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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 156

Saturday – Apollonia Starts the Day - 15 March 2003

The morning broke sunny with a bit of an early spring chill. Ming opened her eyes, turned her head, and noticed that her lover had slipped off the couch and was nowhere to be found in the family room. She stretched and moved her body to get the kinks out from sleeping on the narrow leather surface of the couch. She rose and made her way into the breakfast room. The early morning sun shone through the large windows which framed Apollonia's body in rays of light as if she was just descended from heaven. The time on the wall clock read 6:24AM.

"Been up long?" asked Ming.

"Since 5:16," replied Apollonia. "And I know you're wondering how I know the exact time." Apollonia stood, opened her arms, and said, "Because I looked at the clock just like you just did. Come here my sweet Asian girl and give me a kiss."

Ming did not hesitate to step into Apollonia's arms. She felt her lover wrap her up and place her lips on hers. Their kiss was more than a good morning peck. Since meeting in college, separating, and reconnecting the two women knew the reason why they were together. No matter how mad they got at each other in the end, underneath it all, they both knew each had the uncanny ability to know what the other wanted, needed, and desired. That is why Ming told her lover to take Alessandro into her bed and have sex like a whore with him. She knew that her lover's need to be filled with a hard hot cock was more of a temporary sexual need than a lifelong sexual desire.

The two lovers kissed for a few minutes before Ming broke the embrace and asked, "Did you make coffee?"

"Of course I did. Since when did you know me not to have coffee first thing after I wake up?"

Coquettishly Ming said, "When my mouth is on your twat or vice versa."

Apollonia put her hands to her chest, feigned falling backwards, and said, "Skewered again."

"Love you too Miss Moretti," said Ming as she turned to step into the kitchen to pour herself a cup of black coffee. Before meeting and falling in love with Apollonia, she drank her coffee with more milk than coffee and several

teaspoons of sugar. Now, she drank it black and the stronger it was the better. She returned to the oak breakfast table, pulled the chair back from her spot, and said, "What is on the agenda for today?"

Apollonia rubbed her face not worrying about messing up her makeup before she answered her lover. "I'm thinking we should spend the day together. If you don't have a problem with leaving Shen and Lian with Colina, I would like to just be alone with you. Only stop will be in Great Neck to see Viviano. Then we can get lost in our own world for the day. I promise we'll return before dinner. You okay with my idea?"

Ming stared into Apollonia's eyes. She pondered what the day would truly bring for the women, but in her heart-of-hearts, the idea of spending a day alone with her Italian beauty made her swoon. "You promise we will be home before dinner and that the only side trip will be to see Viviano?"

"Yes," said Apollonia. "In fact, I'll drive."

"Now that is something I can deal with. Which car?"

Apollonia smiled, "The Ferrari."

"Really," said Ming taken with the idea of driving around in her lover's F40.

"Really," replied Apollonia. "Sit and we'll plan the day. Or . . ."

"We can just do something we haven't really done since college," said Ming.

Both women said the obvious together, "Take an unplanned road trip to wherever!!!"

"After we sit for a while," said Apollonia, "I'll go home, get dressed, and wait for you to bring Shen and Lian to my house. I will have prepared Colina for the day and then we can depart knowing the children are being well taken care of."

Ming nodded in agreement. The two women chatted idly as they drank the entire carafe of coffee. When it empty, Apollonia rose, kissed her lover, and happily departed for her house to prepare for the day.

As she entered her house, she heard her sissy husband growl that as soon as his wife was home, he'd inform her that she needed to call. Apollonia quickened her step and just as she was about to interrogate her sissy husband, she saw Carmen and Alessa seated at the breakfast table. She stopped short, frowned as to why the children were seated at her breakfast table, and just as quickly she remembered that she instructed Colina to bring them there for the night.

"Colina, who was on the phone?" asked Apollonia.

"It was Italy," she responded. "Your cousin Donald Moretti."

Again Apollonia frowned. "He wouldn't leave a message?"

"No. He only wanted to speak to you."

Apollonia nodded her head as she walked to the breakfast table. She went to Carmen first. She kissed her niece on her head before she turned and did the same to Alessa. The girls looked up and saw Apollonia smiling from ear-to-ear.

"Shen and Lian are going to be spending the day with you two," said Apollonia. "I expect to hear nothing but good things when I return." Apollonia turned to Colina, "I'm going upstairs to the atelier to return the call and then to my bedroom to prepare for the day."

"Yes Mistress," said Colina. "What time should I expect you?"

"Before dinner," replied Apollonia. "Oh yes, I will give you instructions for Mario and Raffaella before I leave."

Apollonia did not wait for a response. She turned and made her way to her atelier. Upon entering, she closed the door, made her way to her desk, found Cousin Donaldo's phone number, and dialed.

"Pronto (Hello)," said Donaldo Moretti.

"Ciao Donaldo. Questo è Apollonia. (Hello Donaldo. This is Apollonia.)"

"Grazie a Dio!!! Ho seguito con ansia in attesa della chiamata. Il Vaticano è in armi. La testa del Cardinale la De Tomaso ha infatti offerto alla consegna. Non sono felice. Sono stato contattato dal Cardinale Zampini. E gli desidera parlare con voi. (Thank God!!! I have been anxiously waiting for your call. The Vatican is up in arms. The head of Cardinal DeTomaso was delivered. They are not happy. I have been contacted by Cardinal Zampini. He wants to talk to you.)," said Donaldo.

"Fuck Cardinale Zampini. Lo richiami e dirgli che l'unica persona che è il Papa stesso. Provvederò per lui a venire in America per poter baciare il mio asino e implorare il perdono per i suoi tentativi di omicidio Moretti i bambini. In caso contrario, la famiglia Moretti riprendere quello che invece spetterebbe loro. (Fuck Cardinal Zampini. Call him back and tell him that the only person I deal with is the Pope himself. I will arrange for him to come to America so he can kiss my ass and beg forgiveness for trying to murder Moretti children. Otherwise, the Moretti family will take back what is rightfully theirs.)," said Apollonia.

"Se si rifiuta di prendere la mia chiamata? E poi? (If he refuses to take my call? Then what?)," asked Donaldo.

"Semplice. Mantenere il Vaticano arrestato. Solo telefono di funzionare è il Papa's. Se ci sono bambini all'interno, e le loro famiglie. In caso contrario, affamare i bastardi fino a quando non si sa che io non sono uno di contrattare con le loro folle tentativo di eliminare la Moretti controllo della chiesa. Dite loro che il solo risoluzione sarà quando sento il Papa le labbra sul mio asino. (Simple. Keep the Vatican shut down. Only phone to work is the Pope's. If there are children inside, get them and their families out. Otherwise, starve the bastards until they know that I am not someone to bargain with over their insane attempt to eliminate the Moretti control over the church. Tell them the only resolution will be when I feel the Pope's lips on my ass.)"

"Questo è vero brutto qui. Il mio consiglio è quello di piegare un po' e dare loro un boccone. Questi uomini possono essere molto vendicativo. La Mia dolce Apollonia, sono a vostra chiamata, ma non questi me con leggerezza. Come sempre, sono al vostro servizio. (This is going to get real nasty here. My council is to bend just a little and give them a morsel. These men can be very vindictive. My sweet Apollonia, I am at your call, but please do not take these men lightly. As always, I am at your service.)," said her cousin with a bit a trepidation in his voice.

“Si prega di non preoccuparsi di niente. Sono chiacchiere. Lo so, perché il Papa ha parlato direttamente con me. Si sta cercando di forzare un utente a rompere il blocco. So che è un vero Moretti. Ho fiducia in te e accettare il vostro consiglio, ma non piegare né rompere. Le chiedo di dire loro che non posso trattare direttamente con il Papa, (Please do not worry about anything. They are posturing. I know this because the Pope has spoken to me directly. They are trying to scare you into breaking the blockade. I know you are a true Moretti. I trust you and accept your council, but I will not bend nor will I break. I expect you to tell them that I will only deal directly with the Pope.)”

“Buona. Ciao, (Good. Bye.)”, said Donald as he accepted his American cousin’s request as the head of the Moretti family. What Apollonia did not see was the multiple signs of the cross he made prior to returning Cardinal Zampini’s phone call.

Apollonia leaned back in her chair after ending the call with her cousin in Italy. Her mind went immediately to the issue at hand which was her desire for uncontested revenge. The Moretti family supported the establishment of the Catholic Church and throughout the centuries made it plain to the men in control that the Moretti family would be there to protect the church. Mario’s attempt to wrest back control of the family backfired. Now, it was time for the church to come to her and beg for forgiveness. Nothing will stop her from feeling the present Pope’s lips and all future Pope’s lips from pressing on her ass or the next Moretti to rise to the head of the family. Apollonia rose, stretched, and made her way to her bedroom.

She took a languid shower and fought her incessant need to masturbate while luxuriating under the hot water. Apollonia forced herself to make ready for the day. What started out as a day of leisure was torn asunder by her cousin in Italy. Nothing would stop her from checking the international news several times an hour to see if anything untoward happened in and around the Vatican. The mirror reflected her pain as she gazed at her visage, but her steely psychological mindset put it aside as she gave in to her need.

The fingers of her right hand stole down her abdomen. She continued to stare at herself as she diddled her clit to an orgasm. Apollonia closed her eyes when she was done, slipped the fingers of her right hand into her mouth, and groaned in ecstasy as she tasted her own love juices. It took a minute or two for her to recover, but the idea of spending a leisurely day with Ming brightened her outlook and made it easier for her to dress casually and put on a very small amount of makeup.

Colina saw her Mistress enter the kitchen with a smile on her face and a bounce to her steps. She knew her Mistress wife was happy. When the children were done with their breakfast, she told them to go into the family room, be quiet, and watch television. She knew she had to return them to their house so they could change into clean fresh clothing. What she needed to know from her Mistress was it okay to have the four children stay at Raffaella’s house. She also needed to know if Alessandro was returning to Columbus Place.

“Mistress,” she started, “may I kneel and kiss you? It has been longer than I care to think about. I would like to at least feel your hand on the back of my head as I take in your odoriferous beauty.”

“Yes and be quick about it.”

Colina stepped to her wife and Mistress. Went to her knees and without any preamble, pressed her sissy lips to the cloth that covered the pussy that owned her. Apollonia pressed her head for a moment while she reveled in Colina’s completely unexpected show of complete and total submission to her.

Colina felt her Mistress release her head. She stood and said, “Thank you. I live for you.” She watched Apollonia go to her seat at the breakfast table and without needing to be told, Colina went into the kitchen and returned with a mug of hot black coffee.

“Sit,” commanded Apollonia.

Colina did as she commanded.

"Today, you do something that will abhor you," started Apollonia. "When you have the opportunity, I want you to test Carmen. Although she accepted my apology and my explanation about her beginnings, I do not trust her. I believe if given the chance, she will flush her Moretti life down the toilet. I command you to take liberty with her. See if she will respond negatively to your advances. If she does, cease and desist. If she doesn't, I want you to do something that I know is not in you, but I need you to."

"What?" asked Colina.

"I want you to rape her," said Apollonia matter-of-factly.

Colina's hands hit the table top. Her face showed amazement and wonderment at her Mistress' command to forcibly rape their niece. She stared hard into Apollonia's eyes and knew she was not playing a game or joshing. She was serious. "You're sure that you want me to rape her?" asked Colina in a quiet voice.

"Yes. After her encounter with my whore of a sister, I do not trust her. I need to be sure and the only way is to test her. She gives up her body to you and I will know. She rejects your advances and I can somewhat accept her assurances that she wants to be raised as a Moretti. The only other way I can be sure is to have someone like Alessandro come on to her. She opens her legs for a man like him and I'll know she lied to me."

"You know this is going to be difficult," said Colina. "I'm not a pedophile. I'm not into children. I have no desire to have sex with her."

Apollonia nodded knowingly. "I know my sweet Colina, but I need you to do what I ask of you. I am expecting to return home with Ming and find that I have been thrown out at home. Do you. . ."

Colina interrupted, "Yes I understand. I do not like what you want me to do, but I'm yours."

"Good," said Apollonia. "Now go to Mario's house and gather up my whore of a sister. Tell Mario he is to remain inside and I will see him when I return."

Apollonia turned to the Saturday edition of The New York Times, flattened it, and scanned the front page not really liking that the country was headed to war, but on the other hand it could be a profit making opportunity for the family. She remembered her history and the fact that many of the largest banks in the United States and Europe made boatloads of money by backing one or both of the protagonists in World War I and World War II. She paused for a moment and was curious about how quiet the girls were. She rose from the table, stepped to the family room doorway, and was surprised to see Carmen holding Alessa as they slept on the couch. Not putting anything tawdry into their sleeping arrangement, Apollonia returned to table to read the paper and drink her coffee as she waited for her sister.

Colina returned with Raffaella in tow. Apollonia smiled knowingly. She knew that her sister tried to keep her sissy brother-in-law from taking her to her hated sister's house, but as she always did – she failed miserably. Raffaella stood next to the man who was wearing a maid's uniform with her right arm behind her back. It was held by Colina in a hammer lock.

"You going to be nice?" asked Apollonia.

"FUCK YOU!!! AND THE FAG YOU'RE MARRIED TO!!!" growled Raffaella.

Colina did not ask for permission. He pressed upwards on his sister-in-law's arm which elicited a shriek of momentary pain. Colina relaxed his grip but did not release his sister-in-law's wrist.

Apollonia did not react to her sister's outburst, but she considered taking her to her house because she did not want the children to hear the vitriol that would spew from Raffaella's mouth. She eyed Colina, stood, and said, "Release her and go get the girls. Take them across the street once I have the whore in the great room."

Colina did not release Raffaella's wrist until Apollonia was standing in front of her sister. She nodded to her Mistress wife and quietly made her way to the family room. Raffaella did not fight when her sister took her by her right elbow and guided her to the great room. Once in the room and next to the steps closest to her atelier, Apollonia stopped and waited for the sound of the backdoor opening and closing assuring her the children were no longer in her house.

The bang was loud enough and probably enhanced by Colina when she and the children departed. Apollonia turned to her sister, "You fuck Mario last night?"

Anger showed on her face. Vitriol spewed from her mouth as she spat, "How could I, ass wipe, he still has his cock encumbered by the chastity device you had your fag put on him. He . . ." Her hands went to her face. The slap was hard and unexpected. "O-o-ow!!!"

Absolutely pissed at her sister, Apollonia pressed her right hand around her neck and pushed her against the open space on the wall behind the staircase. Her left hand went to Raffaella's waist. She pulled at the belt she was wearing freeing it from the loops of the denim jeans she wore. It was not a very sturdy belt, but it was leather and that would be enough to cause her sister pain. Without a word of warning, Apollonia swung the belt with her non-dominant hand and connected with her sister's face. The contact created an immediate welt on Raffaella's cheek just below her right eye, but she could not fall because her sister held her upright with her dominant right hand. Tears flowed like the Mississippi River down Raffaella's cheeks.

When she recovered from the pain caused by the belt, Raffaella growled, "Do what you fuckin' want to me, bitch. You'll just go down in history as another Moretti family member who committed soricide. My death will be avenged . . ."

Laughing Apollonia asked, "By who???"

Eyes wide with anger and not fear, Raffaella spat, "By me!!! I will rise from the grave and haunt you till you die. And after you're dead, I'll see you in hell!!!!"

"My dear sister," cooed Apollonia, "I can see your religious side showing. Sucking priest's cocks will not help find God or save you from yourself. You want to find God? Then I suggest you resign yourself to serving me. I am going to take you down into the basement where I will strip you naked. I will place the point of a sharpened pole into the first inch of your anus. It will be long enough to touch the floor without forcing you stand on your tippy toes. I will then tie you to one of the stanchions in the basement. If you can stand until I return, you will live. If you grow tired need to sit, the only way you'll be able to move is to slide down the side of the stanchion. That will . . ."

"Please Appy!!!" cried Raffaella. "I'm so sorry!!! I will do anything you ask. I'll be your slave. I'll fuck all sorts of sick men. I will die from AIDS for you, but please don't make me impale myself on a pole. I'll do anything you ask. Don't make me try to survive long enough to keep the pole from skewering me. I'm begging you!!!" She stopped, sniffled, and shouted, "I'M YOUR FUCKIN' SISTER FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!!!"

"You were my sister," said Apollonia. "You were my sister until you decided to have sex with Carmen. Maybe I should bring her back here to see you as you really are – a sniveling diabolical piece-of-dog-shit."

"PLEASE APPY!!! ANYTHING BUT THE POLE!!!" cried Raffaella.

The move was quick. Apollonia pushed her sister towards the hallway that led to the back of the house. The basement steps were located in the same spot in every house. Raffaella fell to the floor and the result was a quick kick to her vagina by her sister. Raffaella grabbed her crotch and cried out in pain. She fell to her side, pulled her knees to her chest, and cried, "NO MORE!!! PLEASE APOLLONIA!!! BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY TO YOU THAT I'M YOURS TO DO WTH AS YOU PLEASE, BUT NOT THE POLE. ANYTHING BUT THE POLE!!!"

Apollonia reached down and picked her older sister up by the collar of her shirt. She did not pull her to her feet. She let her rest on her knees as she kept her hands covering her now aching vagina. Apollonia wanted to spit in

her sister's face, but decided it would be better to make her suffer. She pulled her to her feet and spat, "March to the basement door. Show me you have the strength of character to walk to your possible demise with aplomb and bearing. If you can do that, I may just leave the pole out of your whore's ass when I tie you to a stanchion."

The gauntlet was thrown and Raffaella took the challenge. She squared her shoulders, thrust her chest out, and with an inner strength that belied her fear made her way to the basement door. To continue her walk of pride, Raffaella opened the basement door, flipped the switches for the lights, and made her way down the stairs. She did not say a word to her tormentor. She kept her head held high. She kept hidden the pangs of fear and impending slow death by having a pole skewer her insides. When she reached the center of the basement, she turned and removed all her clothing. She stood proud and nude. Raffaella Moretti, barren mother of two and a whore for all eternity.

Apollonia smiled at her sister's bravado in the face of being skewered on a two-and-a-half inch diameter pole. Raffaella watched as her sister went to a closet, opened the door, and removed one of many sharpened poles. She knew they were there to put up decorations or to support temporary fencing. What surprised her were the number of poles and their differing lengths. Raffaella shivered because she knew her sister was going to go back on her word. Fear caused her body to release the sphincter that held the urine in her bladder.

"Oh, no-o-o-!!!" cried Raffaella.

"Pissed yourself," stated Apollonia, showing no anger or pleasure at seeing the puddle of urine between her sister's legs.

"I'll clean it up, Appy," said Raffaella.

"No need to whore. If I were to allow you to clean up your mess, it would validate my accepting you as my indentured servant and slave. My anger at you sees no bounds. It will take an eternity for you to change my attitude towards your pedophilic ways with your bastard daughter. I was going to be gentle with you. I have plans with Ming to spend the day leisurely driving around the island. Now, I'm going to think about how you're going to survive and although I hate you for what you did, I am going to worry about you."

The door opened, albeit very narrowly. Raffaella took her chance, "I don't want you to worry about me. I want you to have a pleasant day with Ming. I want you to enjoy yourself. To do that, just tie me to the stanchion and let me suffer in silence until you come back home. Please don't put that sharpened pole into my ass. Please don't force me to stand for eight or nine or ten hours without anyway to rest. I've always said that if you want to kill me – do it quickly so I will not suffer. I promise with all my Moretti heart, that I will serve you in front of the family, naked, and under duress of my impending demise. I will live every hour of every day as if I were going to die at your whim. Just let me serve you."

"Appy!!!" cried Ming from the kitchen. "Where are you???"

"Shit," cried Apollonia. "Ming is here with the boys." She went to the basement door, opened it just a crack, and said, "I'm in the basement and I'll be up momentarily."

"Ok," called out Ming.

Apollonia returned to her sister and said, "Saved by my lover. Put your back to the stanchion and your hands around behind you on the other side of the stanchion."

Raffaella relieved that she would not have the pole inserted into her ass, did as her sister commanded. She watched as her sister bound her to the upright and just as she left the basement, quietly called out, "Thank you Mistress."

Apollonia and Ming guided Shen and Lian across the street to Raffaella's house. They entered to find Colina cleaning the kitchen and the girls nowhere to be found.

"Where are Carman and Alessa?" asked Apollonia.

"Upstairs playing," Colina responded.

"Would you mind bringing Shen and Lian upstairs," said Apollonia. "Be sure to impress upon Carmen my desire for her to be good with the boys."

Colina nodded and stepped up to her Mistress wife and whispered, "What about your request my Mistress?"

"The boys will have to take a nap later as will Alessa," replied Apollonia. "That is when you do as I requested. If the opportunity does not show itself, then do not make the attempt, but lie to me about it and I will castrate you without any anesthesia."

Colina licked her lips, smiled, and said, "You have a nice day Mistress." She wanted more than anything to have no opportunity to confront Carmen.

The F40 was covered and it took Apollonia and Ming a few minutes to remove the protective cover revealing the car. Per Apollonia's craziness, she made a point of neatly folding the car cover and stowing it on its spot on the shelf. There was just enough room for her to open the passenger door for her lover to enter the car. The same was not true for the driver's side. Once Apollonia was seated, she put the key into the ignition, and started the car. The throaty sound of the exhaust was amazing and more ear splitting because the vehicle was still in the garage even though the garage door was wide open. The twin turbo V8 engine roared to life sending waves of emotion through Apollonia's body. As she backed the beast out of her garage, she remembered why she bought the vehicle in the first place.

She backed down her driveway, turned to car towards the front gates, and floored the gas pedal. She had nary a worry about stopping the car in time. The rear tires spun creating a cloud of burnt tire smoke before they caught. The car rocketed down Columbus Place. Just before she needed to shift into second gear, Apollonia jammed on the breaks and brought the Ferrari to a complete stop about an inch before the line that all cars exiting the compound had to stop before to allow the gates to open.

The gatehouse guard nearly shit his pants when he saw the red Ferrari come roaring down the street. When the car came to a complete stop just before the line, he pushed the button to open the gates. He could see Miss Moretti and her Asian lover in the car. As they pulled closer he stuck his head out of the window and waved. Apollonia gave him a thumbs up and floored the car out onto Lawrence Avenue fishtailing as she completed the left turn towards Central Avenue.

"God how I missed driving this beast," chortled Apollonia as her body reacted to the speed by wetting her panties.

Ming, not in the least bit scared, said, "We headed to Great Neck?"

Apollonia turned her head to look at Ming just before the light turned green and as she depressed the gas pedal said, "Yes. Great Neck then wherever."

"I'm happy with the wherever," said Ming as she saw the light for Rockaway Turnpike approaching at a clip that said Apollonia had to be doing nearly 100 miles per hour.

Apollonia downshifted into first gear as she depressed the brake pedal enough to allow her to turn the wheel to the left and depress the gas pedal at the same time causing the rear wheels to break traction. This allowed the Ferrari to drift into the left hand turn and when the car was properly aligned she jammed her foot down on the gas sending the F40 forward like a rocket just released from its launch pad moorings. Both women were pressed into their seats as the car roared up Rockaway Turnpike. Apollonia kept her foot to the floor for a few seconds before she raised it and allowed the car to slow as she upshifted to take the load off of the engine. Thankfully there were no Nassau County cops nearby to cause her any trouble or so she thought.

She made her way to Peninsula Boulevard where she made a right hand turn. It was her intention to take Peninsula Boulevard to the Southern State Parkway. She could have taken the Cross Island Parkway north to Northern Boulevard, but she was hoping the parkways would be somewhat empty so she could drive the Ferrari F40 like it should. The idea was to take the Southern State East to the Meadowbrook State Parkway North to the Northern State Parkway where she would exit at Lakeville Road and make her way to the private hospital.

Everything seemed to fall into place as she raced down Peninsula Boulevard through Lynbrook and Rockville Center. She entered the Southern State Parkway at a speed exceeding 90 miles an hour. The Meadowbrook Parkway was entered moving just over 105 miles an hour. It was then she noticed that the beast hadn't been fueled since the last time she had it out. She made the decision to make it as far as Lakeville Road before she stopped to fuel the F40. She slowed to the posted speed limit as she exited the Northern State. In the distance. She saw a Sunoco gas station where she pulled in to purchase the premium fuel required by the F40.

No sooner than she pulled up to one of the open pumps, ten Nassau County police cars raced into the station and surrounded her car. The officers jumped from their vehicles, pulled their weapons, and screamed, "Get out of the car!!! Show us your hands!!!"

Apollonia turned to Ming, chuckled and said, "Guess I'm busted. You stay in the car for now. They will ask you to exit, but let's see how far they take this."

"You're not worried?" asked Ming.

"Not in the least," replied Apollonia. She turned off the Ferrari and removed the keys from the ignition. Apollonia then lowered the driver's side window and placed both of her hands outside of the vehicle. She held the keys in her left hand.

"OFFICERS," she screamed, "I AM GOING TO OPEN THE DOOR AND EXIT THE VEHICLE. PLEASE HOLSTER YOUR WEAPONS. WE ARE NOT CRIMINALS. WE JUST EXCEEDED THE POSTED SPEED LIMIT BY A FEW MILES."

An eleventh patrol car pulled up and a Sargent exited the vehicle. He observed the situation and commanded the officers to holster their weapons. To a man they complied. The Sargent commanded, "Driver exit the vehicle."

Apollonia did as she was commanded. She kept the keys in her left hand as she raised both her hands over her head. Even though there were not weapons pointed at her, she knew it was better to be docile and submissive until the adrenalin rush subsided.

The Sargent again, "Driver turn your back to me and take three steps backwards."

Apollonia complied.

The Sargent stepped up to her back, took her right wrist in his hand, and pulled it around so he could place a handcuff on her. He did the same with her left wrist. Once she was manacled, he turned her to face him, and he

immediately froze. His mind raced with possibilities of the situation. He believed, no he was certain, he knew who he had just handcuffed. He looked at the assembled Nassau County Policemen and said, "Who picked her up first and where?"

Officer Brian O'Keefe stepped forward and said, "I did Sargent. Picked her up at the intersection of Peninsula Boulevard and Woodmere Boulevard in Woodmere. I am from the Fourth Precinct sir."

Sargent Rodman nodded and said, "All of you others are released. Return to your posts." He heard the mumbling and shouted, "GET TO IT OR LOSE THE DAY WITHOUT PAY!!!"

The officers complied. Once the last patrol car departed the scene, Sargent Rodman opened the cuffs on Apollonia's wrists. She turned to face him as he said, "Miss Moretti that had to be the dumbest move I've seen in a very long time. Excessive speeding on roads that the State Police patrol. If we hadn't picked you up where we did and taken control of the situation, you'd be in a state lockup by now. I have to do this, so, I need your license, registration, and proof of insurance please."

Apollonia returned to the car, opened the driver's side door, and said to Ming as he opened her handbag, "Please look under your seat for a small envelope. Inside is the registration and proof of insurance."

Ming found the envelope and handed to her lover. "So, we're not going to jail?"

"Um, I don't think so. Maybe a massive speeding ticket, but I'm not in the least worried. Get out and stretch your legs as we may be here a while."

Apollonia returned to where the Sargent stood and handed him the three documents.

"I'll be just a minute," he said as he walked to his cruiser followed by Officer O'Keefe.

"What are you going to do?" asked O'Keefe.

Sargent Rodman sat in his cruiser and made like he was doing a NCIC search on his laptop well as checking verbally with the dispatcher. After a moment he said to O'Keefe, "Do you know who she is?"

"No sir."

"That young woman is Apollonia Moretti. All she has to do is make one phone call about this and we'll both end up in Mineola cleaning the evidence lockers."

"Should I be scared," said O'Keefe. "She did break the law. I mean 105 in a 35 mile an hour zone. She should lose her license for a couple of years. Think about the people she could have killed."

Deadpan the Sargent said, "But she didn't. Apparently she knows how to handle that beast. Please follow my lead as it will be you who issues the summons."

Both officers returned to Apollonia. The Sargent spoke, "Miss Moretti as far as I can tell you have an exemplary driving record and a clean license. No points and no accidents. I believe you were very lucky this morning, but at the same time you did handle that vehicle with the ease of a racecar driver. To make things easy, Officer O'Keefe is going to issue you a not wearing a seatbelt citation. There will be no points and no increase in your insurance premium. We are going to figure the maximum fine. Officer O'Keefe would prefer to lock you up, but I persisted that it would not be in his or our best interest."

Moving her heard side-to-side from shoulder-to-shoulder, Apollonia said, "I can deal with that. No points. No insurance bullshit. I..."

Officer O'Keefe's cell phone rang interrupting the conversation which should have been an interrogation. He looked at the number and said excuse me. He listened for a minute before he ended the call. He looked at his superior officer, wobbled where he stood, and said in a very controlled, practiced voice, "The doctor said that we have to think about stopping our search. He just sentenced both of them to die."

"Excuse me officer," said Apollonia. "I know this isn't the time, but I would like to know what you are speaking about. I may just be able to help."

Wide eyed and fraught with fear, Officer O'Keefe said, "If you have a direct connection with God, then maybe you'd be able to save my twin daughters. According to the doctors they have no chance to live. We've been everywhere including the best-of-the best at Boston Children's Hospital."

"What is wrong with them?" asked Apollonia.

"Go away," said the Officer.

"Brian," said the Sargent. "If there is one person or family in this country that can do something it is the Moretti family. Tell her son."

Brian O'Keefe looked at the Sargent and saw the sincerity in his eyes and on his face. He knew not to say anything in response to what he said. Brian turned to Apollonia and said, "My identical twin daughters, Megan and Meredith, have numerous health complications. Their hearts are defective. And now they've both developed multiple forms of childhood cancer. Not a single doctor wants to deal with all of their defects and illnesses."

"Where have you been?" asked Apollonia.

"Please," said Officer O'Keefe.

"Answer her Brian," said Rodman. "Trust me. If anyone can do it for you, the Moretti family can."

"Children's Hospital of Colorado, St. Louis Children's Hospital at Washington University, and," said Officer O'Keefe, "the last was Children's Hospital Los Angeles. None of them would see them in person. They read the reports and wrote them off. Cock suckers!!!" He realized what he said and said, "Excuse me for cursing."

"You have every right to Officer O'Keefe," said Apollonia. "If you would give me a moment, I will make a phone call to someone I know in Philadelphia."

"Doctor Stern at Children's Hospital of Philadelphia," said the officer as more of a statement than a question.

"You've contacted him?" asked Apollonia.

"Our doctors tried but they could not get through to him. Apparently, he is very selective when it comes to his patients. Probably only takes cases he knows he'll save," said the officer.

"Quite to the contrary officer," said Apollonia. "He takes the worst of the worst. His success rate is low because he treats the sickest of the sick when it comes to children. Please, trust me. I am going to make a call. I am going to hand you the keys to my Ferrari as insurance. I am going to sit in the car and make my call. All I ask is that you trust me and wait until I return."

Brian O'Keefe looked to Sargent Rodman who nodded his assent and agreement. Brian held out his right hand and received the keys to Apollonia's Ferrari. He bounced them a few times, closed his fist, and said, "Ok."

Apollonia returned to her car, sat in the driver's seat, and called Colina.

"Yes Mistress," said Colina when he answered Apollonia's private line. Ming stood by the driver's side door, but did not block the officer's view inside.

"Find the number for Dr. Richard Stern at Children's Hospital. It should be listed in the private address book in my desk. Call him. I don't fuckin' care where he is tell him Apollonia Moretti needs to speak with him. It is Saturday so he is either at his medical offices, his research facility, or most probably on the golf course. Find him and conference him in."

It took Colina ten minutes to find Dr. Stern and get him on the phone.

"Apollonia?" asked Colina.

"Here," she replied.

"Dr. Stern?" asked Colina.

"I can here you Apollonia," said the doctor. "What is so important that you pulled me away from my only time for some relaxation? And, yes it is a bit chilly here to be playing golf. But, I am addicted considering I am scratch."

"I know you're a scratch golfer Richard, but two young girls from Long Island are the reason for my call. Identical twin daughters of a Nassau County Police Officer," said Apollonia. "According to information I have you reviewed their medical records and passed. Megan and Meredith O'Keefe."

"I never saw the records," countered the doctor. "Miss Moretti, I do not see every case that comes through the doors of my office. One of my associates probably read the records and decided not to treat because of their infirmities."

"Well," said Apollonia, "I'm on the phone to you asking, no begging, you to treat. They have congenital heart defects and now they've apparently contracted several forms of childhood cancer. I beseech you to treat them. The relationship between our families makes me make this call and request for your medical expertise Richard. I will cover all your costs as well as the hospital's costs. There will be no out of pocket expenses for the O'Keefe family. The Moretti family will take care of all expenses and Dr. Richard Stern will take center stage if all goes as I hope it will."

"Have you heard a prognosis?" asked the doctor.

"According to a telephone call the officer just received," said Apollonia, "they have only a few weeks or months to live. They've been given their death sentence by doctors who did not take the time to see them. They just read their medical records and denied treatment."

"That is what we usually do," said Dr. Stern. "How fast can you get them to Philadelphia?"

"This evening unless I can get them to travel without one of their parents; then I will have them there by early this afternoon," said Apollonia.

"A few hours is not going to matter either way," said the doctor. "Have them at The Children's Hospital of Philadelphia Emergency Room by six. The hospital ER staff will be expecting them. I will be there and I will do what I can to save them, but I make no promises."

"I know and I accept that," said Apollonia, "but at least you'll make more than a good faith effort. Thank you doctor and say hello to the family."

"Same to you Miss Moretti," said Dr. Stern. "And do not worry, I will keep you in the loop at every step of the way."

"Thank you. Bye."

Apollonia looked up at Ming who nodded knowingly. Apparently the good doctor used one of the Moretti men to help him start his family or the Moretti family moved heaven and earth to get something the doctor needed. "Go, give him the good news," said Ming.

Apollonia exited the vehicle and made her way to the Sargent's car where the two officer's waited patiently. They both watched her approach. Neither man made a movement or a sound. She could see they both figuratively had their breath held.

"Officer O'Keefe," said Apollonia. "You need to take some time off from work as does your wife. If the county will not cover your absence, then the Moretti family will. If they threaten to take you job from you, they won't. The Moretti family will make sure of that. We will do the same for your wife. You are to gather your wife and children and bring them to MacArthur Airport. If you need an ambulance, call one to take you there. A private jet will fly you to Philadelphia where an ambulance will drive you lights and sirens to The Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. The Emergency Room is be expecting you. Also, you will be met by Dr. Richard Stern when you arrive. He has agreed to take your daughter's cases."

Brian O'Keefe put his hand to his mouth and as tears rolled down his face, simply said, "Oh my God."

Apollonia stepped closer to the officer and said, "Every cost no matter how large or trivial will be paid by the Moretti family. If you cannot work for months, we will cover your salary and your expenses. We will pay your mortgage and your bills. The only thing you and your wife have to do is to look after and be with your children."

"Thank you, Miss Moretti," said the officer. "How can I . . ."

"You do not have to repay me or my family. You have one and only one thing to do for me," said Apollonia. "You have to be with your family. The only caveat I have to tell you is that there is no guarantee he will save your children. Dr. Stern will do all he can, but sometimes he cannot be a miracle maker. So, promise me you'll talk to your wife and that both of you will accept what happens for better or worse. I hate to be blunt, but, no lawsuits or indication that you are thinking about it if the girls do not survive."

Officer Brian O'Keefe nodded his head in a tacit agreement with the woman who just moved heaven and earth to get the one doctor on the face of the Earth that could possibly save his daughter's lives.

"Get in the car Brian and go," said Sargent Rodman. "I will take care of everything. Go back to your precinct and then go home. Get everything ready. I'm sure when you arrive at MacArthur Airport one of Miss Moretti's people will have all the information about where you will be staying and the who, what, where, and when of the hospital."

Officer Brian O'Keefe did not say another word. He handed Apollonia her keys. Then he ran to his vehicle, turned to look at Apollonia, smiled, nodded, and mouthed a 'thank you' before he closed the door, started the vehicle, and drove like a man with a mission towards his precinct.

"Sarge," said Apollonia. "So we have everything straight, write the ticket. And then I hope my friend and I can be on our way."

"I don't really have to cite you Miss Moretti," said the Sargent.

"Yes you do," replied Apollonia.

Five minutes later Sargent Rodman handed a seatbelt summons to Apollonia. She smiled and said, "Thank you for not arresting me."

"No Miss Moretti," retorted the Sargent, "thank you for helping someone who had nothing and was seeing his life come to an end. I know that officer lives for his children. I don't care what they say about your family. What you did this morning surpasses everything and solidifies in my mind the philanthropy and good heartedness of the Moretti family. God Bless and please take it easy driving that Ferrari."

Apollonia offered her hand which the Sargent took. Their eyes met and she felt a shiver pass through his hand. They released their hold simultaneously, nodded to each other, and departed for the vehicles. Apollonia watched the patrol car depart the Sunoco station before she turned to pump and began the process of filling the gas tank. Inside she felt good at what she had just done for a complete stranger. She thought, *'That is what life is all about. Doing for others that under certain circumstances cannot do for themselves because they do not have the power or the money to make it happen. God, please bless the O'Keefe family and may you watch over them through their trials and tribulations.'*