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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 162

Saturday Night - Columbus Place - 15 March 2003

Apollonia and Ming returned to Columbus Place shortly after 8PM. Ming helped her lover cover the Ferrari after she had pulled it into the garage. Just after Apollonia pressed the button to close the automatic garage door, she put her arm around her lover's waist, kissed her on her cheek, and said, "Let's go across the street to see the children."

Ming did not answer but allowed her lover to guide her down the driveway and across the street to her sister's house. They entered the unlocked backdoor and made their way through the empty kitchen and breakfast room to the family room. They saw Shen and Lian sitting on the floor playing knock hockey, Carmen and Alessa sitting on the couch watching a Disney movie, and Colina seated in a chair by the patio doors. Apollonia coughed to let them know that they had entered the house. Lian and Shen dropped their small wooden hockey sticks, jumped up, and ran to their mother. Carmen and Alessa remained seated. Colina rose but did not move from where he was sitting.

Ming knelt and hugged both of her boys. She kissed them and whispered that she missed them and loved them. She knew it was close to their bedtime. She stood, took ahold of one of the boy's hand, and said, "I'm taking them home. It is close to their bedtime." She turned to Colina and asked, "Have they been fed?"

Colina replied, "Yes."

With a strange feeling, Ming stepped to Apollonia with the boys in tow. She raised her face signaling Apollonia it was more than ok to kiss her before she departed. Instead of a lip kiss, Apollonia kissed Ming on both her cheeks and her forehead. "I'll be by later," said Apollonia. Ming nodded knowingly and without another word guided her sons out of Apollonia's sister's house.

Once Apollonia heard the backdoor slam, she turned to Alessa and said, "Time for bed young lady."

"I don't want to go to sleep," she whined. "I'm not tired."

Not wanting to hear her childish whining, Apollonia stepped to the couch, put her hands into Alessa's armpits, and picked her up from the couch. She turned and started the trek upstairs to the bedroom the girls shared. "You listen to me good young lady," said Apollonia. "When I tell you to do something, you don't argue with me."

In the shared bedroom, Apollonia undressed Alessa, put on her pajamas, and then into her bed. She pulled the covers up to her chin, leaned over, and kissed her on the forehead. "Pleasant dreams," she said before turning and leaving the room. When she looked back just before she closed the door, she saw that Alessa had fallen sound asleep in less than a minute. 'I knew she was tired,' thought Apollonia as she pulled the door closed.

The family room was quiet except for the Disney movie playing on the television set. Carmen remained on the couch and Colina retook her seat by the small table that sat near the patio doors. Apollonia sensed something and her intuition told her it was not good. She stood in the middle between Colina and Carmen and while she stared at her sissy, she asked, "Colina, care to tell me what happened?"

"Nothing Mistress," replied Colina.

Apollonia saw the glance pass between her sissy husband and her seven year old niece. Neither of them thought anything of it.

"Colina, I gave you specific instructions before I departed today." Apollonia turned her head and stared at Carmen when she asked, "Care to tell me what happened?"

Frightened, Colina slid off the chair, went to his knees, and said, "Mistress, nothing happened. I did as you asked. Carmen rejected my advances. She did not want to go against your wishes for her to become a Moretti woman."

"Then why are you so afraid?"

Colina made the sign of the cross, placed his forehead onto the hardwood floor, spread his arms, and said from the supplicant's position, "I had an accident. Carmen did reject my advances, but when we were sitting together as I tried to have her accept my desire to have sex with her, I ejaculated into my panties."

"You did what?"

Still not moving, Colina repeated, "I ejaculated into my panties. I'm not a pedophile, but the thought of putting my sissy clit into her made me very sexually excited."

Apollonia turned to Carmen and asked, "Is he telling the truth?"

With a bit of hesitation and a frightened look on her face, Carman answered, "Yes."

Apollonia heard it in her one word answer. She stepped over to the couch, leaned down, and said, "Time for you to go to bed young lady. I am going to ask you one more time, is that all that happened?"

Carmen looked to Colina and saw her sissy uncle still on the floor in a known position of supplication. Her fear grew, but she knew what her answer had to be, "I swear aunt Apollonia. Nothing happened."

Apollonia picked Carmen up and carried into the great room. She put her down just in front of the staircase that was closest to the room she shared with Alessa. Apollonia knew in her heart-of-hearts that something had happened. Colina may not have fucked the youngster, but something did pass between them. She decided to take the road of controlled anger at her niece. Carmen felt her aunt's left hand wrap around her throat. Her eyes grew wide when she heard her aunt ask, "Do you want to tell me the truth? Or, do you want to go to bed knowing you lied to me."

Carman broke, "Aunt Apollonia, there was nothing I could do about it. I tried to use Uncle Colina's cumming in her panties to my advantage. It did not work. I promised not to tell you what really happened."

Apollonia smiled, "I am going to take you upstairs to your room. When you are in your bed you are going to tell me everything. If you don't, I pity what is going to happen to you tonight."

Frightened to her core, Carmen turned and walked up the stairs to her room. She opened the door, slipped in quietly, and changed into her pajamas. She climbed into her bed, pulled the covers up, and waited for her aunt. When Apollonia was standing next to the bed, she wagged a finger asking her to lean down so she did not have to speak loudly. Apollonia did as she asked. "Aunt Apollonia, Colina ripped my pants and my panties from my body. She got between my legs and I thought she was going to push her sissy clit into me. Instead, she climbed up to my face and ordered me to suck her cock. I didn't open my mouth. She held my nose so I had to breathe through my mouth. When I opened my mouth, she did not shove her cock into it. Colina masturbated and ejaculated all over my face. She told me she owns me. She took pictures of my face and my privates. Then she forced me to go up to my room, clean up, and come down dressed as you saw me. I swear that is the truth."

Apollonia did not respond to her niece. She placed three kisses on her face, rose, and left the room. From the moment she closed the door to Carmen and Alessa's bedroom until she walked into the family room, Apollonia Moretti knew that if she could have, Carmen Rossi would have fucked her sissy husband. She entered the family room to find her sissy kneeling without his forehead against the floor.

"Stand bitch!!!" commanded Apollonia.

Colina rose to her feet. She did not wobble nor did she ask for forgiveness.

"You did not tell me the whole truth. Care to do so now?"

Colina closed her eyes and knew Carmen had spilled her guts out to her aunt. Colina decided she needed to stake out a position of dominance as it pertained to Carmen and his Mistress' orders. She opened her eyes, squared her shoulders, and said in a strong voice, "I had to show my dominance. My mind and physical being went from being a sissy to being a man. I ripped her pants and panties from her body. I released my erection and placed it between her legs, but I did not touch her with it. Her face showed a modicum of fear which my intuition told me she knew about intercourse. I moved up to her shoulders. I pinned her to the couch and put my cock in her face. I told her to blow me. When she wouldn't, I pressed her nose closed. It worked. She opened her mouth to breathe and I could see the fear in her eyes. I relented, but needed to make my point, so I masturbated and ejaculated all over her face."

"Did you take pictures?"

"Yes. They are still in the digital camera that I put into the end table next to the couch. The table closest to the fireplace."

"I need to know what possessed you to do such a thing."

"She tried to blackmail me because I could not control my sissy clit and my desire to fuck her. That is why I ejaculated into my panties. I am not proud that the thoughts of fucking a child made me hot. I'm not a pedophile. I have no desire to have sexual relations with a child. I am not your parents."

Apollonia nodded knowingly. "Go home. Bring back a change of clothing and something to sleep in. I will wait here for you."

Colina did not respond. She made her way home and returned in twelve minutes. She had a small bag of clothing with her. Colina found her wife standing where she was when she left.

"Put the bag on the couch and kneel before me," commanded Apollonia.

Colina did as she asked. She looked up at the woman she loved wondering what was going to happen next.

"Tonight you sleep in Raffaella and Viviano's bed. Tonight sometime after 1AM you go to Carman's room. You pick her up and bring her to where you are sleeping. I don't care if she screams her lungs out, but you fuck her. You take your sissy clit and shove it deep into her prepubescent cunt. Fuck her multiple times. Don't make her suck

your cock, but use her cunt and asshole multiple times. When I return in the morning I want to see the bed sheet covered in blood. I will not take it out on you if she was a virgin."

Eyes wide open with unmitigated shock, Colina stammered, "Y-y-y-ou're k-k-k-idding. . ."

"No I am not Colina. I know you're not a pedophile. You know I dislike all things dealing with an adult having relations with a child." She saw the look of disdain on her sissy husband's face. "I know you're kneeling there thinking about the Moretti Rite of Passage. I do not consider that pedophilia. The young man that passes that right has already ejaculated and is prepared to learn what being a Moretti man is about. You fucking my niece tonight has no compatibility to a young boy learning how to attain his position in the Moretti family."

"Please my Mistress, I am not a pedophile. I do not want to have sex with Carmen."

"Did the idea of putting your sissy clit into her prepubescent vagina cause you to soil your panties? Then actually doing it should be as close as you are going to get to seeing God. I want you to verbally berate and humiliate her as you take her."

"I don't understand," begged Colina. "She is but a child. What evidence do you have that she is not a virgin? What makes you think that she has been lying to you? She rejected my advances. I saw the fear in her eyes and pain on her face when I was between her legs and holding my sissy clit over her mouth. I agree she tried to blackmail me into providing oral pleasures to her once a day. But, I held firm and taught her a lesson."

"Sorry Colina, but you didn't. You know she willingly had sex with her step-mother. She accepted Raffaella's advances. She spurned yours, but that was after I threatened to force her into a life of prostitution. I believe she is not a virgin. Just like Antonio could not face up to his being a homosexual sissy. You have no choice. You fuck her tonight or I remove your genitals."

Colina knew she was not kidding or making an idle threat. "Yes Mistress. I understand, but I must reiterate that she is only seven."

"With the mind of a twenty-three year old," replied Apollonia. "Now come and kiss your Mistress. I have to go to Mario's house before I go home."

Colina leaned in and placed his lips on the denim that covered his Mistress' genitals. He felt her hand gently press he head and when she released the pressure he looked up and said, "As you wish my lady."

Apollonia smiled and made her way out of her sister's house to her hated father's.

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Mario Moretti stood in front of the two sink vanity thinking how much he missed the love of his life. He pulled open the drawer that used to contain her specialized soaps and wash cloths. Now it contained a few odd items and a small box. Inside the box was an extra key he had made to the lock the secured his chastity device. He did not need to go to a locksmith to have the key made. All he needed was a blank and the rest was child's play to make the key. He opened the box, removed the key, and unlocked the small Master lock. He removed the lock knowing he would have to reverse the process after he awoke in the morning. He placed the lock on the vanity. He looked down at his nicely sized cock, took the shaft in his left hand, and with his right pulled the chastity device from his penis. He groaned as he felt the device's hollow tube slide out of his urethra. Once it was it cleared from the head of his cock, he dropped it in the sink and sighed that his manhood was free of the dastardly device.

The duvet on the bed was rolled back as if he and Lucia were going to sleep together. Although she was dead, he continued to go to be as if she was going to be sleeping next to him. He looked below his bedside table and picked the book that he knew would stimulate him to an orgasm. He got into bed, pulled his pajama bottoms down, and before he opened the book began to slowly massage his cock. Mario did not have to search for the passage that would cause him to drop the book, stroke his cock harder, and ejaculate his seed all over his stomach. He picked up the small book and it fell open a few pages before his favorite passage. His tongue exited his mouth to lick his lips in anticipation as he lay back holding up the book and stroking his cock.

Apollonia made her way into her hated father's house. She passed through the empty kitchen, breakfast room, and peeked into the family room. She walked down the hallway to the great room and when she saw it was empty, she made her way to the staircase closest to her parent's bedroom. Apollonia climbed the steps and when she stepped onto the balcony, she had already decided not to knock on her father's bedroom door. The house was quiet which did not worry her considering her sister was tied up in the basement. She pushed open the door, stepped in, and was surprised to see her father reading a book and masturbating.

"I see you have taken the chastity device off of your cock," she said matter-of-factly. "What are you reading that has gotten you so hard? Living a fantasy or actually remembering one special boy you fucked for the first time. Do you close your eyes and relive the taking of his anal virginity?"

Mario dropped the book and his cock. He just stared at his youngest daughter wondering how she could get into his room with nary a sound to alert him.

"Answer me Mario!!!"

"How did you get upstairs?" asked Mario. He wasn't frightened because he knew both the front and back doors were always unlocked. It was her stealthy entrance that concerned him. He thought, 'How easy it could be for her to creep into the house and murder me. One uber-insane moment and I'm next to Lucia.'

Apollonia approached his bed. She feigned hitting him and instead used her right hand to grab his testicles. She squeezed. He cried out in pain. His cock became flaccid a second after he reacted to the ungodly pain. The pressure was reduced but his balls were still in his youngest daughter's hand. He knew she would unceremoniously torture his genitals until he begged her to stop as he told her what she wanted to know.

"Stop!!!" cried Mario. "I was reading a passage in a privately published story of pedophilia. The part I like to read to stimulate me deals with a man befriending his neighbor's son and ultimately fucking him in front of his bound parents."

Apollonia released his testicles, stepped back, and said, "I bet that allows you to remember a special boy. Probably a boy the same age. Then all you need to do is remember how his ass felt around your cock as you fucked him for the first time. I am right, aren't I?"

Not in the least embarrassed or frightened, Mario responded, "Yes. It allows me to remember the first time I fucked a six year old boy in front of his parents. He was so-o-o- sweet and so-o-o tight. He cried out and then once I was in him, he just moaned as I used his tight boy pussy." He stopped, sat up, and growled, "You know what was even sicker than me fucking the boy? It was his father ejaculating multiple times without once ever having his or his wife's hand stroking his cock."

"You are a sick fuck just like your wife was," growled Apollonia in return. "You had better be careful. Why? All I have to do is make one phone call and I will love to see your face when the jury foreman declares you guilty on all counts. Then the call to the penitentiary and your cellmate will be a big muscular nigger. The first night he will beat your face against the metal of the bunk bed. The result will be the loss of all your teeth. Then as your mouth is bleeding, he will bend you over and unceremoniously fuck your old Italian ass. When you get out of the Infirmary, you will be known as his bitch. Your life in stir will be servicing his big black cock and whomever else he decides to sell you to. What I want from you is the key. Give it to me or I will rip your cock and balls from your body."

Mario rose, entered the master bathroom, and returned with the key. He handed it to his youngest daughter before he returned to sitting on his bed. He looked up at his daughter, reveled in her beauty, and said, "I am not going to put that dastardly chastity device on until I cum several times. Do with me what you want Apollonia. I know my daughter Raffaella is in the basement. I know you had her hog tied to a stanchion. She has been quiet for several hours. If you shoved one of the pointed poles up her ass to see if she could maintain her stance and she hasn't, then I'm assuring you that no matter how much you hate me, I will take revenge on you for murdering your sister."

"The whore?" stated Apollonia. "The loving daughter you forced to suck your cock. The loving daughter you forced to take your cock onto her rectum so she would be able to service the priests of the church. The daughter who could not conceive so you had to go to Italy and bring in a surrogate. Listen to me Mario Moretti. You are nothing. Your life means nothing to me. You want to live, then you suckle my ass. I have things to accomplish, so, jerk off all you want; but, tomorrow morning when I return here to see you; you better be wearing the chastity device."

Responding to his daughter's threat with bravado, Mario said, "And if I'm not? What are you going to do about it?"

The look and smile on Apollonia's face said it all to Mario. He could not stop his muscles from contracting and shivering. Mario Moretti watched his insane daughter turn and leave his bedroom. This cock was flaccid and he had no thoughts of jerking off. He was truly afraid of what would happen to him if he did not install the chastity device onto his penis.

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Raffaella Rossi nee Moretti opened her eyes and knew she was still tied to a stanchion in her father's basement. What was in her mind had to be a dream. Lying naked on the beach. A young girl between her legs. The rising orgasm taking over her body. And, just before she flooded the young girl's mouth with her vaginal juices, she awoke. Her pussy was wet, but her mind and body were not feeling the post orgasmic bliss. She had lost all track of time until the grandfather clock sounded eight chimes signaling the top of the hour. Ten hours tied to the stanchion. If her sister had put the pole into her anus, Raffaella knew she would be bleeding to death. Luckily she did not have to suffer the indignity of dying by sliding down on a sharpened pole. She could not stretch her legs out because of the way she was tied up. Her body hurt. Her mind hurt. Her sexual deviance rose to the forefront to give her some form of relief as she thought of the sweet taste of Carmen's prepubescent pussy.

'How much longer?' thought Raffaella. 'How much longer before my sister returns to end my life or force me to debase and humiliate myself in front of the entire Moretti family? My body aches. I would have thought Mario would have taken pity on me and released me. Dear God, please take me. Do not make me suffer at the hands of my insane sister.'

Finally out loud she screamed, "I HATE YOU APOLLONIA!!!"

"Really," said Apollonia from the bottom of the staircase. She walked past the wine cellar and into the small section of the basement where she had tied her sister to a stanchion.

"Appy, please don't listen to my ramblings," said a dumbfounded Raffaella. "I hurt. My muscles are sore. Please release me. I'm begging you!!!"

The laughter cut right through Raffaella's heart. Her eyes welled up with tears as she listened to her sister's question. "Is Carmen a virgin?"

She repeated the question, "Is Carmen a virgin?" Then Raffaella asked, "Why do you ask?"

"Because I think she has been fucking someone," stated Apollonia matter-of-factly. "I think she is nothing more than a low life child whore. Unlike her older brother who could not face his homosexuality, I believe Carmen has been giving boys her mouth, her ass, and her cunt. I ask you one more time. Is she a virgin?"

"I don't know Appy. I swear."

"How could you not know when you went down on her? You had to see if she was still pure." Apollonia knelt, took her sister's head by the chin, and spat, "If you don't tell me the truth, then I will find out tomorrow morning. I have instructed my sissy to fuck the living shit out of her tonight in your bed. If the sheets are covered with blood then I know she was a virgin. If there is no blood, then I will turn her out to the pedophiles of New York City to use as they please. She will die a horrible death."

"NO-O-O!!!" cried Raffaella. "Apollonia you have to call off your husband. I know he is a sissy, but I also know he still has the ability to get an erection and fuck. He'll kill her. She is a virgin. I know because I saw her intact hymen when I spread her labia. The beauty of going down on her was enhanced by the fact she was pure." Raffaella tried to free herself from her bonds as she screamed, "TAKE ME APOLLNIA!!! CARMEN IS A VIRGIN!!! I SWEAR!!!"

Apollonia watched as her sister broke out into uncontrollable sobbing. The sight of Raffaella bound, crying, and offering her life for her bastard daughter had no effect on Apollonia. She waited for five minutes before she moved to untie her sister. Then she helped her stand and walk to the staircase. They exited the basement arm-in-arm and made their way to the breakfast table. Apollonia helped Raffaella sit in the chair that had been Lucia's before she sat at the head-of-the-table. Raffaella knew the meaning of where they were sitting.

"Are you hungry?" asked Apollonia."

"I could eat, but nothing heavy," replied Raffaella.

"Then I suggest you get your ass out of the chair and into the kitchen. I am sure as hell not going to feed you. You're my bitch. I own you. Your life is dependent upon how I feel at any given moment in time. Hell will freeze over before I lift a hand to aid you."

"But, you just helped me out of the basement. How can you be so cruel to me?"

"I can because you allow it. You're a whore. You're not the biological mother of the children you raised. Your mouth and ass were used as cum dumps. You allowed your father to abuse you. He tried that once with me and never tried it again. Your life means nothing to me Raffaella."

"What can I do to make you feel different about me? Tell me and I will comply. Because, if I have to live fearing your moment-to-moment hatred of me, I would rather kneel before you and willingly accept my death at your hands. No matter what you think of me, I have Moretti blood running through my veins. This family has been together for thousands of years. It will live on forever. No matter how much you fuck up the family, someone, someday will rise and do to you what you did to Mario. As God is my witness, I know it will happen."

"It may or it may not," responded Apollonia. "For now, I am in control and there is nobody capable of removing me from the top of the family. If you're not going to get up to feed yourself, then we might as well continue with this conversation." Apollonia waited and watched. When Raffaella did not move, she continued, "Tomorrow you will accompany me to the private hospital in Great Neck. Your husband asked for you. In fact, the only words he said to me was your name. I will dress you. Nathan will watch over you. He will be instructed to do whatever is necessary to keep you in-line and under control. Do you understand me?"

"Yes. I understand."

"Understand what?"

"I understand Mistress. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

"What I want from you is a sister I can trust, but you're a whore. You should only read what your mother wrote about you in her journals. The history of your life will go down as a black mark in the history of the Moretti family. I only hope you do something so egregious that I have no recourse but end your life."

Raffaella sat bolt upright. She heard what her sister had said. She did not believe a word she said concerning her mother's journals. Strength surged through her body. She pressed her hands on the oak tabletop and pushed her body to a standing position. Her legs supported her weight. Raffaella pushed the chair back, turned, and walked into the kitchen area. She did not have to wonder where things were kept because every house was set up exactly the same. She went to the drawer in the center of the arm of the U that bisected the room to form the kitchen and the breakfast area. Raffaella pulled open the drawer, pulled out one of the serrated steak knives, and showed it to her sister.

"There are eleven knives remaining in the drawer. Are you fast enough Appy? Can you stop me?"

Apollonia remained calm. In all the years of their relationship, her sister never once showed signs of having the strength to end her own life. Her strength to walk to where she stood impressed Apollonia. 'Twelve knives,' thought Apollonia. 'Twelve knives when it would take only the one in her hand for her to end her life. She's fuckin' with me. Let's find out.'

"There is no way in hell you are going to slit your own throat," stated Apollonia as she slowly stood up. "Also, you don't have the wherewithal to throw that unwieldy knife at me and hit me where it would do the most damage. So Raffaella Moretti, what are your intentions?"

It was as if it happened in super slow motion. Raffaella flipped the steak knife so she was holding it by the blade and not the handle. She raised her arm and flung the knife at her sister. Both women watched as the blade tumbled towards its intended target. Apollonia was stunned, but not frozen where she stood. Her training took over. Instead of ducking or moving to the side, she dove towards her sister. Raffaella took her eyes off of her target to retrieve another knife. The time she took to look down was enough for Apollonia to make it across the granite counter and slam her body into her sister's chest. Because her hand was in the drawer, Raffaella had no chance to defend herself and no chance to wrap her right hand around the handle of another knife. The drawer did not fall out of the counter. Both women tumbled to the floor with Apollonia getting the upper hand.

The punch was quick and perfectly placed. Raffaella saw stars, but did not lose consciousness. She felt a hand wrap around her neck. It took a few moments for her to realize that Apollonia was sitting on her chest and keeping her still by using just her right hand to choke her. 'Count to ten and try to free yourself from her,' thought Raffaella. She made it to five before another open handed slap crashed into her face. The pain was more than she could take. Raffaella closed her eyes and cried, "I give up."

"What part of you thought you would have the time to throw fuckin' steak knives at me?" growled Apollonia. "You're just adding insult to injury Raffaella. I am going to stand and you are going to do the same. I am going to return to my seat and you are going to do the same. Or, I can look into your eyes as they grow dim as I choke the life out of you. I'll let you make the decision."

"I said I give up," replied Raffaella. "As it always has been between us Appy, you win."

Apollonia stood. Raffaella stood. Apollonia walked back to her seat at the table and sat. Raffaella smiled lovingly at her sister before she reached into the drawer. She pulled out a steak knife and said, "I was hoping beyond hope that one of these knives would sail into your body. Instead, I stand here thinking about plunging it into my chest just below the sternum. If I use an upward arc, I will pierce my heart. Then I will have taken from you the opportunity to end my life."

"You don't have the balls to commit suicide."

Raffaella stood motionless. The knife was nowhere near the proper position to pierce her heart in a self-inflicted mortal wound. She saw the everyday look on her sister's face. Inside she knew that Apollonia was right. Her

bastard son had more balls than she. Without saying a word, Raffaella dropped the knife. It clattered to the floor. She held her head high as she made her way back to her seat at the oak breakfast table.

"Are you going to take Viviano from me?" asked Raffaella completely out of left field.

"Viviano is in love with you and you will have to explain to him why his son is dead. Otherwise, you will continue to live with him, take care of the girls, and pray to God that I do not shove a skewer up your ass and roast you on an open fire."

"What about daddy?"

"Mario? That is easy. He toes the line and I get him acquitted or the charges dropped completely. He doesn't toe the line and he will be some nigger's bitch in prison. I will see to it. He will continue to live in this house and be the titular head of Moretti Construction. Viviano Rossi will run the company on my behest. You will never leave Columbus Place alone. When you do, you will have Nathan or someone like Nathan with you. You will wear a choker with a ring so your guardian can attach a leash to and a chain will surround your body that will hold your handcuffed wrists next to your body."

The idea of being treated like a prisoner did not faze Raffaella or did not raise a red flag. She asked, "Where are my children?"

"They are not your children. Carmen is your bastard daughter. Alessa is our half-sister, but for all intent and purpose, she is not your sister or your daughter. You will care for them as any good nanny would. I will tell Viviano that he has my permission to take a lover. Hopefully, she will be a young Moretti. You will divorce him. Together they will be able to produce true heirs. To answer your question specifically, Carmen and Alessa are asleep in their room."

"Colina?"

"Is in your bed. At 1AM he is going to take Carmen into bed with him. He is going to fuck her multiple times. If you'd like to watch, just let me know."

"No. I told you she is pure. Why would you do that to her? Why would you break her father's heart, because that is what you'll do? Viviano is her biological father. I am just a person who raised and loved her as my own. If you do anything for me tonight, call Colina and tell him to keep his sissy clit in his panties. If he wants some pussy, let him use me. I really don't give a fuck. You're right. I'm a whore. Trained by our parents to be a whore. You could never do anything wrong. You have always been the chosen one."

"No Raffy, I haven't. I just never rolled over and played dead for them. Mario came to my bed. I fought him and won. Lucia also tried and failed. I wasn't their chosen one. I was the one that forced them to stop trying. You, on the other hand, opened your mouth, your ass, and your pussy to them."

"Mario did not fuck me!!!" Raffaella cried. "Lucia did go down on me, but I could not stop her." Then as if her mind were completely turned off to the abuse of her parents, Raffaella asked, "Where do you want me to sleep tonight?"

"You can sleep on the floor at the end of my bed. Or, you can sleep in your own bed with Colina. Or, you can go upstairs and sleep with Mario. Two out of the three will give some an opportunity to get some cock."

"You are not going to Ming tonight?"

"I was going to, but all this Moretti bullshit has made me angry and tired. I will not take my anger to bed with Ming. I just want to take a shower and get into bed."

Raffaella nodded and said, "Then Mistress, please allow me to sleep at the end of your bed on the floor. Also, please phone Colina and call him off. Tomorrow morning I will bring you to Carmen and I will show you that she is still a virgin."

"Clean up the mess in the kitchen. Then come to my house. I will not call Colina in front of you. I think Carmen has been sucking cock and taking cock up her ass. I will make my decision concerning her deflowering, but you have absolutely no input into my decision."

Apollonia knew she was going to call Ming first and then Colina the minute she arrived home. She rose from her chair, walked to her sister, took hold of her chin, and just stared into her eyes. Apollonia did not say a word. She saw the fear and loathing in Raffaella's eyes as held her head for two minutes before she released her grip and walked out of her hated father's house.