

© Copyright, Emanon_Pen™, 2008-2014. All Rights Reserved.

The stories on this website are works of fiction. Any characters resemblance to persons living or dead is purely and entirely coincidental. Any actions taken by the characters or the portrait of such actions never occurred and if they mimic any form of reality, it is purely and entirely coincidental.

These stories contain explicit descriptions of sexual activity and may be perceived by some as being pornographic. If you feel that literary erotica is pornographic, then do not continue surfing this website or begin reading any of the stories posted here. If you inadvertently or with willful intent download a story to your computer or receive it as an e-mail attachment, then you should DELETE IT NOW AND LEAVE THE WEBSITE. The author assumes no responsibility if a minor downloads this story, is caught, and prosecuted by his parents or the federal, state, and/or local government.

This copyrighted material may not be freely distributed onto any website or newsgroup without the express written consent of the author. Websites claiming to be in compliance with 17 U.S.C. § 512 and the Digital Millennium Copyright Act ("DCMA") but not adhering to the statute law will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

Commercial websites that post this copyrighted material without the express written consent of the author and payment of royalties to the author will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

You may download this story for personal use. You may make no changes to the story and the copyright statement must not be removed. The author grants no other permissions to you or your successors.

The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 166

Monday – Just before Dawn – Apollonia's Bedroom - 17 March 2003

"Apollonia Moretti, please go to see Father Mastriani," said Sister Ann her seventh grade teacher.

Apollonia frowned and asked, "Now Sister Ann?"

"Hurry, he is waiting for you. Take your book bag and your coat."

Apollonia did as her teacher requested. She wondered why she was being sent to the principal's office. With a less than hurried attitude, the young twelve year old picked up her book bag, put her homework books into it, flung it over her shoulder, went to coat rack near the door, and picked up her coat. She did not look back as she opened the door and exited the classroom. The idea of being called down to the principal's office without an explanation did not sit well with her. Just to be a pain-in-the-ass, Apollonia took the long way from her second floor classroom to the first floor main school office where the principal's office was located.

She entered the main office and was told by the elderly secretary to sit on the bench and wait for Father Mastriani. Apollonia sat as all good Catholic girls did. Her knees were together, her ankles were crossed, and her feet were pulled under her knees against the front of the bench. Nothing came to the forefront of her mind as to why she was summoned by the principal. Her sister was called to Father Mastriani's office at least twice a week. Both were good students and were never in trouble. Apollonia Moretti closed her eyes, let her head lean against the wall behind the wooden bench, and tried without getting agitated to figure out why she was summoned.

She heard her name, opened her eyes, and saw the gray haired secretary pointing to the principal's door. Apollonia rose, walked to the door, and per her instructions, knocked on the door.

"Enter," came the voice that could only be Father Mastriani.

Apollonia stepped into the office without closing the door.

"Please close the door, Miss Moretti," said the priest who was in charge of the parochial school her parents sent her and her sister. He kept his face pious as his cock jumped in his pants. The beautiful girl that stood in front of

him was something to behold. Her dark shoulder length hair framed her small narrow face. Her green, gold, and red pleated skirt fell to the shortest allowable length. Her legs from the knee down were encased in a pair of green knee socks and on her feet were a pair of regulation Mary Jane shoes. Underneath her red crewneck sweater was a white cotton scalloped collared regulation shirt. He could not see her budding breasts, but his imagination of what they looked like caused his cock to jump again.

She did as he said, but remained standing just two steps into the rather spartanly furnished office. His desk was placed in front of the three windows so when he sat his back was towards the front of the school and Central Avenue. The desk appeared to be very old but functional. In front of it were three oak chairs. Along the wall to her left were grey four drawer filing cabinets. Along the wall to her right was a table that could only have been once used as a lunch room table. Except for the crucifix above the door and the picture of Jesus on the wall, there were no drawings or paintings adorning the walls. The office was devoid of any personal touches and lacked any warmth which showed that the man who was in charge of the school had no idea of how an elementary school principal's office should be decorated. The stale plebeian look of his office was not at all inviting to any of the children.

Apollonia looked at the forty-eight year old man sitting behind the desk. His face was as rounded as his belly. His skin was olive in color but so pale it showed he had never sat outside in the sun. His hair was black with a few flecks of gray around the temples. His eyes were dark brown and above them were bushy eyebrows that were full enough if you moved either one below his nose it could pass as a moustache. His finger nails were manicured. The fingers of his pudgy hands were intertwined and rested on the green felt desk blotter that covered the top of his desk.

She saw him smile before he said, "Please, take the middle seat. Put your coat and book bag on the table." His calm demeanor hid his desire. Every minute he was alone with her was a gift from God.

Apollonia nodded, but did not say anything in response as she placed her book bag and coat on the table. She went to the middle chair, smoothed her skirt, and sat. Her eyes met the Father's. She closed hers and knew inside why she was asked to come to his office. When she opened them, Father Mastriani was rising from his beat up leather executive chair. Apollonia watched him come around the desk and stand in front of her.

"Are you a good girl Apollonia?" He asked to keep from expressing his amazement at her incredibly beautiful gold flecked turquoise eyes. It also kept him from drooling knowing that today was going to be the day.

"Yes."

Needing to keep the conversation within the realm of religion, he asked, "What do the nuns represent to you?"

Apollonia shivered when she thought about how cruel the nuns could be towards the students. "Represent?" she said in the form of a question. "They're married to Jesus. They serve the church."

"They live a life of poverty, chastity, and obedience. They serve God through the church."

"Yes," replied Apollonia.

Father Mastriani had his hands clasped in front of his portly waist. The circumference of his pants would not sit comfortably around his waist due to its girth. The pants were wedged below his rotund abdomen. He smiled at the young girl sitting in front of him. His mind was working to get her to respond to him. He wanted more than anything to feel her lips around his cock. He knew he needed to get her to accept that she was performing an act of godliness when he put his cock into her mouth. Of all the girls in St. Joachim's, Apollonia Moretti was the center of his pedophilic desires. Today, he hoped he would through the Grace of God feel his cock explode in her mouth culminating in months of planning for this moment.

"When was the last time you went to confession?"

"I go every Wednesday with the seventh grade."

Apollonia noticed the priest had moved his hands. His right hand was laying on his hip and his fingers were gently tapping against the fabric of his pants. To keep her mind sharp, Apollonia smiled at the man who she knew was trying to seduce her in the name of God. She wondered how many times her sister gave in to him knowing her mother and father would punish her for not doing as she was told by a man of the cloth. To Apollonia, he was a disgusting fat pig of a man. She was also surprised that he did not berate her for not addressing him as Father. The thought of addressing him as Father made her want to wretch all over the office floor.

"You know there are times when the men of the church require help from youngsters like yourself," said priest as he overtly moved his right hand to cover and grasp his genitals.

Hiding her disdain and her shock at his overt sexual advance, Apollonia whispered, "I know. What are you asking of me?"

He felt his cock twitch at her response. Father Mastriani smiled from ear-to-ear before he said, "I would like you to pull the seeds of God from my loins." He did not hesitate to open his pants, drop them, and expose his meager penis to the preteen seventh grader. Father Mastriani had no compunction against seducing any child under his care while school was in session. The two secretaries would never enter his office when the door was closed. His confidence made him reckless when he needed to indulge and satisfy his pedophilic desires.

Apollonia Moretti wanted to break out laughing as she pointed to his small useless appendage. Apparently, the good Father did not know that female Moretti children had to masturbate their father and their paternal grandfather once a month starting at the tender age of seven. He also was not aware of the size of their cocks. His paled in comparison. Using her wits, Apollonia said, "I think it would be better if you returned to your chair." She specifically continued to deny him his authority by not addressing him as Father. "Then I could kneel down between your legs and I would be hidden from view by your desk. Then I will give you what you want. I will use my mouth. That is if you'd like me to."

"Oh you sweet angel of God," said Father Mastriani as he pulled up his pants and made his way to his chair. He plopped down, smiled, and said, "Please. . ."

Apollonia was no dope. She had seen a large chrome plated scissor on the principal's desk. She stood, noted where it lay, and as she moved around the desk, she absentmindedly knocked the scissor onto the floor just to the right side of the good Father's chair. He did not respond to the clatter of the scissor hitting the linoleum floor as his mind was racing with the thoughts of having his cock sucked by the prettiest most vivacious girl in the school. Apollonia kept her eyes locked on his as she presented her young nubile body to the fat middle-aged priest. He went to touch her and she stopped him. By the look in her eyes, he knew he had gone one step too far. He pulled his hands back, opened his legs, and looked down inviting the youngster to take his meager cock into her mouth.

"What a lovely cock you have," lied Apollonia as she went to her knees. Her right hand went to his fat hairy left thigh. Her left hand went to the floor. It took a second longer than she wanted, but she found the scissors and wrapped hand around them. She kept her beautiful turquoise eyes locked onto his. She cringed when she saw him obscenely lick his lips in expectation of her lips surrounding his useless penis.

"When you are ready," he sighed. His mind ripe with visions of feeling her lips surrounding his prick as his hands guided her head as his body rose to fill her mouth with his holy seed.

That was the opening Apollonia needed. She moved the scissor from her left hand to her right. She smiled sweetly at the priest. She saw him relax and lean back breaking their eye contact. Her left hand went to his scrotum. Her fingers wrapped around his peanut sized testicles. She pulled them down and squeezed them just enough to bring the forty-eight year old man out of his sexual stupor. Before he could say anything, Apollonia opened the scissors and placed them around the taut skin of his scrotum just below the base of his erection. Apollonia closed the scissors just enough to make him feel the sharp edges press against his taut skin.

"One choice Father," said Apollonia in a calm voice that belied her growing fear of something bad happening before she could escape from where she was kneeling. "Forget about ever asking me to have any form of sexual contact with you. Or, fight me and I will cut your balls off."

"You fuckin' little piece of shit," growled the priest before the excruciating pain that caused him to scream at the top of his lungs.

Apollonia rose from her knees. Dropped the scissors. Walked quickly to the table. Picked up her coat and book bag. She did not care to check if she had some of his blood on her hands or her school uniform. She ran from the office before Father Mastriani could regain any semblance clarity at what had just happened. She fled the school through the front doors. She had enough presence of mind and adrenalin to turn right and run into the Village of Cedarhurst's business district. Apollonia Moretti did not look back as she ran.

The fat priest looked down, saw his bloody hands, and between his feet lay the bottom of his scrotum and his testicles. Before he could make a call or stand up from his seat, Father Mastriani's eyes rolled up and back into his head as he lost consciousness. The portly priest slid from his chair onto the floor. As if some deity punished him for his sick sexual desires, his fat body landed directly on top on his severed testicles crushing them into two flat pancakes.

Apollonia was jolted awake. Her eyes flew open as she sat up in her bed. Her svelte body was covered in sweat. Her heart was racing as if she had just completed running a marathon. She looked at the clock radio on the night table to her right and saw it was 4:38AM. Her body fell back onto the bed as two things came to the forefront of her consciousness. First, she had been asleep for only an hour and thirty-eight minutes give or take a minute. Second, the recurring dream of her cutting off the priest's balls had jolted her awoke, but this time it took a bigger toll on her mind and body. Apollonia rubbed her eyes to ease the stress of remembering how at the tender age of twelve she cut off the pedophile priest's testicles. Her father took care of the aftermath by securing a place for the emasculated priest in the bowels of the Vatican. Apollonia got a tongue lashing from her father and her mother. For the rest of her time attending Catholic school, she was given a wide berth by the priests and the nuns. She shivered before she took a deep breath as she tried to relax her mind and body. As she slid down into a prone position under her duvet, her right hand moved down her abdomen to the warmth of her hairless pussy. She closed her eyes and forced herself to return to what she hoped would be a peaceful dreamless sleep.