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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 163

Sunday – Moretti Business - 16 March 2003

Raffaella woke before her sister. She heard the gentle inhale and exhale of Apollonia's breath as she lie in her bed. The floor was hard and cold to sleep on, but her new status forced her to learn how to sleep in short bursts and still wake somewhat refreshed. The end of the bed could have provided some warmth if the duvet had cascaded onto the floor as Apollonia slept. It hadn't which meant Apollonia was calm enough that she did not toss and turn while she slept or wake to listen to her environment. *'Should I,'* thought Raffaella. *'I know she is going to do it when she showers, so why not wake her the way I would Viv.'* Raffaella rose to her knees, picked up the end of the duvet, and began to slip underneath to make her way between her sister's legs.

"What the fuck are you doing?" screamed an unhappy Apollonia. She has bolt upright in her bed.

Raffaella exited the rear of the duvet. She knelt at the end of the bed and said, "I was attempting to give you a wake-up orgasm, Mistress. I thought it would be something you'd like me to do Mistress."

The clock next to her bed read 5:23. Apollonia closed her eyes, thought about the day, and said to her sister, "Raffaella, my piece-of-shit sister, take your ass downstairs and prepare me some coffee. No clothing. You're naked as long as you are inside any of the houses on Columbus Place. And if I'm bitchy enough you will be naked outside no matter the weather." Apollonia paused while staring at her sister, made up her mind, and screamed at the top of her lungs, "YOU EVER TRY TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT AGAIN AND I WILL RIP YOUR HEAD FROM YOUR SHOULDERS AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR WHORE'S CUNT. THEN YOU CAN EAT YOURSELF. NOW GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME."

"Yes Mistress," said Raffaella as she bowed her head before she stood and departed her Mistress' bedroom. Her gait out of the bedroom was steady as her mind raced about not being able to serve her Mistress sexually without some gilded invitation being given to her.

Apollonia rose and went through her morning routine except she did not masturbate in the shower. A meeting with two detectives and a trip to the private hospital to see her brother-in-law set the tone for her apparel choices for the day. But, she did not want to get dressed until she had to, so she picked a pair of Ralph Lauren denims, a simple blue chambray shirt, and a navy sweater with thin white vertical stripes. On her feet were a pair of

New Balance running shoes. She placed her business attire, including her dress shoes, in a travel bag and brought it with her to the kitchen.

Not caring what her asshole sister was up to in the kitchen section, Apollonia commanded, "Take this and put it someplace where it will not be forgotten. Then go outside, pick up the newspapers, and bring them in. In the future, that is the second thing you do after getting a pot of coffee started. Coffee first. Newspapers second." Without another word, Apollonia dropped the travel bag on a chair and sat in her chair.

Raffaella did not move fast enough for Apollonia.

At the top of her lungs, "GET YOU WHORE'S ASS IN MOTION OR I WILL FIND THE LYE UNDER THE SINK AND POUR IT IN YOUR CUNT."

Raffaella knew better than to say she was naked and the temperature as just above the freezing mark. She moved from the kitchen to go outside and retrieve the newspapers. When she returned her skin was cherry red from the cold and she shivered uncontrollably. With shaking hands she placed the papers in front of her sister.

"What the fuck," said Apollonia. "The papers are placed on the small table next to the counter just outside the bay window. The only paper placed on the table next to my place setting is The New York Times. I know Colina is not here to train you, but you've been in this house more times than I care to think about. You should know my routine. Every mistake you make adds to the negative side of your life ledger."

"Sorry Mistress," said a contrite Raffaella. "Please allow me go bring you a mug of hot black coffee. Then I will make whatever you want for breakfast."

"I'm not eating breakfast. I will have my coffee as I arrange my day. You will sit and have your coffee. If you want something to eat you may."

"Thank you Mistress," said Raffaella.

Apollonia made her first call to Nathan and told him to make his way to Columbus Place as soon as humanly possible. She apologized for not calling him earlier and knew he would make haste coming to Lawrence from the city. Her next call was to the private hospital to find out Viviano's status. She was closed mouthed during the conversation and just before she ended the call reiterated that she would be there by three with visitors. The final call awoke her attorney. She confirmed that they were scheduled to meet the detectives, but needed the time and place. Her attorney confirmed that she will have the time and place before 9 AM.

Raffaella brought two mugs of coffee. She set the black coffee in front of her sister and waited to be told where to sit. Apollonia pointed the seat facing the kitchen area. The sisters sat for a few minutes sipping their coffee. Apollonia perused The New York Times. She decided the president was going to take the country to war. She would need to make a few phone calls to see what could be done to make the Moretti family some unconscionable amount of ill-gotten gains off the persecution of the war in Iraq. It was still March and baseball season did not open until April 1st. Spring training was in full force and she had already placed her money on the teams she knew would never make it or win the World Series. The sports season she waited for every year was professional football.

It then hit her that she had not heard from her uncle in Italy. She picked up her phone and made the call not caring about the time difference. Her uncle answered and cleared his head when he heard her voice. He confirmed that the Vatican was still without food, water, and electricity. The only working phone was the Pope's personal cellular phone. Apollonia reiterated that it was imperative that the pope come to her, kiss her ass, and then and only then would she think about opening the flow of goods and services back into the Vatican. Apollonia wondered if the assholes that were in power would finally see the handwriting on the wall and cower to her power over them.

"Was that Uncle Donaldo?" asked Raffaella.

"Yes."

"May I ask what the status is with the church?"

"Of course you may. The church is still there and Uncle Donaldo just told me there are many Cardinals and Bishops with never ending erections hoping that the pope will settle the schism with the Moretti family so they can have use of the Moretti whore of choice. I believe they walk around the grounds moaning '*Raffaella*.'"

"You're fuckin' with me," said Raffaella. "All I wanted was an update. Those assholes did put Viv in the hospital. Those assholes almost took him from me."

"They haven't taken him from you. I have taken him from you. He's not going to sleep in my bed. I have no designs on him, but I will allow him to find a younger Moretti woman to take as his lover. He need not marry her. All he needs is a fertile womb to accept his precious seed. You will stand by and watch as he creates his children that will succeed as true Moretti offspring. His cock will never be inside you. The only cocks you will have will belong to octogenarian scions of the church. Your pussy will provide a warm place for their penises and their even more useless seed."

Not batting an eyelash or showing anger, Raffaella said, "If that is what you want, then so be it."

Frustrated, but knowledgeable of her sister's ability to maintain a level of aloofness when they spoke, Apollonia decided to open what would be a wound so deep her sister may even fall to her knees and beg to be murdered like her mother. To make her point, Apollonia rose from the table, walked into the great room, and returned with one of the many journals her parents had written. She showed her the black bound book knowing Raffaella understood what was in her hands. Apollonia looked at her sister, opened the book, and read:

Thursday – May 10, 1979

Today was Raffaella's fourth birthday. We had a small party in the afternoon with her friends from preschool. The children loved the clown, the rides, and most of all the ice cream cake in the shape of Oscar the Grouch in his garbage can. When everyone was gone, I had whispered to Mario that I was fertile and it would be a good time to try and have a second. He smiled at me, kissed me on the cheek, and said absolutely nothing. I could not understand why. Later that night, I found out.

I was in bed at nine. Mario usually followed around ten. By eleven he was not next to me. I wondered what was keeping him. I decided to check to see where he was. As I exited our bedroom, I saw the door to Raffaella's room was ajar. The moonlight coming through her window was enough for me to see into the room. I crept up to the door and looked in. I was shocked and titillated at the same time. I never thought I would become sexually excited witnessing the abuse of my four year old daughter.

Mario had his cock out of his pajama bottoms. It was hard. He was jerking off as he looked upon his sleeping daughter. I moved my head to see more and was mortified to see his left hand gently rubbing my daughter's naked pussy. I wanted to run into the room and stop his insanity, but I felt something that caused me to take a step back.

My pussy was wet. My panties were soaked in a matter of seconds. I unconsciously put my right hand between my legs and began to masturbate as I watched my husband jerk off while playing with his daughter's pussy. This was our child. She had to remain pure to be a Moretti wife. But, there I was witnessing her abuse and getting turned on. I did not wait to see him ejaculate. I returned to my

bed. I needed to talk to my husband, but I knew he would deny what I saw. I closed my eyes and kept myself from crying. Why? I was fingering my cunt and playing with my clitoris thinking about how I needed to tell Mario that I wanted to suck Raffaella's prepubescent pussy.

Twenty minutes after I witnessed the abuse of my daughter, Mario came to bed. He rolled next to me and kissed me. He took my hand and placed it on his cock. He took my hand and began the moving it up and down his rising manhood. It grew hard and I knew he wanted me. My pussy grew wet. I relaxed my legs and opened them inviting him to take me. He did not hesitate. I felt his rampantly hard cock enter my body. No foreplay. Just a single push and he was in balls deep.

I moaned and said, *"Fuck her Mario."*

He did not move. His cock was still balls deep in my body. He looked at me with a quizzical look on his face.

"I saw you. I saw you playing with Raffaella's pussy as you jerked off. I saw you and I became wet. I returned to our bed before you finished. I masturbated thinking about what you were doing and how much I want to suck her hairless pussy."

He looked into my eyes and did not move. His cock twitched in my cunt. His face was placid. He showed no emotion.

"You're a pedophile. An incestuous pedophile. I know it now. I watched you jerk off over your own flesh and blood. I have held back from having any form of sexual encounters with our daughter. I believe you know that I have indulged my desire for young girls. I want my daughter. I want her before you take her virginity. I know you want to fuck her. I saw it as you played with her pussy. Fuck me as you would fuck her and when you're done we'll talk about the future."

Mario did not hesitate. He fucked me hard and when he spewed his seed into my fertile womb he moaned "Raffaella" to my chagrin and my desire.

"Enough," cried Raffaella. "You made that up!!! Daddy did not start abusing me on my fourth birthday!!! That is a lie!!!"

Apollonia did not release her hold on the journal as she turned it to face her sister. "Look Raffy," said Apollonia. "Look at the handwriting. It is Lucia's. On Thursday, May 10, 1979, Mario Moretti stood next to your bed and masturbated as he played with your four year old pussy. There is more. Want to hear it. I'll gladly read anything about your abuse at the hands of your pedophile parents. That asshole in the house next door ruined you."

"Ruined me? How could he have ruined me? I was born without any capability of bearing children."

"NO!!!" cried Apollonia. "You were not infertile at birth. On your fifth birthday, Mario Moretti took your virginity. Your mother sat on the bed as he pushed the full length his adult cock into your child's body. He did not care what he was doing to you inside. His cock pushed into your womb and tore it. Lucia and he saw the blood but did nothing to help you until he had fucked you three times. Then they had to wait before they could call one of the Moretti doctors. At the age of five you were given surgery that would allow you to pass through puberty, but not have the ability to bear children. You wanted the truth. Now you know. The man you call daddy fucked you so hard, when you were no more than a baby, he ruined your ability to conceive. To cover their tracks, they had the doctor eliminated, and you were turned into a child whore for the church."

Raffaella's head hit the tabletop as she moaned and cried. Her life was ruined because her parents were dirt bags. The Moretti family as she was taught growing up did good things for people. Sure they had a side that was not legal, but what they did for the unfortunate outweighed their underhanded illegal activities. The Moretti connection to the Catholic Church was inviolate until the recent incident. Her insides were tightening with uncontrollable anger at the man she allowed to use her body. She thought he loved her and was showing her love under the guise of teaching her Moretti mores, morals, and ethics.

Her head rose from the table. Raffaella Moretti looked hard into her younger sister's eyes. She did not show any emotion. Her voice was calm yet forceful when she said, "Apollonia, my younger sister, the blood of my blood, I am truly sorry for all I have done. I will never again doubt you. I will unhesitatingly follow your orders out of my love for you. Please allow me back into your heart. I know you do not want Viviano, but I would love to see your belly grow with his child. I will remain your slave and servant, but all I ask is the ability to do Mario what you did to Lucia."

Apollonia rose from her chair. She moved next to her sister and pulled her head to her body. She gently rubbed the back of her head. Inside she knew her sister was not at fault for anything that had happened between them. Raffaella thought her father loved her when, as she just found out, all he wanted was to fuck her prepubescent pussy, ass, and mouth. The family needed to heal the wounds of the past few months. The church had to be taken to task for their unbridled attempt to end the Moretti family's financial support of all things legal and illegal that the church foisted upon the world. Apollonia leaned down and kissed her sister's head.

"Raffaella Moretti," said Apollonia, "you are not responsible for your inability to conceive. But, you are responsible for your bastard son's death as you are responsible for coaxing Carmen into having sex with you. If you are truly a product of our parents and you harbor a desire to have sex with children, admit it to me now. If you don't admit it and I find out that you lied, I will look into your eyes as I choke the life out of your body. I will orgasm as I see the light of life dim and leave your eyes cold lifeless orbs."

"Apollonia," sighed Raffaella, "I don't know what happened. I swear. I have lived my life surrounded by sexuality that is considered normal and deviant at the same time. I reveled when I saw my bastard son fuck a girl for the first time after passing his Moretti Rites of Passage. I cried when I found out his biological father raped his ass because he was mad that he would not or could not face his homosexuality. I don't know what to say to you Apollonia. I did have sex with Carmen. I loved every moment of it, but if I were allowed to suckle your pussy with regularity, maybe I would not have been pushed to have sex with Carmen. What I will tell you and I will go to my death to prove it to you is that Carmen Rossi is a virgin. I believe with all my heart she is not being forced to have sex with boys from the public school across the street."

"What intelligence do you have to be so certain?"

"I don't have human intelligence, but I see how she is with Alessa. I know they have in their own way spoken about what had happened. Carmen was and I believe still is heartbroken over it. I also believe her bravado is a cover for her loving nurturing personality. That being said, I ask you again to allow me back into your heart. Give me the opportunity to prove that my fealty is bound to you. I state emphatically that I am not a pedophile. I am sorry for all that has happened and I shall repent every day for my transgressions."

"Will you allow Viviano to take a young Moretti lover into your bed? Will you allow him to produce heirs that will not be of your body? Will you serve them as you would serve me?"

Raffaella closed her eyes, but knew her sister could not see because she was standing over her. When she opened them, she looked up, and said, "To have the ability to take my pound of flesh against the asshole that ruined my ability to be a mother, I will unhesitatingly do as you ask. I will gladly allow Viviano to bring a young Moretti girl into my house and bed. I will serve them as I will serve you, my Mistress."

Raffaella followed her sister across the street to her house. She was naked per her sister's orders. It did not occur to her to ask her to be allowed to wear clothing since their partial truce was negotiated. Apollonia entered the house and heard someone, most likely Colina, clattering around in the kitchen. She turned into the kitchen from the rear hallway to find Colina cleaning the kitchen and the children nowhere to be found.

"Colina, where are the girls?" demanded Apollonia.

"They are upstairs in bed, Mistress."

"You let them sleep late?"

"I woke them, but the both whined so I decided to give them a few more minutes. But, that has turned into an hour-and-a-half."

Colina looked at Raffaella and saw that she was naked except for her heels. She could see she was shivering from the cold. Colina decided to take pity on his sister-in-law. "Mistress would it please you to allow me to get some clothing for Raffaella? I can see she is shivering and I know you do not want her to catch a death of a cold. Please?"

Deciding to be an asshole, Apollonia asked, "Did you fuck Carmen last night?"

Raffaella froze. Colina knew he had received a call telling her not to engage in any sexual activity with Carmen. She looked at Raffaella and back to his wife and Mistress. She frowned, started into her Mistress' eyes, and said, "Yes, I fucked her every which way from Sunday. You can go upstairs into Raffaella's bedroom and see for yourself. The sheets are covered in blood and sissy milk. I fucked her mouth twice. I fucked her ass three times. And just before I came downstairs to clean the kitchen, I had just finished fucking her pussy for the tenth time. I have no idea how I have the strength to stand here and clean Raffaella's kitchen."

Apollonia did not react negatively. Her sissy husband's humor came out in a way that expressed her sarcasm for having to answer a question that was stupid to be asked in the first place.

"Ok bitch," retorted Apollonia. "Please bring them downstairs even if they are not dressed but in their pajamas." She turned to her sister and said, "Go upstairs and get dressed."

Colina returned with the girls. She had them sit at the table and asked if they wanted something for breakfast. They both nodded and Colina assumed that cereal and milk would suffice.

Apollonia sat at the head of the breakfast table. She looked at the girls and said, "Everything is going to be just fine. Both of you will stay here today with Colina. Most likely Shen and Lian will be here for the day. I expect both of you to be on your best behavior. If the boys are not here, then you listen to Ming and if I find that either of you did not. . ." Apollonia took her index finger and ran it across her neck signaling to the girls that she would decapitate them for not listening to either Ming or Colina.

Carmen answered for both of them, "We will Aunt Apollonia. I promise."

Colina brought two bowls of cereal and spoons to the girls. They ate their breakfast without saying a word.

Raffaella returned to the breakfast room wearing jeans, a shirt, and a sweater. She asked her sister, "Should I bring dress clothing for when we visit the hospital?" She hesitated a moment and asked, "Will I be part of the meeting?"

"Yes you will need proper clothing for our visit to the hospital. No you will not be part of the lunch meeting," replied Apollonia.

Raffaella nodded and returned upstairs to gather something more appropriate for visiting the hospital and her husband. She returned to the breakfast room to find the girls at the table sitting quietly while Apollonia wrote notes on a pad. She finished putting her thoughts on paper, tore it from the pad, folded it, and put it in her handbag. She rose and said to Raffaella, "Come with me to Mario's."

Jon Parks awoke to find his hand lying between the Rene's legs. His middle finger was inserted into her pussy as it had been when they had fallen asleep after engaging in a night of simple coitus. He gently removed it and looked at the time on the clock radio next to his small bed. He saw the time and groaned. It was later than he expected. He rose from the without waking Rene. He exited the small bedroom, found his cell phone, and checked for incoming calls. He was interested in finding calls from JoAnne Hingle. None were marked as received in the call list.

Jon made the call. It immediately went to voice mail.

"This is Jon Parks. I expected to hear from you concerning the results of the retesting of the DNA kits. By the time on my phone, I will assume you have not adhered to my admonition and are attending church rather than working on confirming the results of prior DNA tests. Please return my call ASAP."

Jon hung up the phone and immediately dialed Apollonia.

"This is Apollonia."

"Miss Moretti," said Jon, "sorry to bother you so early in the morning, but I believe the Hingles are not working as diligently as we expected."

Her voice showed her concern, "How so?"

"I bluntly told her not to attend church this morning. I called and her cell phone went immediately to voice mail. I suspect she is with her family and employees at church. She guaranteed me that she would forego church to work on the DNA samples."

"What are you asking me to do?"

"How fast can you arrange a private jet for me to take to Williamsport?"

"To what end?" asked Apollonia.

"I intend to walk into the church and drag her out by her hair and transport her to the lab. With the detectives breathing down your neck, it is imperative we have something for them by the meeting today."

"Do you know the time of the meeting?"

"No, but my gut tells me they'll be available by noon today. Just give me the name of a restaurant you trust and I will make it happen before I leave for Williamsport."

"I know the owner of Benny's Ristorante in Westbury. I will make the call and arrange a private table for the meeting. I expect that Howard will be in attendance. If you really think you need to go to Williamsport, I will call the airport. How fast can you get to Long Island?"

"Better than that, can you arrange a helicopter to take me from the city to Republic Airport?"

"Done."

Jon ended the call and as he turned to return to his bedroom to get dressed Rene Gastineau stood stark naked in the doorway. Inside Jon wanted to jump her bones, but he knew he had to make haste to get to the East side heliport. Rene was honed in on one thing and one thing only. She wanted his cock, his cum, and his mouth on her pussy after he ejaculated. She smiled evilly at him.

"Sorry Rene," he said, "but I have important business to take care of. It means I have to be on the East side within minutes. I do not have time to fuck you and eat you. It will have to wait until I return."

Hurt but understanding, "Do I have to leave?"

"If you promise to keep to yourself and out of my personal business, which you know is spread all over the apartment, you may stay. If you're going to get nosey, then I'm going to have to ask you to leave," he said.

Rene stepped to Jon, wrapped her arms around his neck, and pressed her lips to his. She opened her mouth and invited his tongue in. Jon did not refuse her, but he did not let the kiss explode into a sexual encounter.

"Enough," he said when he broke the kiss.

"Not really," cooed Rene, "but I accept that you trust me enough to stay here. If I leave, I will lock the door behind me and ask you to call when you return so I can finish what we just started."

Jon nodded his head in agreement. He entered his bedroom and put together a casual, yet functional, attire that would allow him to carry his Glock and a small Smith & Wesson .38 on his ankle. He was not worried about being stopped at the heliport or the airport because he was travelling on private aircraft.

Thirty-five minutes later, Jon Parks was strapped into a comfortable leather seat on a Gulfstream 650. The plane was wheels up in less than five and the pilot advised Jon that he had direct clearance to the airport in Williamsport.

Mario Moretti was in bed when his daughter's entered the master bedroom. He was not sleeping. He was not reading a book. He was sitting staring out of the window. When the girls entered he did not move nor did he acknowledge their presence.

Apollonia stepped to the bed and pulled the duvet back to reveal Mario's nakedness. Her eyes went immediately to his genitals to see if he had reinserted the chastity device and secured to his genitals. His nicely sized cock remained unencumbered by the dastardly device.

"So, I see you decided to take your chances by not adhering to my command to put the chastity device back onto your cock," said Apollonia.

Mario turned his head, smiled, and said, "I don't care anymore Apollonia. Do to me what you want. In fact, why don't you call one of the Moretti surgeons to come here and remove my junk so you can have it placed between your legs? It seems you've always wanted a cock. Now is your chance to have one."

"Funny," replied Apollonia. "I am very happy with my sex and my sexuality. I'm not a pedophile. You know what I did last night?"

"I can only imagine," replied Mario.

"I read a portion of Lucia's journal to Raffaella. In fact, I read the passage from her fourth birthday. Do you remember that day?"

Mario's face froze. He scrunched his face as he thought about what had happened so many years ago. His mind played tricks on him as he tried to remember how old Raffaella was when he fucked her for the first time. His cock began to grow against his wishes. His hand went to his crotch to try and stop the growing erection. His attempt was proving futile.

With some sadness in his voice, he said, "I don't remember."

"Lucia caught you jerking off as you played with Raffaella's prepubescent pussy," said Apollonia. Then with a bit of venom in her voice she growled, "Then you returned to your bed, fucked your wife, and moaned Raffaella's name as you pumped your Moretti seed into her cunt. She admitted to you that she had tasted little girl pussy and wanted you to refrain from fucking Raffaella until she had enough time to kiss and suck her own daughter's pussy. Do you remember now asshole?"

With eyes closed, Mario said, "Yes. I didn't fuck Raffaella until her fifth birthday."

"Correct," growled Apollonia. "When you fucked your five year old daughter, did you know what you did to her? Do you remember anything about that night?"

Mario shook his head in the negative.

Raffaella could not stand by and watch her father deny his actions that resulted in her infertility. She pushed past her sister, reached down, and grabbed her father's balls. She squeezed them so hard Mario screamed and released his morning bladder onto his bed and her hand. Raffaella released his balls and wiped her piss coated hand on his face. Mario did not fight back. His balls weren't crushed but they were badly bruised.

"YOU FUCKIN' PIECE-OF-DOG-SHIT!!!" cried Raffaella. "YOU PUSHED YOUR COCK SO FAR INTO MY LITTLE BODY YOU TOOK MY ABILITY TO HAVE CHILDREN AWAY. I MORE THAN HATE YOU!!! I LOATHE YOU!! IF I HAD PERMISSION FROM MY SISTER, I WOULD TAKE YOUR LIFE RIGHT HERE AND RIGHT NOW!!!"

"Please Raffaella," cried Mario. "I did not know that I hurt you that badly. Lucia and I saw the blood. We thought it was your hymen. We had no idea that I had ruptured your womb. If I knew..."

Raffaella grabbed his cock and twisted. "YEAH," she screamed, "SURE!!! THAT IS WHY YOU FUCKED ME THREE TIMES BEFORE YOU ALLOWED LUCIA TO CALL A DOCTOR TO ATTEND TO MY RAVAGED PUSSY."

"No-o-o!!!" cried Mario. "No more. Please release my cock. Please Raffaella!!! I'm so sorry!!! You have to believe me!!!"

Apollonia tapped her sister on her shoulder, "Release his cock, Raffy."

The irate oldest daughter of Mario Moretti did as her Mistress asked. She stepped back from the bed and just stared red-faced at her now hated father. Mario Moretti grabbed his crotch and moaned as the pain subsided.

"Listen to me and listen to me good," said Apollonia. "I am going to call the family and we are going to meet this Thursday. I will bring everyone up to speed about your attempt to retake your position of power. I will reiterate that I am the de facto head of the Moretti family worldwide. To prove that you are no longer able to function as a man, I will remove your cock and balls in front of the family. If you are convicted for murder, you will live the rest of your life in prison as a bitch to some brutal nigger. Do you understand me?"

"Please Apollonia," begged Mario, "I will make up for my transgressions. If you remove my genitals in front of the family, I will have to accept their cocks up my ass as I am bleeding. It is part and parcel to my ruination and you know that I could die right then and there. I'm begging you to allow me to serve you and allow me to accept any punishment you deem necessary to keep me under your thumb. But, don't emasculate me in front of the family. I'm begging you!!!"

"Where is the chastity device?"

Mario rolled to the side of the king sized bed, opened the drawer on the night table, and removed the small box that held the dastardly device. He handed it to his youngest daughter.

"Raffaella," said Apollonia. "I am going to go downstairs and wait while you insert and lock the chastity device onto Mario's pedophile penis. I want to hear him scream in pain as the tube transverses the length of his useless cock. You are not to use any form of antiseptic or anesthetic."

"Yes Mistress," said Raffaella with a glee in her voice that scared the living shit out of her father.

The Gulfstream 650 made the flight from Long Island to Williamsport in under sixty minutes. Jon Parks was more than surprised that the Moretti family had the connections to clear the airspace between the departure and destination airports. He deplaned and waiting on the tarmac was a black 2003 Mercedes Benz SL500. The rental agent handed him the keys and did not ask him to sign any contract. Jon knew the Moretti family probably owned or backed the company that provided the car.

Jon opened the small briefcase, pulled out the piece of paper that contained the name and address of the Hingle's church. He opened the local map and with his index finger drew the route from the airport to St. Joseph the Worker Parish. He started the car, put it into first gear, and sped off the tarmac and onto the road leading to his destination.

Thirteen minutes later, he parked the SL500 illegally in front of the church and exited the vehicle. He strode up the steps to the large front doors. He opened the right door and stepped into the sanctuary. The room was exquisite for a church in the middle of nowhere Pennsylvania. He made his way to the center aisle, stopped at the last pew, and searched the congregants for the Hingle family. They were sitting in the second pew from the front on his left. He was not surprised that they were so close to the front of the sanctuary. The priest noticed him, but did not stop his sermon.

Jon Parks pulled his Glock 19 from his holster and walked with authority to the front of the sanctuary. He stopped next to the pew where JoAnn and Dennis Hingle sat with their children. He did not say a word as he reached for JoAnne's hair and pulled. She grabbed for his hand but was too slow and inexperienced to defend herself. Jon literally pulled her by her hair from the pew.

"I fuckin' told you to work on the project and not attend church," he growled.

JoAnne Hingle screamed. The congregants sat frozen in their pews. The priest was at a total loss as to what he should do. She tried to fight, but stopped when she felt the barrel of Jon's Glock press against the side of her head. How she did it she could not fathom, but she calmed down and said, "Please don't shoot me."

"I'm not going to shoot you, you fuckin' cunt," growled Jon. "What I am going to do is drag your fuckin' ass out of this church to the lab. You will scream to your husband and all of your employees to follow. If they don't, I will shove the barrel of my gun up your cunt and pull the trigger. I fuckin' told you not to mess with your benefactors."

JoAnne Hingle pissed herself. She came within seconds of shitting her pants. She saw her life pass in front of her eyes. Her decision to attend church backfired in the worst possible way.

She begged for her life, "Please do not shoot me!!! I will do as you ask!!! Just let me have someone take care of my children and the children of my employees. I'm begging you. There are innocents here. I did what I did out of my love for Jesus. I was wrong. Give me the opportunity to prove that my benefactors made the right decision when they opened their wallets to save our lab. To enable Dennis and me to continue our good work. Please, not in front of the children!!!"

Jon released his hold on her hair. He stared hard and cold into her eyes. He saw the fear. "Stand. Then point to those that need to accompany you to the lab."

JoAnne did as he commanded. Her husband and ten others stood and made their way to the center aisle of the church. They stared at Jon, frozen where they stood, waiting for instructions.

Jon Parks looked at the priest and said, "One word to the authorities and you will be charged with hundreds of counts of pedophilia. You have once chance to get this right. When we depart the church you will take care of the children that are belong to the people coming with me. To you other congregants, the same admonition is given. The difference is that you will suffer greatly if you say one word to anyone about what you have witnessed here this morning."

"Let's go," he said to JoAnn.

Like lemmings headed to the sea, they followed Jon out of the church.

Apollonia forced Raffaella to her knees in the great room of Mario's house. She put her hand under her chin and forced her to look up at her. Fear was in her eyes because Raffaella did not understand what she had done wrong, if anything.

"Today, I have a very important meeting at noon. You will be with Nathan and you will not cause him any problems. I will instruct him to physically harm you to keep you in line. Obey what I am telling you and you will have removed a few of the negative demerits on your life's ledger. I am not going to force you to suck his cock. I am not force you to fuck him. But, if you do anything to fuck up this day, especially when we visit Viviano, I will turn asunder our fledgling truce and I will have the family meeting watch you sink down on the pole that I will insert into your ass. Do you understand me?"

"Yes Mistress. I do," said Raffaella. "I am not at odds with your Apollonia. I am thankful that you have given me the truth about what my father and mother did to me. I only ask that I be given the opportunity to end his life, if you so decide, as you did to our mother. I will forever be in your debt. All you have to do is ask and I will perform."

Apollonia released her hold on her sister's chin and said, "Go to your house. Be with Carmen and Alessa. I am headed to Ming's." She turned to walk out of Mario's house, stopped, and said, "Nothing is to be said or done to Colina. If I hear or find out that you said or did one thing to her, I will rip your heart out through your cunt."

"Colina has nothing to worry about, Mistress. She is as important to me as she is to you."

Apollonia departed Mario's house, walked down the middle of Columbus Place, and entered Ming's house through the open backdoor. To assure Ming that nothing was out of the ordinary, Apollonia held the door, but still allowed it to make a sound loud enough to alert her lover.

Ming stood from the breakfast table and walked to the hallway. She turned and looked at her sons, smiled, and put her index finger to her lips making the sign to keep silent. When Apollonia was just at the entrance to the kitchen, Ming crossed into the hall and wrapped her arms around her lover's waist. She pressed her body to her lover's and raised her face for a kiss. Apollonia did not hesitate. Her pussy immediately grew wet. Her body tensed as she felt Ming's small breasts press into hers.

When they broke the kiss, Apollonia whispered, "I love you and I'm sorry for not spending the night between your legs sucking your sweet Oriental pussy. I have things that have to be accomplished today and I want more than anything for you to be by my side. I want your strength to fortify mine. I have to be focused, but know that in my heart-of-hearts, I want nothing more than to make endless love to you."

Ming smiled, licked her lips, and said, "I love you too Apollonia Moretti. After yesterday, I am desirous of your endless love. But, I have two young boys to care for. I will not leave them today. I need to be with them. Last night I masturbated and to my horror, Shen came in as I was moaning your name. I had to sit with him and explain that what he saw was not a bad thing. I need to be with them. I know Shen said something to Lian. They're brothers and I know they share everything. I know you remember when I told you I caught them playing with each other's penis. I am. . ."

Apollonia laughed, but not a laugh of derision, but one of love. My sweet Ming. You do not have to make excuses. I know you need to be with Shen and Lian. Our lives are intertwined and I will not ever tell you not to be with them. I feel they are a part of me. I know they did not pass out of my body, but I love them as if they did."

"I don't know why I just said what I did, but I have to add that seeing Pricilla yesterday brought back a flood of memories," said Mind. "Memories that I know could lead to things I do not want to think about ever happening. Do you understand what I am trying to say to you Appy?"

Her hand touched her lover's face. "Yes Ming I do. Pricilla was and is something special to you. But, you have to remember she was legal. She has attained the age of consent. What transpired between you two is not illicit under the eyes of the law. Either way, if anything untoward was to arise, you have nothing to worry about. I would take care of everything."

"I know, but. . ."

"But nothing," said Apollonia. "I have the lunch meeting and then I am taking Raffaella to visit Viv. You do what you need to do. In fact, if you want, why don't you talk to Colina and arrange Sunday dinner. I want the entire family together tonight. In fact, we'll eat at my place."

"I love you," whispered Ming.

Apollonia let her right hand slip to Ming's left breast. She gently squeezed it before she placed her lips on Ming's in a chaste kiss. "I love you too, Ming Zheng. I will see you later my love. Kiss the boys for me."

Apollonia turned and made her way out of Ming's house and across the street to her sister's.

Just as Apollonia entered her sister's kitchen, the gatehouse phone rang. Colina answered and said, "Yes, she just entered." She pulled the handset from her ear and held it out pointing it towards Apollonia.

Apollonia frowned, took the handset, and said, "This is Apollonia."

She listened for a few seconds before she blew up at the guard, "Listen asshole, you've worked here for two years. If I have told you once, I've told you a million times, the African-American man that is at the gate is my personal driver and bodyguard. Look at his face. Commit to memory. If you call and ask for permission to let him enter the compound, I am going to personally bend you over and let him fuck you up your stupid ass. When he arrives just announce his entry. Do I make myself clear?"

Apollonia did not wait for an answer. To herself, "Jesus fuckin' Christ!!!"

"Colina," asked Apollonia, "is there coffee?"

"Yes Mistress."

Apollonia sat in what would be Viviano's seat. Raffaella was seated in hers. The children were in the family room watching cartoons on Cartoon Network. Colina brought a steaming mug of hot black coffee and set it in front of her Mistress. Just as Apollonia lifted the mug, her cell phone rang. Under her breath, "Fuck!!!"

"This is Apollonia."

"Jon here. Just wanted to let you know that the Hingles are nose-to-the-grindstone working on the retesting."

Apollonia chuckled and asked, "Did it take much to make them go to work?"

"I know you're curious, but first, thanks for clearing the airspace. The flight was incredibly fast. I parked illegally in front of the church. A Catholic one to boot. I entered the sanctuary, scanned for the Hingles, and found them sitting up front in the second pew on the left. I pulled my Glock 19 and strode down to where they sat. I reached for JoAnne's hair and pulled her from the pew. When the barrel of the gun touched her temple she got the message."

"I'm betting she pissed herself."

"Correct. Almost had her shit herself, but somehow she gained control of her body. I can say with authority that she knows never to fuck with her benefactors. The priest and the rest of the congregants are not going to pose any problems."

"When are you returning?"

"I was hoping to remain here for a while, but if the cost of the Gulfstream is prohibitive, I will depart after I have a short conversation with JoAnne and Dennis."

"Jon. Jon. Jon. Don't worry about money. I'm not in the least worried about the cost of the Gulfstream. You stay as long as you deem necessary. I know you will impress upon JoAnne that her business and her life depends upon conscientious attention to her work for, as you called us, her benefactors. I know you will call when you have something to report."

"That I will Miss Moretti."

Nathan Childress parked the Lincoln Town Car in his employer's driveway and walked across the street to her sister's house. He knew the backdoor would be unlocked and entered making sure he followed protocol of allowing the screen door to slam shut. He entered the kitchen and stopped just before the opening to cooking area.

"Miss Moretti," he said, "good morning."

Apollonia smiled, "Good morning to you Nathan. Have a seat. Would you like some coffee?"

As he made his way to the table he said, "Yes and if it is at all possible, could I get a couple of eggs?"

Colina interjected, "How do you like them? Over easy? Scrambled? Poached?"

"Jesus," said Nathan, then, "excuse me. Two over easy. Please don't break the yolks. Toast if possible."

"Coming up," said Colina.

Nathan turned to Apollonia and asked, "Would it be out of my assigned duties to ask you a personal question?" He paused, frowned, and said, "Oops!!! Not a personal question concerning you Miss Moretti, but a question that concerns me, but I believe you may be able to help with some advice."

"In private?"

Nathan looked around the room, thought for a second, and said, "I don't think it needs to be in private. In fact, I think all of you could help or at least give me your opinion."

"Go for it," said Apollonia.

"I'm a bit embarrassed," said Nathan, "but since I've come to work for you I've learned a lot about the Moretti family. I'm impressed. This is the crux of my question. I met a young lady. She is married. I have carnal knowledge of her. The second time we met was in her apartment. Her husband was there. She had him dressed, if you get my drift. . ."

It was Colina who interjected as he flipped over the eggs, "Her husband was dressed in panties, thigh highs, and heels?" Colina did not wait for an answer from Nathan. "She took control and feminized him. By your question, I believe it was against his will. If that is bothering you, then don't meet her with him present."

"Um," said Nathan, "that is not the issue at all. He is a wimp. I can attest to that. Not that he got physical, but he did back away from me when I told him to."

"Then what is the problem?" asked Apollonia.

"His wife is young and beautiful. I've cuckolded men before, but I have to admit most of the women were dog shit ugly. This girl is more than beautiful."

"Again, what is the problem, Nathan?" asked Apollonia.

Nathan put his huge hands to his face, rubbed for a second, returned them to the table and said, "Although I told her that I see her as nothing more than three holes to use for masturbatory pleasure, I think I'm falling in love with her." He paused, looked around at everyone, and said, "There I've said it. Said it out loud for the first time." He paused again and continued. "I was a total bastard to her. She cried for a moment and when her wimp could not hide his erection, she knelt in front of me and called me 'Master'."

Colina brought the two eggs, toast, and a mug of coffee to the table. She put her hand on Nathan's shoulder and asked. "Was she good?"

Nathan did not ask or move to imply that he did not want Colina's hand on his shoulder, but he did look up at Apollonia's sissy husband and said, "To be blunt, she fucks like no tomorrow. In fact, when I saw her husband dressed and in makeup, I thought about you. I've never once thought about bringing two sissies together, but as I looked at him, I thought what a sweet fuck he would be for you Miss Colina."

"Really," said Colina with a twinkle in her eyes as she stepped away from the huge man that protected her wife and Mistress.

"Back to reality," said Apollonia. "Are you asking me if you should break the relationship off altogether or should you break up their marriage?"

Nathan's confusion showed on his face. "That is just the conundrum I face. I've never fallen for a woman like I seem to have fallen for her. She is petite, thin, beautiful, intelligent, sexually uninhibited, and very Jewish. You'll excuse my candor, but I'm sitting here getting an erection thinking about her."

"Apollonia may I?" asked Raffaella.

Apollonia nodded her assent.

"Nathan," said Raffaella, "Moretti men face that conundrum all the time. There are couples that come to our family to help them conceive. Some husbands are just losers and wimps. Others want nothing to do with the conception, but accept that they will be raising another man's child. That being said, a good proportion of the women are beautiful. Some are so beautiful they could be starlets or runway models. You have to divorce yourself from your emotions. When you have sex with this woman, just look upon her as a vessel for your cock. I know you know the saying – Find 'em, feel 'em, fuck 'em, and forget 'em. You do that and I'll bet you a million dollars to a hole in a doughnut that you will see her in a different light."

Nodding knowingly, Nathan said, "I know the feeling, but there is something truly special about her. It is like she grabbed my heart and has taken ownership of it."

"Why don't we do this," said Apollonia. "Keep seeing her. Bring her to the townhouse. Let me meet her and talk to her. If she is all you think she is, I will definitely see it in her."

"I appreciate the offer Miss Moretti," said Nathan, "but, what about her husband?"

"You could always just move in and become her live in lover," said Raffaella. "If you think about it, you'll have the best of both worlds. I don't mean that you'll have a sissy to use, but you'll have a woman that is at your beck and call and if you desire, you'll be able to fornicate with others at your will. You'll have control of her so she won't say no because she won't want to lose you."

"And, if you marry her," said Apollonia, "she'll want you all to herself."

"Ugh!!!" moaned Nathan.

Apollonia noticed the time and said, "Nathan, you don't have to make a decision this moment. We're here to help. I think you need to keep your distance from her husband while fornicating with her. If you want, bring her to the townhouse so I may chat with her. But, what is important right now is getting on with the day. We have to get to Westbury and then to Great Neck."

Nathan smiled and said, "Could I at least finish my late morning breakfast?"

"Absolutely," said a smiling Apollonia.