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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 160

Saturday Afternoon – Moretti Townhouse - 15 March 2003

Once the car made it to the Long Island Expressway, Apollonia slowed down to just fourteen miles above the posted speed limit. She really did not want to get stopped for speeding, although as she drove, she would see holes in the traffic, downshift, floor the gas pedal, and allow the beast to roar as it passed cars as if they were standing still. Without turning her head, she said, "Ming please make two calls. First to Howard Cohen on his private line and let him know we are on our way. It is listed as HC Private. Second to Giuseppe advising him that his employer and owner will arrive shortly. His number is listed under Moretti Townhouse."

The ride from Great Neck to the Midtown Tunnel and then uptown to the townhouse was made in just over an hour which surprised Apollonia. It had to be due to the dearth of typical New York commuter traffic. When she pulled down 84th Street she decided to park on the street in front of the garage cut out instead of pulling into the building. They exited the vehicle and made their way to the front steps to find that Giuseppe was standing at the front door waiting for them. He opened the door and stood aside. Down the hall stood Sienna and Marco. Their heads were bowed and their hands were behind their backs. Both of them silently prayed that their boss would not make them kiss her asshole.

"Ming," said Apollonia, "please go to the kitchen and check the pantry. I will be with you momentarily."

"I would go," said Ming, "but you don't have to insulate me from watching them kiss your ass. I'm not opposed to your belittling and humiliating them. You have to maintain your superiority over their lowly position in the hierarchy of the family."

Apollonia noted that she did not say 'your' family. "True. It is not like the Chinese were angles during the different dynasties." She turned to Giuseppe and said, "Order them to come to me and perform their obligation for my allowing them to live."

His hope that she would not make them kiss her asshole went away with her command. Giuseppe looked at his wife and the muscular sissy, lifted his hand, and waved them forward. Apollonia turned, opened and dropped her pants and panties. She bent over, turned her head, and said, "Sienna first, then Giuseppe, and then the faggot."

"Thank you for my life," said Sienna just before she placed her lips on Apollonia's asshole. She maintained the kiss for a count of ten.

Giuseppe did the same as his incestuous lover. Except he maintained the kiss for a few seconds longer.

Marco Marinelli, dressed in nothing more than a pair of panties, ankle socks topped with lace and pretty pink bows, and Mary Jane's stepped forward. He knelt and before he placed his lips on Apollonia's asshole said, "To my Mistress I give my life. May I serve you with honor. I kiss your ass out of deep respect for you." He placed his lips on Apollonia's anus and before she could react, pushed the tip of his tongue into her asshole. When she did not react negatively, he pushed as much of his tongue into his Mistress' ass as he counted to fifty in his head. He removed his tongue at fifty, moved back, and said, "It is with great honor and humility that I show my submissiveness to my Mistress."

Apollonia pulled up her panties and pants, turned and said to Marco, "Next time ask to use your tongue. Remember who owns you."

Marco fell to a submissive position in front of his Mistress. His arms were spread and his forehead was on the floor. He spoke, "Yes Mistress. I am sorry I offended you. Please forgive me."

Apollonia looked at Ming, smiled, and said, "You're forgiven faggot." She turned to Giuseppe, "Prepare food for four. Howard Cohen and Jon Parks should be arriving shortly. We'll eat upstairs in the solarium. Two wines to compliment what you prepare." She then turned to the faggot and said, "Go to your dungeon. Do not let me see you again until I request your presence; if I do that at all."

Marco Marinelli rose, nodded his head, and without another word made his way to the rear of the townhouse. He opened the basement door, turned to look at Apollonia, and with a tear rolling down his cheek made his way into the basement.

The two lovers took each other's hand and made their way to the elevator. Once in the solarium, Apollonia pulled Ming into her arms and kissed her passionately. They continued to kiss for a good five minutes. When Apollonia broke the kiss she said, "I'm thinking about you and me fucking the faggot until he begs for us to stop. I look at that asshole and all I want to do is rip his cock and balls from between his legs. I hate what he did to Alessa."

"I have a better idea. Why don't we make him frustrated for the rest of his life," said Ming.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"Don't know, but I'd have a surgeon put his balls inside his body and remove the shaft of his penis leaving only the head. He'd have to sit backwards on a toilet to pee and the only way he could satisfy his horniness would be through anal penetration."

"I have to think about that one, but you do think as dastardly as I do."

Both women heard the whine of the elevator rising to their floor. Three minutes later, Giuseppe entered the solarium with a dining cart that had a bottle of red and a bottle of white wine. The white wine was in an ice bucket. There were four glasses, four dinner plates, four salad plates, and silverware. He did not ask where to set the table. He went to the closet and removed a collapsible but very sturdy table. He opened it and set it after moving the small round table and chairs that sat in front of the windows. He carried in four chairs and set them around the table before he put the white linen and lace tablecloth and place settings down. Once he was finished, he nodded to Apollonia, and departed the solarium.

Twenty-two minutes after they arrived, Howard Cohen and Jon Parks arrived. Giuseppe brought them to the solarium and before he departed said, "Food will be up in five minutes."

"Thank you Giuseppe," said Apollonia. She turned to Howard and said, "We'll eat while we discuss the matter that cancelled my day of leisure with Ming."

"It also ruined my afternoon of fun," said Howard.

"Interesting," said Apollonia. "Were you going to enjoy a voyeuristic afternoon?"

Howard did not blush or lower his head in shame. He grinned from ear-to-ear and said, "Yes, with two that I've never met before."

"Jon, should I even ask," said Apollonia.

"Not really," he deadpanned, "but, I did fall into something that for now I'd like to keep private."

"Ah," giggled Apollonia, "love is in the air." She looked out the window for a moment, turned, and said, "Let's sit, have some wine, and after Giuseppe brings the food, we'll discuss why we're here."

Giuseppe returned with the dinner cart. The main dish was a penne pasta with shrimp in a vodka cream sauce. The greens were small salads that consisted of romaine lettuce, tomatoes, scallions, and avocado. He placed each dish in front of the diners. Before he left, he went to Apollonia and whispered in her ear, "Miss Moretti, when you have a chance I would like to have a moment to speak to you about Marco." He stood up, went to the cart, and left without waiting for an answer.

"Bon appetit," said Apollonia. "Ok, Jon, what gives?"

The food was delicious and all parties thought for a moment to eat before they chatted, but as Apollonia filled her mouth, they knew that they would have to eat and talk at the same time.

"I received two unannounced guests very early this morning," Jon said. "The dumb asses knew I was a retired New York City detective, but they still used their come at sunrise early to surprise the perpetrator training. To make a long story short, they were there to question me about the Nassau County DA."

"What did they want?" asked Apollonia.

"They wanted me to confirm that you had purchased a DNA lab and wanted to know why."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. But, I did get that the New York State Attorney General is after Melanie Margolis and her husband." Jon stopped for a moment to eat some of the pasta and shrimp, sip the wonderful full bodied red wine, and then a few full forks of his salad. When he felt he had stopped long enough, he said, "They want to meet. I told them that I had to talk with my sources. That is when the shit hit the fan so to speak."

"In what way?" asked Apollonia.

"They told me they knew it was you who purchased the lab. They knew of the indictment of Mr. Moretti. They even had knowledge of the three DNA kits that were sent to Williamsport. . ."

"SHIT!!!" said Apollonia.

"Not an issue Miss Moretti," said Jon. "They're not after you. They want to discuss a mutual effort. But, I believe they will take a back seat if we can provide them with the results."

"To what end?" asked Apollonia.

"To have the evidence to present to an as yet unnamed special prosecutor and a grand jury," said Jon. "They assured me that they are not after the Moretti family. As one detective said, 'We could care less about how many women Moretti men fuck. All we want is the goods on that self-serving bitch.'

Howard decided it was time to interject. "Apollonia, this could be the entry we need into the Attorney General's Office." Before she could answer or object, he held up his hand to stop her from speaking. "I know we have judges on the state and federal level, but to have the Attorney General's Office sucking at your teat is more than a home run. It is a grand slam. We should contact them and meet. You, Jon, and me. Sorry Ming, but you cannot be part of this. I know you understand."

"I do," said Ming. She knew Apollonia would tell her everything.

"Jon, did you set a time and place?" asked Apollonia.

"Not with specificity," replied Jon. "I hinted that we could meet tomorrow on the island. I assumed that you wouldn't mind finding a neutral place to meet."

Apollonia thought for a minute. She reviewed her expected day and knew that she would need Nathan to keep her sister in line as she figured to hold the meeting before they went to visit Viviano. Apollonia picked up her wine glass and drained it in two big gulps. She put the glass down and said, "Jon, set the meeting for noon tomorrow. Tell the detectives that you'll call them with the venue an hour before. I want to give them a short window of time. I don't need them bugging the place."

"I don't think you have to worry about that Miss Moretti," said Jon. "I will make the call when we're done here."

"Impress upon them a second time, that I will not look kindly upon them if they try to fuck me," said Apollonia.

Jon laughed and said, "If they could, they would, but I don't think they have the guts to try."

Everybody laughed, relaxed, and finished their meal. Howard and Jon bid Apollonia and Ming adieu and made their way down to the first floor.

Apollonia and Ming retired to the love seat where they cuddled until Giuseppe returned to clean up. He made nary a sound as he cleaned the table before he put it away. Giuseppe covered the dirty dishes on the dining cart. He pushed the cart to the door, turned, and said, "May we speak?"

"You can say whatever you want in front of Ms. Zheng," replied Apollonia.

"Yes, Miss Moretti. It concerns Marco, ma'am. He is very conscientious and is a great help to Sienna and me. . . ."

"But," interjected Apollonia.

"He needs time outside and more importantly, he needs release; if you get my meaning."

Apollonia closed her eyes, shook her head, and said with a very 'don't bother me tone with trivial bullshit tone', "Take the cart downstairs. I will be down momentarily and I will have a talk with the faggot."

"Thank you Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe where upon he opened the door and pushed the dining cart down the hall to the elevator. 'At least she didn't bite off my head,' he thought.

Ming turned to Apollonia, kissed her, and whispered, "I know we don't have the time based upon your commitment, but I want to find a place where we can get naked and just make love to one another."

"So do I," said Apollonia. "So do I. But, time will not allow me to slip between your legs and suckle your clit. Your juices would be a wonderful tasting dessert."

"I just got wet," moaned Ming, "but, I know you have to go downstairs and talk to Marco."

"Not Marco," said Apollonia, "he is to be called faggot. And that proper name will not have an upper case f. That asshole is not worth having a proper name that starts with a capital letter." Apollonia released her hold on Ming, stood, and said, "Let's go."

The elevator ride could have been a place for some quiet make out, but when the elevator came to a stop and they exited the cab, the front doorbell chimed. Giuseppe made his way from the back of the townhouse and opened the door crack. He spoke for a moment, but neither of the women could hear what he said. He turned to them and said specifically to Apollonia, "Miss Moretti, there is a young girl here to see you."

Frowning, Apollonia asked, "Who?"

"She would not give me her . . ."

Apollonia made her way to the door. She gently relieved Giuseppe of his duty as gatekeeper, opened the door, and her jaw dropped.

"Miss Moretti," said Pricilla Smith and nothing else. Over her left shoulder was a small travel bag and over her right was a medium sized satchel.

"Come in Pricilla," said Apollonia as she opened the door wider and stepped aside. "What brings you to New York?"

Pricilla Smith stepped into the hallway of the townhouse. She looked around a bit before she placed the small travel bag onto the hardwood floor. Her gaze held Apollonia's eyes. Pricilla unconsciously licked her lips before she said, "I came to see you. I left Texas with the hope that you would take me in. I'm so totally in love with New York City."

Her chuckle belied her anger at the teenager. In as much as she wanted to bed the girl, she had given her explicit instructions to finish school before calling to see if she could return to New York. Apollonia turned to Giuseppe, "Take her bag and put it in the front parlor." She turned back to Pricilla and said, "I gave you specific instructions young lady. And, here you stand in total contravention of my wishes."

Pricilla hung her head and said, "I know Miss Moretti, but I cannot get you out of my head. I think about you twenty-four seven. I dream about you. When I kiss anyone I'm thinking about you. When I masturbate, I think about you. Please, I want you to accept me as yours. You have taken my heart. You have taken my soul. I need to be with you. Please Miss Moretti." Pricilla rambled on, "I can finish high school here. I can attend college in New York. I can even attend medical school in New York. I am in love with you Miss Moretti. I want to serve you and Miss Zheng. You have made me love you and that is all I want when I am not completing my studies for you. Please Miss Moretti."

Astounded at what just came out of her sixteen year old mouth, Apollonia bluntly asked, "Are you still a virgin?"

She did not hesitate nor did she blush, "Yes Miss Moretti. I am still a virgin. Nothing and no one has been inside my body."

"Have you sucked cock?"

Frightened, but strong, Pricilla answered, "Yes, so I could be comfortable sucking Moretti men to orgasm."

"Fuck me," said Apollonia more to herself than to the girl. "Take it up your ass?"

"No. The only sexual things I have done is to give a hand job to two boys. I sucked one boy's cock and that occurred when I believed he deserved it." She paused, thought for a moment and added, "Of course, I swallowed."

Surprised that she admitted to swallowing, Apollonia asked, "Girls?"

Pricilla blushed. She moved her feet as she answered, "I'm infatuated with young girls Miss Moretti. I ashamedly convinced two young girls that I was babysitting to allow me to suck their pussies. I know it was wrong, but they tasted so sweet. . ."

Apollonia's anger was immediate. She slapped Pricilla across her face so hard the sixteen year old fell backwards onto her ass. Ming did not move, but her surprise at Apollonia's quick reaction to her admission made her realize her lover's hatred for pedophiles or anyone who sexually took advantage of a child. Pricilla remained on the floor stunned that the women she wanted to take her virginity just nearly knocked her out. She could not keep from putting her hand to her face, but she had and showed fortitude by not rubbing.

The irate Italian woman stepped forward, leaned down, and growled, "You will NEVER have any form of sexual relations with a child. I hear that you did or I actually witness the act, I will fill your body with drugs and put you out as a one dollar whore. Within days you will be riddled with disease and you will die a horrible death. Do I make myself clear?"

Frightened and scared, Pricilla Smith responded, "Yes Miss Moretti. I understand. I will NEVER have any form of sexual relations with a child. I apologize for my transgression. What I want more than anything is to serve you. I found that my parents are living a lie. They made my life miserable when I returned. I emptied my savings account to purchase a one-way ticket to New York. I have the remaining money in my satchel. I'm here because I'm in love with you. Please accept my apology Miss Moretti. I beg you."

Hearing the young girl plead her apology, Apollonia rose, stepped back, and said, "Stand and follow me."

Pricilla did as she was told. The fear subsided and she found the strength to follow the woman she masturbated about every night down the hall into the back of the townhouse. She froze when she saw Apollonia open the door to the basement. The memories of what happened there flooded back into her consciousness. She stopped short and said, "No, not the basement."

The turquoise eyes changed. Apollonia's face grew hard. Pricilla Smith began to quake inside remembering the sign of Apollonia's rising anger. Her eyes changed to a deep black and only physical movement or the touch of her lover could forestall a nuclear outburst. The teenager looked for Ming, found her, and pleaded with her eyes and the twitching of her muscles.

Ming read the fear and stepped over to her lover. "Appy," she whispered, "can't you see her fear. She remembers what happened down there and is obviously scared because you slapped her face. Please, my love, calm down and at least tell me why the basement."

Apollonia forced the rising anger to subside. She looked at Pricilla as she answered Ming loud enough for the teenager to hear, "I want her to see the faggot. I want to tell her in front of him that if she stays in New York, he will be her lover. She will live here with him. She will have sexual relations with him. . ."

"No-o-o-!!!" cried Pricilla. She fell to her knees, threw her arms around Apollonia's legs, and began to cry uncontrollably. With tears running down her face, snot dripping from her nose, Pricilla begged, "Please Mistress Moretti!!! I will do anything you ask, but do not force me to have sex with him." She picked her head up and looked into Apollonia's eyes, "I'll eat shit for you. I'll fuck any one you tell me to, but please don't make me have sex with him. You called him a faggot and I think even less of him. Please Mistress Moretti!!!"

"You understand that your parents have the last say," said Apollonia. "They send the Texas Rangers after you, I will hand you over in a New York second."

The teenager broke her hold on Apollonia's legs and without wiping her face, said, "They won't be coming. When I confronted them with their bullshit life, they tried to make light of it, but I stood firm. They aren't coming after me. In fact, I truly believe they are happy to have me out of their house and their lives. Please Mistress Moretti!!!"

Ming wrapped her arm around Apollonia's waist, kissed her on the cheek, and said to Pricilla not caring how much her words would hurt, "Neither of us love you. You are nothing more than a pretty girl whose body we want to use and through the love of Apollonia, I got to. I'm not ashamed to admit that I loved it, but Pricilla, I'm not head-over-heels in love with you. And, I know that Apollonia just wants to see your face as she pushes one of her strapless dildos into your virgin hole. Accept that you're nothing to either of us and I will take you home. You will serve me as my maid and in the privacy of my bedroom you will be my sex slave. Your desire to become a doctor ends here when you accept my proposal."

Her voice cracking, Pricilla asked, "W-w-what if I d-d-don't a-a-accept your proposal?"

Chuckles Apollonia responded, "Then you go downstairs and we watch you fuck the faggot. Once you do that, you'll be married to him and you can finish your sexual education. Of course you'll never finish high school or college, because you'll be too busy fucking all sorts of men and women. Since he cannot support the two of you, your whoring will have to bring money into the home. But, Mistress Apollonia will take ninety-five percent of your earnings as rent and living expenses. Basically, you will live the life of a street whore married to a faggot."

Her face showed amazement as she responded, "What you're telling me is I am in a no win situation. Go live with Ming as her indentured sexual servant or live here and be married to a sissy faggot. I should have stayed home and suffered with my asshole parents. At least I would have graduated high school and been accepted to college." Pricilla paused when the whole issue of her coming to New York became clear in her mind. She stood, opened her satchel, pulled out a few tissues, and wiped her face. Her head moved in a negative motion as she realized that she would not be accepted by the woman she loved until she completed high school and was accepted to college; thus completing her tasks as required by Mistress Moretti.

Pricilla regained her composure, straightened her spine, squared her shoulders, and said, "I will not return to Texas. If I have to become a whore to be near you then so be it. I'll go downstairs and you and your lover can watch that faggot take me. In fact, I'll give you a triple treat. I'll suck him off. Then I'll let him fuck me up the ass. And the grand finale will be his taking my virginity as I scream obscenities at him. When he is through I will look at you Mistress Moretti and with all the sweetness I can muster, I will tell you how much I am still in love with you." She nodded her head in the positive, smiled, and said, "Mistress Moretti, lead the way."

Apollonia and Ming were both stunned. Neither of them moved to make their way into the basement. Apollonia could not believe the strength of character Pricilla showed. The girl lost it, regained her confidence, and with conviction accepted her debasement to please the woman she had fallen madly in love with. Apollonia Moretti stepped aside breaking the hold Ming had on her waist. She put her left hand on Pricilla's cheek. The girl did not flinch. Her right hand went to the small of her back. Still Pricilla did not move a muscle in her body. Apollonia pulled her close to her body and placed her lips on the stunned teenager. They kissed with a chasteness that was borne of the teenager's love for the woman that held her in an embrace.

When Apollonia broke the kiss she said, "You will live here as my indentured servant and consort. Ming and I will watch over you. Giuseppe and Sienna will make sure you are enrolled in school and will take the role of your foster parents. The faggot will be instructed to stop, turn, and face away from you whenever you have to pass each other in the hall. He will not be allowed to be in the same room with you unless Giuseppe instructs you to punish him for any and all transgressions. Only you will inflict his punishment no matter how evil and outrageous you think it is. You will graduate and go to college. From there we will see what you have learned."

"Thank you Mistress Moretti," said Pricilla. "I promise to serve you with distinction. I will remain chaste for you. I will get grades and prove to you my worth as a person and a sex partner."

Apollonia turned to Giuseppe, "Bring the faggot up. Meet us in the front parlor."

Apollonia and Ming were seated on the main couch with Pricilla between them. The room did not collapse around them when Giuseppe guided the faggot into the room. He was still attired in a pair of thong panties, white ankle socks with pink bows, and black Mary Jane shoes. The chastity device he was wearing was obvious beneath the panties. When he saw Pricilla sitting on the couch he stopped short and just stared. Giuseppe moved aside and did as Apollonia silently asked. He backed out of the parlor and closed the door behind him.

Apollonia leaned to Pricilla's ear and whispered, "Stand and without a word, I want you to kick him in the balls."

Pricilla did not show any emotion at her Mistress' request. She stood, smiled ever so sweetly at the boy she thought she loved, and although she did not have the training, swung her right foot and with the top of her instep connected with Marco's balls. She watched as he grabbed his crotch, cried out in pain, and fell to the floor crying like a little sissy boy. A feeling of power surged through her body. Pricilla Smith stepped back and sat without saying a word or showing any emotion. She turned to look at her Mistress and just nodded.

"Feels good doesn't it," said Apollonia. She did not wait or want a response. "Look at the faggot. The musclebound cocksucker crying like a little baby. Guess his genitals have not completely healed. And, the chastity device has a stainless steel bar inserted into his urethra. The kick did not make it any easier for him to be wearing that type of chastity device." She stood, stepped to where Marco lay, and commanded, "Stand faggot."

With an effort borne of his genital pain, Marco did as he was told.

Apollonia took him by the scruff of his neck and pushed him in front of Pricilla. She kicked his shaved smooth legs apart and said to Pricilla, "Take his panties down."

Pricilla did as she was told. She pulled his panties down to mid-thigh.

Marco's cock began to rise even though he tried with all his might to not get erect. The chastity device would limit his erection, but not completely stop his cock from growing.

"Pricilla, take his balls in your right hand and hold them, but do not let him think he is getting away with anything close to sexual stimulation."

She did as she was told although she wanted to throw up because she had to touch his genitals. The genitals she witnessed being mutilated in an effort to get him to admit his rape of Apollonia's half-sister. The one thing about Marco's scrotum was its smooth feel due to being hairless.

"Faggot," said Apollonia, "Pricilla is now your mistress. You will stop and turn your back to her when you pass in the hall. You will face the wall. You will not look upon her visage unless you are on your knees begging her to ease up on your punishment. Do you understand?"

He looked at Apollonia but did not answer.

"Squeeze his balls Pricilla and do not be gentle."

Pricilla did as she was told. Because there was a stainless steel ring around his scrotum it was easy for her to take his testicles into her hand. She felt the soft tissue of Marco's testicles bend to the pressure. She held the pressure as he began to cry out in extreme pain and fell to his knees. Remarkably, Pricilla did not release her hold on his testicles. With an athletic ability that surprised both Apollonia and Ming, Pricilla lowered her body to maintain her grip.

"Release your hold," said Apollonia. She looked down at the faggot and growled, "Stand-up!!!"

Marco Marinelli continued to lay on the floor clutching his genitals after Pricilla released her hold. When the pain subsided enough he rolled to his knees, released his handhold on his nuts, and with a bit of an effort rose to his feet. He did not say a word. He stared at Apollonia trying with all his being to not stare at Pricilla.

"I told you something and asked if you understood," growled Apollonia. "Answer me faggot."

Marco knew his new name would be faggot. He also discerned that his mistress was not really going to take care of him the way Giuseppe and Sienna were. Marco closed his eyes, prayed silently, and then said, "Yes I understand, Mistress."

"Pricilla Smith is now your everyday dominant," stated Apollonia. "You will never be in the same room with her; unless, she is punishing you. When she enters a room you will fall to your hands and knees and crawl out of the room. You will do as she says. You will respect her knowing that one misstep on your part will result in your seeing God. Giuseppe and Sienna will be no longer be in control of you and your life." Apollonia looked away from the faggot and whispered, "It will be hard for him to comply, but make him jerk off even though he is wearing a chastity device that will not allow him to," into Pricilla's ear.

Pricilla turned to her mistress and questioned what she said with her eyes. The result shocked her and made Marco cry out for her. Apollonia's right hand flew roundhouse to connect open-handed with Pricilla's left cheek. It was as hard as the slap she endured in the entranceway. Apollonia neared her right ear and growled, "Make him jerk off. Tell him to catch his sissy milk in the palm of his hand so he can eat it in front of you."

"Faggot," said Pricilla, "jerk off, catch your sissy milk and eat it."

Marco Marinelli thought, 'I'd rather have a hot fireplace poker shoved up my ass, then stand here and jerk off in front of Pricilla. But, if I don't, I will go to Jesus a broken soul.' His genitals hurt, but his heart was tattered and torn. The girl he would have given his life for was now his mistress. The hold that Apollonia Moretti had on her was more than enough to get her to humiliate the boy she once loved. 'Time to stand up for myself,' thought Marco. "I will not pleasure myself in front of you three especially since I cannot ejaculate wearing the chastity device you force me to wear. I will not especially play with my cock in front of the girl I'm still in love with. Do with me what you want, but I'd rather be dead than serve as Pricilla Smith's bitch."

Everyone heard the finality of his statement. Apollonia looked through Pricilla to Ming. Their eyes met and in an instant both knew that Marco Marinelli would lose his genitals within the next forty-eight hours. Pricilla sat stunned and as quiet as a church mouse. The street outside was quiet. There was no ambient noise entering the parlor. The silence was in and of itself deafening. To make a point to Marco, Apollonia turned Pricilla's face towards hers and said, "He is going to get his wish. By the end of the day Monday, Marco 'the faggot' Marinelli will be devoid of his genitals. His balls will be tucked inside his body where they will still produce sperm and testosterone. His cock will be shortened so just the head remains. He will sit on a toilet backwards to pee. His only sexual release will come when he is fucked anally. Otherwise, the faggot will not be a man or a woman. His life as he knows it will be over. I assure you as I am sitting next to you, that he will die a horrible death. He will cry out for mercy and none will be given. The faggot will not see his next birthday."

Apollonia stood and screamed for Giuseppe. The elderly man entered, closed the door, and stood waiting for his boss' instructions.

"Giuseppe," said Apollonia, "take the faggot to the basement. Remove the chastity device. Make him masturbate until he cannot masturbate anymore. Then, bend him over a saw horse, tie him there, and use the dildo machine to fuck him until he passes out from fatigue. Then and only then will you take him to his cell, make sure he is nude, and tie him to the bed. Pricilla Smith will be my eyes and ears. Prepare the front room for her on the third floor. You do as she asks no matter how degrading it is. Same goes for Sienna."

Giuseppe bowed his head and said, "Yes Miss Moretti."

"Pricilla," commanded Apollonia, "step in front of me."

Priscilla Smith did as she was commanded.

"Kneel and kiss my superior cunt,"

No hesitation. No fear of what would happen, if anything. Priscilla Smith leaned forward and placed her lips on her Mistress' crotch. The kiss was held for a moment and when it was broken she looked up at Apollonia and said, "I will serve you with all my heart. My body is yours to do with as you please. Thank you for allowing me to serve you."

Ming stood and stepped next to her lover. Apollonia wrapped her left arm around Ming's shoulders, kissed her, and then said to Priscilla, "Remember, you will never attain the position that my Ming holds. As much as I will take care of you, you are nothing more than a lowlife piece-of-shit to me."

A tear formed in the corner of her right eye and tumbled down her cheek. Priscilla did not try to stop it from rolling down her face. She held her stare and said, "If I may be bold and ask; will I ever?"

The two women exchanged glances and it was Ming who answered, "Only time will tell Priscilla. Only time will tell."