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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 170

Tuesday – Williamsport, PA - 18 March 2003

Jon Parks sat on a couch in JoAnne Hingle's office and stared at the time on his cellular phone. He remembered what had happened before he closed his eyes for what he hoped would be a quick Thomas Edison fifteen second power nap. That was a couple of hours ago.

The packages arrived at 10.38PM well before the midnight deadline. Dennis and JoAnne accepted the packages from Jon. The three of them inventoried the eight boxes of DNA evidence acquired from the Nassau County Police Department. Five of the boxes contained collected forensics that were less than nine months old.

Dennis turned to Jon and said, "You've have to be kidding me. Five of these kits are probably for crimes that are just beginning to go through the legal system. I bet if we check, maybe one or two are still in the discovery phase."

"Their timing is not the issue, Dennis," said Jon. "What we are after is very simple. We are seeking to prove that the District Attorney fiddled with the results to gain a conviction or an indictment. Is that understood?"

Dennis Hingle shook his head. He looked at Jon and said, "Do you know how difficult it is to manufacture DNA results?" He paused, renewed shaking his head, and said, "It is damn near impossible. I know that is what you want to prove, but I'm positive that it will not be possible."

JoAnne Hingle turned to her husband and said, "That is because you're not thinking like a criminal. There are ways to fudge the results. You know it and I know it. We're under a great deal of pressure. These people have lived up to their word. We are debt free. Financially secure. Our lab is now on the cutting edge. Our future is very secure. Dennis, take your head out of your ass and think of ways you would make the results point to a different individual. Use your genius without your scientific moral compass. Think of the sissy. . ."

With eyes closed, Dennis cried, "P-p-please Jo!!! I. . ."

Jon watched her move around the conference table, slap her husband across his face, grab his left ear, and growl, "Get your fuckin' ass into the lab and do what I know you can. Do not embarrass me, because if you do, I promise you won't be able to sit and shit comfortably for a month."

"Please," cried Dennis. "Not in front of our guest."

"He isn't a guest. He is part of the ownership group that saved our corporate and personal asses. You will do as we agreed or I will make your life miserable."

Dennis put the kits onto a cart and without a word left the conference room for the lab.

Jon saw how visibly shaken Dennis had become in a very short time. It looked like his legs would not be able to support his frame. That was how scared he was when JoAnne physically attacked him.

JoAnne looked at Jon, "Do not worry or fret. I will go down to the lab and make sure he does what I know he can do to prove or disprove your hypothesis."

The morning sun pierced the dark of Jo Anne's office. Broken out of his early morning remembrance of the night, he saw lab personnel had begun to arrive for work. He knew better than to bother them, Jon sat, twiddled his fingers, and waited. He grew bored and walked around JoAnne's office. On occasion he stepped out and walked around the administrative office area. Personnel were at their desks working as if he weren't there. Thankfully, the coffee maker was always full with regular and decaffeinated coffee. Jon looked at his phone before pouring what had to be his umpteenth cup of black coffee. He missed Starbucks even with their inflated prices. The liquid they called coffee was nothing more than hot brown flavored water. He held the well-used Styrofoam cup as he made his way back to JoAnne's office. Jon entered and just as he was sitting JoAnne entered.

Frustrated and tired from sleeping on a couch and not considering that she had been up all night, in a gravelly voice said, "Well?"

"I can see someone's grumpy this morning," she replied as she made her way to her desk. JoAnne sat, rubbed her eyes, and said, "Excuse me, but I've been up all night. I know you have too, but, at least you got a couple hours of sleep."

"I apologize. Do we have any results?"

JoAnne rose and stepped over to Jon. She placed her body in front of the retired New York City Detective and with premeditation put her hand behind his head. With gentle pressure, she moved his head to the flat of her abdomen next to her hip. When she felt the side of his head rest against her body she whispered, "I know you really don't like it here in Williamsport, but I wouldn't mind spending some time alone with you."

Jon Parks pulled his head back startled at what she had just whispered said, "I'll pass. Not that I wouldn't mind jumping your bones, but, I will not put myself in a position to place you in an assumed position of power. I don't think you'll get far with me trying to blackmail me with sexual favors."

"I don't think you're reading the situation correctly," she said somewhat disappointed. "Dennis does what I say. Miss Moretti noticed and commented on it. I understand the psychological reasoning, but I have one and only one question. All things considered, do you find me attractive?"

Under his breath, Jon said, '*Fuck me. . .*' He sat back, unconsciously put his hand on his crotch, and said, "I wouldn't say no under other circumstances; but, I go by the workplace ethos that '*one does not shit where one eats*'. What is more important is why my employer purchased your company and why I am here making sure the work is performed with the utmost of urgency. What goes on between you and Dennis is your business."

Pouting like a little girl, JoAnne nodded and returned to the executive chair behind her desk. She looked down for a moment, then up, and into Jon's eyes. She saw a modicum of interest and decided to relieve her sexual tension. While maintaining eye contact with Jon, she opened her belt and jeans. She slipped them down to her knees and without a care in the world, began to masturbate. As her body began to react to her fingers caressing her clitoris, she closed her eyes, leaned back in her chair, and fantasized what it would be like to have Jon Parks fucking her where she sat.

Watching JoAnne Hingle masturbate was something that Jon never expected to witness in a million years. He shook his head amazed at what he was witnessing.

Several minutes into her masturbation session, Jon heard the door to JoAnne's office open. He turned to see Dennis enter, stop short, and just morph into a sniveling submissive bitch. The sheets of paper he was holding fell to the floor and scattered in front of him. The groan that he made came from deep within his soul. The fact that Jon was sitting on the couch had no bearing on what was transpiring between the couple. He dropped his head. Dennis slid up to the left side of his wife's desk and without saying a word went to his knees.

Before Dennis could say a single word, JoAnne's right hand moved from between her legs. She stopped masturbating. Her demeanor changed from a person deep within her own self pleasure to a wild eyed dominant bitch. Her head turned as she opened her eyes. There were daggers flying towards her sniveling husband. JoAnne raised her hand and milliseconds before it came crashing down on Dennis' face she heard Jon Parks.

"FOR GOD'S FUCKIN' SAKE!!!" he cried as she stood and bounded to JoAnne's desk. "I DON'T FUCKIN' NEED A DOMINANT SUBMISSIVE SEX SCENE PLAYED OUT BEFORE ME. GET YOUR FUCKIN' ACTS TOGETHER ASSHOLES!!!"

JoAnne Hingle was jolted out of her sexual reverie and shivered where she sat. The fact that she shivered at his outburst confirmed to Jon that she was the typical dominant to her husband and submissive to a real man. She regained control of her body. It took but a second for her to stand and pull up her panties and pants. JoAnne was not embarrassed showing the small landing strip of pubic hair that was sculptured above her most private part. The fact that Jon saw her sex was not that inconsequential to her. She sat back down, put her head on her desk, and said, "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck."

Dennis Hingle felt the veil of submissiveness rise from his physical and emotional being. His cock betrayed his sexual excitement at witnessing his wife masturbating while another man sat quietly watching. The look on his face when he recovered from his unconscious decent into sexual submissiveness was one of total embarrassment and fear. He turned away from his wife to stare at Jon. He sputtered as he tried to explain what had just happened to him. It was to no avail and only deepened his desire to run from his wife's office.

Jon stood and assumed a strong physical stance. He made sure his sidearm was exposed. "Listen you two holy rolling Catholic assholes, get your fuckin' asses in gear. Take a second to recover. Dennis, I don't really care that you like to watch your holy-roller wife fuck other men. JoAnne, your inadvisable display of whorishness was not expected or appreciated. Dennis, there are papers scattered on the floor. Pick them up and put them in order. Then sit your faggot ass down on a chair and tell me what you have discovered."

"I-I-I'm n-n-not a- a-a f-f-fa. . ." stuttered Dennis.

Jon raised his voice, "I DON'T GIVE A RAT'S ASS IF YOU SUCK COCK OR NOT!!! JUST GET YOUR FUCKIN' BITCH ASS IN GEAR AND GIVE ME THE RESULTS."

JoAnne had recovered enough to look up from her desk and softly say to her husband, "Dennis. Do as he says. Pick up the papers. Put them in order. Sit in the chair. I'll talk to you about this later."

Embarrassed but finally in control, Dennis picked up the papers and sat in the right hand chair of the three that sat in front of his wife's desk. He put the paperwork in sequential order. Straightened them out by tapping them

on the desk top. He started to review the paperwork in a vain attempt to keep from having to talk to Jon Parks. His try at keeping aloof because of his embarrassment failed miserably.

Jon had returned to the couch, leaned forward, and snapped, "Well???"

Dennis took a deep breath to calm his nerves. He looked at his wife who simply pointed to Jon telling him to direct his announcement of the results to him. "M-M-Mr. P-P-Parks. I believe I have f-f-found f-f-four smoking guns. One is a case that is yet to come to trial. The other three are cases where the accused was found guilty based upon fabricated DNA results. I believe in all four cases the DNA gathered did not belong to the accused."

Incredulous at what he just heard, Jon asked, "Are you 100% sure?"

Finally calm from his embarrassment, Dennis smiled and said, "Yes. The idiot who made the changes left enough of his DNA evidence behind to prove that the test kit was modified."

Jon frowned, thought a minute, and decided to ask, "You specifically just said '*his*'. Is there a way we can prove that the District Attorney was the person who made the change?"

JoAnne leaned forward in anticipation of her husband's answer. Jon figuratively held his breath.

"No," said Dennis. "The minute sample of DNA left behind by the interloper was most definitely male. I will attest to that one hundred percent. The idiot left his DNA behind in every kit he fooled with. He was not as careful as the thought. Although I said it was not possible to fudge or fix the results of a DNA test, I was wrong. It is not difficult at all to change the DNA sample or put in an altogether new one. A college biology freshman could do it. What proved that it occurred was the fact that the interloper left his DNA on the sample bottles. This could happen only if he did not wear latex gloves. I will assume the individual did not think the bottles themselves would be swabbed for DNA."

"Is there a way we can identify the person who made the changes?" asked Jon.

"If his DNA is recorded in a database we can," said Dennis. "But, I do not have access to all of the available databases."

Jon relaxed. Sat back on the couch, totally relaxed, unconsciously rubbed his cock, and said, "We do."

Eyeing Jon rubbing his cock did not get past JoAnne. She tingled inside thinking of the possibilities. She stood, went to where he sat, knelt in front of him, and said, "Don't say a word. Just let it happen. I would love to do a retired New York City detective."

Dennis rose from his seat and placed the paperwork he held on the desktop. He stepped into the corner he always went to when his wife had any form of sexual relations with someone in her office. He turned and faced the wall. He clasped his hands behind his back. Dennis closed his eyes and prayed that he would not have to suck the cock of the man that represented the people who owned him and his wife.

With his eyes partially open, Jon watched as JoAnne leaned forward, opened his pants, and pulled them down to his ankles with his underwear. Their eyes met momentarily. JoAnne lifted Jon's cock, leaned forward, and placed the head into her mouth. Dennis knew his wife had begun to suck Jon's cock when he heard his intake of breath. From previous experiences, he knew his wife just taken the head of his cock into her mouth and was swirling her tongue around the glans. He was thankful that he was facing away because his cock grew hard instantly when the visual of his cock in her mouth came to the forefront of his consciousness.

The blowjob was just what Jon needed after a long night of wondering and waiting. With one movement of her head, he felt her take his manhood deep into her throat. Her hands went to his balls. He moaned. Jon thrust his hips up and without a word placed his hands on the sides of her head. JoAnne did not stop sucking. She allowed him to take control of her oral ministrations. Jon knew he was right. She was an alpha bitch at work. Her sucking could

only be compared to the strong suction of a vacuum cleaner. He knew her alpha personality to second fiddle to her submissive personality when she was sexually involved with a man other than her submissive bitch husband.

"SUCK MY COCK YOU FUCKIN' HOLY ROLLER WHORE," he growled.

JoAnne paused for just a second before she renewed her sucking. For a moment she wanted to stop, but in her heart she knew he was just reacting to her orally manipulation of his genitals. Her panties grew wet as her slut fuck hole began to dribble her juices. *'Decision time,'* she thought. *'Suck him and swallow. Or, suck him, fuck him, and let him fill her cheating cunt with his cum'*. Her decision was made when Jon held onto her head and forced his cock deep into her oral cavity and down her throat. The simple movement of his hips and the command to suck his cock was enough for JoAnne to readily accept that she would be swallowing a load of cum from the man that represented the ownership of what was technically no longer her company.

Twelve minutes after she started to suck Jon's cock, JoAnne felt him press her head down. Her nose was crushed against his pubic bone. Her throat surrounded his cock as she felt him grow harder. Thankfully, he was not extremely thick. His length was just enough to get past her gag reflex, but still allow her to breathe through her nose.

"FUCK YOU BITCH!!!" he cried. "FUCK YOU AND YOUR FAGGOT HUSBAND!!!"

She knew he was about to spew his seed directly down her throat. JoAnne did not fight what Jon wanted. She relaxed and allowed the muscles at the top of her throat massage the head of his cock. She felt the shaft of his cock and cock head thicken. She felt her pussy flood with her juices. She wanted to put several fingers into her cunt, but she stopped herself. The only thing that was paramount was sucking the cum from Jon's balls and swallowing it all.

"FUCK!!!" he cried as his cock pulsed five times. Five ropes of cum spewed from the head of his cock and down JoAnne Hingle's throat. To a bit of his amazement, he realized that JoAnne did not pull off of his cock as he ejaculated. Most women would have taken one or two ropes directly down their throats before slipping their lips to just behind the head of the cock they were sucking. This way the remaining ropes would fill their mouth allowing them to breathe, taste the ejaculate, and swallow as needed.

The blowjob ended with JoAnne licking the softening shaft and head clean. She rolled back to put her backside on her heels as she knelt in front of the man she just sucked off. True to her submissive personality, she reached and pulled up Jon's underpants and pants. She stopped just before he had to raise his hips to allow the clothing to pass. JoAnne stood, turned to her husband, and mockingly said, "Did you make sissy milk?"

Dennis knew she said what she did to embarrass him. He could not lie to her. He knew it would be plainly visible on the front of his pants that he had ejaculated just from listening to his wife suck Jon's cock. Shaking and wanting to run away, he quietly replied, "Y-y-yes my love. I did soil my panties."

JoAnne laughed for a moment before she said, "Turn around and thank Jon for allowing you to hear me suck his cock. And be sure to tell him what I always tell you to say to the men I pleasure."

Dennis turned and before he could cover the wet spot on his pants he saw the look of disdain on his wife's face. He stepped out of the corner to just in front of Jon. He looked down, took a breath, looked up at Jon and said, "Thank you Jon for allowing me to listen to my wife suck your manly cock. Because you did so, I have attained a sissy orgasm. I did not touch my clitty. All I did was imagine that I was the one sucking your manly cock. My fantasy was enough for me to spill my sissy milk in my panties. I would be honored if you would allow my wife to pleasure you whenever you are visiting. You no longer need to stay at a hotel. My wife and her bed are open to you. Thank you again for allowing my Mistress to suck your cock. I hope sometime in the future I may do the same."

Jon did not answer. He looked at Dennis, smiled to keep from standing and throttling him where he stood, and simply said, "I accept."

Like nothing had happened, JoAnne said, "What do you need to do to give Jon what he needs?"

The business personality came out when Dennis answered, "I have the DNA sample of the man who made the changes. What I need is access to all of the databases. State. Federal. Military. And private if we can gain access to them."

"I don't know if that will be possible," said Jon fully recovered from his blowjob. He chided himself for letting it happen because back in the city a young lady was waiting to enhance and build a relationship with him. "Let me call my employer and see how she wants to handle the search. Miss Moretti may allow you to do the search. She may not. I'm not going to make the decision. I will call her."

JoAnne Hingle moved to the couch and sat next to Jon. She pointed to the door and Dennis took the hint. As he departed her office he saw her right hand come to rest on Jon's thigh. Inside he cried out in pain as he knew his wife was going to see if Jon wanted to fuck her on the office couch. Jon and JoAnne's eyes met. Her hand gently grasped Jon's thigh. Her question knocked the air out of his lungs.

"Jon, do you think Miss Moretti would allow me to go down on her?"