did he care who Uncle Gino was calling. All he cared about was transmitting the message and getting Uncle Gino to take ownership of what had to be accomplished before sunrise at the warehouse.

His second call was to the family surgeon. The doctor was a top thoracic surgeon and he was beholden to the family for his two beautiful daughters and handsome son. He tried to get Colina to call and have Viviano rerouted, but was told bluntly that if Viviano went into a hospital the police would have to get involved. The doctor accepted the explanation and told Colina he would be at Columbus Place within the hour. Colina did not accept the time constraint. He told the doctor to be at Columbus Place within ten minutes or the family would invoke certain paragraphs of the Agreement. The good doctor did not argue.

This last bit of business was to go to the family room where Raffaella waited impatiently for the return of her sister and her husband. As Colina stepped into the family room, he saw the pained look on his sister-in-law's face. He immediately knew the kidnapping of her children coupled with the unrecoverable and irreversible fall of her father had finally caught up with her.

"Raffy," he said as he approached the couch.

She turned her body on the couch, looked away from her approaching sissy brother-in-law, and said, "News?"

Colina sat next to her, tried to comfort her with a touch, and said, "I just heard from your sister. The children are all safe and on their way home."

Raffaella Moretti turned and with an open right hand slapped her brother-in-law across the face. Before she realized what she had done, she cried, "You bastard!!! You spoke to Apollonia and did not come directly to me!!! You cock sucking son-of-a-bi . . ." was all she got out of her mouth.

Colina fell back against the corner of the couch. His hands went to his face. Through his wired shut mouth he cried out in extreme pain. He felt the bones below the skin of his cheek move, but he did not know if the slap was enough to cause permanent damage. The unbelievable and unconscious able act of his sister-in-law was enough to make Colina burst out in tears. If he was asked what happened and he told his wife the truth, there would be no hesitation on the part of his wife to beat the shit out of her sister. It would take an army to keep her from murdering Raffaella for the potential permanent damage she may have done to his face. He knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Raffaella Rossi nee Moretti would not live to see her children grow into adulthood.

Raffaella saw and heard Colina's reaction to her unthinkingly irresponsible slapping his face. Like a volcano exploding in her brain she came to her senses and immediately moved close to soothe Colina's pain. "I'm so, so sorry, Colina. I'm a bundle of nerves. Think of the situation and understand, please."

Colina felt the pain begin to subside. He removed his hands from his face, turned to his sister-in-law, and spat, "You fuckin' cunt!!! I hope your fuckin' husband dies!!! He began to stand when he felt Raffaella's hand press against his shoulder.

"What did you just say?" she spat back. "Are you fuckin' crazy???"

Daggers flew from his eyes. A new found hatred for his sister-in-law fed his anger. He pulled his shoulder back to get out from under her hand, stood, and spat, "Two things bitch. First, there is no way in hell I'm not telling your sister what you did. And, second, your husband was shot in the abdomen." Colina did not wait for an answer. He turned and walked out of the family room.

Raffaella stood and caught Colina before he could reach the step to enter the breakfast area. She grabbed his waist and held on for dear life. The hardwood floor and the area rug did not help her gain any traction. Her only recourse was to remove her right hand from Colina's waist and begin to slap him on his back and shoulders. The idea of smacking the back of his head entered and left her brain in a New York second. She screamed, "COLINA, PLEASE!!! I'M SO, SO SORRY!!! TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO VIV!!! HOW BADLY IS HE HURT???"

Colina had enough of trying to walk across the floor with his sister-in-law hanging on and slapping his back. He stopped short which caused her to slide into his posterior. No one ever doubted Colina's abilities to defend himself when he was a man. He spun, grabbed his sister-in-law's hair with his left hand, wrapped a good portion of it around his palm, pulled her face up, and stopped short of cold cocking her with his clinched right hand. Colina saw the surprise on Raffaella's face. He did not open his right hand. He put it right in front of her face and spat, "I can feel the damage you did to the cheek bone. The verbal emotional damage I just gave you in return for your self-centered stupidity is nothing compared to what Apollonia is going to do to you. Viv just may die from his wounds, but my dear sister-in-law I am going to revel in the beating my wife is going to unleash on you for what may be permanent damage." With that he released her hair, opened his clinched fist, turned, and stepped away with a certainty that Raffaella would try anything seriously physical.

Raffaella Moretti fell to her side and screamed as she begged, "Please Colina!!! I'll do anything. Name it and I'll do it. Please don't tell my sister what happened." She paused and screamed so loud it shook the foundation of the main house, "P-P-P-PLEASE!!!"

Uncle Gino sought out Colina and found him in Apollonia's atelier. He wanted to bring him up to date because he was minutes away from leaving. Their conversation was a bit stilted because Uncle Gino was not very tolerable of men that wanted dress and live as women. He could not look Colina directly in the eyes, but tried his best. He related that his men were just finishing the last body of the Vatican Black Operations Team. The ice chests with the heads were on the patio where he was told to place them. His last update was that his men had arrived at the warehouse in Red Hook and were gathering the bodies as they spoke. He nodded his head when he finished, but he did not offer his hand. Colina smiled, nodded, and thanked the man.

Alessandro Bruno sat on the couch in the great room with his eyes closed resting from the craziness of the evening. The moment the operatives came into the house, he tried his best to protect and defend only to be taken and beaten by three of the men. His body ached, but according to the doctor he would be sore for a few days to a minimum of two weeks. He prescribed some oxycodone and told him to use it judiciously and to rest as much as he could. The Bruno family was difficult and did what they needed, but the Moretti family was light years ahead in their craziness. His mind was cluttered with the facts of the day and the evening, but the one salient thing that kept on surfacing was the Vatican's military move on the Moretti family. He thought, *'They needed to go beyond the pale to protect the Mother Church and they were extremely afraid of what the Moretti family could and would do in retaliation.'*

Colina finished his phone calls and made his way down to the breakfast room. As he passed the conversation pit, Alessandro stood and followed him. Colina went to the kitchen while Alessandro took a chair and sat at the oak breakfast table. Colina found a large mug and filled it with hot black coffee. He looked at the pot and saw there was not much remaining. He knew a fresh pot should be brewed.

"Alessandro, care for a mug of coffee?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the very black and blue Alessandro.

Colina poured the second mug and brought it Alessandro. "Be right back. Have to make another pot. I know when Apollonia finally settles down she will want hot, black coffee."

As he was preparing the coffee, Raffaella stepped up from the family room. She saw Colina with his back to her and fought the idea of taking a pot and crowning him with it. She held her breath and as she did, she walked into the U of the kitchen. She leaned against the counter opposite where Colina worked. Her back was to Alessandro. She rubbed her face and quietly said, "Colina, please talk to me. I will do anything you ask. Just don't tell my sister."

With his back to Raffaella, Colina said, "Hell would have to freeze over." He turned, smiled a cruel evil grin, picked up his mug, and went to sit with Alessandro.

The Moretti Construction workmen did their job without as much as a word. The supervisor kept them busy, observed their work, and answered any questions or concerns asked by the men. There was a lot of work and one moment of horsing around could get the entire crew fired. The instructions from Viviano were simple. Remove, replace, and finish. There were no short cuts to be taken. That meant the plaster and lathe walls had to be chopped out, lathe replaced, and new plaster put onto the walls. To facilitate the drying large heat lamps were brought in and placed in front of the repairs so the walls would dry quick enough to allow primer and paint to be applied.

Raffaella did not take coffee. She went to the liquor cabinet in the family room, pulled a bottle of Glendronach 25 year old single malt scotch whiskey, and a double old-fashioned glass. She placed the \$525.00 bottle on the table with the glass, sat, and without saying a word, poured three fingers of the expensive single malt whiskey into the glass. She raised it in a toast and said, "To Colina, the faggot cocksucker that is going to end my life. Fuck you, Colina!!! May your mouth and asshole rot in hell!!!" She put the glass to her mouth and downed its contents in one huge gulp.

Colina and Alessandro looked at each other with eyebrows raised lips pursed and did not say a word to each other. They watched Raffaella pour a second three finger shot, down it, and sit back and wait for the alcohol to be metabolized. Colina picked up his mug of coffee sipped it and ignored his sister-in-law. Alessandro shook his head in the negative while not even considering adding his two cents to the argument.

The guardhouse phone rang. Colina answered and instructed the guard to instruct the doctor to come to the main house at the end of the compound. He sat and said loud enough for his sister-in-law to hear, "The surgeon is here. Hope Viv is not dead already."

Raffaella did not respond to his spoken chide because she was face down on the oak breakfast table passed out. Her body did not respond well to the large amount of hard liquor she chug-a-lugged down in an effort to prove her strength and superiority.

Nathan, Viviano, and Cardinal DeTomaso Arrive

The gatehouse phone rang just as the sun was breaking over the horizon. The dark of the night was giving way to daylight as it has done for eons. Colina picked up the phone, looked out the breakfast room window, and was startled for a moment as he stared at the ice chests neatly placed in rows. He regained his presence of mind, heard what the gatehouse guard was saying, and angrily told the asshole to let Nathan enter the compound. He looked at the doctor and said, "Your patient is here."

Raffaella, who was passed out with her head on the table, heard that her husband was home, and with some form of an amazing recovery jumped out of her seat and stood without falling down. Before she could make it out of the kitchen, Colina grabbed her by her right arm and spun her into the U formed by the counters. He used his left hand to press her back against the counter in front of the sink. He made no effort to be gentle. Her eyes flew open as she tried to fight her way out of Colina's grip. It was a losing battle because she was not as strong as her sister and was still ten sheets to the wind.

"Take a deep breath because you're still fuckin' drunk," said Colina. "Do not interfere with getting Viviano into the house. The priority is to get him settled in the family room so the doctor can do his examination. We may have to move him or we may not. As hard as it is, just relax. Go back to your seat, put your head on the table, and wait. Your sister is probably a few minutes behind."

Raffaella, her breath reeking from the liquor, spat angrily, "I'm a fuckin' Moretti and you get your faggot hands off of me. I will do what I want, when I want. Now fuckin' release me faggot!!!"

Colina was not going to take any shit from her. He feinted to his left and with the agility of a trained fighter had his sister-in-law in front of him with her right arm bent in a hammer lock behind her back. He forcibly guided her back to her seat at the oak breakfast table whereupon he shoved her down into her chair. Raffaella stopped fighting when she heard the backdoor open and close. "You want this to go away?" he asked not waiting for an answer. "Then sit your fuckin' Moretti ass down and don't move. Give me an additional reason to rat you out to my wife and I will gladly stand and watch her squeeze the life out of your body."

"Release my arm," cried Raffaella. "I'm not going to forget what you just did to me, but. . ."

"No fuckin' buts Raffaella," growled Colina. "Either you do as I say or I promise I will make your life a living hell." What she did not know was he had already spoken to his wife about her sister's idiocy and indiscretion.

Cardinal DeTomaso was the first to turn into the kitchen from the hallway. He was followed by Nathan and Viviano. Viv was upright but not really walking on his own. Nathan had his right arm around Viviano's body. It did not take much for the big man to hold Viviano upright. He saw Colina, Alessandro, Raffaella, and an unidentified individual sitting at the breakfast table. The first person to stand was Alessandro. He strode over to Viviano and placed his arm around from the left side to alleviate some of the weight Nathan had to carry. The doctor, per instructions from Colina, stood, picked up his medical bag, and made his way into the family room.

Before Nathan could ask, Colina said, "Since we do not have a bed, put him on the floor. It will be easier for the doctor to work than the couch or the coffee table."

Nathan nodded and said, "Where do you want the Cardinal?"

"Leave him to me," said Colina.

Nathan made sure the old cleric stopped by the breakfast room table. With Alessandro's help, they guided Viviano into the family room and laid him on the floor. Both men stepped back, but neither man left Viviano's vicinity. Dr. Carter knelt, moved the blood soaked shirt, and looked at the anterior wound. He tried to roll Viviano onto his side, but when that failed, Nathan stepped over to help. The doctor saw the exit wound, nodded his head, and slowly let Viviano roll slightly onto his back.

Dr. Carter looked at Nathan and said, "He needs a hospital. I don't think the bullet hit any major organs, but I need to be sure. We need to do a CAT scan. From the x-rays I'll be better able to diagnose the injuries and type of surgery he needs. We do not have a lot of time."

"I'm not the person to make that decision," said Nathan. "Miss Moretti should be here momentarily."

"His wife should be here," said the doctor.

Alessandro entered the conversation, "She is the woman at the breakfast table head down, drunk, and in a stupor. She has moments of lucidity, but for all intent and purpose, she is literally and figuratively dead drunk. I think Nathan will agree that you should keep him comfortable and wait for Miss Moretti."

The doctor did not respond. He opened his medical bag, retrieved two syringes, and two bottles. The first bottle contained morphine. He drew two milligrams into the syringe and gave it to Viviano in his left arm. The second bottle contained a strong antibiotic. He drew ten milligrams. He needed help because the shot had to be given into one of the major muscles of the body. Dr. Carter looked to either man and Nathan understood what he needed to do. He opened Viviano's belt, pant button, and zipper. He pulled the pants down giving the doctor a place to inject the antibiotic. As Viviano was beginning to feel the morphine begin to deaden his pain, he felt the sharp stab of another needle into his left thigh. Dr. Carter depressed the plunger forcing the drug into his right thigh muscle. The morphine took effect and relieved Viviano of a great deal of his pain.

"Now we wait," the doctor said as he cleaned up and sat down on the couch to wait for Apollonia Moretti. His contact had always been Mario Moretti because he was the individual that gave him his children.

Nathan stepped to the doorway into the kitchen, turned, and said, "Mr. Bruno, would you mind staying here with the doctor. I need to talk to Colina."

"Sure," replied Alessandro. "No problem."

Nathan saw the Cardinal was seated at the breakfast table. Colina sat across from him next to his sister-in-law. The two were talking and became quiet when Nathan entered the room. Raffaella rested her head, eyes open, and waited for her sister to arrive with her children. 'Strange,' thought Nathan and he immediately put it out of his mind. "Colina, may I join you?" he asked.

"Of course," said Colina, "we're just chatting about how fuckin' scared he is when it comes to his future."

Nathan sat facing the windows, smiled, and said, "As well as he should be considering the asshole kidnapped children. You don't kidnap children to use as a bargaining chip or to put them into slavery and prostitution for the church elders."

"I count sixteen ice chests on the porch," said Nathan matter-of-factly. "Where is the seventeenth?" He asked the question to either get a rise out of the elderly cleric or put into his mind the question of what was in the ice chests.

Colina tried to ascertain Nathan's reason for saying what he did and decided to play along. "It is in the garage with the others for the warehouse operatives." He did not add that there were boxes of dry ice there also.

Their conversation was that short. Nathan stood, went to the coffeemaker, and poured a mug of black coffee. No sooner than he had completed the pour, Colina said, "Next time Nathan, ask me. That is my job. I know you're capable, but the pecking order has you above me."

Nathan did not respond. He returned to the table, sat, and waited for his employer to return with the children. The wait was not that long.

Apollonia, Ming, and the Children Arrive

Everyone in the house including those buried in the family plot and the heads of the Vatican Black Ops personnel knew Apollonia was home.

"WHO THE FUCK IS AT THE FRONT GATE?" she yelled as she entered the house. "WHAT A FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!!! AS SOON AS I AM SETTLED, I'M HEADED TO THE GUARDHOUSE TO SHOVE A TEN FOOT POLE UP THAT IDIOT'S ASS!!!"

Colina looked at Raffaella giving her the evil eye which was enough to bring out her ire, "Fuck you Colina. . ."

Both Raffaella and Colina stood and made their way towards the entrance to the kitchen from the back of the house. Apollonia barged in, did not acknowledge either her sister or her sissy husband, and went directly to Nathan.

"Where is he?" she asked.

Nathan stood and said, "In the family room with the doctor."

Frustrated Apollonia said, "And?!?"

Nathan shook his head. "I think no you need to talk to the doc."

As Apollonia and Nathan made their way into the family room, Ming entered the kitchen carrying Lian who suffered emotionally at having a gun held to his temple. Holding her left hand was her son Shen. Behind her in single file were Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa.

Raffaella screamed when she saw her children. She opened her arms, fell to her knees, and began to cry as she said. "Come hug me. I so love you."

Still frightened, the three children stepped to their mother and each individually gave her a hug and kissed her on each cheek. Then they stepped back and looked to Ming for guidance. They really did not understand completely what had happened to them. Their kidnapping was one thing, but knowledge of why they were taken would be something that only their Aunt Apollonia would decide to tell them. Their faces were blank as they had been since having the black cotton bags removed from their heads. Their wrists and ankles showed the bruises from the plastic ties that were used to hobble them. The entire ride home from Brooklyn was done in silence. None of the children spoke as the barreled home to Columbus Place.

"Ming," said Antonio, then he asked, "may we go home?"

Raffaella Rossi was short of going ballistic when she heard her son ask Ming for permission to go home. As she was going to respond, Ming interjected, "Raffy, they're still very frightened. They're going to relate to Apollonia, Viviano, Nathan, and me because we saved them." While holding Shen, she whispered to her lover's sister, "You have

to give it time. If you force yourself on them, you're only going to push them away. They're fragile. Do you comprehend what it is going to take to get them back to normal?"

"They're my children," replied Raffaella slurring her words. "Two of them were pushed out of my body. I am not going to simply stand by without being involved with their care."

"Oh my God, Raffy," stated Ming, "How much did you have to drink? You smell like a brewery."

Colina stepped in, "Too much for a woman her size. I think it best that they go into the great room and wait out there." He turned to Raffaella, "Go with them, but do not ask them questions. Just let them relax."

Ming added, "I'll go with you until Apollonia needs me."

Ming, her children followed by Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa walked into the great room while Raffaella remained standing flummoxed that she was not allowed to care for her children. First she was kept away from her injured and comatose husband and now she was told to be with, but not talk to or care for her children. She decided to wait a moment before she made her way by the door to the family room and then into the great room. Colina returned to the oak breakfast table and sat. He knew Ming would be fine watching over the children.

Apollonia stood talking to Dr. Carter. Raffaella stood peering into the family room for a moment from the doorway. Apollonia saw her and waved for to enter. Raffaella came up to her sister afraid of what she was about to hear. She looked down, saw her husband's chest moving, and internally sighed in relief that he was still alive. Apollonia did not immediately talk to Raffaella. She finished the conversation with the doctor. Dr. Carter was miffed, but he knew that any hospital would have to call the authorities to advise them of a patient with a gunshot wound. His nerves were calmed when Apollonia assured him the emergency care and surgery facility that was waiting for Viviano and his arrival had a better operating theater than any hospital he had privileges at.

"You'll follow Nathan," said Apollonia. "He'll help with Viviano. The staff is waiting for your arrival. The operating theater is prepped and waiting. Once you are done, explain to the duty nurses what your orders are for his postoperative care. They will take care of everything including pharmaceuticals. You will have full privileges at the center, so you will not have issues monitoring Viviano's recovery."

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Dr. Carter. His amazement would end when he completed the surgery and it was performed in an operating room superior to the one at the hospital where he had privileges.

Apollonia stepped over to Alessandro, ignoring her sister again and said, "I'm going to be busy for a while. I don't want you to think I'm dissing you. If you want, I can have Nathan take you into the city after he drops Viviano off at the emergency care center."

"If you don't mind," he replied understanding somewhat her predicament, "but, I'd like to stay. I'll keep myself busy and out of your hair until such time as you want to spend some time with me. I'm willing to help Nathan with Viviano. I'm sore, but I can handle the pain."

Apollonia smiled, gently placed her left hand on his right cheek, leaned in, and placed a chaste kiss on his left cheek. She was smiling when she turned and approached her sister. Raffaella felt some relief which was short in duration.

"Come with me Raffaella," growled Apollonia.

Raffaella did not like the tone of her sister's voice. There was something about it that sent shivers up and down her spine. She moved to give Nathan and Alessandro the room to carry Viviano out to the car. She kept her eyes bored in on her sister. When the men had passed, she frowned, and said, "Is there something wrong? I don't like the tone of your voice when you speak to me." She looked around the room, "We're alone now."

The distance closed between the sisters. Apollonia stood with her nose just a few millimeters from her sister's. "I believe you have something to say to me, Raffaella Moretti."

'Fuck,' she said to herself. 'What does she know?'

"I don't know what you're talking about," lied Raffaella.

Apollonia fought the anger and desire to beat the shit out of her sister. Instead, she placed her right hand on her cheek and with an edge to her voice said, "You fuckin' slapped my husband across the face hard enough to make him wince in pain - extreme pain. When I'm done with everything I am going to talk to you. First, we take care of some business with Mario and the Cardinal. Second, we discuss how you are going to care for your children and our half-sister. Third, I will fuckin' rip your heart out through your cunt if you have done one millimeter of damage to Colina's face."

Raffaella rocked on her feet. She was moments away from losing her balance and her ability to stand. 'That fuckin' sissy bitch called her,' she thought. 'Time to fess up,' she said to herself.

"It was an accident," stated Raffaella using all her strength to keep her voice calm in the face of her sister's anger. "I was overwrought with emotion. My children were kidnapped. I was last to find out that they were safe. If I was calm, it never would have happened. You know that Appy. I swear it was an accident."

"Follow me," said Apollonia not responding to her sister's explanation.

The two sisters strode into the breakfast room. Apollonia approached the Cardinal, who to her amazement, was sitting quietly at the oak breakfast table. He tried to keep from looking at her, but failed miserably. Apollonia pulled a chair next to him and pointed to the seat she wanted her sister to take. She did not ask Colina to move into the great room. Raffaella sat at her sister's behest. She eyed the bottle of whiskey and wished she had enough sense to put it back behind the bar before her sister arrived.

Before addressing the elder cleric, Apollonia eyed the bottle of whiskey, the empty old-fashioned glass, and asked, "Raffy, how much did you have to drink?"

"Too much," she answered.

Under her breath, Apollonia said, "Cunt."

She returned to the Cardinal. He sat with his hands folded on the table. He was outwardly calm, but inside he was a roiling cauldron of hot molten steel. He could not fathom what was stored in the sixteen ice chests that were neatly placed on the back patio. He was also fearful of what the Holy Father would say or do considering the operation was a total failure. It took all of his remaining energy to remain calm. She placed her chair as close to the Cardinal as possible. Her right hand went to his face. Cardinal DeTomaso flinched and a wave of fear coursed up and down his spine. Apollonia felt the fear and knew he was scared. His face did not show the fear of death, but she saw in his eyes the dread of what the future may bring.

Pleasantly, Apollonia said, "Cardinal DeTomaso, are you hungry? Care for something to drink?"

"N-n-no t-t-thank y-y-ou," he stammered.

"That's too bad," said Apollonia. "I wouldn't want you to die on an empty stomach."

Showing his backbone, he retorted, "If you're going to kill me, then get it over with. I'm not afraid of you."

"Bullshit," laughed Apollonia. "That is why you pissed your holy pants here on Tuesday and again well before sunrise this morning when we broke the Vatican's little unethical action against the Moretti family. I am going to

make you an offer. Accept it and you'll live out the remainder of your life in quiet prayer between the men who come to fuck your toothless mouth and ancient priest's pussy."

Frustrated at the way he was being spoken to, Cardinal DeTomaso ranted, "You are a very sick individual. I hope to God that you see the error of your ways and come to Jesus with forgiveness in your heart. The church is not your enemy. We are the way to salvation and a life of good both here on Earth and in Heaven."

"I think it is time to show you the light," said Apollonia. She stood, took the Cardinal by the right arm, and pulled him to his feet. "Come with me and see what your future may bring." She turned to Raffaella and Colina, "Follow."

Apollonia walked into the family room, through the French doors, and onto the patio. She walked to the last ice chest to her right and opened the lid. Dry ice steam rose from the interior when the solid carbon dioxide ice came in contact with the warmer air even though the ambient temperature was just above freezing. She turned and said, "Cardinal DeTomaso, please... Come take a look at one of my presents for the Holy Father as you address him."

Cardinal DeTomaso remained frozen where he stood. He knew the steam rising was from dry ice. He'd seen it numerous times in his life. Ever since he stood on the porch of Apollonia Moretti's house, his body betrayed his fear. He could not stand as his body began to waver, but fought his muscles to keep his body erect. He wanted to turn and walk back to the house. He really did not want to know what was contained in the ice chest and by inference the rest of them.

His lack of movement thoroughly pissed off Apollonia. She stepped over to where he stood, placed her right hand around the back of his neck, squeezed, and said, "Walk over to the ice chest your eminence. If you don't, I just may fuck you myself with something you've probably never had up your ass. Now move loser!!!"

Cardinal DeTomaso tried by failed to keep his position on the patio. He felt the pressure on his carotid arteries and made the decision to follow the crazy woman to the open ice chest. The contents of the chest made him wretch, but nothing came up from his stomach. He fell to his knees, made the sign of the cross, and began to recite prayers in hopes he would not have to look upon the head of Father Mangini a second time. When he finished, he tried to rise and could not. He felt a pair of hands on his shoulders. Then he heard the unspeakable.

"Your eminence," said Apollonia, "lean in, gaze upon the severed head of Father Mangini, and kiss him good-bye. The two bullet holes in his forehead are exit wounds. He was terminated after he could not take being water boarded a third time. His strength in God and the Catholic Church failed him and he spilled his guts to me. You just said a prayer for the pedophile priest who was so weak he ratted you out. I think it would proper for you to pick up his head and kiss him. Don't you???"

"RELEASE ME!!!" shouted the Cardinal. "RELEASE ME NOW OR YOU WILL SUFFER IN HELL FOR ETERNITY!!!"

Apollonia laughed out loud. She reached for the man's underarms and pulled him to his feet. She turned him and walked him back into the house. Apollonia guided him back to the breakfast table. She saw that her sister and Colina had dutifully followed.

"Colina," she said, "find the rope used to bind Father Mangini and use it to bind his eminence to the chair."

Apollonia waited and watched as her sissy somewhat expertly tied the Cardinal to the chair. When he was done, Apollonia stepped close to the cleric and said, "When Nathan returns we are going to have some fun. You're going to meet Mario and we'll see who wants to live more than the other." She patted his face, turned her back on him, and strode with a purpose into the great room. As before, Colina and Raffaella followed.

Ming sat on the love seat with Shen on her lap and Lian pulled close to her left side. Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa sat close together on the couch that faced the side of Columbus Place where they lived. Ming gently ran her

fingers through Lian's black hair which was now long enough to cover his ears. Shen's hair was the same length. Every few minutes she would say in a quiet, even voice, "You are safe. I love you."

Apollonia did not disturb her lover. She sat on the couch opposite the children on the end closest to the love seat. She smiled at Ming, Shen, and Lian. With her right hand, she gently rubbed Shen's head being careful not to interfere with Ming's hand. After a moment or two she turned to her sister's children, smiled, stood, and sat between Antonio and Carmen who begrudgingly moved apart. She pulled both children to her side, waved her hand so Alessa would join them, and hugged them as tightly as she could without hurting them.

Antonio broke the silence, "Aunt Apollonia, thank you for saving us. Those men were not nice."

Before she responded, she placed a kiss on each of the children's head, released them from the hug, and said, "Yes they were not very nice men. But, they'll never bother you again."

"Are they all dead?" asked Carmen.

Apollonia would not lie to them, "Yes, except for their leader. The Cardinal is in the breakfast room tied to a chair."

"How is daddy?" asked Carmen.

Again, Apollonia would not lie to them, "He was shot in the abdomen. The good thing is the bullet went through and through which means it passed through his body. Because he was shot, we could not take him to the hospital, so he is at a private surgery center in Great Neck. I will know more when the doctor calls me later."

"When can we go home?" asked Antonio.

"Soon," said Apollonia. "It is imperative that we know you and your sisters are physically and emotionally rebounding. You went through a very difficult situation. Everyone is worried so we are being extra careful."

Amazed at his resilience, Antonio said, "You know we missed school today. I hope someone called in our absences. Also, I need to check the school website so I can find out if any homework was assigned."

"You are a piece of work young man," said Apollonia. "I'm sure your mother called the school and by chance, if she didn't, then I'm sure they'll understand that you were not able to attend today when they read how sick the three of you were."

To the surprise of everyone, Antonio stood, turned to his favorite aunt, and asked, "May I sit on your lap Aunt Apollonia?"

Raffaella watched with surging anger. She held it inside. Her mind could not accept her son wanting comfort from his aunt and not his mother. Her heart was breaking into a million pieces as she watched her sister take her son into her arms, pick him up, and place him on her lap. '*I should just get up, go home, and stick my head into the oven,*' thought Raffaella. '*I am losing my family, so why not lose my life.*'

"I'm going home," said Raffaella to no one in particular.

Apollonia looked at her and said, "I don't think so. You sit. You leave when I tell you and not before."

Raffaella sighed and hung her head. She was tired, scared, and ashamed. Her husband was fighting for his life on an operating table in Great Neck. Her son was relieving his stress by sitting on his favorite aunt's knee. She knew she could not be in two places at once, but in her heart-of-hearts she knew it was her duty to be with her husband. Raffaella let her head slip to the right along the back of the couch until she was prone. Her life was sinking deeply into the abyss of her own making for the umpteenth time.

Nathan arrived just under ninety minutes after he departed. Alessandro hobbled into the house and made his way into the great room followed by Nathan. The men noticed that Ming and her boys were sound asleep in the love seat. Apollonia was dozing while Antonio slept while seated on her lap. Carmen and Alessa slept on either side of her. Raffaella was asleep on the couch opposite her sister. Colina wasn't asleep. He sat meditating and praying that his asshole sister-in-law had not damaged his face.

In a quiet voice, Nathan said, "Excuse me Miss Moretti. I don't want to disturb you and the children. I'll wait."

Apollonia heard his voice, opened her eyes, and said, "Give me a minute." She used her free hand to gently guide Carmen to the seat. Then she moved while holding Antonio, stood, and placed him on the couch between his two sisters. She went to Nathan, "How is he?"

"It is going to be touch and go," he replied. "Abdomen wounds are the worst. Hopefully, the doc will not have to remove a large length of his intestines. It gets messy inside the body when a bullet penetrates the abdomen."

"True," said Apollonia. "Please go to the breakfast room and sit with the Cardinal. I'll be there momentarily."

"What would you like me to do?" asked Alessandro.

Apollonia looked at him and for the first time in hours felt a small surge of sexual desire course through her body. *'He is a magnificent specimen of Italian man,'* she thought. If the situation was different, she'd take him upstairs and give him what he wanted, but that was not to be, at least for a while. So, she decided on an alternative. "Why don't you go to my house, take a shower in the master bath, unwind, and get into my bed. I'm going to be awhile, unless you have to return to the city. . ."

Shocked that she offered him her bed, Alessandro replied, "My apartment can take care of itself. If you're serious and I know you are, I'd like to take you up on your offer."

"Colina," said Apollonia, "take Alessandro home and get him situated. Then return here."

Alessandro and Colina departed the great room for Apollonia's house. When they reached the backdoor Colina said to Alessandro, "Guess you may get lucky." He returned to the main house's great room twenty minutes later.

"Everything in order?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes, Mistress," said her sissy husband.

Ming, Raffaella, and the children were up. The situation was not conducive to letting the Rossi children be alone in their house. Apollonia needed Raffaella to remain with her, so she asked, "Ming, would it be ok if you and your sons stayed with Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa in their house?"

"I'd like to go home," she replied, "but, I know there are things you need to complete." She turned to Antonio, "Would you mind coming to my house after you guys bathe and change?"

Antonio smiled and said for the three, "Yes. That would be fine."

Ming released her sons, stood, and went to her lover. "Go," she said. Ming leaned in and kissed her lover. Not a sexual I want you kiss, but a chaste kiss that imparted her undying love. She smiled ear-to-ear and said, "I expect a full blow-by-blow description. . ."

Apollonia knew what she was alluding to, but feigned shock and said, "What are you. . ."

Ming leaned in, kissed Apollonia hard, and whispered for her ears only, "Let him fuck you. Feel him inside you. Feel his sperm coat your insides. Enjoy yourself. Just tell me all about it." Ming did not wait for an answer. She

turned to her son Shen, picked him up, grabbed Lian's hand, and without having to say anything to the Rossi children made her way out of the main house.

Apollonia watched her lover and the children walk to the back of the house. When they were out of hearing range Apollonia said, "Nathan, please go downstairs and release Mario. Colina will help."

"Thanks, but I don't need his help," said Nathan. "Where do you want me to bring him?"

"Bring him to the breakfast room," she said. "We won't need to tie him to a chair. I don't think he's going to give us any trouble." She stepped around and out of the conversation pit before she said without looking at them, "Colina, Raffaella come. Sit with Cardinal. Do not talk to him. I'll be with Nathan in the basement."

Apollonia followed Nathan into the basement.

Apollonia stepped up to her father and saw he was not faring well being hung upside down by his ankles. The green LED light was still blinking on his GPF ankle bracelet. He was barely conscious. It was time to take him down. She turned to Nathan who immediately understood. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his knife. He wrapped his left arm around Mario, lifted, and cut the rope that held him suspended upside down. He gently lowered Mario to the floor and sat him against the wall. Once Mario was settled, Nathan stepped back behind his employer.

Mario Moretti slowly regained a level of consciousness. The extreme headache was dissipating as the blood drained from his cranium. He wanted more than anything to have the plastic ties removed from his wrists and ankles, but he also knew from experience, it was better to suffer in silence than to ask for a form of relief from his daughter. It would be nice to have the ability to massage his face with his hands and scratch the itches that wracked his body while he was hung by his ankles.

"I will remove the ties just as soon as I know you're not going to be stupid," said Apollonia.

Mario sat and just stared at his youngest daughter. His mind wasn't totally clear, but he understood what she said. "It would be kind of you to remove them. I'd like to scratch my nose."

His attempt at humor fell on deaf ears. Apollonia nodded to Nathan. Nathan opened his knife and cut the remaining rope that was looped around his ankles. Then he cut the tie on Mario's legs and then the two that held his wrists together. The only strap he did not sever was the one holding the District Attorney's GPS.

Mario rubbed his wrists, cautiously folded his legs, and gently rubbed his ankles. He scratched his nose, but that was more to fuck with his daughter than a real need. He tried to stand and failed because his rubbery legs were not ready to support his weight. Apollonia knew it would take more than a few minutes for him to regain his ability to stand and walk. She turned, headed to the basement steps, as she said, "Nathan, toss him over your shoulder and carry him to the breakfast room."

Nathan did not smile at Mario. He bent, slipped his hands under Mario's arms, and lifted him off the floor. He shifted his hands and lifted Mario into a fireman's carry as if he weighed two pounds. Nothing was said to Mario as Nathan carried him upstairs. He made his way down the hall to the kitchen and when he entered he saw his employer pointing to a chair at the oak breakfast table. Nathan unceremoniously deposited his boss' father onto the chair.

Mario looked up at the tall black man, impressed with his size and strength, and said, "If you were a man, you'd take that cunt you work for and slit her from her whore's opening to her neck. But . . ."

Nathan smiled, his eyes cold, and said, "If I didn't respect her abilities and her intelligence, I'd listen to you, but you're the man that decided to have his own flesh and blood kidnapped. I really don't care if I get fired when I say; fuck you."

Colina and Raffaella sat quietly watching the interaction between Apollonia, Nathan, and Mario. Cardinal DeTomaso frustrated by his inability to make the sign of the cross, sat, and silently prayed. His stomach was still in a

knot from having to view the severed head of one of his trusted colleagues; a man and a priest that guarded and performed for him without question. He knew the sixteen ice chests held the heads of the sixteen men he left to do their duty for God and the church. It was a sad day and even sadder that he would not be able to report back the success of the operation. His inability to report in to his contact would be interpreted that the little military action had failed miserably. He feared for the men of the Roman Curia that approved the failed operation against the Moretti family. Cardinal DeTomaso shivered at the thought of what will happen to the Holy Father.

"Mario, look out to the patio," commanded Apollonia. "Tell me what you see."

Mario did not turn his head which resulted in a forceful slap on the back of his head, not by Apollonia, but by Nathan.

"Look out," commanded Apollonia as she neared her hated father, "or I will tell Nathan to fuck your older daughter here on the oak breakfast table."

Raffaella looked to her sister. They'd been down this road before. Their eyes met and Raffaella knew immediately that her sister was not playing games. If her father did not look out the windows to the patio, she would be raped by Nathan.

"Please daddy," quietly begged Raffaella.

Mario looked to his oldest. He remembered the feeling of her small anus as it opened to accept his large adult cock. She was but a child. He turned his head and gazed out the window. He saw and then counted the ice chests. He turned back to Raffaella to avoid looking at Apollonia and said, "I count sixteen ice chests."

"Know what is in them?" asked Apollonia.

"I can only image," replied Mario.

"Would you like to go out and look?"

"No."

"Well I thought you should know. Inside each ice chest is the head of one of the men who came here to kidnap your children. They were also charged with killing Colina and Raffaella. To add insult to injury, Uncle Gino and/or a few of his men are going to bring six additional ice chests with the heads of the men that were with his eminence in Brooklyn."

Apollonia waited for a response and got none. "What would it take for you to save your life?"

Mario turned his head and said in a quiet voice, "Anything."

She chuckled derisively at his answer. She turned her face to the Cardinal and said, "Old man, what would you do to keep from dying?"

Shock replaced the calm fear that was on his face. He looked at Apollonia and said, "Are you giving me the opportunity to save my life?"

"Don't answer a question with a question," spat Apollonia. "Answer my question as stated."

"My allegiance is to the Holy Father and the Mother Church," stated the Cardinal with conviction in his voice. "I serve God and the Holy See. I would do anything to save my life, but I know that is not to be."

"One should never say never," stated Apollonia. "Raffy, tell the good Cardinal how many times you were forced to suck the cocks of the priests at St. Joachim's."

"Please Appy," moaned her sister shocked at what she was just asked. "That is in the past. Please leave that past in the past."

"Sorry face slapper," spit Apollonia. "I want you to you to kneel before the Cardinal, take out his useless Catholic cock, and suck him to what may be his last orgasm. But, then again, we don't know if he can even have one because your mouth is not a prepubescent boy's mouth or ass for that matter."

Raffaella decided to stand her ground, "No I will not!!! Let your fuckin' hated father do it, because he is responsible with the Cardinal for today's activities. In fact, why don't you make the Cardinal suck your sissy husband's cock? That would definitely cause him to fall over dead because of a heart attack."

"UNACCEPTABLE!!!" cried Apollonia. "You either do as I say or you forfeit your place in the Moretti family and your life."

Her jaw dropped open with the finality of her command. Raffaella had a decision to make. Perform fellatio on the ancient cleric or die at the hands of her sister. She thought, *'I've sucked priests cocks when I was young, so what is another cock in the scheme of things. I don't know why she is doing this to me, but I did give her my allegiance and pledged my fealty to her. I tried to apologize for my stupidity when I slapped Colina in a fit of uncontrollable anger.'* Raffaella pushed her chair back, pulled his further back from the table, knelt in front of him, and began to loosen his belt.

"Stop!!!" cried Apollonia. "Return to your seat bitch."

Apollonia shook her head believing that her sister would do anything to keep her station and life. She turned to Mario, "I am going to untie the old pedophile. I want you to bend him over the table and force yourself on him. I want to see you force your cock into his pedophile ass. Then I want you to whisper in his ear how much you love fucking priests. Tell him how you're going to ejaculate in his ass as he used to ejaculate into young boys' asses. Lick his ear as you fuck him. Coo and moan at how tight and velvety his priest pussy feels around your cock. I want to see him react to his rape. Fuck him and just as you spew your pedophile scum into his old priest's ass, tell him you're just like him; a fucker of little boys. And, as a last indignation on him, piss up his ass."

"I will not," cried Mario. "He is a scion of the church. I cannot and will not do as you ask."

"Hmmm, guess you won't do anything to save your life," said "Apollonia.

Mario hung his head. He wanted more than anything to remain alive so he could retake control of the family. He knew to accomplish the coup d'état he would have to be smarter than he was with the church. He also knew he would have to forego any contact and suffer with the breaking of the Morettis two thousand plus year relationship with the Vatican. The realization that he would have to do something to placate his daughter, he decided to be the one who takes the Cardinal's life. He'd suffer mightily, because he would never be able to confess to his sin. It would haunt him until the day he died whether it was at the hands of his crazy daughter or hopefully from old age.

Mario pushed back the chair and stood tall. He used all his remaining energy to pull off the feat. He pointed at the man he hoped would help him regain his stewardship of the Moretti family and the power that comes with it. He turned his head to his daughter and said, "I'll kill him. Let me be the instrument of his death. I admit I called the Vatican, but he is responsible for the failure of the church's mission to place me back at the helm of the Moretti family."

"Only after you admit to fucking your own daughter up her ass when she was a child," stated Apollonia. "Tell me that is what you did to my sister and I may just let you kill the old bastard."

Astounded, he spat, "I never did such a thing. If she said I did that, then shame on her. I'd never break the trust a Moretti father has with his children."

Apollonia turned to Raffy as she said to her father, "You lying sack of dog shit. You came to me every night for a month, but I refused your advances. I know for a fact that you orally and anally raped my sister. Yes, you saved

her virginity, but you took her. You own up to your transgression and I will be lenient with your punishment. Or, you rape and kill the Cardinal just as you spew your cum up his ass."

Mario looked to his older daughter. He placed his hands flat on the oak breakfast table and pleaded, "Please Raffaella, tell her the truth. You know I never raped you. I'm your father for God's sake!!!"

'How much could or should she keep to herself?' thought Raffaella. She felt the pain in her chest first and then in her jaw - the signs of a heart attack. It passed and she knew her stress levels were too high. It was time for her to fess up. "You came to me. I was only five years old. Your cock was hard and sticking out through the opening on your pajama bottoms. You sat on my bed and said how much you loved me. You put my hand on your erection. Then you put your hand behind my head and drew it to your cock. You forced me to open my mouth and suck it."

Mario was livid. "YOU LYING BITCH!!! TELL HER THE TRUTH!!! YOU KNOW IT AND SO DO !!! TELL HER!!!"

"I just told her the truth of the first time you came into my room," stated Raffaella. Inside, she knew if she could pull the lie off everything would turn out just fine.

Mario was more than frustrated. He wanted to lash out at his oldest daughter. He wanted to scream that she was a bold face liar. He knew and she knew the truth. He started at her, took a breath, and made his decision not to get physical. Instead, he stayed on his side of the table and said, "You lying cunt. You know the truth and I'll say it now. You started it all. You used your impish way to get me to show you my cock. You did not ask, but took hold of it and put it in your mouth. You wanted to suck my cock. You sit there and lie. You are morally corrupt. You're to blame for what happened. You wanted and initiated contact. You sit there holier than thou as if I forced myself on you." Mario sat down to keep from diving across the table and harming Raffaella.

Apollonia frowned because Mario did not yell. He spoke in a calm but forceful voice. The tenor of his voice was calm, cool, and collected. She looked at Raffaella and saw no emotion. She could not discern if she was telling the truth or lying. It was a first for Apollonia. Based upon her interactions with both of her family members, both of them could be telling a lie.

"Does he speak the truth Raffaella?" asked Apollonia.

Raffaella rose from her seat. The effect of the alcohol had finally worn off. She had a raging headache, but nothing would deter her from making sure Mario took responsibility for something she cajoled him to do. It was time for her to stand up and admit that she was on her sister's side. Her husband, her children, and her life were predominant. She had to make sure the truth did not come out, because if it did, she would be cast out from the family to live her life as a twenty dollar crack addicted whore on the streets of the city. She had to play his game, remain calm, and win.

"Yes, I have a cunt. It is between my legs. You need to fall onto your knees and beg for forgiveness. Maybe the Cardinal here will give you absolution for your sins. You came to my room with the intent of having sex with me. You took what you wanted. In time, I knew it would be better to accept what you were doing than to fight you."

Mario saw her play. "You two bit cunt eating shit. You'd rather suck your sister's lesbian twat to keep her from taking your husband and your life. You know in your heart, you played the pixie and used your childish ways to get what you wanted. You know it, Lucia knew it, and I know it. You're a whore Raffaella Moretti. I did not make you go and suck cock at the church. You came to me and said the father wanted you to help in the rectory. The only reason you begged and pleaded was you had eyes on his cock. I did not force you to offer your mouth or ass to the priest and his successors."

Apollonia listened and decided that the argument was not going to be settled today. It was imperative that the Cardinal verbally own up to his mistake. It would be a feather in her cap if she could cajole, through fear, the Cardinal to call the Vatican. She knew that when he did the shit would hit the fan because if everything fell into place, the Vatican was broke, had no water, had no trash pickup, and would soon be out of food. Apollonia had to change the conversation back to where it belonged.

"Ok you two," said Apollonia, "enough. Raffaella sit. I don't trust either one of you, but the conversation will have to wait for another day."

"Excuse me," said the Cardinal. "Would someone please close my pants?"

"Closing them and releasing you from your bonds depends upon how truthful you are going to be," stated Apollonia. "I am going to ship the ice chests to the Holy Father. When he gets them he will know that your head is not among them. You are going to live here until such time as I deem it proper for you to die. Then again, I may just let you live as my own personal faggot cleric residing in a small cell in the basement of my townhouse in the city."

Amazed at what was just said to him, the Cardinal said, "I cannot live in this country. I have to return to the Vatican."

"I have an idea," said Apollonia. "Why don't you call the Vatican? Although I do not have direct confirmation, I know that all of the church officials are running around like chickens without heads because everything has been shut down. I am going to ask you one question: Do you know who owns the land where the Vatican is built?"

Shifting against the ropes, the Cardinal tried to relieve the pressure of the ropes, but his movement was not helping as it exacerbated the pain. He eyes pleaded for two things; relief from the ropes and closure of his pants. He stared into Apollonia's eyes and said, "The Holy See owns the land."

"Wrong," said Apollonia. "The Moretti family owns all the land under the Vatican. We own all the land under every church, rectory, monastery, convent, and embassy worldwide. That includes from the smallest to the largest. In certain cases, we own the physical building as well."

The guardhouse phone rang. Colina answered it and gave permission for the vehicle to enter Columbus Place. He hung up, sat, and said, "Two of Uncle Gino's men are here with the last of the ice chests. I'll meet them and have the chests placed with the others."

Apollonia nodded. She turned to Nathan, "Untie his eminence."

"Thank you Miss Moretti," said the cleric. He was thankful that he would finally be able to close his pants.

Nathan removed the rope, wound it up, and stepped back to where he stood before. The Cardinal sighed, made the sign of the cross, and went to close his pants.

Apollonia slapped the back of his head, "Did I give you permission to close your pants?"

The Cardinal astounded that this woman would strike a senior member of the church did not heed her question and implied command. As his hands went to his zipper, he felt his left ear begin to turn from the back of his head to the front. The pain was incredible. He froze for a moment before he moved his arms so his hands were no longer near the opened zipper and waistband of his pants.

"Sit calm and I will reduce the pressure," said Apollonia. "Remain calm, answer my questions, do as I say, and I will let you live. Or, I will fuck your pedophile ass myself with the largest dildo I have in my collection. I will not use any form of lubrication. It will rip your anal sphincter to shreds as it enters followed by the tearing of your rectum and lower bowel. I will end your life not with my hands or a weapon. I terminate your holy than thou life with a sex toy. Then I will send your violated carcass to the Vatican with a note explaining how you begged to be buggered to death with a fake cock up your priestly pussy."

Eyes wide Cardinal DeTomaso pleaded, "Enough!!! Please just stop with the foul language and the verbal and physical torture. I am willing to listen to reason, but please cease with the physical pain and the name calling."

Apollonia released his ear. And as if by some divine intervention her cell phone rang. She looked at the displayed number and saw it was an international call. She showed the phone to the Cardinal and asked, "The Vatican?"

He shook his head no, "But, it is from Italy."

Apollonia answered the call, "Pronto. (Hello.)"

"Mi scusi. Sto cercando Miss Apollonia Moretti. (Excuse me. I am looking for Miss Apollonia Moretti.)", the masculine voice said.

"Questa è lei. (This is she.), replied Apollonia.

Molto buona. Questo è Renoldo Basile da Roma. Chiedo al volere del mio boss, il cugino, Donaldo Moretti. Vuole sapere che il Vaticano è completamente spento. Ha voluto soprattutto sapere che tutte le comunicazioni sono state interrotte e la Banca Vaticana non ha accesso alle loro risorse monetarie. (Very good. This is Renoldo Basile from Rome. I am calling on behest of my boss, your cousin, Donaldo Moretti. He wants to let you know that the Vatican is completely shut down. He especially wanted you to know that all communications have been severed and the Vatican Bank has no access to their monetary resources.)," the identified voice stated.

"Grande notizia. Donaldo dicono che io sono molto felice di aver fatto tutto in fretta. Sarà il mio punto di contatto? (Great news. Tell Donaldo that I am very happy that he made everything happen so quickly. Will you be my point of contact?), stated a very ecstatic Apollonia.

"Forse. Egli mi ha chiesto di chiamata perché era occupato con la finalizzazione alla cessazione di tutte le consegne in Vaticano. Egli oscilla per me. Arrivederci!!! (Maybe. He asked me to call because he was busy with finalizing the cessation of all deliveries to the Vatican. He is waving to me. Bye!!!), he said and like Apollonia was wont to do ended the conversation and the call.

The Cardinal had an amazed look on his face. "Your Italian is, not very good, but perfect. It is flawless. The fact that you are born and raised in America does not come through your speech. Impressive."

"Thank you," stated Apollonia. "You heard one side of the conversation. I'll give you the other. My Uncle Donaldo Moretti has effectively closed down Vatican City and the church. What is most impressive is he has terminated all methods of communication within the Vatican. If he followed instructions, which I knew he did, there is one working cellular phone. It belongs to the Pontiff. Would you care to call him?"

"Why would I call him?" stated the Cardinal more in rhetorical vein than as a direct question. "For all intent and purpose, the reason I came to America has failed. First, I tried to reason with you about the failure of the Moretti family to pay the money due the church and failed. Second, listening to Mario Moretti about the how the Vatican could facilitate his return to power turned out to be an abject failure. I see no reason to call the Holy Father."

"You have a duty," said Mario. "You are one step below the Pontiff."

"I am one of many," replied Cardinal DeTomaso.

"If I am wrong," said Mario, "you are the one Cardinal the Pontiff trusts the most. You are his representative and his confidant. Surely, he would see that you tried your best."

"No, he wouldn't," said the elderly cleric in a quiet voice filled with resignation. "I have no recourse but to remove myself from his inner circle. I would not want to be near him when those ice chests arrive."

"You could stop their voyage to Italy," stated Apollonia. "All you have to do is call him and tell him that he has but one choice."

"And that choice is?" asked the Cardinal already knowing that the Holy Father would not agree to anything demanded by the crazy Moretti bitch.

"He is to come to America. He is to call and advise the Moretti family he is here. He is to come to this house, remove his clothing and vestments, and prostrate his body in front of me," said Apollonia. She paused looked into the old cleric's eyes and said, "He is to beg my forgiveness. He will accept any and all of my commands as if they were spoken by God and the Son of God. He will rise and sign all documents putting the Moretti family in charge of all the Vatican's affairs."

"He will never accede to your commands," said the Cardinal.

"Then the Catholic Church will crumble under the weight of its debt as the Moretti family has effectively shut down the Vatican Bank," said Apollonia.

Before the Cardinal could answer, Apollonia's cellular phone rang. She saw the number, the name, and answered it as she walked away from the breakfast table. The conversation took a few minutes and it wasn't until the call ended did she return to the table. Her face showed no emotion, but her heart was lighter with the news. It was time to show her hated father and the pedophile cleric what power and sway she held over people.

"Raffaella," stated Apollonia as she neared her sister and leaned against the counter, "I have news for you."

With her heart beating as if she had just run a marathon, Raffaella turned to her sister and waited a moment before asking, "Is it good or bad news?" How she got the question out without stuttering or stumbling was a feat of pure concentration.

"Here," commanded her sister. "On your knees. Open my pants. Pull them down with my panties. Suckle my cunt and beg me to tell you."

Apollonia watched as her sister's eyebrows arched upwards as her eyes bulged out of their sockets. She knew she hit a chord that was not in tune with her sister's needs. Raffaella had a choice to make. Refuse and return to her house without any feedback on her husband's surgery. Or, bend to her sister's sick will and perform cunnilingus in front of her father and the church elder to hear Viviano's status. The day was not going well and her sister was adding insult to injury.

"If I refuse," said Raffaella, "what is the alternative? You've already told me you'd have no compunction when it comes to taking my life. What else is there? Oh yes, there is Viv. You want him, then take him. My life isn't worth anything to you. I'm your sister. I held you in my arms when you were a baby. I watched over you as you grew into adolescence and adulthood. I came out to you because I wanted to show you how much I love you. You possess my heart and my soul. I have given you my fealty. I have told you I am yours to do with as you please. But, to suck you here and now, when my husband lies near death is unacceptable."

"What is unacceptable Raffaella," said Apollonia, "is your inability to reconcile your life as a whore to your father and the church." Apollonia pointed to her crotch and growled, "You kneel before me and do as I command."

Colina and Nathan remained frozen where they each sat or stood. They both knew nothing good would come of either of them interjecting their thoughts. Colina would probably fair better than Nathan, although Nathan had the skills to put up a fight that would last longer than Colina.

Raffaella looked around the room and saw each of the men and the lone sissy avoid her eyes. Her chest began to hurt as her stress levels rose. The only way to reduce her stress was to accede to her sister's demands. Raffaella Moretti closed her eyes, made the sign of the cross, and went to her knees in front of her sister. As she reached for the belt that surrounded her sister's narrow waist, she felt her sister take her by the wrists. She did not fight.

"Look up at me," said Apollonia.

Raffaella opened her eyes and stared into her sister's hypnotizing stare. She blinked once and then held the eye contact.

"Viviano Rossi made it through the surgery with flying colors," said Apollonia as she held her sister's wrists. "You are to rise, place a chaste kiss on each of my cheeks, and thank me for allowing you to live."

Raffaella shivered at the news. Her body relaxed and her heart slowed. Her head spun with emotion and thankfulness at Viviano's continued life. She stood, with tears in her eyes placed a kiss on each of her sister's cheeks, and said in a quiet submissive voice, "Thank you Mistress Apollonia for allowing me to live."

"Nathan," said Apollonia, "take Raffaella to Great Neck. You can stay there with her or you can go home, shower, and change. But, you must return to the surgery center once you're done. Please have Raffaella back to Columbus Place by this evening."

Nathan nodded and asked, "What about Mr. Moretti and the Cardinal?"

"I can handle them," she said.

Nathan chuckled and said, "I was going to ask if you were sure, but. . ." he paused, rubbed his injured arm and said, "Pardon my doubting your abilities Miss Moretti."

"No offense taken Nathan," said Apollonia with a smile on her face. To get a rise out of her sister, she added, "If you want, I give you permission to fuck my sister."

Nathan did not even bother to respond because he knew it would never happen. Raffaella rolled her eyes, pulled her hands from her sister's, and put her right hand on Apollonia's left bicep, and said, "Thank you."

Apollonia remained leaning against the counter after Nathan and her sister departed for Great Neck. She decided to make life a bit harder for her father and the Cardinal.

"Colina, go upstairs and find Mario's chastity device. It has to be hidden in one of his drawers of his bureau or the night stand next to his bed. Bring it here, then go home and get yours," said Apollonia.

Colina did not respond. He stood and made his way to the master bedroom. Ten minutes later he returned to the breakfast room with the device. He handed it to his wife and immediately departed to get his out of his room. Colina returned and handed his to Apollonia.

"Sit," said Apollonia. She went to the open seat that faced the kitchen and sat. She laid the two chastity devices on the table. The one in her left hand belonged to her hated father. The one in her right hand was her sissy husband's. "I know that Colina keeps his sterile. When is the last time you cleaned yours Mario?"

"A week or two," he replied. "If you remember, I haven't been wearing it much lately."

"I know," she stated. She pushed Mario's to Colina and said, "Clean and sanitize it."

Colina rose and went into the kitchen. He looked in the cabinets beneath the sink and did not find what he was looking for. He did not ask permission to leave the kitchen, but he knew where he would be able to find what he needed. Two minutes later he walked back into the kitchen carrying a large plastic bottle of bleach. He closed the stopper on the sink, ran extremely hot water into the sink, and when he thought he had enough added a fairly large

amount of bleach to the water. He mixed the combination and tossed the chastity device into the bleach and water mixture. Colina watched the digital clock on the microwave and when seven minutes passed he reached in and drained the sink. He picked up the chastity device, ran it under cold water, dried it, and returned to the table. He placed it in front of his wife.

"Cardinal DeTomaso," said Apollonia, as she pushed the chastity device in front of him, "do you know what this device is used for?"

Frowning, the Cardinal replied, "No, but I have an idea based upon its name."

"Intuitive, if I must say," said Apollonia. "You are going to sit where you are and Mario is going to come around the table and stand by me. He is going to pull down his pants and his underwear. You will watch as he puts the device on his genitals and snaps closed the lock."

Eyes wide open, eyes bulging, the Cardinal stuttered, 'Y-y-you're n-n-not g-g-going t-t-to...'

Apollonia leaned close and said, "Oh, yes I am."

With his eyes closed, the Cardinal said, "Please, Miss Moretti. Please do not put that insidious device on my penis. I'm asking you to think about who and what I am." He paused made the sign of the cross, put his palms together, said a prayer, made the sign of the cross a second time, and said, "Tell me what you want from me. Ask me any and all questions and I promise to answer you truthfully and in detail. Just don't encumber me with that chastity device."

Apollonia did not buy his plea. She continued as if he had never said a word. "This device is called The Brig. It is a male chastity device. It is used to keep sissies, cuckolds, and habitual masturbators from playing with their cocks." She picked it up and held it in front of the Cardinal's face. "The device is made from solid stainless steel. As you can readily see, the cock cage is a sleek four-and-a-half inches of solid medical grade stainless steel. It curves downward and ends in this insidious eight spoke dome. With this device surrounding your cock, it will be like it is confined in a cell in Alcatraz – impossible to escape. The benefit to you is its design. While you're wearing it, it is not noticeable when you are dressed. But, who says you're going to be dressed at all."

Frustrated anew he growled, "I am celibate. Also, I'm eighty-one years old. I'm not interested in sex nor do I want to be naked all the time."

"Not now, maybe," said Apollonia, "but when you were younger you had a predilection for young boys asses. I know that for a fact. How, you ask? That is because the Morettis have eyes and ears everywhere in the Vatican and around the world when it comes to the church." Apollonia was relishing the look on the ancient cleric's face. He was more than astounded, he was downright frightened. "In fact, most, if not all, of the children you had sex with were supplied by a Moretti family."

"Then you are as complicit as the church is when it comes to pedophilia," stated the Cardinal, his mind working the subject as if he was entering into a debate on the subject.

"Not me," said Apollonia. "Mario and Lucia are complicit as are the family members prior to Mario gaining control. All you have to do is go backwards down the family tree. The family members followed their lead. Each and every sect of the family followed their orders. That is because each and every sect leader is a direct descendant of the nuclear family that leads the Morettis. It has been that way for centuries and it will continue forever into the future. So, admit to your sexual transgressions and I may just let you live. Albeit, naked with chastity device surrounding your pedophile prick."

"Again, I beseech you to relent," cried Cardinal DeTomaso. "Yes, it is true. I could not control my desires for young boys. I was abused as a child by my father and his brother. I thought I resolved my hatred for homosexual sex and the men who used me as a boy when I became a priest. All I did is trade one abuser for another and ultimately

became an abuser myself. I hate what I am, because even at my age, I still think about. . ." He paused, looked down at the table, and began to cry uncontrollably.

Mario looked at his youngest and said, "Leave him be Apollonia. He is a broken man. He'll never survive knowing that he tried and failed to return me to my rightful position as head of the family."

Apollonia was stunned at the Cardinal's honesty, but she would not accept his contrition based upon the taking of five innocent children. Her attitude towards the church would never change especially since her nephew, nieces, and her lover's children were spirited away with the intention of placing them in an orphanage that supplied the men of the church with prepubescent sexual surrogates and play things. The stare she was giving her hated father was unrelenting in its anger. If her mother was alive, she'd make her perform sick sexual acts on the Cardinal as acts of contrition and absolution. Her eyes moved from her hated father to the Cardinal.

"I will not relent," stated Apollonia. "You are to stand, drop your pants, and allow my sissy husband to place the device on your useless cock. You will wear it until the day you die. The only way it comes off is if I deem it necessary." She turned to Mario, "You know how to put it on, so get with it."

Mario hands shook as he picked up the sexual denial device. He looked at his daughter as he said, "I can't wear this to court. I'll never pass thru the metal detectors." Mario looked at the Cardinal, "Monsignor, I know it is abhorrent to you, but I believe by doing as she says, you will not die now or in the near future." When the Cardinal did not respond, Mario said, "Suit yourself, Monsignor. If you don't want your head to join the others, I would let the faggot she is married to place the device on your genitals."

First, Mario noted that Apollonia did not respond to his verbal degradation of her husband. Second, Mario did as his daughter ordered. He stood, dropped his pants, and his underwear. With a practiced hand, he slipped the stainless steel ring around his scrotum and base of his cock. Then he slipped his cock into the tube and slid it onto the pins that would hold it in place. He then put the four retaining pins into the receptors checking to make sure they were seated and could not be removed. He then picked up the small Master lock, slipped it through the ring receptor, and closed it with an audible click. He bent over, pulled up his underwear and pants, and then returned to his seat.

The Cardinal did not move from his seat. Apollonia and he stared into each other's eyes. What he absolutely had no knowledge of was how to gauge her rising anger by the color of her eyes. He watched as the color changed from the beautiful turquoise to dark black. The gold flecks so noticeable in her turquoise irises were fading. As the change happened, his mind began to feel the fear rising within his body. The devil had red eyes, but the black color crystalized his fear of the woman who would without hesitation take his life. The bible speaks of the devil as a saint cast out from heaven, but this woman was born of a family that had deep roots in the church since before its inception.

Cardinal DeTomaso heard rumors and innuendo concerning the power of the Moretti family. There were times when decisions were made by the Holy Father and the curia astounded him because it showed their fear of what the Moretti family could do to the foundations of the church. He was dispatched to the Moretti compound to collect ten million dollars that was overdue. He returned to the Vatican offices in New York City with his security guards beat up and frightened of a ninety pound woman. The fierceness in her eyes and the speed with which she moved to assault or protect those close to her could only have been bestowed upon the beauty without the succor of the devil himself. The words quietly spoken between the men of the curia were proving true as Cardinal DeTomaso watched the metamorphosis of the young woman's eyes. Prayer would not help.

Fear held him to his chair. He turned to repulsive man and said, "I do not want to feel your disgusting hands on my body, but my fear will not allow me to move. Please, in the name of Jesus and all that is holy, help me with that disgusting device."

Colina did not hesitate to help the elderly cleric. He leaned forward, picked up the chastity device, and slid it to the floor in front of the cardinal. He had no desire to take his flaccid penis into his mouth, but he knew if he did, it would cause the old man to have aberrant dreams for the remainder of his life. Colina did not look at his wife. Instead, he kept his eyes on the admitted pedophile until he was comfortable holding the man's shrunken genitals. With soft

hands and deft motion, Colina closed The Brig around the man's genitals. He looked back up to the man's eyes and smiled from ear-to-ear when he closed the hasp of the lock which made a click of finality.

"Good job," said Apollonia as her eyes began to return to their normal color. She watched her sissy husband return to his seat. Then she said with joy in her voice, "How hard was it to keep from sucking his pedophile cock?"

Colina broke up laughing heartily at her question. "Not hard at all Mistress. Why would I suck an old pedophile's cock, when I have a choice of larger cocks to suck?"

"Good point, my love," said Apollonia. She turned to the men and said, "Into the basement. You will be restrained in the basement until I return. Colina will check on you from time-to-time."

Apollonia rose and said to Colina, "Is everything in place to deliver the ice chests?"

"Yes Mistress. I have contacted our private airline. A freighter is waiting for the cargo. Our contacts in Italy will guide the present through customs and deliver it to the Holy Father."

"Good," said Apollonia. "Then we wait for a response from the old cocksucker."