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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 155

Friday – Remainder of the Day – Columbus Place - 14 March 2003

Mario Moretti tried with all his might and internal fortitude to keep from spewing hatred at the elderly cleric that was bound to the wall, as he was, a foot to his left. The man could not hold his bodily functions in check. As tears rolled down his face, he cried like a baby, and begged God's forgiveness as he released his bladder and then his bowel. The odor was not benign and for a man that had not eaten in hours, his pants had to be filled with more than a few turds. To Mario, the man must have shit himself for the first time since he was an infant. Just by the odor, Mario thought his pants had to be filled with diarrhea. He hoped that his daughter would arrive and take mercy on him by allowing Cardinal DeTomaso to clean up after himself.

Nathan Childress slept until 9 AM which was completely out of the ordinary for the big man. He expected to be awakened by his employer somewhere close to 6AM. He yawned, stretched his body, and rose from his bed. He totally disregarded his erection as he made his way to the bathroom. He turned on the water in the shower, waited for it to reach a comfortable temperature, stepped in, and immediately released his bladder allowing his morning piss to cascade to the floor of the shower. He watched his urine mix with the water as he thought that the young white bitch he had mated with just recently would have loved to be covered in his bodily fluids. She was so enamored with him that she would do anything short of eating his shit to be able to have her cunt filled with his black cock. He did like that she was small boned, thin, and both her white cunt and ass were quite tight around his big black cock.

Nathan for a split second thought about jerking his cock to his remembrance of his fornication with the young married white woman. His moral education prevented him from spilling his seed and if he did not jerk off, it would give him more of an impetus to seek out the woman whom he knew would make any and all arrangements to meet with him. His choice was simple and an easy decision. He shivered as he thought that she wanted to do to her husband what Apollonia's husband willingly did to himself.

The shower was not a place to dawdle unless he was with another individual. Then all bets were off. He washed his body and shaved his head. He was standing outside the shower in exactly sixteen minutes. Nathan dried his body, applied some powder, and went into his bedroom to get dressed for the day. Breakfast would wait. He gathered his belongings and for a moment wished he had his concealed carry permit so he could be one hundred percent ready for anything that could happen if his employer were to be attacked or molested. Inside he knew she would not let him down.

Nathan did not call his employer. He made his way to the street, found the car, and decided to go directly to Columbus Place.

Shen and Lian woke and immediately made a beeline to their mother's room. The boys did not knock on the door. They barged in and were surprised to see their mother was not alone. Shen went to the bed and whispered, "Mommy. . ."

Ming's radar went off, but not in an emergency mode. She rolled to the side of her bed, opened her eyes, and smiled at Shen's beautiful face. She looked and saw Lian standing just out of her gaze. Ming raised her hands and beckoned Lian to his brother's side. Once he was next to him, she reached for them both. Pulled them close and kissed them on their cheeks.

"You guys sleep ok?" asked Ming.

Together, "Yes mommy!!!"

"Good," said Ming. "Now go to your room and get your robes. Go downstairs to the family room. You may turn on the television. I will be down in a minute to make breakfast. Then we'll start the day."

Shen and Lian did not respond to their mother. They smiled and ran out of the room.

Ming rolled back to Apollonia. She placed her hand on her lover's arm and was about to kiss her when Apollonia said, "I heard. Let's get up and get the day started. And, thank you my love."

"You're welcome," replied Ming knowing she was being thanked for masturbating her lover to an orgasm before they fell asleep. "I know you have things to accomplish today, but, Carmen must take precedence. You must resolve the craziness of this early AM. Promise me."

"I promise," said Apollonia.

Both women rose from the bed. Ming walked around to the master bathroom door which was blocked by Apollonia. She opened her arms and wrapped them around her lover. She placed her lips on Ming's and pulled her tight into her body. Ming allowed the kiss to linger a moment longer than she wanted before she moved which was signal enough to Apollonia to break the kiss and release her embrace.

"Me first," said Ming.

"You taking a shower?"

"Later."

"Then we'll wash and dress together. When you take a shower later, I'll join you or. . ."

"No Appy. The boys are staying home from school today, so no late morning or afternoon hanky-panky."

The look on Apollonia's face was priceless. She looked just like a little girl who was told by her mother she was not allowed to do or eat something. Her lips were pursed; she frowned, and feigned hurt and sadness. Ming smiled and without another word pushed past her lover to begin her no shower morning routine. To her surprise, Apollonia dressed, bid her adieu, and departed.

Apollonia stopped by her house to take a shower and change her clothes. She would instruct Colina to check her schedule and cancel everything that would take her off the Moretti property. As she made her way to her bedroom, she saw that her sissy had laid the morning papers next to a single coffee mug in front of the chair where she always sat. Colina was not in the kitchen. Apollonia frowned and went back down the rear hall to Colina's bedroom. It was empty. *'The atelier or my bedroom,'* she thought as she crossed the great room to the staircase nearest her bedroom.

She made her way up and as she put her hand on the brass handle to her room, she paused, *'What if she is in there servicing Alessandro? Do I feign shock? Or, do I slip my hand between my legs and watch my sissy service the man I want to start a family with?'* The truth be told, Apollonia did not know how she would react if she found her sissy servicing her, as yet, unconsummated lover. She pressed the handle, opened the door, and was not surprised at what she saw. Alessandro was sitting in her bed reading a book. Colina was not present. Her anger began to rise, but she knew that Alessandro was not the cause of her sissy not being home.

She did not ask how he felt or say hello, "Where is Colina?"

In jest, Alessandro said, "Good morning to you Miss Moretti." He smiled broadly as he rested the book he was reading on the bed. "I believe, but do not hold me to it, that Colina is at your sister's house."

"Raffaella's house?" she questioned.

"Yes. He peeked in and when he saw I was awake, told me where he was going."

"Fuck," groaned Apollonia. "I needed to give him instructions for the rest of the day."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"I wish, but it concerns private Moretti business. I hate to sound like I don't trust you, but when it comes to certain Moretti business you have to be kept out of the loop." She shrugged her shoulders, smiled, and said "More importantly, how do you feel?"

"Sore," he replied, "but, I know I can stand and make myself helpful. All you have to do is ask."

Apollonia raised her eyebrows, licked her lips, and said, "I know what I'd like, but that is going to have to wait. I know for one thing, we do not have any clothing that will fit you, so, you can go into town or I'll have Nathan take you home."

"Would you mind if I came back?"

"No," said Apollonia, "but, I think it would be best if you did not. There are things I need to take care of and if you're here, you'll read my attitude in a negative light. I don't want that. Do you understand? Would you please just accept what I have to say and know that I want to really get to know you?"

Alessandro chuckled and asked in jest, "If I hold my breath, will I die?"

"No," she replied and thankfully she heard the gatehouse phone ring so she did not have to continue the present conversation. She turned and as she departed her bedroom she said, "Alessandro, please get dressed and meet me downstairs."

Alessandro did as she asked. He was a bit heartbroken, but, he knew if he continued to play his cards right his massive Italian cock would soon slip into the warmth of Apollonia's vagina.

Apollonia picked up the gatehouse phone. When it was answered she simply said, "Yes."

She listened, rolled her eyes, but knew the security guard was performing as he was trained. "Let him through."

Several minutes later the back door opened and she heard the quiet footsteps of her driver.

"Good morning Miss Moretti," said Nathan. He was dressed in a black suit, black tie, white shirt, and black crepe soled shoes.

Apollonia eyed the man and thought, 'He's going to need a tailor when his carry permit comes through.' She smiled and said, "I would like you to take Alessandro back to the city. Before you go, please go across the street to my sister's house and inform my sissy husband that I am home."

Nathan nodded, turned, and departed his employer's house.

"Fuck," said Apollonia. "Did the asshole not make coffee?" She looked towards the side of the kitchen opposite and saw that the coffee carafe was empty. Nowhere was the thermos that Colina used to keep the coffee hot when it was just the two of them.

The morning was gone and she had only a few hours of business time to accomplish what needed to be done confirm several important operations. It was early evening in Italy and she hadn't heard from her Uncle about the status of the closure of the Vatican. She hadn't heard from her attorney or her private investigator. Who knew what was going on at Moretti Construction. The folly of the past two days was going to take its toll on Moretti business. It was then she decided she had to go to Great Neck to see and hopefully speak with Viviano.

Colina entered the house followed by Nathan. They made their way to the kitchen and before Colina could speak he heard his wife.

"YOU FUCKIN' COCK SUCKING PIECE OF DOG SHIT!!!" shouted Apollonia. "HOW FUCKIN' DARE YOU LEAVE THIS HOUSE BEFORE I RETURNED HOME. WHERE IS MY COFFEE???"

Colina did not flinch. He stood his ground and said, "I went to your sister's house to check up on them. I'm glad I did, because you're in for a world of emotional hurt, Apollonia Moretti."

She heard her use her full name which was something Colina rarely did unless she was trying to make a point. Apollonia frowned and calmly asked, "What the fuck are you telling me?"

"I'm not going to say a word, but I think, no, you better to go your sister's house."

Apollonia stepped to her sissy husband, touched her face, and said, "Don't fuck with me Colina."

Colina smiled, "I'm not fucking with you. Your sister is and you're not going to like it."

Apollonia made a beeline for her sister's house. She crashed through the backdoor and into the kitchen. Both the kitchen and breakfast room were empty. She went to the door to the family room and it too was empty. With a purpose she strode down the hallway to the great room and was not in the least surprised to see it as empty as the other rooms. She thought, *'Do I yell for my sister or do I just go upstairs to her room and barge in. Or, do I take a deep breath, think about what I am about to do, and return home to question Colina at length.'*

When Apollonia walked into her house, Colina was standing in front of the sink talking to Nathan. Both of them stopped when she came through the doorway and just stared at her. She went to her seat at the breakfast table, sat, and commanded, "Colina, coffee for me and your ass in your seat at the table." She looked at Nathan and said, "You are invited to sit or you can do me a favor. Please go to Mario's house and check on him and the elderly cleric."

"Yes Miss Moretti," replied Nathan as he made his way out of his employer's house.

Colina poured the mug of black coffee, brought it to his wife and Mistress, and sat, per her order in the seat that was his before his feminization. She folded her hands and waited for her Mistress to speak.

Apollonia took a sip of the coffee and while holding the mug said, "I did not barge in. What of anything did you see or did my sister say or tell you?"

Colina took a deep breath, exhaled, and said, "You sister did not speak to me. It is what I saw that made me say to you what I did."

The mug hit the table. She looked into her sissy's eyes and said, "What? How bad could it be?"

Colina raised her eyebrows and replied, "In my mind, bad enough to make me back out of her room without waking her."

"Ok," growled Apollonia, "Spill it or I will take my ire out on you."

Colina closed her eyes, silently prayed, and said, "When I opened the door to your sister's bedroom she was on the bed totally nude spooning with a just as bare skinned Carmen. What made me stop short was the sight of your sister's left hand cupping Carmen's vagina."

Keeping her hands around the warm mug of coffee, Apollonia maintained her cool exterior while inside she began to seethe, "Just cupping? Was one of her fingers inside?"

Colina shook her head in the negative, but the look in her eyes said it all. She saw her Mistress squeeze her mug and before she broke it, Colina said, "No fingers were inside, but the room smelled like sex. It was not a subtle smell. I knew something happened between them."

Apollonia growled as she squeezed the ceramic mug to near the breaking point. "That cunt. I'm glad I did not enter her bedroom or she'd be dead. I promised Ming that after last night's fiasco with Antonio, I would protect Carmen. I need to interrogate my sister about what happened, but Carmen and Alessa must not be home. I have so much to get accomplished and so little time."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Colina.

"Cancel all of my appointments," said Apollonia. "Then go to Raffaella's house and wake her. Tell her that I want to see her. Tell her that you will take Carmen and Alessa across the street and she should wait for me. Wake, dress, and bring them here."

"Yes Mistress," said Colina. He stood, pushed the chair back against the table, and turned to leave for Raffaella's house.

The backdoor slammed shut and both Apollonia and Colina heard the not so soft steps of Nathan Childress. The big black man entered the kitchen waving his hand in front of his face. He saw his employer, gained control of his body, and said without any preamble, "The old church guy shit himself. The basement stinks. Your father pleaded to get him out of there."

Apollonia smiled, "Did you?"

"No Miss Moretti," replied Nathan. "You just told me to check in on them."

"Fuck," said Apollonia. She turned to Colina, "Change in plans. You and Nathan go to Mario's. Untie them, take the asshole cleric, DeTomaso, to the bathroom in the servant's room, and make Mario clean him up. I will maintain my cool and go to my sister's house. I will wake her."

Colina's eyes grew wide as he was about to say something when the stare from his Mistress stopped his verbalization of his fear of what Apollonia would do to her sister. She shook her head which showed Apollonia her concern, but did nothing to change her wife's mind. Nathan turned for the hallway that led to the backdoor without uttering a word. Colina followed praying that Uncle Gino would not have to return to clean up another dead Moretti body.

Apollonia finished her mug of black coffee. She waited a moment after she finished before she made her way across Columbus Place to her sister's house. She entered quietly again to find the back of the house empty. She made her way down the hall to the great room. It too was empty.

She looked around the great room and took in her sister's style of decorating. It was not to her taste, but then again, Raffaella was not great at putting colors and patterns together. Apollonia snapped out of her decorating reverie and without nary a sound made her way to the closed door of her sister's bedroom. She pressed her ear against the oak hardwood and heard nothing. For a moment, she had the idea to try and see through the space between the bottom of the door and the floor, but immediately tossed it aside as totally stupid.

Apollonia put her hand on the solid brass handle and pressed down. It was not locked and when the latch of the lock pulled back she felt the door move ever so slightly. She pulled the door closed, but did not release the handle. Apollonia counted to ten to calm her nerves, pressed down on the handle a second time, and with the stealth of a trained assassin slipped into her sister's bedroom.

The sight before her was exactly as Colina said. Raffaella was spooned behind Carmen and her left hand was cupped between the seven year olds legs. Thankfully for Colina's warning, Apollonia was totally able to keep her calm as she witnessed something that she could not and would not accept. The room did smell of sex. Thankfully, it was not very strong so the two had not recently had an encounter.

Apollonia stepped to her sister's bed, leaned over, and whispered in her sister's ear, "Wake up dear Raffaella. Open your eyes, but do not move." Apollonia's hand rested on her sister's cheek just in case Raffaella decided to scream.

Raffaella heard her sister's voice and knew she was not dreaming. She felt Apollonia's hand on her left cheek. Raffaella took a breath, opened her eyes, and whispered, "Fuck. . ."

"Yes dear sister," said Apollonia in a voice coated with sarcasm with an undertone of hatred, "you are in a fuckin' world of hurt. Thank Colina for coming here before me and ratting you out. I want you to rise from the bed and go downstairs to the family room. Don't stop for clothing. Just make sure you are as I see you now, but seated on one of the chairs opposite the fireplace."

Raffaella could not stop the shivering as the fear of being caught in delicto flagrante with her bastard daughter by her insane sister came home to roost. She moved her hand from between Carmen's legs without waking her. She moved enough to signal her sister she was following her orders. Apollonia stepped away from the bed. Raffaella rose and before leaving her bedroom pleaded, "Please don't hurt her. If you're going to hurt anyone, hurt me. I am totally at fault."

In a rock hard but quiet voice, Apollonia said, "GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME. DOWNSTAIRS TO THE FAMILY ROOM. IN A CHAIR AND NOT ON THE COUCH OR THE LOVE SEAT. FUCKIN' GO!!!"

Raffaella departed the room hoping she would have enough time to stop and urinate or she would not make it through any form of interrogation by her sister.

Apollonia went around the bed so she was facing Carmen. She knelt down, touched her sleeping niece's face, and said, "Carmen, sweetheart, wake up."

Carmen opened her eyes and froze when she saw her aunt's face in front of hers. She started to roll backwards so she would be protected by the woman that posed as her mother to find she was not there. Carmen stopped moving. She stared for a moment before she realized she had to go to the bathroom.

"I need to pee," she said. "Please Aunt Apollonia."

"Go, but right back here when you're done. No funny business."

Carmen rolled to the opposite side of the king sized bed, rose, and made her way into the bathroom. She did not close the door. Carmen urinated, wiped her vagina, and returned to find her aunt sitting on the bed. Not knowing what to do, Carmen stood just outside the door to the bathroom.

Apollonia patted the bed next to her and said, "Sit. I need to talk to you."

Carmen, with a bit of trepidation, sat next to her aunt. Her fear of the unknown was growing.

"I did not touch or hurt you last night," started Apollonia. "I did frighten you and for that I apologize."

Carmen almost pissed herself when she heard her aunt apologize. It was something she never did especially to a child.

"When I laid down next to you, I did not force myself on you. I touched your face, kissed you good-night, and told you to sleep. What I want from you is the truth about why I found you naked in bed with my sister and her hand cupping your sex. I made a promise to someone very important to me that I would protect you after what you found out and what happened to Antonio. I don't want to break that promise, but so help me God, you lie to me and I will do things to you that no person should do to another. So, tell me the truth."

"I know that you will hurt me if I lie, but I think the truth will hurt you as much," said the girl as her body began to quiver and shake. "What happened last night was something that I let happen. I wanted it as much as the woman who claimed to be my mother wanted. I am not ashamed nor will I let her take full blame. Hate me. Kill me. Make me a whore like her. I am not going to tell you something to make it easy on us."

Amazed, yet inwardly and outwardly calm, Apollonia asked, "Are you still a virgin?"

"Yes."

"Raffaella did not finger you or put anything into your vagina?"

"No."

"Tell me what transpired between you two."

"Your sister performed oral on me. She licked me to one of the most amazing orgasms I've ever had."

Carmen saw the look of shock on her aunt's face and before she could respond said, "Don't be amazed that I know what an orgasm is because I have broken the Moretti rule against masturbation. I've played with myself enough times to know what a good, no great, orgasm is all about."

"And now? What do you want?"

"I want to be like the woman who raised me. I want to be a whore. I want to give to her my virginity."

Apollonia pursed her lips, bent her head slightly down so she was kind of looking up at her niece, and without signaling anything gave a roundhouse open handed slap to Carmen's face. The blow sent the girl sailing into the headboard. The noise of her hitting had to be heard throughout the house. Carmen did not start to cry immediately because she was stunned from the blow. Apollonia stood, went to the head-end of the bed, and pulled her niece so she was lying face up. It was then Carmen began to wail from the pain. Apollonia sat and pulled Carmen to her.

"I'm sorry," moaned Apollonia. "I never should have hit you like that. Please forgive me. I did not come here to hurt you. I came here to protect you. Please stop crying."

Carmen heard her aunt and with an internal fortitude stopped her crying. She pulled out of the embrace, looked up at her aunt, and said, "Protect me? I'm not a Moretti. I'm some bastard Rossi. Why would you protect me?"

"Because I love you," said Apollonia. "I have wanted for the longest time to be with you the way my sister was last night. But, you're a child and no child should be subjected to the sexual desires of an adult."

"I don't understand," said Carmen. "I was taught to masturbate my dad. I've seen women kiss my mother's vagina because my father gave them a child. I've seen my uncle suck other men. Please, tell me why I should not want to feel what I felt last night. If you are protecting me because I am a Moretti, then don't because I know I'm not."

"That is true Carmen. You are not a Moretti," said Apollonia. "But, you are a child. You have growing up to do. You have to be educated. You have to try things and succeed as well as fail. You're only seven years old. There is a long life ahead of you and I intend to let you live it in a safe environment. If you think you're going to survive past eighteen by becoming a whore at seven, you're dead wrong."

Carmen snapped, "But Raffaella survived. She sucked. . ." Carmen paused, thought a moment, and said, "Fuck it!!! She sucked cock. She took cock up her ass. The only thing she kept pure was her vagina. I don't have to do that. I want to feel what I felt last night again and again."

Frustrated, Apollonia decided to take a different tact, "Ok. Ok, Carmen. I'll give in and let you become a whore. The difference is simple. You will serve me. You will live in my house. You will wear absolutely no clothing. I will place a slave's collar around your neck. You will wear a chastity belt. It will cover your sex and at the same time keep an anal plug inserted. You will piss and shit when I say. You will eat and sleep when I say. You will clean my house and when you're done; you'll start all over again. Your day-to-day life will be owned by me and it will not be pleasant. You will beg me for to release you from your life of drudgery. You will never feel a man inside you ever. When I'm done with you, you won't have the strength or desire to have sexual intercourse with a man or a woman. The final indignity I will foist upon you is when I take you to the city where I will make you watch as nigger's fuck you to death. You will never survive past your tenth or eleventh birthday. If that is what you want, just say so."

Shocked and afraid of her future as expressed by her aunt, Carmen whined, "No-o-o!!!"

"If you want your life to be full of love and caring, then sit there and renounce your desire to become a whore. Tell me that you want to be a good girl. You want to go to school, learn, and make something of yourself. Tell me that you'll accept the guidance and love of your aunt; so one day I will see you stand at the altar and marry a good man. Do that and I promise to protect you and yours until the day you die a natural death."

"But, I'm not a Moretti. I'm a bastard and that is what I heard from you and your sister," said Carmen.

Apollonia leaned forward, pulled the girl to her breast, and said, "You do as I ask and you will be a Moretti. I have that power. No one needs to know the truth. It was kept until I broke it and I will make amends."

Carmen began to sob quietly. As much as she loved the feeling of being licked to an orgasm, she knew if she chose to be a whore her life would not be worth living. Her knowledge of the truth behind her birth could serve her well if she allowed it to. Carmen wanted the life she was living. She lifted her head and said, "I want to be a Moretti. Please Aunt Apollonia, forgive me and I will forgive you."

Apollonia smiled, "You're not a stupid girl. All is forgiven."

Carmen smiled and asked, "What about your sister?"

"Raffaella has to pay for what she did," stated Apollonia. "You will have to control your desires. It will be hard, but I am here for you and so is your father."

"Will I still have to. . ."

"We'll see," said Apollonia. "I think it would be best to keep the truth hidden, but that would mean you having to perform as if you were a true Moretti."

Carmen nodded her head and said, "I can and will Aunt Apollonia."

"Good," said Apollonia, "now to your room. Get dressed. Tell Alessa to get dressed and I'll have Colina come here to take you to my place for breakfast."

Raffaella sat waiting for her sister. Her body went through phases of total calmness and full body stress. Her muscles hurt from the tension. The fear of the unknown was taking a toll on her body. The only thoughts she had was doing whatever she needed to survive. She would give Viviano to her sister. She would lay bare her life and allow her sister to do untold harm to her body and mind. The one thing she was torn about was her sexual encounter with her bastard daughter. Raffaella could not erase the taste of Carmen's vaginal secretions and make the sweet taste leave her memory. As fearful as she was of Apollonia, her desire to taste the fluids not only of Carmen, but of any prepubescent virgin girl was becoming overpowering.

The thought of having oral sex with a preteen girl was making her wet. She slipped her right hand down to her hairless vagina and felt the moisture building between her labia. The middle finger of her right hand slipped between her labia as she felt her clitoris rise in expectation of being caressed. Nothing short of her own death could stop Raffaella from masturbating. Her need was that great. She stretched her legs out in front of her before she spread them to ease her access to her pussy. The first touch of the pad of her middle finger on her blood engorged clit sent waves of pleasure throughout her body as she relived the taste of Carmen's pussy.

"Oh God," she whispered in a sexually induced moan. "I want you Carmen. . . I need you. . . I. . ."

"WHAT THE FUCK!!!" cried Apollonia.

Raffaella froze. Her hand remained cupping her vagina. She opened her eyes, turned to her sister, and said, "I'm reliving last night. Do what you want with me, but I'm hooked. There is nothing sweeter than the taste of a prepubescent virgin vagina. I know and understand what our mother went through and why she continued to have sex with young girls."

The color of Apollonia's eyes changed in an instant. Her beautiful turquoise and gold flecked irises of her eyes were now as dark as the blackness of deep space. She clinched her fists and just stared at her totally uncaring and ungrateful sister. Their familial sisterly relationship was crashing and there was nothing short of Raffaella's death would make it whole again. Apollonia tried with all her being to stifle the rising anger and the ultimate use of force on her sister. She couldn't believe that her sister did not have the intelligence to remove her hand from between her legs.

"Take your hand from between your legs," commanded Apollonia.

The tone of her voice was enough to scare the shit out of anyone much less her whore of a sister. Raffaella slowly removed her hand from her soaked pussy. She wanted to bring her fingers to her mouth, but knew better. She slid back in her chair, closed her legs, and straightened her back so she was sitting upright instead of slouching. The muscles of her body were taut while moments ago they were relaxed in expectation of tightening as the result of an orgasmic release. Her neck bulged as her mind raced with the fear of the possibilities of what her sister was going to do to her. She fought her fear and her need to urinate where she sat.

Raffaella turned her head to face her sister and said, "Do what you want to me. Just get it over quickly. Be kind enough to bury me next to mother because I am a pea from her pod. The sweet taste of Carmen's unspoiled vaginal juices were proof positive that I am just like Lucia. I openly admit to you that I am hooked. It is and will forever be just like an opiate addiction. I'm sitting here wet and thinking about how sweet she tasted. You caught me masturbating because it was my only form of release."

The distance between the sisters closed and as it did Raffaella's face began to openly show her fear. She knew that one innocent move would not be interpreted kindly by her approaching sister. The strain on her body could not be ameliorated and she pissed all over the chair and the floor.

Apollonia saw the puddle forming and knew her sister was fearing for her life. Although her insides were roiling with anger, she stopped, stared at her sister and said, "I don't have time for your bullshit. Get up and clean up your mess. When you're done come see me upstairs. And, remain naked."

The sigh of relief was plainly audible. Raffaella stood without saying a word and made her way to the utility room to retrieve the tools necessary for her to clean up her mess. With her back to her sister, she made the sign of the cross thankful that she was still alive. The last thing she heard as her sister walked towards the great room was her telling Colina to come get the girls.

Fifteen minutes later after Colina had come and left with the girls, Raffaella stepped into her bedroom to find that her sister had laid out clothing for her to wear. On her bed were items of clothing that only a whore would wear. Raffaella knew immediately that her sister was going to put her out on the streets. Not seeing her sister, Raffaella called out, "Apollonia where are you?"

"Behind you," said Apollonia.

Raffaella turned and froze on the spot. Standing just inside the door was her sister. She was totally naked. In her right hand was her husband's handgun. It wasn't pointed at her, but Raffaella knew the implication of her sister holding the gun pointed downward and not at her. No words could escape her mouth as her mind whirled around the possibilities. In an effort of appeasement, Raffaella turned her palms outward and held her arms away from her body.

"Like I said to you earlier. Just do what you want with me." She moved her head to make a physical reference to the clothing laid out on the bed. "You want me to dress in the clothing you picked? You want me to walk

the streets? Fuck, it would be so much easier if you just put the gun to my head and pulled the trigger. Isn't that why you're standing there naked? You want to be sure that it will be easy for Uncle Gino to clean up your mess. I'm ready to die. I have not done anything wrong. Moretti history proves me right."

"I'm not going to kill you," said Apollonia. "I'm going to give you one last chance to prove you're loyal to me. Do as I command and I will allow you to live the rest of your life as my slave. Your husband will find another woman who will move into your house and raise the two girls. You will remain in this house as their maid. You will serve me and only me. One false move and I will systematically break every bone in your body. You will spend at least two years in a body cast. Your muscles with atrophy. You will be bedridden the rest of your life."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to dress in the clothing on your bed and accompany me to Mario's house."

"To what purpose?"

"I need information from Cardinal DeTomaso. I want you to use your whore's ability to help me. You'll do whatever it takes to get him to answer my questions. Fail at what you are and I will not be kind to you."

Raffaella turned from her sister and said, "As you wish Mistress," as she stepped to the side of her bed by the bathroom and began to don her whore's outfit. As she dressed, she asked, "Why are you naked?"

"I was toying with the idea of skinning you alive," said Apollonia.

"But?" responded Raffaella.

"I decided it would be better to have you as my slave," said Apollonia. "Then I can torture you every day for the rest of your life. The ultimate indignity would be you residing in the townhouse with the Texas sissy as your husband and lover. Of course, you would have to take care of Sienna and Giuseppe. I can see the look on your face as you have to lick the asses of those two."

Finally dressed, Raffaella turned, smiled, and said without any fear or loathing, "As you wish Mistress. Use me as you desire."

"Go downstairs and wait for me in the breakfast room."

Seven minutes later, Apollonia strolled into the breakfast room still carrying Viviano's semiautomatic handgun. She nodded to her sister and said, "Follow me, bitch."

They departed the house just as Colina was coming across the street. Apollonia waved her over and said, "Take the girls to the house and feed them. Watch over them while you take care of Moretti business. Call Howard and Jon. I want an update. Also, call Alessandro and tell him that Nathan will be late picking him up. He will be returning here, but I may not be home when he gets here. Take care of him until I return."

"Where are you headed?" asked Colina.

"After I take care of the Cardinal," said Apollonia, "I'm headed to Great Neck to see Viviano."

Colina nodded her head, smiled, did not acknowledge his sister-in-law, turned and headed into the Rossi house to retrieve the girls.

Mario Moretti stood in the great room thankful that his assigned task of washing the elderly cleric was finally completed. The only way he could get Cardinal DeTomaso clean was to undress and get into the small maid's room shower with him. Since both men's genitals were encumbered by the sadistic chastity device his youngest daughter forced them to wear, it became evident to Mario that he would have to handle the older cleric's cock and balls to get them clean. His anger over being Cardinal DeTomaso's nursemaid wanted to manifest itself in one of two ways. His first thought was to take the old fuck by the shoulders, force him to his knees, hold his nose, and force his cock into his mouth as he tried to breathe. The second thought was to turn the old fart around, force him to bend over, and unceremoniously shove his Moretti cock up the cleric's ass. Much to his chagrin, neither happened as the old man cried and thanked him profusely for cleaning his shit covered ass and genitals as he made the sign of the cross multiple times. Also, much to his chagrin, the chastity device made his thoughts of sexually abusing the cleric moot.

The old man sat quietly on one of the couches with his hands folded in his lap. He wondered what the future would hold for him. He did not know if the Holy Father had knowledge of his whereabouts. His cellular phone was not in his possession and he had no inkling of what his nemesis would do when and if the Holy See called. His thoughts constantly returned to the men who lost their lives in pursuit of the church regaining an evenhanded relationship with the Moretti family. The shipment of the sixteen heads to the pope added to the Cardinal's fear of a final retribution by the church for his bungled attempt to kidnap the Moretti children. Every black operation attempted by the church was successful. This one would be the only black mark on the underhanded ways of the church. Cardinal DeTomaso knew for a certainty that whenever the church needed something and it had to be done surreptitiously there would be no hesitation on the part of whoever is the pope to approve the operation.

Both men looked towards the hallway when the screen door at the back of the house slammed shut. They heard the footsteps, but only Mario knew that they belonged to his daughters and the man his youngest daughter hired as her driver and bodyguard. Apollonia stepped into the great room followed by the whore/slave and Nathan. The whore/slave and Nathan remained behind Apollonia. Before Apollonia could say a word, the elderly cleric rose from his seat on the couch and said as he approached, "Please Miss Moretti, I need to talk to you privately."

Their eyes met and the cleric flinched. He had never encountered a person, whether they be male or female that had such frightening eyes. He began to understand that when Miss Moretti was calm her eyes were a beautiful gold flecked turquoise. But, when she was angry, they morphed into a black hole of nothingness sucking in all the light and framing her anger as part of her being. He could not keep eye contact with her. Cardinal DeTomaso fell to his knees and pressed his head against the tops of her shoes. He did not reach to touch any part of her body with his hands. Only a small patch of skin on his forehead made contact with the woman that held his life and position in the church in her hands.

His voice cracking with stress and fear, the Cardinal begged, "Please Miss Moretti give me a chance to prove my worth to you. I will do as you ask. Just please give me that chance."

As she gazed upon the whimpering mass of humanity. Apollonia replied, "There is nothing and I stress NOTHING you can do to amend or repair the damage you and your black operations group tried and failed to do to my family. The Moretti own the church and by extension they own you."

Cardinal DeTomaso did not move a muscle in his old body. He knew he would die at the hands of the woman who now controls the Moretti family. The church would suffer greatly and he knew in the end the Holy See would fight to the bitter end. His mind raced with possibilities, but he knew there was no end to the battle. The church would survive, but at what cost?

"What do you want of me?" he asked.

"First, I want you to turn and crawl back into the hole you came out of, but, I know that is impossible," she said. "Second, I want to hear in your own words what you think I should do."

"I will call the Vatican," he said. "I will make overtures to the men in power to cease all activities against the Moretti family. I will secure safe passage for you to the Vatican. I will be by your side. You then can negotiate with the Holy Father and end this incredibly stupid operation."

"The operation was ended when your men's heads were air freighted to the Vatican," stated Apollonia, her frustration with the cleric showed as she removed her shoes from beneath his forehead. "What you don't know, I will tell you. The Vatican is broke. I have closed the Vatican Bank which is really owned by the Moretti family. I have stopped all deliveries to the Vatican. I have shut off the water, natural gas, and electricity. The faithful and tourists cannot pass through the Vatican gates."

The Cardinal's face flushed and his anger rose as he listened to this wanton bitch list all she has done to castrate the Catholic Church. He rose to his knees, made the sign of the cross, mouthed a short prayer, and said, "I don't believe a word of what you are telling me. Where is my phone? Let me call to see if you are telling me the truth."

Just as she was about to make the call to her cousin in Rome, her phone chimed. She looked at the screen and saw it was the number of the small private hospital in Great Neck.

"Hello," said Apollonia.

"May I please speak to Raffaella Rossi?" asked the female voice at the other end.

"She is not available at this time. If this concerns Viviano Rossi, you may speak to me. I am the person handling his care. My name is Apollonia Moretti. I should be listed as the person to contact."

"Oh, yes, Miss Moretti," said the voice, "I apologize for my not reading the file before I called. The doctor on duty asked me to call."

"Is there a problem?" asked Apollonia.

"A potential problem that needs to be addressed," said the voice. "I was instructed to call you and to tell you that it would behoove you to come to Great Neck now."

Apollonia flushed and wavered for a split second. She regained her equilibrium and said, "Is he dying?"

"I can't really say. . ."

Controlling her anger, Apollonia growled, "I pay your fuckin' salary. I own ninety percent of that private care facility. Is he dying?"

"He has taken a turn for the worse," said the voice. "Abdominal wounds can be good one minute and totally out of control the next. Although the injury was a through-and-through, the damage was considerable. Please heed my warnings. The doctor is on his way. The surgical staff is on stand-by."

"Understood," said Apollonia. "And thank you. I will arrive shortly."

"Raffaella," commanded Apollonia, "go home and change into your everyday street clothes. I don't know why I am doing this, but I am; so, don't take it to heart that I have become soft when it concerns your relationship with me. Hurry as we have to get to Great Neck as soon as humanly possible."

She watched her sister turn and make her way out of Mario's house. Nathan looked to his boss. She used her right hand to tell him to remain with her. She hit the speed dial number for her home. When Colina answered she told her bitch that she had to look after Carmen and Alessa. She asked what was happening and was told to just watch the children and when the time was appropriate she would bring her up to speed.

Her next move was to force the Cardinal and her father back into the basement. Both men refused to go and be hog tied to the wall. Mario stood his ground. He was not going to suffer the indignity of being tied to the wall. He looked at his daughter and said, "I will not go into the basement with that asshole. He pissed and shat in his pants. Cardinal DeTomaso may have attained a position of power within the church, but as far as I'm concerned, the church can suck my cock."

"Yeah, stated Apollonia, "and I won't cum in your mouth. I see you have conveniently forgot that it was you who started this craziness."

Mario let it out, "Yes, I did try to return to the head of the family. Yes, I did contact the Holy Father and ask for his help. I did not know that the men were going to kidnap the children and kill you and your sister. Had I known that was their plan, I never would have let it move forward. You can trust me when I say that I will not allow this sniveling piece-of-dog-shit to escape from Columbus Place.

"Sorry Mario," spit his youngest daughter, "I don't fuckin' believe a word you just said."

"Then let me prove it to you," said Mario. He stepped over to the elder cleric. He smiled. And when the Cardinal returned the smile, Mario slapped his across the face, not once, but three times.

Cardinal DeTomaso reacted to the force of the slaps by falling to his knees, covering his face with his knurled fingers, and begged, "Please don't hurt me!!! I am sorry for what has happened to your family. I am a man of God. I represent him only as I can. . .

Apollonia interjected, "I don't have time for this bullshit." She turned to Nathan, "Take this piece-of-detritus to the basement and tie him up. Make sure he cannot escape." She returned to her hated father, "Mario, you fuckin' make one mistake while I am gone, and. . ."

"You'll rain hell down on me," said Mario. "I am not going to do anything but sit in the family room and watch the television. I am going to keep the sound up to drown out the screaming and crying that I know will be resounding around the house from the basement. I will wait for your return so we may speak in private."

Apollonia heard what he said, but made it a point of not responding. Five minutes after he left with the Cardinal for the basement, Nathan returned, nodded that the Cardinal was immobile, and without asking took Apollonia by the elbow and guided out of her hated father's house. The incongruous couple walked to Apollonia's driveway where Nathan had parked the car. Just as he opened the rear passenger side door for his employer, Raffaella arrived and slipped in the vehicle before her sister.

Raffaella buckled her seat belt, turned to her sister, and asked, "Is he still alive?"

"Just barely," replied Apollonia.

Nathan started the car, looked into the rearview mirror at his boss, and said, "Great Neck."

"Yes and hurry," said Apollonia.

The late afternoon, early evening rush hour traffic proved to be a bit of a nuisance for Nathan, but using his brain and his driving ability, he made the drive to the Great Neck facility in just under an hour. He pulled the Lincoln Town Car up to the front doors and before he could make his way around the vehicle, he watched his employer and her sister exit and make their way into the private hospital.

The hospital personnel at the main reception station expected Apollonia's arrival. All of the nurses smiled as she approached the counter. The head nurse said, "Miss Moretti, I presume."

"Yes," replied Apollonia.

"Please follow me," said the nurse as she turned and began to walk down the hall to her right and Apollonia's left.

"Where are you going?" asked Apollonia.

"To the doctor's office," said the nurse. "He wants to talk to you there."

Apollonia stepped quickly to the nurse's side, put a hand on her shoulder, and asked, "Is he dead?"

The nurse turned her head and with a soft voice and caring eyes replied, "No. But you need to talk to the doctor."

Dr. Carter was sitting behind his desk reading a journal article. When he heard the light tapping on his doorjamb, he looked up and saw Miss Moretti. He stood, stepped around his desk, and made his way towards the women standing in his doorway. He offered his hand which was taken for but a moment. Smiling he said, "Please come in and make yourselves comfortable. Would you like something to drink? Coffee? Tea? Juice?"

Apollonia, followed by Raffaella, made her way to the couch where she sat. Her face showed concern and her voice did not hide it either, "Thank you doctor, but I need to know how Viviano is doing."

"He took a turn for the worse," said the doctor not mincing words. "He's developed sepsis. Why? I can only speculate. I have put him on a course of antibiotics as we wait for the results of his blood tests. I have also doubled the amount of fluids. We are monitoring his blood pressure and if it remains too low, I will put him on a vasopressor to help increase his blood pressure. Hopefully, we have caught this in time."

"I don't understand," said Apollonia. "You opened him up. You found and fixed the damage in his abdomen. You said no major organs were involved. You said he made it through surgery with flying colors." Apollonia paused, took control of her rising anger and spat, "What the fuck happened?"

"I can only speculate, Miss Moretti," said Dr. Carter. "My best guess – when one of the nurses was changing the surgical dressings, she was not as careful as she should have been. I have spoken to all of them. They are top notch emergency and intensive care nurses. They are continually practicing and going to advanced care classes. These women and men are at the top of the nursing hierarchy. I take full responsibility."

"What is the prognosis?" asked Apollonia.

"Sepsis is a very dangerous illness. The body is reacting to an invasion of bacteria and is trying to fight it off," said the doctor. "We are monitoring him closely."

"Can we see him?" asked Raffaella not caring that she was told to be seen and not heard.

Apollonia's head spun to her sister, her right hand made solid contact with Raffaella's left cheek, and she growled, "What did I tell you?"

Raffaella's eyes welled up with tears. She leaned back into the couch and cried at her sister's mistreatment of her in front of the doctor.

"You can see him," said the doctor, "but I cannot let you into his room. He is in a sterile intensive care suite. Only authorized nurses and myself enter. We wear specialized sterile suits. We are doing everything above and beyond the practical medical response to his issues."

"How long before we know he is out of the woods?" asked Apollonia.

"I cannot answer that question with any confidence or authority," replied the doctor. He saw the look of derision on Apollonia's face and immediately countered, "I know that you want a timeline, but everything depends upon how Viviano's body reacts to the antibiotics. Like I said yesterday, he came through the surgery without any issues. I can see he is a fighter and with that knowledge, I give him a 98% chance of making it through."

Raffaella sighed and made the sign of the cross. Apollonia remained seated forward, hands on her thighs, and her entire body tense with emotion concerning her brother-in-law. The private hospital was the best of the best and she believed in the people that worked here. The Moretti family did not specifically run the hospital, but it was their money that financed the construction and the day-to-day operations. She knew in her heart-of-hearts that Viviano would without question give his life for the family. The sad part of it all was the possibility that it may just come true.

Apollonia stood and asked, "May we see him? I mean, at least peer through the window at him."

"But of course," said the doctor. "Please, follow me."

Raffaella began to rise from the couch when Apollonia said, "Don't you dare fuckin' move. You stay here and suffer, bitch. I am not completely done with you. I will decide if you get to see him, if at all."

Raffaella did not make a sound or try to cajole her sister to allow her to see her husband. She sat back on the couch, nodded, and quietly sobbed. She watched her sister and the doctor depart his office.

Dr. Carter walked towards the opposite side of the building where the patient rooms were located. He did not look at Apollonia when he said, "Is there something wrong with your sister?"

"No," replied Apollonia not offering any additional information.

"Then I suggest you get her some help," said the doctor. "I am not a psychiatrist, but I do know the signs of a mental and physical breakdown. She needs help from a professional."

"No she doesn't," said Apollonia. "What she needs is a large cock thrusting in and out of any one of her three available orifices. She is a whore. In fact, if you so desire, she will give you one hell of a blowjob when we return to your office. Ever have a woman take your cock into her throat and masturbate you with her throat muscles?"

Dr. Carter stopped short, looked hard into Apollonia's eyes, and said, "You are one cold bitch, Miss Moretti."

"I take that as a compliment doc," replied Apollonia. "Why don't we just drop the topic of my sister and let me see my brother-in-law."

They walked in silence the rest of the way to Viviano's Intensive Care Suite. Apollonia stood in front of the plate glass window for a moment stunned at the number of intravenous lines running into Viviano's body. Viviano looked peaceful as she watched his chest rise and fall with each breath. Her legs wavered for a moment as the reality of his possible impending death hit her square in the solar plexus. Apollonia pressed her right hand against the glass to steady her body. When she finally felt composed she turned and walked away from the room.

"I'm going to ask you one more time," stated Apollonia. "How long does he have?"

Dr. Carter closed his eyes for a moment before he answered, "If he makes it through to tomorrow morning, I'd be surprised. That is the timeline Miss Moretti. If he is still breathing on his own tomorrow morning, then I can guarantee that he will survive. But, I will tell you that he will be weak and need constant care until his surgical wounds heal and his body stops fighting the bacteria that entered his body."

"I understand doc," said Apollonia. "I'm going to quadruple your fees. I know you have a family, but I want you here until he is out of the woods. If he dies, he dies. But, I want you to move heaven and earth to see that he doesn't."

"I appreciate the offer of more money Miss Moretti," said the stunned doctor, "but, that will not make it any easier for your brother-in-law. I am not going to leave his side and you do not have to increase my fees. I do this because I made a commitment to your family."

Apollonia stepped close to the doctor and whispered in his ear, "Thank you and if you want to take me up on my offer of. . ."

Doctor Carter stepped back and said, "No thank you Miss Moretti. I am a married man and I do not fool around. Let's return to my office and you can decide if you want to stay or return home. We have rooms for patient family members to stay overnight."

"That will not be necessary doc," said Apollonia. "You have my cellular number and I know if anything truly bad happens, you'll call me no matter the time of day or night."

The ride home was not as expected. Traffic was close to impossible and whenever Nathan tried to skirt around or through it, it proved to be a worthless effort.

"Your husband may die," said Apollonia. "If he does, I promise that I will skin that fuckin' pope alive."

"Please don't fuck with me sis," said Raffaella. "Is Viv that sick?"

Apollonia turned in her seat, put her hand on her sister's face, and said, "Yes Raffy, he is that sick."

"Why wouldn't you let me see him?"

"You're just a whore Raffy. Your role in this family is to serve me and only me. You will do as I say without question."

Raffaella Moretti Rossi burst out in uncontrollable tears. She cried as she begged, "Please!!! Just give me the chance to prove I'm worthy of my surname. It isn't my fault that I am barren. The doctors said my ovaries did not form properly and there was no surgical fix for ovarian birth defect. Please Appy!!! Just give me one more chance."

"Hell would have to freeze over. After you had sex with your bastard daughter, you expect me to accept you back into the family? I fuckin' murdered our mother because she was a pedo mom. Life for you will revolve around servicing drug addled men and HIV positive faggots. I plan to watch you die a slow death from all the sexual activity you're going to have to perform. As of now, nothing short of a miracle will ameliorate my hatred for you."

"I'll do whatever you want Appy. Ask me and I will have sex with Nathan. I'll take nigger cock without question. I'll suck your asshole after you take a shit. I'll degrade and degrade myself just to prove to you that I am a true Moretti. Please!!! Give me a chance to prove that I belong at your side."

"Now, why would I want a whore next to me? You're never going to see the light of day. In fact, I'm thinking about taking you to the townhouse and ensconcing you in one of the cells in the basement. Your johns will come to you and you will service them. You will be dirty and disgusting, but the men won't care because they'll be as dirty and disgusting as you."

Raffaella unbuckled her seat belt and tried unsuccessfully to open the driver's side rear door. She pulled at the door handle several times before she realized that Nathan had secured the rear doors when he pulled away from the private hospital.

"FUCK YOU!!! FUCK ME!!!" cried Raffaella. "NATHAN, PULL OVER PLEASE!!! GET ME AWAY FROM THIS CUNT OF A SISTER!!!"

Nathan ignored her outbreak of anger. He continued to drive and as he had had enough, he pushed the button to raise the glass partition that separated the passenger compartment from the driver's. He stole a quick glance via the rearview mirror and saw that his boss had not choked the shit out of her sister. He returned his eyes to the road as his mind worked on getting around the insane amount of traffic.

It took close to two hours to drive from the North Shore of Long Island to the South Shore. Nathan was tired and hungry. He parked the Lincoln Town Car in his boss' driveway. He heard his boss tell him that he would be needed for a little while longer. He nodded his head and said, "I could use something to eat."

"Me too," said Apollonia. "We'll eat as soon as I'm done with Mario and the Cardinal."

"Excuse Miss Moretti," said Nathan, "but are you telling me that I will be eating with you and your family?"

"Yes," replied Apollonia. "Now, let's go to Mario's." She turned to Raffaella, "Whore, go home, and change. You are to dress as a street whore any time you are within this compound unless I tell you to be unclothed to embarrass and humiliate you. When you're finished dressing come to Mario's house. Do not make me come and get you."

Raffaella did not argue. She turned towards her house and made her way home. She knew better than to disobey her sister.

Apollonia and Nathan strode down her driveway and up Mario's. They entered the house to find Mario sitting at the oak breakfast table. In front of him was a half-eaten dish of lasagna, a small salad, and a three quarters empty bottle of red Moretti wine. He looked at them as they entered, nodded his head, and said, "If you're wondering about the silence, I did not do anything to Cardinal DeTomaso. The one thing I did note for you is the number of calls that came to his cell phone. They were all from the Vatican. Of course, I did not answer."

"Why is he so quiet?" asked Apollonia.

"I believe he finally screamed and cried himself to sleep," replied Mario.

Apollonia turned to Nathan, "Please go down to the basement and untie the old fuck. Bring him here and I'll deal with the phone calls before I offer him some food. Naturally, it will be something disgusting."

Nathan made his way to the basement. He found the Cardinal sleeping in an awkward position because of the way he had tied him to the basement wall. Not wanting to make it easy on the elderly cleric, Nathan slapped him across the face which was enough to wake the old man and start him crying and screaming. The noise ended when

Nathan grabbed DeTomaso by the throat and sneered at him. He untied the now quiet cleric, pulled him to his feet, and pushed him up the steps to the kitchen.

Walking unsteadily, the old cleric made his way to the breakfast table, paused, and then turned to his female nemesis and asked, "May I sit?"

"You're learning," replied Apollonia. "Yes you may because we have things to discuss."

Cardinal DeTomaso used the counter and the back of one of the oak chairs to steady his body as he made his way to a seat at the table. When he was somewhat comfortable, he made the sign of the cross, and asked, "Is that my phone?"

Mario replied before his daughter could, "Yes and you've received many calls from one number that I believe belongs to the Holy Father."

"And how would you know his number?" asked the Cardinal.

This time Apollonia responded, "We know because his is the only phone that is functional. Remember, I have shut down all communications within the Vatican except for his personal cellular phone." Apollonia reached for the phone, pushed the activation key, and showed the Cardinal all of the incoming calls. "So, how do you want to reply to your boss?"

Shaking his head not understanding her question, the Cardinal replied, "I don't understand your question. There is only one way to reply and that is to return the call. I will assure you that he is waiting and if he is asleep, he will be awakened to talk with me. How else could I reply?"

"With your head," said Apollonia. "I can have your head delivered by first light. When he opens the ice chest he will see your head and stuffed in your mouth will be your useless pedophile cock and balls." Apollonia watched his reaction to her statement and knew he was frightened to his core. "Or, you will call him and tell him that he talks to me face-to-face. I will enable his clandestine travel from the Vatican to Columbus Place. He will not have to worry about entering the United States."

"How can you facilitate that?" asked the Cardinal, amazed at the calm statement of how she was going to get the Holy Father into the United States.

"You underestimate my power, Cardinal DeTomaso," said Apollonia. She highlighted the incoming call, pushed the send/call button, and handed the phone to the cleric. "Be sure to do just one thing. Ask for the Holy Father and then hand me the phone. Remember, I am fluent in Italian."

DeTomaso nodded, put the phone to his ear, and when it was answered said, "Pronto. Il Cardinale la De Tomaso ha infatti offerto alla qui. Posso parlare con il Santo Padre? (Hello. Cardinal DeTomaso here. May I please speak to the Holy Father?) He heard the response and immediately handed the phone to Apollonia.

The voice that came to the phone sounded tired and very old. Apollonia did not give the man who heads the Catholic Church a chance to speak. She said in perfect Italian, "Si parla di Apollonia Moretti. Io sono responsabile della morte dei sedici uomini le cui teste sono state consegnate. Io sono responsabile per la chiusura del Concilio Vaticano ii. Si arriva a casa mia in America. Dove si implorare il mio perdono per il peccato contro la famiglia Moretti. Dove si implorare il mio perdono per il peccato contro la famiglia Moretti. Se decidete di soggiornare nel vostro appartamento in Vaticano, si firma la condanna a morte. (You are speaking to Apollonia Moretti. I am responsible for the death of the sixteen men whose heads were delivered to you. I am responsible for the closing of the Vatican. You will come to my house in America. Where you will beg my forgiveness for your transgression against the Moretti family. If you decide to stay in your apartment in the Vatican, you will be signing your death warrant.)

Silence from the other end. She could hear breathing but nothing else. Apollonia calmly waited for a response. It came after a four minute wait.

IO verrò sotto la cui protezione? Vi assicurerà che il Cardinale la De Tomaso ha infatti offerto alla non sarà ucciso? Ricordatevi che io sono. IO sono il protettore della fede. (I will come under whose protection? Will you assure me that Cardinal DeTomaso will not be murdered? Remember who I am. I am the protector of the faith.)

Apollonia laughed. She stared at the Cardinal as she said, “Si sono solo un vecchio pedofilo. Abbiamo fornito molti un ragazzo per il vostro piacere. Non ho un cazzo che pensi di essere. Venite da me e implorare il perdono o dico la mia famiglia per entrare nel Concilio Vaticano II e appendere al vostro appartamento balcone. Il mondo vi vedrà penzolare nudo con la parola ‘PEDO’ dipinto sul petto. Il tuo inutile rubinetto e sfere saranno farcite in bocca come spurgare a morte tra le gambe. (You are just an old pedophile. We have supplied many a young boy for your pleasure. I don't give a fuck who you think you are. You come to me and beg forgiveness or I tell my family to enter the Vatican and hang you from your apartment balcony. The world will see you dangling naked with the word 'PEDO' painted on your chest. Your useless cock and balls will be stuffed in your mouth as you bleed to death from between your legs.)

Again silence. Again Apollonia waited. The old tired voice said, “Io sono vecchio. Non posso viaggiare con un preavviso così breve. La prego di accettare le mie scuse per tutto ciò che è accaduto. La famiglia Moretti è stato l'ossatura della chiesa fin dal Medio Evo. Voglio io separi quello che è successo tra la chiesa e la famiglia Moretti. Vi chiedo di venire al Vaticano. Ci occuperemo, per discutere le nostre differenze, e andiamo avanti insieme nel nome di Dio.” (I am an old man. I cannot travel on such short notice. Please accept my apology for all that has happened. The Moretti family has been the financial backbone of the church since the Middle Ages. I want to put asunder all that has occurred between the church and the Moretti family. I ask for you to come to the Vatican. We will talk, settle our differences, and move forward together in the name of God.)

“Inaccettabile. Hai quarantotto ore per rendere il vostro modo di casa mia. Se non arrivate entro il termine previsto, vi invieremo il Cardinale. Poi mi distruggerà la chiesa.” (Unacceptable. You have forty-eight hours to make your way to my home. If you do not arrive here by the deadline, I will send you the Cardinal's head. Then I will crush the church.)

Apollonia ended the call. Mario understood everything she had said to the Pope. Cardinal DeTomaso groaned and put his head on his folded arms and began to cry. Inside his mind, Cardinal DeTomaso knew he had just forty-eight hours to live. He was certain that the powers-to-be in the Vatican would not accede to the Moretti demand. The centuries old relationship would come to an end. Sadly and with a certainty, the Cardinal knew the Holy Father's life would be quietly ended, a new Pope elected, and then an offer of reconciliation would be made to the Moretti family.

“Nathan, please go to my sister's house and bring her here,” said Apollonia. “If she gives you any trouble, just kick her legs out from under her and drag her here.”

Nathan saw the seriousness of his employer's directive and departed without a word.

“Cardinal DeTomaso,” commanded Apollonia, “when my sister the whore arrives here you are going to have to make a choice. You can lick my driver's hot cum from her just fucked pussy or you can bend over and ask him politely to fuck your ancient cleric ass and fill you with hot nigger cum. In either case, you will have his cum in your stomach or up your faggot cleric ass.”

The Cardinal raised his head and said in a little boy's voice, "Why don't you just end my life. I am appalled at the way you spoke to the Holy Father. But, I will tell you that the Vatican will not respond to your demands. I know you will end my life and I am prepared to die for my church. The power behind the pope will make him pay with his life for the fiasco of trying to murder your family and enslaving the children of your sister. They will falsely honor his time as the head of the Catholic Church, they will elect a new pope, and with the threat of his own untimely death, he will approach the Moretti family and seek resolve and close the schism between the church and their benefactors."

"If that happens," said Apollonia, "then the new leader will bow before me and kiss my ass."

"If they have no access to money," said the Cardinal, "he just may; but, if would tread lightly around the men who truly control the church. They are a force that will do whatever they can to destroy you and your family."

Apollonia laughed. She looked at her hated father, turned back to the Cardinal, and said, "If you speak of Cardinals O'Keefe, Montenegro, Albertelli, and Zampini, then you need to know that they are not as powerful as you think. True, they may end the life of the present pope for his idiotic attempt to remove the Moretti family from the true power behind the church; but each of them will crawl to me and beg my forgiveness. You see Cardinal DeTomaso, their cocks have felt the smooth insides of young girls and boys who were supplied to them by the Moretti family. You truly need to understand how much dirt we have on the men who control the Vatican."

Nathan entered the kitchen holding Raffaella by the scruff of her neck. She was not fully dressed. She wore a pair of black lace panties and one black striped lace topped thigh high stocking. Her breasts were bare as were her feet. The big black man did not forcibly hurt his employer's sister, but she knew who was in control. Mario Moretti seethed as he watched the black man manhandle his oldest daughter. He released his hold on Raffaella as they passed the kitchen counter next to the breakfast table.

Raffaella Moretti went to her knees and crawled to her sister. She looked up for a second and then placed her lips on her sister's crotch. What she hoped would happen didn't. Apollonia did not place one or both hands on the back of her head and gently press her head to show her that she was accepting of her diminished position in the family. Raffaella pulled her head back and begged, "I am so sorry for everything. I was angry that you took control of the family instead of me. You have always been smarter and better at the political intrigue in our family. Viviano is dying and I want to be with him. . ."

Mario interjected, "What??? How bad is he???"

"He is very sick from the wounds," said Apollonia. "The doctor is doing everything possible to stop the bacteria from killing him. The gunshot wound did not kill him, but the sepsis may."

Mario placed his hands on his face and groaned. He thought, *'Time to make amends with my youngest daughter. I have made a major mistake and I must fix it immediately.'* Without saying a word to either of his daughters, Mario Moretti stood, stepped around the kitchen table behind the man who failed to resurrect his position in the Moretti family, and before anyone could react, he wrapped his right arm around the cleric's neck and placed his left arm across his chin. Mario Moretti snapped Cardinal DeTomaso's neck killing him instantly.

"Fuckin' send his head to the Vatican," growled Mario. "I'm done." He moved to the front of Apollonia, knelt, and kissed her shoes. "Take me and do with me as you please. I will die at

the hand of the State of New York or I will die at your hand, but know from this moment forward I am bound to you and will serve you unquestioningly.”

“Stand and call Uncle Gino,” commanded Apollonia. “Get that fuckin’ piece-of-shit out of this house. I am going home so I can rest and spend the rest of the night with people I want to be around.”

“What about me?” asked Raffaella.

“Stay here with Mario,” said Apollonia. “Suck his cock or let him fuck you, but I don’t want you around me.”

“PLEASE!!!” cried Raffaella. ‘DON’T MAKE ME DO THAT!!! I’M BEGGING YOU!!!’ She reached for her sister’s legs, wrapped her arms around her knees, and sobbed uncontrollably.

“OUCH!!!” cried Raffaella as Apollonia pulled her hair to get her to release her hold.

Apollonia pulled hard enough to get her sister to look up at her. She spit in her face and said, “You fuckin’ slept with your bastard daughter. You have committed the ultimate crime against this family. You will accept your fate and become my slave. You will help Mario with the Cardinal and then you will provide succor to him in any way he desires. Now, get the fuck away from me.”

Raffaella crawled backwards from her sister. She placed her forehead on the floor and said, “I am yours to do with as you please, Mistress.”

Apollonia did not answer. She walked past Nathan, tapped him on the arm, and he followed her out of Mario’s house.

Colina and the children were in the family room watching television when Apollonia and Nathan entered the house. He waited for her to come into the family room. When she did, he rose from his place on the couch, and said, “You need to call Howard Cohen ASAP. And, how is Viv?”

Apollonia looked at the children for a split second and replied, “Viv is not well. He has sepsis and the doctor is doing everything he knows to kill the bacteria. What did Howard want?”

“He did not go into specifics, but I think he has something on the DA,” replied Colina. “The girls have eaten dinner. I believe Ming is home and Alessandro has called at least five times.”

“Call him back and tell him that I’m sorry that we cannot see each other for a few days,” said Apollonia. “I would offer your services to him and if he accepts you are to go to his place. If he doesn’t, then tell him as soon as I’m finished with what I am dealing with, I will have a quiet dinner with him in the city.”

“Yes Mistress,” said Colina. “Where are the girls sleeping tonight?”

“Shit,” said Apollonia. “After you feed Nathan and me, take them home and you stay there with them. Raffaella will not be returning to her home. She is officially not part of this family. She will forever be my slave.”

“Yes Mistress,” said Colina. “I will prepare a dinner for you and Nathan.” Colina departed the family room stunned that his sister-in-law was relegated to a life of hardship and sexual abuse.

Apollonia and Nathan returned to the breakfast room. She pointed to a chair and said, “Sit. Have dinner with me. I have to call Howard, so you’ll excuse me for a moment.”

Apollonia did not wait for a response. She walked down the hallway to the great room and sat on the couch facing her lover’s house. She found his number on her cell phone and pressed send. Two rings later Howard answered the phone.

“Hello Miss Moretti,” said Howard. “Has it been a busy day?”

“More than that Howard. Viviano is near death due to sepsis. The Moretti family is a loggerheads with the church. And, my sister is no longer part of this family.”

“Hopefully the news I have for you will raise your spirits. I received the prosecutions witness list and information concerning Mario’s trial. I am going to court the first thing Monday morning and filing a writ to get the charges dropped against Mario. She has nothing on him and her proof is paper thin.”

“That is a bit of good news. Anything from Jon on the DNA? And, anything of Nathan’s carry permit?”

“I know he is packaging the kits and sending them to Williamsport with a note to reprocess them without delay. Nathan will have his permit on Tuesday.”

“Good. I want that bitch to beg me for her career and life.”

“You just may get your wish. If I may ask, what is the prognosis for Viviano?”

“I really can’t say. The doctor is trying everything known to man to beat back the bacterial infection. All I can truly say is time will tell.”

“And your sister? Will I have to make changes to the trusts and the wills?”

Apollonia was taken aback by his questions. She hadn’t thought about the ramifications of her removing Raffaella from the family. She made a clicking sound with her tongue against the top of her mouth as she thought about her answer.

“Don’t do anything. Make no changes. You’ve opened an area that I hadn’t considered in my anger at my sister. Let’s just leave all the trusts... Fuck, there is one thing you do need to change. You need to take all of the trusts for Antonio Rossi and divide them between Carmen Rossi and Alessa Moretti.”

"Why?"

"Antonio is dead."

"What?"

"He committed suicide last night. I was partially to blame. I let it out that he was not a true Moretti and proved to him that he was a sissy. Just leave it be from a legal standpoint. His death was taken care of by my Uncle Gino. For all intent and purpose, Antonio died accidentally. There will be no autopsy because he's been cremated. When we have time I will sit and give you all the dirt. There are some things that we need to talk face-to-face about. For now, do what you need to cancel his trusts. Leave everything else as it is presently configured."

"Yes Miss Moretti. Have a good night and a good weekend."

"You too Howard."

Apollonia ended the call and immediately made another.

"Ming, my love. May I come to you tonight?"

"Where is Alessandro?"

"Home. I need you and not his cock. I am eating with Nathan in a few minutes."

"Come later tonight. I want to spend some time with the boys."

"Eleven?"

"Yes. Love you Apollonia."

"Love you more Ming Zheng."

Upon returning to the breakfast room, she saw Colina had set the table, placed a bottle of red Moretti wine and two glasses in the middle. Nathan sat quietly waiting for his employer's return. He saw her smile for the first time in many hours. His demeanor changed as her lightheartedness was infectious.

"Good news Miss Moretti?" he asked.

"In some respects," she replied. "For you, definitely. Tuesday, next week you will have to go to One Police Plaza to pick up your New York State and City carry permit. Then you'll take a drive to Newark where you will pick up your New Jersey carry permit."

His grin grew into a teeth showing smile. "Thank you Miss Moretti. I don't know. . ."

"You don't have to say anything," said Apollonia. "I said I'd get it done and I did. Just do as I ask and know that I know you have my back and best interests at heart as I do yours." She turned to Colina, "Dinner?"

"Yes Mistress," replied Colina. "I have two steaks broiling. Baked potatoes and salad. You and Mr. Nathan will be eating shortly."

Eleven o'clock could not come fast enough for Apollonia. Nathan was thankful for all she had done for him including sitting and having dinner with him. Inside he knew his employer was not one to go back on her word. When he left for the night, he was surprised when the beautiful Italian woman pressed her hands to his face and said, "Your life as you know it will change for the better and for the first time in Moretti history an African-American man will be under the protection of the Moretti family. Go in peace and I will talk to you in the morning."

Apollonia made her way to Ming's house and was not surprised to find the boys sound asleep and her lover anxiously waiting for her arrival. Ming rose from the couch in the family room and with open arms accepted her lover into her arms. They kissed passionately for several minutes before they moved to the couch.

Ming did not hesitate to ask, "Your day?"

"Not good," replied a tired Apollonia.

"How so?"

"Viv is very sick and only time will tell if the doctor has caught the bacterial infection in time. Carmen and Alessa are now under my protection. Raffaella has accepted a life of servitude to me because of her sexual encounter with Carmen. Mario has seen the light after his failed attempt to retake control of the family. To prove his allegiance, he snapped Cardinal DeTomaso's neck. Howard has found that the Nassau County DA has nothing of substance to back her indictment of Mario. Jon Parks has sent three DNA kits to Williamsport and if they come back as we suspect, then I have more than enough to approach the Nassau County DA about her underhanded ways of wining. Other than that, I'm tired and in need of just a quiet night holding you."

Ming smiled and with eyes twinkling said, "Just holding me?"

"Yes, my love," replied Apollonia. "I just need to feel you and smell you."

A small kiss on her lover's cheek was Ming's response as she moved to allow her lover to wrap her arms around her and pull her close. Ming knew they would wake up in the morning still on the couch in the family room.