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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 154

Friday Morning – Columbus Place - 14 March 2003

Apollonia woke in Ming's bed. Sometime before sunrise she departed her sister's house for her lesbian lover's. She quietly entered through the backdoor and made her way to Ming's room. With an uncanny ability she carried Shen and Lian to their beds, tucked them in, and kissed each boy on their forehead before returning to Ming's bedroom. Apollonia slipped underneath the comforter, slid next to Ming, but did not make contact with her. Just being close to her lover was more than enough to calm her need to be close to her where she could breathe and enjoy her scent. The selfish reason of wanting a Ming induced orgasm also brought her to her lover's bed.

Ming did not feel her children and awoke with a start. She saw Apollonia in her bed and knew she had moved the boys to their room. For just a split second, she was mad at her lover, but decided if the boys had not awoken screaming for her, then they must be coping with the nastiness of the previous two days.

In a whisper, "Good morning my love," said Ming as she closed the gap between her and Apollonia. She pressed her body into her lover's open arms. Their naked breasts touched as did their flat stomachs and their thighs. Both women just lay holding on to the other. Their breathing became syncopated so when one inhaled the other exhaled.

Apollonia pressed her lips on Ming's cheek for a moment. She pulled her head back and said in a very serious tone of voice, "We need to talk. I have to confess something that will make you want to leave me. I know that I did something very wrong, but only to a point."

Ming had been down the road many times with Apollonia's confessions. Some were truly horrible, but most were just her paranoia about being a dominant female in an alpha-male dominated family. Ming created a space between them and said softly, "I'm listening."

Apollonia searched her eyes for a clue to her thoughts, but nothing was showing. She hated Ming's ability to hide her true emotions when she needed. A deep cleansing breath was taken before Apollonia spoke, "Antonio is dead."

Ming rose onto an elbow and stared hard at the Italian beauty that had captured her heart in college, saved her children from her criminal husband, and gave her a life that could only be led by truly wealthy people. Ming did not

react. She stayed calm, but her mind raced as to what could have caused Antonio's untimely passing. She frowned for a moment and said, "When? Where? How?"

Apollonia pursed her lips, before she pushed the tip of her tongue through them to wet them, and said, "He committed suicide."

"A ten year old boy does not commit suicide," said Ming. "Especially, a ten year old with the unconditional love of his parents and the ability to sow his wild oats every weekend with a preteen whore."

She teared up as she said, "It was all my fault. I did something that never should have been done, but I was angry and totally out-of-control."

"What else is new," said Ming as she rolled her eyes, but she knew Apollonia had to say what she had to say without any interruptions. "Tell me everything. I will just listen. When you're done I will react if there is something to react to."

Apollonia touched her face and with tears running down her face continued, "My sister is barren." She paused and saw Ming hold her surprise. "She did not give birth to Antonio or Carmen. My father and mother made arrangements for a young Italian girl to come to America. Her family was more than beholden to the Moretti family. She was but a youngster. All of sixteen years. Viviano took her virginity and mated with her. Raffaella watched and helped with the coitus and any other sexual activity my father deemed proper and humiliating. He turned Raffaella, his oldest daughter, into a female cuckold. When the girl gave birth Raffaella assumed the mantle of motherhood. My father and mother made us swear to secrecy. If other sections of the family found out that Raffaella was barren, the door to removing my father would have opened."

Ming did not react. She just lay and listened. Not a bone in her body moved. If you were watching her from above, all you would see would be the calm rise and fall of her chest as she breathed.

"There is more," said Apollonia. "My sister fellated my father starting at the age of five. When she was six or seven, she allowed my father to take her anally. My mother knew and did not care. She was in living in her own sick pedo world."

Again Apollonia paused to gauge her lover's reaction. Ming was quiet and calm.

"She also began to have sex with the priests at St. Joachim's. They would not have coitus with her, but she would fellate them and allow them to take her anally. My sister is a whore plain and simple. When she married Viviano it was hoped she would get pregnant and stop her wanton ways. She did, but when she could not conceive, we all held our breath. Viviano was a gentleman throughout the entire fiasco. He wanted children with her, but was more than co-operative when he had to fornicate with a young girl to start a family."

Apollonia knew Ming was not going to say a word.

"I had a feeling about Antonio. I don't care what was said, I knew the boy was not a man. It was proven the day we buried Colina's sister. It was confirmed by Carmen in detail this morning before I came to your house. It seems that three boys from the public school across the street from St. Joachim's somehow found out that Antonio sucked cock. Carmen witnessed it and she also witnessed him being taken anally by the boys. I believe her because she was so frightened that I was going to rape her in front of her whore mother. In fact, I made the child address Raffaella as 'whore' instead of calling her mother. I also forced Raffaella to acknowledge that she was her bastard child. But I'm telling you what happened just before I came to your house."

"Antonio spent time with me while Carmen and Alessa slept in the great room. You had just left. I asked him how he felt and he responded that he was ok. I asked if that was all. He told me he was worried about his father and that if he could he would love to fuck me. I went off the deep end. I had this gut feeling about the boy. I knew if he had sex with me, it would only confirm his homosexuality. I don't care that he was a faggot, because I knew he would have never completed the act of coitus with me. All I wanted him to do was admit it. Yes, there would have been

grave implications in the family, but he would at least survive into old age servicing Moretti men and women. I finger fucked him to an orgasm. We relaxed and when I entered him a second time, he lost it. He presented his boi pussy to me. He responded when my fingers entered his boi pussy a second time by pressing his hips into my hand."

"The long and short of it is I had Colina bring him to his sister's room for clothing. When they returned I went nuts because his mother was going crazy that I was making him into a sissy. I let the secret out. I called him a bastard and revealed that the woman he knew as his mother was not his biological mother. Antonio accepted his transition to a sissy, but he demanded that he meet his biological mother. I did not answer verbally. I answered with a chuckle and a dismissive look on my face. Before anyone could react. Antonio pulled a knife from the pants he was wearing and he slit his own throat."

Ming nodded her head. She knew from the look on her lover's face she was not embellishing the truth. "Where is he now?"

"My Uncle Gino came. He took the body back to his mortuary. He was instructed to cremate the body until there was nothing but ashes left. He'd done it before for my father so I know it can be done."

"Raffaella? Carmen? Alessa?"

"Alessa is my half-sister. She was not implicated or harmed. She has more Moretti blood in her than both Antonio and Carmen. I blew up at my sister. I let fly with all the dirt I had on her. From her fucking and sucking her father. To her inability to bear children. To sucking her husband's cock hard and putting into the girl he was going to mate with to sucking his balls and ass as they mated. Then I berated Carmen. I told her she was not a Moretti. I told her she was going to live the life of a whore because her biological mother was not a Moretti. I threatened her with a life of indentured servitude to me. I told her that she would lose her precious Moretti virginity to me. She would learn to service me. She would eat my pussy. She would lick my ass. She would drink my piss. Oh God, I was so mean to her."

Apollonia rubbed her face as tears began to stream down her face anew. Ming did not respond or react to what she was hearing.

"I told Carmen that once I had taken her virginity her father would come to her. She would do for him what she would be forced to do in the future for any Moretti man. I told her she would suck his cock. She would fuck him both vaginally and anally. Her life after she graduated high school would revolve around her indentured servitude to me. I threatened and told her some nights she would sleep with me. Other nights, she would sleep with her father. And yet, other nights she would sleep with Moretti men or others I designated. I made her strip and stand in front of me naked during this tirade."

"When it was over, I threw a blanket to Raffaella and told her to sleep on the floor. I took Carmen into bed with me. I saw and felt her fear. She was a wreck. I laid her on the bed and I did the same next to her. I pressed my hand to her cheek, but I did not touch her. I did not kiss her. I did not slip my hand between her legs. God, I wanted to, but I'm not my fuckin' pederast mother. I waited until I knew she was calm and I beckoned her to go to sleep. When she was out and I knew Raffaella was out, I slipped out of the house and came to you. She will wake up this morning alone and untouched by me."

"Oh, I also threatened my sister if she spoke of my insensitivity and anger at her daughter and my actions as the cause of her son's suicide. I'm sorry for what I'm about to say. I told Raffaella I would hurt Shen and Lian and put the blame on her. I was out of my mind. I would never hurt the boys. Just like I did not hurt Carmen. Antonio did what he did against all the teaching of Moretti morality. All he had to do was accept his homosexuality and he would be sleeping soundly in his bed instead of being dead."

Apollonia rolled onto her back, covered her face, and broke out crying like a little baby. Ming did not take her into an embrace to soothe her. Minutes passed with nothing being said or neither one touching the other. Ming Zheng was completely taken by her lover's admission. She knew the Moretti family was sick in a lot of respects, but what she just heard turned her stomach. People could bring forth historical truths about the Chinese and the leaders of their dynasties. They were no angels when it came to protecting their power. Ming knew their history and the history

of the Chinese Communists, but she was not part of their cruelty. Apollonia Moretti was intimately involved with the maintenance and continued control of Moretti power. She saw it and became very deeply involved with it when her sons were abducted by the Vatican.

Ming slid close to her lover. She put her left arm across her breasts and pulled her to her right side. She touched her cheek and said, "You have to take responsibility for Antonio's death. You broke the code of silence. He was not party to it, but he was the result of it. So is Carmen. I accept that Antonio was not a man, but throwing out to him that he was a bastard was totally without scruples. Carmen is innocent and you need to make her know that you would never hurt her. Release her from her Moretti duties. Let her be a girl that gets a great education, finds, and marries a good man. Let her raise her family in peace. Raffaella is a different story. If she was and is as you say, then make her into your indentured servant. Take her husband from her. You've had your eyes on him for as long as I've known you. Let him father your children. Or, just let him find release with the women he makes pregnant for the Moretti family but give him the knowledge that he is free to remarry without any recriminations from you or the Moretti family. Also, he is to reinforce to Carmen that he is her biological father and that his love for her is uncontested."

Apollonia stared into Ming's dark eyes. They were placid and loving. She felt her body shake with an involuntary shiver as a stress reliever. The muscles in her body hurt and her mind was casting about for words of wisdom and apology for her actions. Antonio's death was on and only on her hands. Carmen's ride through hell was also all on her. Raffaella would have to accept that she was no longer a Moretti in Apollonia's eyes. Viviano would have to accept her decision about his wife and make his own decision about staying or leaving.

"Ming, I'm lost again," said Apollonia. "I caused my nephew to take his own life. I am a murderer. I was offended that he wanted to be fucked by men. If he had asked to make love to me, I may just have let him have me, but he was crude and thinking with his cock. Not that I would have slept with him, but his mind was always controlled by his penis. I loved that boy. I didn't care that he was a sissy. All I wanted for Antonio was for him to admit his homosexuality. If his preference was to suck cock, then I would gladly support him, but denying it was tantamount to denying life itself. It is the way we do things in this family."

"I know and that is something that you're going to have to live with. You're going to have to resolve in your own mind how you are going to put his death into perspective and accept that you were the cause. Life will go on. You can establish something to honor him or you can push it into your unconscious mind and forget he even lived. You will never have to visit his grave. You've made that plainly obvious when you took Raffaella's ability to bury her son. That is something you have to do all by yourself."

"He wasn't her son. His only reason for being born was my father's need to protect his station as the head of the family. I'm a bitch and I know it," said Apollonia. "I have the strength of twenty men. I have the intelligence of twenty geniuses. But, I came apart when my ten year old nephew told me I was the way in was because I wanted to be a man. That I wanted a cock between my legs. He spewed forth venom at my lesbian relationship with you. I froze and knew in my heart he was partially right. I have stood in front of my full length mirrors with a strapless dildo inserted into my anus and pussy and licked my lips at how beautiful it looked jutting from my crotch. I would stroke the fake phallus and attained an orgasm just from the fantasy of having a cock between my legs. Yet, here I am getting wet between my legs because my admission is making me horny for you."

Apollonia rolled away and onto her back. She didn't scream, but she did say forcefully, "I'm such a sick cunt!!! I'm getting horny admitting that I fantasized to an orgasm over seeing an ersatz cock jutting from my crotch. I'm so fucked up!!!"

Ming closed the gap. She pressed her face to her lover's. Her hand slid down Apollonia's side, across her stomach, and into the space just at the top her vagina. She whispered as she began to gently stroke her lover's clitoris, "You are a woman. You love to see something that is not because you know how much you love to fuck me. If we had the time, I'd unconditionally without hesitation open my legs for you. Do not deny your femininity. Do not deny how much you love your life and think about how you're going to divide your time with two very well hung men. I'm envious, but at the same time I know you will give each of them to me as many times as I want or you desire to. Now my love, open your legs and let me give you your morning orgasm."

Carmen Rossi woke to an empty bed. She cried out for her mother. Raffaella rose from the floor and slipped into the bed next to her daughter. She was surprised to find that Apollonia was nowhere to be found. She pressed her hand to her bastard daughter's face, leaned in, and kissed her on her forehead.

"Did you wake up alone?" she asked.

"Yes I did," replied Carmen.

"Did she. . ."

"No," said Carmen. "I remember her touching my face, kissing my forehead, and telling me to go to sleep. I did not wake up until just now. Aunt Apollonia did not touch me."

Raffaella smiled. Her eyes twinkled. "I knew she wouldn't," said Raffaella. "Your aunt is not a mean person. In her heart she is a kind soul; especially with children. I'm going to keep you and Alessa home from school today. I will call and get your homework."

"Mom," said Carmen, "I remember, but I'm not sure. Did Antonio. . ."

Raffaella touched her face. She held back her tears as she said, "Your brother is gone sweetheart. He took his own life. I never knew about him. I always thought he was going to grow into a strong virile Moretti man."

"So," sniffled Carmen, "He is dead."

"Yes," said Raffaella.

With tears flowing down her face, Carmen wailed, "And, I'm not your daughter. You're not my mother." She stopped looked into her mother's eyes and asked, "Is it true?" And then out of the blue with anger in her voice, "Are you a whore?"

Raffaella wanted to sink into an abyss so deep she would have to look up to look down. Her life as she knew it was totally undone and sinking rapidly. She didn't care that Carmen was not of her body. She loved her unconditionally. She raised her to be a star amongst stars within the Moretti family. Everyone loved her. She never caused a problem or made a scene. The first time she had to take her father's cock into her small hand she hesitated. She looked not at him, but at her and when she saw her mother smile and say it was a good a proper thing for her to do; she did it. Carmen learned what she needed to become a loving Moretti woman. Now she was asking if what her aunt spewed with venom and hatred was the truth.

Raffaella tried to come up with an answer, but the truth would have to be told, "Yes, I am considered a whore by the family. Not publicly, but in the quiet silence and solitude of Columbus Place. Your aunt spoke the truth. It is a truth that was never to be uttered aloud and revealed to anyone for centuries. But, no matter how you slice it my dear Carmen, I love you as if you were pushed out of my body. I love you."

"I don't believe you love me!!!" cried Carmen. "If you did, you would have done anything to keep your sister from hurting me. I was so scared and I hate you. You whore!!!"

The word struck like an arrow that pierced directly through the center of her heart. Raffaella Moretti Rossi rolled onto her back and screamed, "I HATE YOU APOLLONIA MORETTI!!!! I HATE YOU!!! I HATE YOU!!! I HATE YOU!!! YOU'VE RUINED FUCKIN' MY LIFE!!!"

Carmen shivered when she heard her mother scream at the top of her lungs. She rose to her knees and stared at her the woman who raised her. Something inside her snapped and she slapped the woman that cared for her across the face. The open handed slap stopped Raffaella's hissy fit cold. She turned her face to her bastard daughter and stared. Her mouth dropped open when the youngster put each leg on either side of her former mother's face and said, "Lick my cunt you whore. I believe Aunt Apollonia and if I'm to live like you then show me how you eat pussy."

The thought of having to suck on her bastard daughter's prepubescent pussy disgusted Raffaella. She did not countenance placing her mouth around the young girl's vagina. Her anger took control of her senses. She reached for Carmen's hips, found them, and with strength she did not know she had, tossed the youngster from her perch over her face. Carmen landed on her back on the bed where she had started. Raffaella rolled to right and before the youngster could react used the weight of her body to press and hold Carmen to the bed.

"You fuckin' little cunt," growled Raffaella. "Now, I will make sure you serve Apollonia. How dare you put your cunt in my face!!! You will suffer for this indiscretion. I was going to protect you. Not anymore!!!"

"Get off of me!!!" cried Carmen. "Please!!! I'm sorry!!!"

Raffaella relented and moved so she was no longer pressing down on her bastard daughter's body, but was close enough to remain in control. She stared at her bastard daughter and thought about what she was going to do to make her realize that she still had a life to live. There was nothing that she could do because no matter what she explained to Carmen as the truth, her sister would undo. The fact that Apollonia did not do as she threatened could only mean that Carmen was safe from any sexual mischief. Raffaella knew she would have to accept the loss of Antonio, the potential loss of Carmen, and the breakup of her marriage to Viviano. The coup de grace for Carmen would be being forced to accept her half-sister, Alessa, as her better. Knowing Apollonia she just may be dastardly enough to foist such relationship on her.

"Listen to me Carmen," said Raffaella. "What I am about to say will probably happen. You are only a child, but you are going to have to make an adult decision. I'm betting your aunt will not make you into a low life like me. But, I will bet that she will make you hate me. I will bet she will make you accept her as your step-mother. She will teach you to humiliate me in private and when told to humiliate me in public. Your father has no choice but to accept what she does to our family. I want you to remember one thing about me. I love you and I always will love you as if I carried you for nine months. You do not have to acknowledge publically that you love me, but on occasion when we're alone, if you'd say that you love me, would make me very, very happy."

"Aunt Apollonia as my mother?" whined Carmen. "Why would she do that? She is too scary." Carmen rolled to face her mother and said, "I'd rather be whore like you then become Aunt Apollonia's daughter. And to prove what I say is true; let me do what I know you've done to Aunt Apollonia. Let me lick you. Let me taste you. I'm not afraid of what will happen to me. If it were possible, I'd lose my virginity right now to you."

"No Carmen, I will not let you go down on me. That is not your place in this family. You will continue to masturbate your dad at least once a month. You will learn to love a man's cock and allow it to make love to you. You will also learn to humiliate sissy bois and faggots. If your brother was alive, it would be your place to humiliate him because you are a superior Moretti woman to his faggot sissy lifestyle. It would have been your place to use a strap-on on him and he would not have been able to deny you. Do you understand young one?"

"I do," said Carmen. "But, I don't have to agree."

Raffaella grabbed her by her long dark brown hair, twisted it till the pain showed on her face, and growled, "You will accept what I am telling you. If you don't, I will hurt you worse than your Aunt Apollonia would ever. Don't ever sass me young lady."

"OWWWW!!!" cried Carmen. "LET GO!!!"

Carmen kicked her legs and tried to roll away from her the woman that was not really her mother. She only made the pain worse. It took but a moment for her to realize that it would be better is she laid still and quiet until her

mother released her hair. For some unknown reason, Carmen spread her legs, bent her knees, and spilled her right hand down to her hairless pussy. She began to masturbate, which she knew was against all Moretti mores and morals. Carmen did not care as she felt her clitoris fill with blood and begin to send waves of pleasure up her spine and into her brain.

Raffaella released her bastard daughter's hair and stared at the youngster. She was taken by the sight of the seven year old masturbating. Her pussy became wet. Her breath became short as she watched. The whore within her wanted to masturbate as she watched her bastard daughter pleasure her clitoris with her small, thin fingers. Something inside Raffaella made her hold her gaze on Carmen's hairless vagina. Her right hand slipped down to her own adult hairless pussy and without a care for what she was about to do, she began to caress her clitoris. Mother and daughter played with their pussies thinking nothing of the incestuous aspect of their self-induced sexual play.

Carmen turned her head and saw her mother was openly massaging her pussy. She pressed harder on her clitoris and wanted more than anything to press a finger or two into her opening. She knew that was not a good thing to do, so she thought about how she was enjoying the act of mutual masturbation with her mom even if she really wasn't.

Raffaella stroked and massaged her clitoris. If this morning was a normal morning, the children would have already departed for school, and she would be in the kitchen bent over the sink with Viviano's cock slamming her soaking wet pussy. What was more exciting was the truth of what was happening. It was against all things Moretti, but to see her bastard daughter masturbate was extremely erotic. Raffaella turned her head and saw Carmen staring at her. Their eyes met and locked. Something transpired between them and as if they were two strangers in bed for the first time, their faces moved together.

Mother kissed daughter. Carmen's mouth opened and she greedily sucked Raffaella's tongue into her mouth. Whatever moral teaching about incestuous mother-child sex was forgotten by the two as they kissed not as mother-daughter but as adult-child lovers. Raffaella felt Carmen's hands rise and surround her neck. She pulled her mother to and on top of her. Carmen opened her thin legs and wrapped them around her mother's hips. Raffaella could not stop. She pressed her hairless mons against her prepubescent bastard daughter's. The touch was electric. Raffaella broke the kiss and did what she thought she would never do.

Carmen released her arm and leg holds on the woman that pretended to be her mother. It was time and she saw it coming. Raffaella kissed her small but erect nipples. She took each one into her mouth and sucked on them gently as her tongue swirled around the rising mesa of the child's nipple. When she released the second nipple, she looked up to her bastard daughter's face and saw the rising expectation of sexual contact. Raffaella's cunt began to spasm as her sexual desire took over her moral compass. If she was with a woman she would have kissed her way to the nexus between the legs of her lover, but her need took control of her better judgment.

Raffaella slid down her bed, pressed her hands against the inside of the thighs of her bastard daughter, and without a thought of the implication, slid her tongue between the lips of Carmen's pussy. She was in another world. Her mind was not in control of her body. Her pussy and her desire to suck a prepubescent pussy had taken control of her mind and body. Raffaella licked and sucked Carmen's labia. She forced the seven year olds legs apart, wrapped her lips around the blood filled morsel that was her clitoris, and she sucked it like it was a small cock. Her tongue drew circles around Carmen's clit. Raffaella's mind exploded when she released the morsel and licked the juices flowing from Carmen's virgin vagina.

The only sounds in the room were Carmen's soft moaning and Raffaella's sucking and slurping. Neither mother nor bastard daughter had any thoughts of what would occur if Alessa, Apollonia, or Colina walked into the room. Raffaella was beyond caring. The taste of her bastard daughter vaginal secretions was mind blowing. Her juices were as pure as the driven snow. She'd tasted her sister's and came away not particularly in love with the taste of an older woman's love juices. But, Carmen's vaginal secretions were like the honey of the Gods. It had to be because she was a virgin. A man had not spewed his acidic man seen into her body. The interior of her pussy was a pure as the day she was born.

Raffaella's right hand left the inside of Carmen's left leg. It made its way down to the center of her sexuality. As Raffaella sucked, licked, and kissed Carmen's naturally hairless pussy, she pressed two fingers into her sopping

wet cunt. She frigged herself as she made first time love to a seven year old pussy. The sexual endorphins were building and her mind and body were rising to an all body orgasm. She did not want to go over the crest before Carmen did, but her need to finger fuck her pussy was overtaking her. Raffaella pressed her fingers and her hand against her hairless cunt as her body tensed. Her orgasm was more than she could take. She pulled her mouth off of Carmen's cunt as she groaned in a totally satisfying rise of orgasmic pleasure.

It did not take long for Carmen to realize that the whore that was her step-mother had forgotten about her. She reached and pressed Raffaella's head back between her legs. She raised her cunt and did not have to say anything. Raffaella returned to eating her bastard daughter's vagina. Two minutes after she returned, Carmen pressed her hips up, her hands down, and screamed, "YES-S-S-!!! YOU DID ME!!! YOU ARE A FILTHY WHORE!!!"

Carmen's orgasm was intense for a young girl. She had masturbated, albeit illegally, to a few orgasms, but nothing like what she had just experienced. She raised her head from the bed, looked down her body, and saw the whore that was her step-mother gently sucking the vaginal fluid that had oozed from and coated her pussy. She smiled and let her head fall back to the bed. Carmen thought, *'Maybe I should become what my step-mother is, if this is what my life will be like.'*

The delicious coating was no more. Raffaella slid up her bastard daughter's body, kissed her on the lips, and rolled to her left side. Unthinking, she cupped Carmen's prepubescent vagina with her right hand. The heat of her sex was intoxicating. She smiled at the youngster, put her head next to her shoulder, and closed her eyes. As if they were two experienced lovers, both girls fell asleep as the result of a soul satisfying sexual encounter. The last thought before sleep took over her body, *'I'm more like Lucia than my sister. God help me. . .'*