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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 167

Monday – Apollonia's House - 17 March 2003

Apollonia heard the rain beat against the windows as she awoke from a night that was filled with an uneasy rest rather than a deep sleep brought on by sexual satisfaction. Her body did not feel rested and her mind was still consumed with the events of the previous night. The dark clouds and rain filled sky did not bode well for the day as well as for Apollonia. She had wanted to express her love for Ming by having a night of ribald sex with a man she hoped would accept the idea of playing second fiddle to the only person she'd willingly die for. Alessandro Bruno had questioned his masculinity when she forced him to perform sexual acts that were not part of his sexual appetite and history. Still, Apollonia wanted to feel his strong body on top of hers while his large Italian cock pressed into the sexual center of her body. More than anything, she wanted to feel him ejaculate into her as her vaginal muscles massaged his manhood as well as his mind.

The ugly incident with the priest at St. Joaquim's moved to the forefront of her mind. She shivered in disgust as the slow motion video of the scissors separating the fat man's testicles and scrotum played in her head. How Raffaella could let her biological father force himself upon her was an anathema to Apollonia. The fact that the man that provided the sperm and a sick form of love used his position in her life to make her have sex with the pedophile elders of the church added to Apollonia's disgust. Nothing short of totally ruining the church would satisfy her hatred for all things Catholic.

She turned her head to the side of the bed where her clock radio sat on the night table that used to be used by her now sissy cuckold husband. 'Fuck,' she thought as the digital display showed 7:32AM. She had not slept peacefully at all after awaking from the recurring emasculation dream. And, she apparently slept through the alarm which she remembered setting for 7:00AM.

Apollonia rolled onto her back, stretched, and paused just for a moment before her right hand slid down her flat abdomen coming to rest on her vagina. Her thoughts went to Ming and her tongue slipped around her lips as the thought of licking her to an orgasm took precedence in her thoughts. The middle finger of her hand slid between her labia and just as she was about to uncover her clitoris, she pulled her hand from between her legs. As much as she wanted to masturbate and fantasize about what could have been last night, the truth of the situation burst forth to make her cease her morning solo ritual.

On her back, staring at the ceiling while trying to drive the recurring dream back into the depths of her unconscious, Apollonia heard a knock on the door to her bedroom. She frowned knowing that neither Ming nor Colina would knock before entering. Both knew her routine and would not be offended to see her pleasuring herself as they entered her room. Thankful that she was not really into her morning masturbation, she wondered who was at her bedroom door. She growled, "WHAT???"

"Excuse me, Miss Moretti," said Nathan Childress, "but, there was no one downstairs and I was concerned about your safety."

With her hand still on her pussy, Apollonia relaxed, and said, "When did you return from the city?"

"Just now Miss Moretti."

She turned her head and eyeballed the clock radio on what used to be her sissy husband's side of the king sized bed. She saw the time and was immediately exasperated. The clock showed 9:27AM. It was in her mind to arise no later than 7:00AM, but she remembered being awoken from her dream at 4:38AM. Her hand departed her pussy, she pulled the covers up to her neck as she sat up, and said, "Come in Nathan."

The bedroom door opened and the seven foot two inch giant of a man entered her bedroom. Nathan had never been in her boudoir and based upon his training, he eyeballed with a professional's eye the layout of the room. His scan did not get by his employer. He took another step into the bedroom, stood, and simply said, "Miss Moretti."

Apollonia thought about dropping the duvet, but thought better of it. "You'll excuse me, but I sleep nude," said Apollonia. "Did you get the Cardinal to the townhouse without any problems?"

"Yes Miss Moretti."

"Anything else I should know about before I send you downstairs so I may go through my morning routine?"

Nathan smiled, nodded his head, and said, "This is truly none of my business, but Mr. Bruno was not a very happy camper when you sent him to help me. Once he parked and made it to the townhouse, all he did was grouse and moan about missing another chance at spending some as he said, '*quality sexual time with you*'."

"I have led him on," said Apollonia, "but how was I to know three assholes from the Vatican and the Pope's travel double would show up at my door last night." Her face froze as she wondered where Colina was and Ming for that matter. "When you came into the house Colina was not downstairs?"

"Like I said Miss Moretti, the house is empty."

Apollonia dropped the duvet revealing her pert breasts. She turned her body and without a single thought rose from her bed. Totally nude and without any shame turned to face Nathan and said, "Please go across the street and check on Colina and Raffaella. If the children have been taken to school, send them here. If not, leave Raffaella with the kids and just send Colina here. Then go to Mario's. Check on him and Pasquale. Then go to Ming's and check on her. If she is home, ask her to come here. If Lian and Shen are home, ask her to drop them at Raffaella's before coming here. Again, if they have made it to school, then just ask her to come here. Then return unless you need to take care of anything out of the ordinary when it comes to Mario."

"Would you like me to instruct Mario and Pasquale to come here?" asked Nathan.

"For now," replied Apollonia, "leave them where they are."

With a solid voice showing no shock at witnessing his employer's beautiful body in her birthday suit, Nathan said, "Yes Miss Moretti." He simply executed an about face, exited the bedroom, and closed the door behind him.

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Thirty-seven minutes after Nathan closed the door to her bedroom, Apollonia made her way down to the breakfast room. She smiled as her olfactory sense picked up the pungently pleasant odor of brewed French roast coffee. Not knowing what the day was going to bring, she dressed in a pair of denim jeans, a Ralph Lauren Polo oxford shirt, a sleeveless V-neck sweater vest, and a pair of New Balance walking shoes. As she crossed the great room to the hallway leading to the rear of the house, she heard the back door slam shut. Upon entering the breakfast area, she saw Colina standing in the kitchen, Raffaella sitting at the breakfast table, and Nathan leaning against the door jamb of the entrance to the family room. Ming had just entered the kitchen from the hallway.

Before she could say anything, Colina turned, filled her mug, and brought it to her seat. Apollonia sat, moved the newspapers to the small table she used to hold them, and picked up the mug. Like someone or something hit her on the back of her head, Apollonia put the mug back down on the table, stood, and walked over to her lover. She smiled, put her arms around her shoulders, bent, and placed her lips to Ming's. They kissed each other good morning. Then Apollonia guided her to the seat that was her sissy husband's before he accepted his cuckold status. Ming sat and before she could say anything, Colina placed a mug of coffee in front of her.

"Good morning," said Apollonia to the room. "If you're hungry, ask Colina to make something for you. But, please everyone take a seat at the table. While I was in the shower, I realized that I need to make some important decisions."

No one wanted any food, so in a matter of minutes, the breakfast table was surrounded by all in attendance.

Before she said anything else, Apollonia picked up her cellular phone and called the private hospital in Great Neck. The call took a bit longer than she hoped because the operator had to find Dr. Carter. Their conversation was short, but the news was good. She ended the call and addressed everyone at the table.

"Viviano Rossi will be released from the hospital on Friday. I was hoping it would be today, but the doctor said if we pushed him out the door too soon it would only result in his returning and ultimately having to watch him die. So, that being said, anything and everything that would need his expertise would have to be delegated to others.

"With the understanding that Viviano will not return home until Friday, Nathan, please go to Mario's and bring him here. Bring Pasquale also."

Nathan Childress rose and made his way to Mario Moretti's house.

"Ok," said Apollonia. "There are more things on the table than I care to deal with all at once. I need to call Jon Parks concerning the DNA laboratory in Williamsport. I need to talk to Howard Cohen about all things Moretti. Then I need to figure out how I am going to handle the assholes in the Vatican. I wanted to schedule a meeting with the family on Thursday, but that looks like it will need to be delayed unless I come up with a temporary solution to the Vatican issue. Coupled with that, is the lack of response to couples that are seeking our help in providing viable sperm so they may start a family. As well as the lack of contact with families we were actively fornicating with."

Apollonia picked up her mug. She took a sip of her coffee, sighed, and just sat quietly. Her mind raced with all that needed to be accomplished. Moretti Construction was running on autopilot, but it still needed someone to oversee the day-to-day operations. Certain decisions needed to be made by either Mario or Viviano. Left open the unanswered questions could only lead to a diminishment of Moretti work and power. She needed to make a decision about Moretti construction before it became a major problem. Jon Parks would most definitely need additional DNA kits and that had to be put on the top of her To Do list. It was also a call that she had to personally make to her contact. The person would talk only to her.

"Colina," said Apollonia, "please find me a pad and a pencil. I need to prioritize work."

Colina rolled his eyes because he knew she knew where the pad and pencil were. They were on the countertop directly to her right. All she needed to do was to turn in her chair, reach, and pick up the yellow legal pad and the .5mm Pentel mechanical pencil. Rather than opening a can-of-worms, Colina stood, walked behind her, picked up the pad and mechanical pencil, and placed it in front of her before she returned to her seat.

"Thank you Colina," said Apollonia to everyone's surprise.

Out loud, but more to herself, Apollonia said as she wrote, "DNA kits, Pasquale Bianchi, Cardinal Montenegro, Vatican, Viviano, Moretti Construction."

The back door opened and slammed shut. Fifteen seconds later, Pasquale and Mario entered the kitchen followed by Nathan. The elderly Italian man seemed agitated as he made his way slowly to the seat that Colina had pulled away from the breakfast table for him. Mario sat next to Raffaella. Nathan decided to remain standing and took what was becoming his favorite spot – leaning against the jamb of the doorway that led into the family room. Apollonia noted where he stood and nodded acknowledging his desire to remain standing.

Pasquale Bianchi sat and immediately said, "Ho bisogno di sapere circa la mia famiglia. Inoltre, non sanno che io non sono morto o in difficoltà? ( Miss Moretti. I need to know about my family. Also, do they know I am not dead or in trouble? )"

Apollonia smiled at the man unfazed that he spoke in his native language. "Pasquale Bianchi, non ha nulla di cui preoccuparsi. La tua famiglia è bello. Sono home e molto sicuro. Moretti gli uomini stanno a guardare a non causare loro problemi ma per mantenere il assholes dal Vaticano di cercare qualsiasi sottobanco fatti. Rilassarsi e avere qualcosa da mangiare e da bere. Vi prometto una volta sono venuto per talune decisioni, effettuare una chiamata di mio zio e si sarà in grado di parlare con la vostra famiglia. Ok? ( Pasquale Bianchi, you have nothing to worry about. Your family is fine. They are home and very safe. Moretti men are watching them not to cause them trouble but to keep the assholes from the Vatican from trying any underhanded deeds. Relax and have something to eat and drink. I promise once I have come to certain decisions, I will make a call to my Uncle and you will be able to speak to your family. Ok? )"

Pasquale Bianchi made the sign of the cross, not once, but twice. He mouthed a short prayer and said in English, "Thank you Miss Moretti. Thank you."

"Would you like something to eat or drink?"

"Red wine?" he asked as his reply.

"Colina, pour Pasquale a glass of our homemade red wine. In fact, leave the bottle on the table."

"Thank you Miss Moretti," said a relieved Pasquale Bianchi.

Apollonia stood, picked up her mug, the pad, the mechanical pencil, and as she walked around the breakfast table said as she offered her hand, "Ming, please come with me. The rest stay here and I will call you each individually into the great room so I make speak to you."

Ming rose, took Apollonia's hand and allowed her to guide into the great room.

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Both women sat on the couch that faced Apollonia's favorite painting which meant their backs were to the driveway side of the house and they faced the hallway to the dining room, family room, breakfast room, and kitchen.

Surprisingly they did not sit close together. Their love superseded their need to always be so close that a stranger would think they were one person. Apollonia put the pad and mechanical pencil on the coffee table. She looked into Ming's eyes for a few moments before she picked up her hands. She kissed each one but did not release her hold.

"I love you and I need your counsel," said Apollonia. "After last night, I am trying to figure out the best way to end the insanity between the church and the Moretti family. And please don't tell me that I started it, so I should fall on my sword to finish it."

Ming nodded and said as she stared into her lover's uniquely beautiful turquoise eyes, "There are centuries of history for both the church and the Moretti family. What I never knew was how much the church is beholden to your family. Also, I never knew that the church owned nothing when it came to real estate and especially the funds in their banking system. The property that the Vatican sits on, is that owned by your family?"

"Yes. And the buildings. And, all of the Euro money is actually Moretti dollars exchanged for European currency. That is why the men of the Curia are so angry at me. I have taken everything from them. I release historical documents from the establishment of the church and the church will collapse under the weight of their duplicity and lies."

"Bear with me. Let's say you release those documents. Would a document specialist be able to validate and confirm that they are real and are from the time you say they are?"

Apollonia smiled as she spoke, "Every document is dated and signed by the then elected Pope. They are vacuum sealed, kept in a temperature controlled room, and in the dark. The only person having access to the building is me. Mario had it before me, but since I control the Moretti family, the key is under my control."

"What are you thinking? I thought you were going to confront the seven Cardinals and the Pope. Something change your mind?"

"Something has affected my thinking. Last night for the first time in a very long time, I awoke frightened from a dream. A dream based in reality. For the longest time, I kept it buried deep in my unconscious. But . . ."

"I remember you waking up frightened, covered in sweat, your left hand was clinched, and your right looked like you were holding something. Every time I asked you about it you just poo-pooed it and told me not to worry. Now, you've got me wondering. Not scared, but wondering. Are you going to tell me or keep me in the dark?"

"You know that my sister was in essence given to the church so the assholes could satisfy their sick sexual needs. You also know my father tried to do to me what he did to Raffaella."

"Yes, but what does that have to do with your dream?"

Apollonia took a deep breath, sighed, squeezed Ming's hands, and said, "When I was twelve years old, I castrated the principal of St. Joachim's."

Ming Zheng frowned but showed no emotion before she returned her eyes to her lovers. "I'm not shocked, but my questions are simple. What precipitated you doing the deed? And, how did you do it?"

Apollonia released her hold on Ming's hands. She rubbed her face for a moment before she spoke. "He called me to his office. He stood in front of me and pulled down his pants. He said that I should relieve him of his holy seed. I was disgusted. He was an ugly, fat man. I had but one chance to end the situation. I told him to return to his seat behind the desk. As I went to him, I knocked a scissor to the floor. Long story short, I knelt between his fat hairy legs, pulled his scrotum down, and used the scissor to cut his balls off."

"How in God's name did you get away with doing such a dastardly deed?"

"Mario. He got the emasculation buried. No police. He paid for the priest's recovery and then made the church transfer him to the Vatican."

"And?"

"And? My father and mother read me the riot act, but did not do anything beyond yelling at me. The church did nothing and from that day forward, no priest, bishop, cardinal, or the pope would have anything to do with me. They all knew that I would hurt them if they tried to sexually abuse me."

Ming shook her head as she asked, "But, they continued to abuse Raffaella?"

"With my mother and father's knowledge and permission. Knowing they were permitting it, broke my heart."

"Then you need to rectify what happened to her. You need to take her into your arms and forgive her for anything and everything. You cannot allow what happened to her affect the rest of her life as well as yours. You need to use your heart, mind, and love to purge her of all the sickness your mother, father, and the church heaped up her. She was only a child, Appy. Now that I know the full story. I will not allow you to continue to make her life miserable."

Tears welled up in Apollonia's eyes. When her lower lids could no longer keep the liquid dammed in her eyes, the tears rolled down her cheeks. Through the haze of the tears, Apollonia whined, "I know. I'm so sorry. I need her to forgive me for all I have done to her."

Ming wiped away the tears on Apollonia's face with her fingers. "What you need to do is forgive her first. I know she will respond to you because she loves you. Loves you more than you'll ever know. Then you need to complete either the ruination of the church or the removal of all the men who are complicit in the abuse of children."

"I may never know the depth and breadth of the number of men or, for that matter, women involved. I may be able to make a dent, but I truly believe I would have to cut off the head of the monster to resolve the heinous acts of those involved."

Ming shrugged her shoulders, "Then do what you have to do; even if it means killing the entire College of Cardinals."

"I hear what you are saying, but I do not want you to put your life in jeopardy because of Shen and Lian. To affect the change, I am going to have to go to Italy. I may be there for a few days or a few weeks. I know you would accompany me, but I do not want that. I want you to stay here and be my eyes and ears. Viviano will return and he will need your help. You know what is going on with the Nassau County DA and I need that to come to a resolution that is beneficial to the Moretti family. Hopefully, I will return well before she is taken down."

"I will do whatever you need me to, Appy. I am beholden to you for all you have done for me. I would not be where I am today if it weren't for you."

Apollonia Moretti moved to Ming. Put her arms around her shoulders and pulled her into an embrace. The two women kissed as if they had just met. Both felt their vaginas grow wet with desire, but both knew they would have to stop as there was more business to tend to. Ming reading Apollonia's body broke the kiss.

"We both want what we want, but we have to table our sexual desires for one another and you have to use your intelligence to keep control of the family," said Ming.

"Stay with me while I discuss with the others what they need to accomplish. I want to know that you are part of my life in every sense of the word. And, I need for Mario to understand that I have the wherewithal to maintain control of the family even though I may be forced to seek his counsel," said Apollonia.

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Apollonia went into the breakfast room and guided her sissy husband into the great room. She had him sit between Ming and herself.

"Based upon last night, it looks like I will have to travel to Italy," said Apollonia. "Do you think you will be able to take care of Carmen and Alessa while I am away?"

Colina shrugged her shoulders. "I don't see any issues." She looked at Ming, turned back to her wife, and said, "As long as I am not ordered to fornicate with the child."

"Jesus Colina!!! No you will not have to fornicate with Carmen," said Apollonia. She took her right hand and placed it on Colina's face before she returned it to her lap. "You're a wonderful sissy. I know you will do anything I ask even if it is abhorrent to you. Viv will not be out of the hospital until Friday and I am making it your responsibility to pick him up and bring him back to Columbus Place. It will be your responsibility to care for him. Make sure he is comfortable. Change his dressing.

"During the time I am away, you will be responsible to Ming. If she tells you to do something, you are to interpret it as if it came directly from me. Keep detailed records of all incoming and outgoing phone calls. Certain issues are going to arise that you will make decisions according to your knowledge of Moretti business. Ming understands that there are private Moretti issues that are best kept from her. I know you are capable of completing all tasks assigned."

"I will take your little speech as something you feel you needed to do, but you should have known better. I will guard the Moretti name as if I were born into the family. I will assume that you're asking me to watch over Viviano because you intend to take Raffaella with you to Italy. I will help him get healthy. I will help him regain his strength and stamina."

Her smile was infectious and Colina knew she was going to say something off color.

"And, if he needs his balls emptied, you will kneel or bend over for him."

"Absolutely. And I'll know that it is my pussy he is fucking instead of yours my Mistress."

"Touché!!!" said Apollonia accepting his dig in response to hers.

"I do have one question," she paused. Looked at her wife and said, "What about Alessandro and Nathan?"

Apollonia frowned before she responded, "What about them?"

"Will they be going or staying?" asked Colina.

"Good question," replied Apollonia. "I really don't know what to do with them. My thoughts are to leave them here, but I know neither of them will want to watch me leave for Italy without them."

"Which one is more important to your trip?" asked Colina.

Apollonia froze in her seat. The question posed by her sissy husband brought forth additional unanswered questions. Nathan would provide an expertise that no one in Moretti family in Italy could match. His size alone frightened his opponents. Alessandro could not match Nathan's protection, but he could provide an escape from the grind of fighting with the men of the Vatican. She could give him what they both wanted, but the reality of the trip she knew would not be conducive to lovemaking.

"For now, Nathan will go and Alessandro will stay, replied Apollonia.

"What if Alessandro makes waves?"

"Then give him what he needs. If he is horny, drain his balls."

"You know that is not going to happen. He'll seek other avenues of relief from women. Although he did what you asked him to with me, but I have my doubts," said Colina.

"Then use your sissy ways to make him understand that I accept him using you to relieve his pent up sexual needs. Also, let him know that even if he becomes my lover, he'll still have to keep you satisfied."

Colina nodded her head as she relived the feel of his cock inside her sissy pussy. "Anything else?"

"Mario," said Apollonia. "Make sure he does not try to make things difficult while I'm away. He has to understand that while I am gone, he is to walk the straight and narrow. I will explain to him that Ming and you are responsible for his wellbeing while I am settling the Vatican issues."

"You have nothing to worry about," said Colina. "Should I send Mario in?"

"Yes."

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Mario walked into the great room expecting nothing but the worst. His cock was encased and encumbered by the hellish chastity device his daughter made him wear. His balls were intact, but one misstep by him and they'd forever be in a jar on her mantle with a sign telling whomever entered that they were her father's. He felt the plastic strap of the ankle monitor scrape against his skin as walked, which was a constant reminder of his lack of freedom and possible incarceration for the rest of his natural life. Not one to shiver, Mario did as he crossed the threshold of the great room knowing that one wrong word or misstep on his part would give his crazy daughter enough reason to castrate him on the spot.

He walked to the conversation pit and knowingly sat across from his daughter and her Asian lesbian lover. He placed his hands on his thighs, looked at Apollonia, but did not speak. Mario Moretti sat silently waiting for his youngest daughter to break the strained silence between them.

"I should bring Raffaella in here," said Apollonia more to herself than to her hated father, "but, we need to have a private conversation first."

"About?" queried Mario.

Apollonia leaned forward and said, "About how much I can trust you while I'm away. That simple."

Playing dumb, Mario asked, "Where are you going?"

"Take your right hand and place it on your genitals. Then take the same hand and wrap it around your right ankle. Then you should look me in the eye and ask that inane question again. We can come to an understanding or you can accept the fact that I will make your remaining years miserable. So miserable, you will not be able to end your life willingly." Apollonia sat back on the couch and said, "Do you want to start again or do you want me to just toss you into the pile of shit you seem to enjoy?"

Mario shivered and could not keep it from being seen by both women. He thought better of starting a fight with Apollonia. "I know you're thinking of going to Italy, but I have reservations about taking that tact. If you could

temper your anger with me, have a conversation, and listen to my thoughts; you may have a solution without going to Italy."

Ming slid next to Apollonia and whispered, "Give him the opportunity. We have nothing to lose. He may just have a solution."

"You know you don't have to whisper to her," said Mario. "We're all adults here. I know you are her lesbian lover. And, I know you both love cock so quit the bullshit."

Ming stared hard at Mario. She flexed her fingers thinking about the best way to use his scrotum as a punching bag. It did not take but a moment for her to relax, and say to Apollonia, "No harm, no foul. He still thinks he's a macho Italian man. Anytime he wants to go toe-to-toe will me, I'll gladly oblige. I promise not to hurt him too badly. Let's hear what he has to say."

Apollonia nodded her assent.

Mario saw it and asked, "Where is Cardinal Montenegro?"

"He is in the basement of the townhouse," replied Apollonia.

Mario pursed his lips, rubbed his hands on his thighs, thought a moment longer, and said, "Bring him here. He will do us more good here than suffering in one of the cells."

"Really. How so?" asked Apollonia.

"If you give me the chance, I will make one call. I will talk to the one person that can and will end this nonsense. This person has more than enough juice within the walls of the Vatican and the Catholic Church to settle once-and-for-all the issue of ownership, money, and the knowledge that both the Church and the Moretti family were complicit in the abuse of children. But more importantly, this individual is lives the quiet life because of this family. Secluded and never in need of anything. The Moretti family takes care to assure this person's life, liberty, and complete happiness."

Apollonia frowned in thought wondering of whom her father was speaking. She knew everyone he did. Whether they were Moretti or people who came to be part of the family because of the Moretti generosity and connections. Stumped and needing more time to think about whom he was thinking could solve the impasse between the family and the church, she simply asked, "What do you want in return?"

"I just want you to know and accept that I am a great resource. I will never try to usurp your position as head-of-the-family. What I want is simple. My freedom from the chastity device and the ability to walk the streets a free man. I promise that I will do everything in my power to help you keep the pedophiles within the church under control and to help keep future pedophiles out of the ministry."

"I hear what you are saying Mario, but I don't trust you. You have not kept several promises you made to me. Also, what are you going to say to Raffaella? How are you going to make her feel that she is more than a whore for the men of the church?"

"I don't know if you remember the day at St. Joachim's...."

"Funny you should bring that up, but just recently, like yesterday and last night, the whole sordid affair rose from the depths of my unconscious. What does that have to do with anything?"

Mario looked at Ming before he answered. "It has to do with everything. I had to quash an indictment from the Nassau County District Attorney's Office. If you thought you got away with the castration cleanly, you did not. The church was furious, but I did something similar to your gambit. I closed the money faucet and the Holy See flinched.

The person I contacted then is still so powerful the hierarchy of the church will not make any further trouble. I make contact with the individual and this whole issue goes away.”

“What about the relationship between the Church and the Moretti family?”

“It will survive. We still own all of the physical assets and the banking system. Also, this person is beholden to the family. We keep this person safe from prying eyes, the media, and we are this person’s only source of income. We never say a word when this person asks for additional money no matter the amount.”

“It can’t be that easy,” said Apollonia. “I’m not completely sure that you can pull it off. What do you have to do or say to make it all go away and return to normal?”

Mario looked down at the floor as he replied, “I am going to have to provide something that you may or may not concur with happening. We will have to give the church time to rid itself of all of the pedophile priests and nuns. It will include all the lay people in their school system from elementary through college. I know you want to excise the pedophile priest demon with but a single swipe of your sword, but it will take time. This person will make it happen. Not as fast as you’d like, but I promise that one word from this person and the church will cleanse itself completely.”

“Sure, then this person returns to where he or she came from, resumes the protection of the family, and we’re back to where we are now. Is that really your solution?”

“All this person, whose name will remain confidential until I am sure that you accept my resolution, has to do is walk into the Vatican. The entire church will fall to their knees in supplication. Apollonia, as God is my witness, I can and will make the schism between the Moretti family and the Church close. We will remain the money and power behind the church. You will, if you so desire, have the Pope kneel in front of you and kiss your feet and your ass.”

Her face showed her abhorrence and lack of trust for her father. She looked at Ming, shrugged her shoulders, and said absolutely nothing in response to Mario’s offer. Because, her mind was working like a super computer to try and ascertain who he was speaking about.

He saw her trepidation and said, “I don’t know what else to say or offer you. I want to keep my genitals, but if I have to lose them, then I will accept my castration in front of the family at a meeting.” He paused, touched his crotch, sighed, and said, “I am that serious.”

Ming interjected, “Show her you mean what you say. Fall to your knees, crawl to her, and place her lips against the arch of her foot. Do not remove your lips from her foot until she releases you. Then stand, remove your clothing, and allow yourself to be humiliated. I think that would be a good start.”

The look on Mario’s face changed for a fraction of second before he responded to Apollonia, “Is that what you’d like me to do?”

Apollonia took Ming’s hand in hers and said, “Not really. What I want you to do is prove to me you are serious. I shouldn’t have to tell you what to do. If what you say is the whole truth, then you prove it to me by doing something so righteous, I have no reason to doubt your seriousness.”

“Please ask Raffaella to come here,” said Mario. “The only way I can prove to you that I am serious is with her.”

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Raffaella Rossi entered the great room with a great deal of apprehension. She was surprised to see her father enter the breakfast area and with great aplomb guide into her sister's great room. Inside she cringed, because the art work always made her feel inferior. Apollonia could and did do anything with great ease and expertise. Why she was brought into the great room by her father and not her sister worried her. Raffaella allowed her father to guide to the couch where her sister and her lover sat. She saw he made a point of having her sit between the two women.

Mario smiled at his oldest daughter. His cock jumped as the memory of his entering her prepubescent body rose to the forefront of his consciousness. He allowed the feeling to overtake his body. The fear of being found out did not rise to his consciousness and cause his body to reveal his fear. Instead he remained calm as he knelt between the couch and the coffee table. He looked into his oldest daughter's eyes and in a quiet voice said, "I kneel here excited by what my sick mind did to you when you were but an innocent child. The chastity device I am wearing is keeping me from getting an erection, but I can feel the precum beginning to drip from my flaccid penis. I . . ."

"WHAT THE FUCK!!!" cried Apollonia.

"Let him go," interjected Ming. "Do not stop him, Appy. Give him a chance."

Frowning and exasperated, Apollonia said, "Really?!?!"

Ming simply nodded her head to her lover and then to Apollonia's father.

Before Mario continued, he stood, opened his pants, and lowered them exposing his chastity encased genitals. He looked down at his oldest daughter and said, "I do not deserve to have my manhood encased in this dastardly chastity device; yet, I understand what I have done to you is unconscionable. I should have listened to my heart instead of my cock."

"What about the sick bitch married," spat Raffaella.

Mario bowed his head in apparent shame. "I loved that woman dearly. I still do. But, she had this Svengali like control over me. I could not resist her when she wanted something so much she would use her hypnotic charms to get me to comply. I know you hate me. In fact, I know both of you hate me. . . ."

"That is the understatement of the morning," growled Apollonia.

"It is Raffaella that has to accept my apology for what I did. She has to release me from the hatred she feels for what I perpetrated upon her." Mario looked up at his eldest daughter. Their eyes locked and he immediately knew she would not give to him the release from the hatred she had for him.

Raffaella turned to her sister, "Apollonia, there is more to this than him asking forgiveness. I cannot for the life of me figure out what this all means. Something transpired before I was brought into the great room." Raffaella laid her head on her sister's thighs and said, "Guide me. Help me. I want to forgive, yet, I want to take ahold of his genitals and rip them from his body. Please. . . ."

Her right hand went to her sister's head. She gently rubbed her exposed cheek. It was this momentary interlude that Apollonia figured out of whom her father was speaking. It took longer than she expected to figure it out. But, she was 100% sure that she nailed of whom her father was speaking.

"Mario, pull up your pants and return to your seat," commanded Apollonia. "Nathan," she called out.

Nathan came into the great room expecting some form of trouble and was thankful that the scene before him was one of calmness. He strode to the conversation pit and stood still.

"Go to the city and pick up the Cardinal," said Apollonia.

"I assume you want me to bring him here?" asked Nathan.

"Yes and please make haste," said Apollonia.

Nathan did not respond. He executed a military turn and made his way to the back of the house.

"Raffy, sit up. Good. Now you and Ming go to the breakfast room. I need some time with Mario. I promise I will not hurt him."

Raffaella and Ming rose. Ming kissed Apollonia on her cheek. She took Raffaella's hand in hers and guided the still bewildered Raffaella to the back of the house.

"Mario," commanded Apollonia, "sit next to me."

Mario knew better than to refuse. He stood, stepped over rather than around the coffee table, and sat next to his youngest daughter. As he had done when he entered the great room, he sat with his hands on his thighs not saying a word.

"I know," said Apollonia.

The simple statement peaked Mario's interest. He thought, '*There is no way she figured it out. No one except Lucia and me knew.*' He continued to remain silent.

"I know," repeated Apollonia. "The call will be routed through Israel to the West Bank town of Beersheba. There in a small home surrounded by ten foot walls a security guard will answer the phone. You will announce yourself by saying the agreed upon password. Then and only then will she be given the phone."

His face did not remain stoic or at peace. Mario Moretti knew his crazy daughter figured it out. Her calm statement of fact added to his bewilderment about how she figured it out. He closed his eyes and simply said, "How?"

"The how is not important. The fact that I know and you had absolutely no knowledge that I did know is what is frustrating you. But, I do know that the call has to be initiated by you. Only your voice will allow the connection to be completed. What I want from you is your complete guarantee that you will make it known that I and not you control the family. I will not make waves. I will respect everything the family has built and guarded through the centuries."

"Then you understand the importance of the relationship."

"How could I not? I would do anything and everything in my power to protect the individual. I would willingly prostrate myself and beg for forgiveness if I did anything to cause a rift between the Morettis the direct descendants of the man we call the Son of God."

Mario nodded his head. He gazed at the floor as he said, "Will you consent to removing the chastity device? Will you do anything you can to keep me from going to prison?" He paused and when Apollonia did not respond, he said, "I will continue to honor you by kissing your ass. I will cease any and all activities and attempts to regain my position in the family. I would like to resume my interaction with couples that seek our help. I want more than anything to return to Moretti Construction. And, I want to make up for the years of abuse I heaped upon Raffaella."

"Look at me."

Mario raised his head and may eye contact with his daughter.

"I will consent to all you ask for when we have completed what needs to be done and not before. You will kneel before me and you will kiss my feet. You will kneel before Raffaella and you kiss her feet. You will beg her for forgiveness. I am not going to tell her what to do. I will counsel her and let her make up her own mind. You will accept that one misstep on your part and I will remove your masculinity and make you suffer seeing it on the mantel of the fireplace in the great room of your house. Accept what I command and we will move forward resolving the schism with the church."

Mario Moretti, sighed, slipped from the couch and laid his head on his youngest daughter's lap. Apollonia knew she had won when she felt his tears moisten the denim of her pants.