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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 171

Tuesday – Columbus Place - 18 March 2003

Ming sat at the breakfast table drinking a mug of hot black coffee. Colina, dressed in a pink cotton maid's uniform and white faux leather rubber-soled work shoes, stood leaning against the sink. She liked the feeling of the hem of her work dress as it swished around her bare thighs. The fact that her pert breasts were to the point where a little girl's training bra was necessary added to her growing feminine self-image. Both Ming and Colina were waiting for Apollonia's arrival. Each wondered if she would come down in a good mood, a vile mood, or a mood that would make each of them wonder why they tried to ascertain her mood in the first place.

Colina also stood stewing about the verbal dressing down and abuse she took from Ming when she arrived back downstairs after walking in on her lover sitting on Alessandro's ten-and-a-half inch. How did she know that Apollonia was embedded on Alessandro's cock? From her experience, Apollonia preferred to have her lover between her legs sucking her cunt until multiple orgasms racked through her body. So what. It wasn't like Ming was a virgin. Hell, she's shared cock with Apollonia. In fact, when Colina was Colin he fucked both of them many times.

Apollonia walked into the breakfast area wearing a white short silk Japanese kimono robe that did not really cover much of her privates. On her feet were a pair of sheepskin slippers which were totally incongruous to her kimono. Her hair hung around her face, but it was plainly obvious that she had not showered. She wore no makeup. Behind her was Alessandro Bruno. He wore nothing but his underwear. No shirt. No pants. No shoes. He was barefoot. His embarrassment was obvious as the bulge his cock made in his briefs. Ming and Colina knew he was acceding to Apollonia's wishes. They imaged her saying, *'Come downstairs as I tell you or last night would be the only memory you have of feeling your cock inside my body'*.

Apollonia took her seat. She tossed the papers on to the small table where they were always stored after she read them. Alessandro stood for a moment before he saw her nod to the chair where she wanted him to sit. Colina brought two mugs of coffee. She placed Apollonia's favorite mug in front of her. Then she placed a mug in front of Alessandro whereupon she moved the milk and sugar within his reach.

"Sorry Colina," he said, "I drink it black."

Flummoxed that she did not remember, Colina moved the condiments back to their spot in the middle of the oak breakfast table. Before she turned back to the U-shaped kitchen area, she asked, "Would either of you like something to eat?"

"Would it be possible to get two egg sandwiches?" asked Alessandro. "With two fried eggs on each?"

"Hungry are you?" countered Colina with her eyebrows raised and a look of *'so you're tired and hungry from fucking my wife all night'* on her face. Her sassiness did not bode well with Apollonia.

"YOU LITTLE SISSY BITCH," growled Apollonia. "STILL FUCKIN' MAD THAT I SENT YOU TO YOUR ROOM TO WONDER WHAT WAS GOING ON IN MY ROOM?"

Before she could answer, Apollonia stood, opened the front of her kimono, and pointed to her crotch. She spat at her sissy husband, "LOOK!!! GET ON YOUR FUCKIN' KNEES AND STARE AT THE CUNT YOU'LL NEVER FUCK AGAIN. LOOK!!! SHE HOW PUFFY, RED, AND RAW IT IS. YOU SEE THE STREAKS OF HIS CUM ON THE INSIDES OF MY THIGHS? HE FUCKED ME LIKE I WANTED HIM TO. I AM SO SORE I WON'T BE ABLE TO FUCK FOR A GOOD WEEK OR TWO. YOU WANT TO RECONSIDER HOW YOU ARE SPEAKING TO ALESSANDRO?"

She could not help herself. Tears started to cascade down her face. First Ming and now her Mistress. Colina was heartbroken. She stepped over to her Mistress and went to her knees. She looked between Apollonia's legs and could see that her labia were still puffy and not fully recovered from the apparent pounding they had taken. Her thighs were covered in streaks of cum. She could see a small bubble of cum forming at the opening to her body. Colina was torn between a desire to look away or dive between Apollonia's legs and suck as much of Alessandro's cum out of her as she could.

Understanding what was expected of her, Colina said, "I am sorry Mistress. By the looks of your sex, you had a very good night. I apologize for showing any disrespect to the man who could do that to you."

"Stand. Go over to Alessandro and ask for his forgiveness."

"Yes Mistress."

Colina stood and made her way to where Alessandro sat. She kept her eyes on the floor as she spoke. "Please forgive me. I . . ."

"NO," screamed Apollonia. "FROM THIS MOMENT FORWARD YOU ADDRESS HIM AS MASTER OR SIR. FAILURE TO DO SO WILL RESULT IN YOUR TOTAL EMASCULATION."

She turned her face to Apollonia and saw she was not kidding. Colina closed her eyes as she turned her head back to Alessandro. She looked down at the floor and said, "Master, please forgive me. I did not want to suggest that I have control over anything especially your sexual activities with my Mistress. Please accept my sincerest apology."

Alessandro looked at Apollonia. She raised her eyebrows and nodded. He knew she was giving him permission to accept or refuse his apology. It became readily apparent that Apollonia was testing him. Give Colina a verbal browbeating and he may never again feel the warmth of Apollonia pussy around his cock. Be too easy on her and find Apollonia yelling at him to be a man. *'Damned if I do and damned if I don't,'* he thought.

"I accept your apology, Colina," said Alessandro. "But, I will not tolerate any attitude from you in the future. If you please, I would like two fried egg sandwiches. Each should contain two eggs."

"Yes Master," said a somewhat broken Colina. "Cheese? Salt? Pepper? Ketchup?"

"No cheese. Salt, pepper, and ketchup would be nice," said Alessandro.

Colina turned to Apollonia," Mistress, would you like anything?"

"Just toast me a bagel. Have you fed Ming?"

"Yes Mistress," replied Colina. Without another word, she made her way to the kitchen and began to prepare their breakfasts.

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Before Apollonia could retake her seat, Ming stated, "Don't you think it would be nice to go upstairs and put on some clothing? Or at a minimum, take a shower?"

"No Ming," stated Apollonia. "I want to sit here, eat my breakfast, and revel in the smell and essence of Alessandro's cum pouring from my well fucked cunt. It has been too long since I felt a man's cum oozing from my body and running down my thighs. If you really want to know, I would love to take you and Alessandro upstairs after breakfast. We'll get undressed. We'll get into the shower together. I don't think I need to paint any pictures of what I expect to happen."

Alessandro sat with his mouth hanging open. He wanted to reply, but thought better of it. If he had to retire upstairs with the two women to engage in a ribald orgy of sex, he may just die from overuse of his cock and balls.

The sound of frying eggs broke the silence that had taken over the area of the larger room known as the breakfast nook or area. Ming looked at Alessandro before turning back to her lover. She was not surprised by Apollonia's statement of wanting to feel a man's cum running from her well used cunt. Ming had heard it before. Apollonia loved to feel Colin's cum run from her body. It was nothing new except for the fact that her sissy husband had to address Alessandro as Master or Sir. Something was changing and Ming wanted for better or worse to get to the bottom of it.

"I am going to be blunt," said Ming. "Are you telling me that Alessandro will be your main sexual partner? Is the feeling of his cum running from your cunt more important than your professed undying love for me? Should I consider my options?"

Her eyes rolled just as they began to darken. Her hands rolled into fists. Her muscles tensed. Her jaw showed the stress of clenching her teeth. Apollonia could not fathom why Ming said what she did. The interpretation of feeling Alessandro's cum running from her well fucked cunt was not what she expected of Ming. It was not a declaration of love for Alessandro. Nothing on the face of the earth would break or take her love for Ming away. Calm was necessary. Apollonia had to curtail her rising anger. She stood and went to Ming.

"Oh my God," she said. "There is nothing more important than you. You have totally misinterpreted what I said about how I feel. Stand."

Ming complied with her lover's wishes.

Apollonia placed her arms around her lover's shoulders. She leaned in and placed her lips on Ming's. She pulled her tight and opened her lips. Ming responded. Their tongues met in the middle. Ming's hands went to Apollonia's buttocks. Because of the shortness of the silk Japanese kimono she was wearing, Ming's hands grasped bare skin. Their tits pressed together. Their hips moved together as they pressed their bodies into one another.

Colina ignored the scene. She'd seen it before. Alessandro felt his cock rising in his briefs. He'd seen pornographic movies of two hot women making out and more; but seeing two hot women, one of whom he had fucked multiple times the night before, up close and personal making out was more of a turn-on than he expected. His cock

grew extremely hard extremely fast. Especially when Ming allowed Apollonia to open her pants so her right hand could gain access to her Asian pussy.

Ming broke the kiss and moaned as she felt Apollonia's middle finger slide between the folds of her pussy. She swooned at her lover's touch. Then the situation awoke and broke through the fog of sexual desire. Ming grabbed Apollonia's wrist and tugged her hand from between her legs. Looking into her lover's turquoise and gold flecked eyes she saw the love, but knew the emotional and psychological tricks Apollonia loved to use. Before she spoke, Ming released Apollonia's wrist and took a single step back.

"My reaction to your touch proves that I am very much in love with you," she stated. "I still believe we need to define the boundaries. If he is to be in your bed every night, then I need to know. I have given everything over to you. For all intent and purpose, I am a lesbian. Sure I love a cock now and then, but I belong to you heart and soul."

Apollonia's fingers on her right hand went to Ming's mouth. She pressed them against her Asian lover's lips to silence her. The touch was gentle. Their eyes connected and Ming relaxed. Apollonia's hand slid to the left side of Ming's face. The caress was loving and oh, so gentle. Ming began to shake involuntarily as she knew from experience that the two women were about to go toe-to-toe. This was not to end up with the two of them rolling around on the breakfast room floor. A deep breath calmed her. She stood fast. Ming waited for the bomb to drop.

"Look at him," said Apollonia.

Ming turned to face Alessandro.

"Alessandro," said Apollonia, "please tell Ming about our night."

"Excuse me," said Alessandro, "in detail."

"There isn't much detail now is there."

"That is very true." Alessandro looked into Ming's eyes and stated with conviction, "Last night I had sex with Apollonia. We did not and I repeat, did not make love. The entire time I was inside her I treated her like a twenty dollar whore. We never embraced and there was no passion. There was no foreplay. We never kissed. Apollonia opened her legs. I shoved my cock into her body without thinking about the physical pain I could cause and her ability or inability to take it. At her command, I cursed at her. I called her names. I fucked the living shit out of her. Ejaculated into her hot velvety smooth cunt. She forced me to stay inside her. When I was ready, I repeated the intercourse. Five times before we fell asleep. Five times I fucked her like she wanted. No love. No desire. Just a cock inside a cunt pounding away. My body was never close to hers. I used my arms to support my torso above hers. The only connection was our sexual organs. As I have said, there was no emotion or love. Just animal sex. We rutted. That is what we did until this morning. When you walked in she had just forced herself onto my morning erection. She fucked herself. She made me abuse her verbally as she rode me. I ejaculated. She got off and we came downstairs."

Ming looked at Apollonia. Then to Alessandro. Then back to Apollonia. The smile that came to her face went from ear-to-ear. The twinkle in her eyes were borne of her love for Apollonia and her well-heeled sense of humor. This time Ming's hand went to Apollonia's face. The caress matched the caress she felt from her lover. Ming licked her lips just before she spoke.

"A human dildo that provides an additional measures of pleasure," she said. She looked from Apollonia to Alessandro. She smiled at him as she said, "Pardon the definition, but, I'm not going to address you as Alessandro anymore. You are forever to be known as Mr. Dildo."

Both women laughed when they saw Alessandro's jaw drop and his face show surprise.

"So, I'm just a cock and balls to you both," said Alessandro. He shrugged his shoulders, put his hands around the mug of coffee in front of him, and deadpanned, "An Italian pussy and an Asian pussy. What could be so bad?" He paused again, made a face and looked as if he was having a conversation with himself, and then said, "I will

survive. I will give each of you what you want when you want it. I know I can get into being nothing more than a cock to you both."

Colina finished the two egg sandwiches and the one toasted bagel. She came to the table placed the meals in front of her Mistress and Master. Her face was down the entire time. She wanted to add that it would be nice to have her Master tend to her sexually, but she knew better. She turned to return to the kitchen when Apollonia spoke to her.

"Colina," said Apollonia, "be aware that you are to listen to Alessandro and do what he asks without hesitation. He is your Master. You are not an equal to him. If I want to have him move in, he will. But know, he is just a cock to me. He fucks me. He ejaculates in me. We do not make love. If he wants to make love, I will send him to you."

"I knew there had to be a catch," growled Alessandro. "I knew you would make it impossible for me to remain here as more than a man with an extremely large male appendage. Tell me again that you want me to fuck you, but to feel the warmth of another body next to mine in a loving embrace, I have to have a relationship with Colina."

"That about sums it up," she replied. "I wouldn't take for granted that you will be living with Colina. If I decide to take you in as a male lover, then you have to accept that my sissy husband will be satisfied by your manhood as well. I know you're sitting there wishing you were not sitting here listening to me expound on my requirements for you to become my live-in lover. But, you have two radiantly beautiful women to fuck. Two beautiful women to suck your cock. Swallow your cum. Allow you to willingly fuck them up their asses." She paused, frowned, rubbed her cheek, and said, "I believe that will keep you pretty busy and on occasion your cock will enter Colina's mouth or sissy pussy. I can tell you that with certainty."

"I know I'm going to hell when I die," said Alessandro, "but, I want to be with you so much that I will allow Ming to call me Mr. Dildo and I will begrudgingly have relations with a sissy." He paused, looked up, and said, "God forgive me."

'Good then. We're all agreed," said Apollonia.

She looked to the digital clock on the microwave to see the time. Ten minutes past nine. No call from Jon Parks. Apollonia frowned and asked, "Where is Raffy? Also, where is Mario?"

"Raffaella took her children to school and I believe returned home," answered Ming. "I have not seen hide nor hair of your father."

"Hmmm," said Apollonia. "I wonder if that old fuck is still fornicating with his oldest daughter. I wouldn't put it past him to do it since his cock is no longer encased in a chastity device." Somewhat to herself, she said, "I wonder if I should make trouble."

"I know that Raffaella is getting ready to go to the hospital," said Colina. "She is leaving around noon. As far as where Mario is, I have no idea."

"He can't go far," said Apollonia. "The ankle bracelet will not let him off the compound without prior approval. That being said, I think it is time to go and get ready for the day. Who is joining me?"

Ming smiled and shook her head no. Alessandro rose from his chair, offered Apollonia his hand, and together they headed to her bedroom.

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One hour and forty-seven minutes later, Apollonia and Alessandro returned to the breakfast area. Ming was sitting at the breakfast table reading The Wall Street Journal while sipping a mug of black coffee. Colina was scurrying around performing her sissy maid cleaning duties. Her day always started with making breakfast and then cleaning up her Mistress' house. If no other important situation arose, she would retire to Apollonia's atelier to check the stock market, make any purchases or sales of their holdings, and then begin to return or make calls that involved the foundation of the Moretti family income. Colina knew there were several calls to be made to potential clients. She also knew she had to be diplomatic because of the time between receiving the call and returning it.

Alessandro was dressed in the clothing he had worn when he arrived unannounced yesterday. It did not take a rocket scientist to see that he was wearing a day old outfit. He smiled at Ming and took the chair he had sat in earlier.

Apollonia was dressed to work in her atelier. She wore a pair of paint stained women's Levi five-pocket jeans, a Peterman men's denim work shirt, and on her feet were a ratty pair of New Balance women's running shoes. Her hair was combed and tied back into a pony tail. She wore just enough makeup to enhance her already beautiful face.

Ming frowned when Apollonia took her seat at the head-of-the-table. "Excuse me, but I can see no bra under the shirt. I can understand that based upon how you work, but are you wearing panties or going commando?"

"I tried to put panties on, but I'm too sore. Without them is just as bad, but," she sighed, "I happy to be so sore from having a real cock fuck the shit out of me."

"I can understand," said Ming.

"All I want to do today is work on the painting for Wyoming while you sit and talk to me."

Ming nodded knowingly, "I can do that."

Colina saw his Mistress and without asking poured a mug of hot black coffee for her. She placed it in front of her. Bowed her head and returned to the kitchen to make another pot.

Alessandro wanted to stay but knew he had to return to the city to work on some projects that were due in a couple of days. He stood and said, "I'm going to return to the city. As much as I would like to stay, I do have work to do."

Apollonia rose from her seat. She went to him and took him by his right elbow. The nod was enough to show Apollonia that he was accepting of her guiding him to her chosen exit. They walked across the kitchen, down the hallway to the backdoor mud room, and there they stopped. Alessandro expected a handshake. What he got was a single deep French kiss. His arms went around her tight body and she allowed him to wrap her up. But, it did not last as long as he would have liked.

The kiss and embrace were broken by Apollonia. She smiled as she said, "Do not take what just happened to heart. I felt I needed to give you something to think about. Just remember your place. And, remember to call before you come if I have not invited you."

His frown was short as he said, "Will you ever just come to the city to see me unannounced?"

"That is a possibility," she replied, "but I would not count on me being alone. If you get my drift."

Alessandro touched her cheek. He smiled and said, "As you wish my dear."

Without another word, Apollonia turned and walked back into the kitchen/breakfast room. Her timing could not have been better.

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Apollonia's cellular phone rang just as she sat down in her chair.

"This is Apollonia."

"Jon here, Miss Moretti. We have her by her short hairs. Um, excuse my gutter language."

"Damn, I don't want to talk on the phone. Not being paranoid, but. . ."

"We do need to do some additional work but it can be done in the city. Unless, we want to do it from here."

"Simple answer to my question – what additional work?"

"We have to do database searches. We have verifiable proof, but need to have it corroborated. Just think about it and it will come to you."

"I understand already. Where do you think the work should be performed?"

"I'd rather do it in the city. Either JoAnne or Dennis can travel to the city to help."

"Really? Why?"

"Either of them will know what we're looking for and find it quicker. That is my estimation of their abilities."

"Two better than one?"

"Always. But, we could do it with one."

"They have personnel there to cover their absence?"

"Without a doubt."

"Ok. Tell them they're travelling. I will call the airport and have a jet dispatched immediately. Meet me at the townhouse."

"Absolutely Miss Moretti. See you by this evening."

"Yes."

Apollonia ended the call, put the phone on the oak table, stood, and yelled at the top of her lungs, "GOT THE BITCH!!! GOT HER COLD!!! I AM GOING TO LOVE TO SEE THE LOOK ON HER FACE!!!"

"I will take it that you just received good news," said Ming.

Apollonia sat, took a mouthful of her coffee, swallowed, and said, "We have verifiable proof that the DA manipulated and/or falsified DNA reports to enable the conviction of innocent people."

Ming reached for Apollonia's hand, took it, and asked, "Does it bode well for Mario?"

"Absolutely."

The gatehouse phone rang just as Ming released Apollonia's hand. Colina rushed into the room to answer the phone. The conversation was short. She hung the phone up and said, "Nathan is here."

"Fuckin' awesome," said Apollonia. "I was going to call him, but he must have read my mind."

Four minutes later, the backdoor slammed, and Nathan Childress, all seven feet one inch of him entered the kitchen/breakfast room. He saw his boss and her lover sitting at the breakfast table. He looked around and saw that Colina was not in the room. Nathan figured he was doing his boss' bidding. As he has come to do, Nathan took a place next to the entrance to the family room and leaned against the door jamb.

"Miss Moretti," he said before turning to Ming and saying a simple hello.

"You must have read my mind," said Apollonia. "Would you like something to drink or eat?"

"I'm good Miss Moretti."

Apollonia nodded. "We should be here for most of the day. I expect to meet Jon at the townhouse later this afternoon or early evening. Shit!!! Excuse me a moment."

The cell phone was dialed and to her ear in a flash. The conversation was short. She requested, actually commanded, a Gulfstream leave immediately for Williamsport, PA. The personnel on the other end knew that everything stopped when Apollonia Moretti called. Apollonia listened for a moment, agreed, and ended the call.

To no one in particular, she said, "Fuckin' fifty minutes to get a god damned Gulfstream ready. It is what it is."

She then addressed Nathan, "How was your night?"

If you knew a black man could blush, Nathan's face changed color as he looked down before he responded. "It was one thousand percent better than I expected. Thank you for asking."

The two women exchanged glances. Each knew they were on the same page. They wanted to know all about his sexual encounter with his young white admirer and her husband. Both had an intuition and gut feeling, that the young Jewish woman never said no to anything Nathan wanted. First Apollonia then Ming surreptitiously moved their left hand to their crotches to feel their wetness from thinking about Nathan having relations with a tiny white Jewish married woman in front of her scared sissy husband.

"I guess you can either stand there, sit with us, or retire to the family room and watch some television," said Apollonia.

"Actually, I was wondering if you could help me with something," asked Nathan.

"If you are going to ask for my help, then I want you to sit down at the table," said Apollonia.

"Should I leave?" asked Ming.

As Nathan made his way to the chair that Alessandro had sat in, he said, "No Miss Ming, please stay."



"So, what may I do for you?" asked Apollonia.

"Coffee?" asked Nathan.

"Colina!!!" cried Apollonia.

The sissy trotted into the breakfast area, saw Nathan, and said, "Yes Mistress."

"Coffee for Nathan."

She looked at Nathan and asked, "Something to eat?"

Nathan hesitated until Apollonia chimed in, "Eat if you're hungry. You are part of this family. You are more than an employee."

"Thank you Miss Moretti," said Nathan. "Possible to get six eggs over easy, sausage, potatoes, and some toast?"

Colina smiled and said, "The potatoes will take the longest. Home fries?"

"Is that doable?" asked Nathan.

"But of course," replied Colina as she made her way into the kitchen.

"Ok. Now that you've placed your order at Apollonia's Good Eats, what is on your mind?"

"I don't know where to begin," said Nathan as he took a mug of coffee from Colina. "This young woman is making me crazy. Yet, all I do is think about her."

"First, does she have a name? Second, do I need to worry about your security abilities?" asked Apollonia.

Nathan smiled, "Golda. Her husband's name is Asher. No. You have nothing to worry about. I'm not as smart as you Miss Moretti, but I'm not dope."

"Orthodox Jews?"

"Yes, but Golda is moving away from her Orthodox roots. She no longer dresses the way Orthodox women do. She does not wear a wig. She is not portraying herself as a chaste woman of God. She has turned into what can only be defined as a floozy, slut, or whore."

"I thought you were ok with her change considering she represented someone, excuse my terminology, you could use to masturbate your cock. Has something changed?"

"Yes," sighed Nathan. "Being separated from her did not alleviate my desire to be with her. I thought I would forget about her. That has not happened. When I am not specifically doing something work related and I am relaxed, if I close my eyes, she comes to the forefront. In my mind's eye, I see her dressed, I see her naked, and I see her opening any orifice for me to use. Like now; I'm embarrassed to admit that I am getting hard thinking about her."

Ming chimed in, "Would I love to see that!!!"

Nathan blushed. He looked at Ming and back to Apollonia. "I apologize for my candor. But, if there is anyone one I can talk to about this – it is you. I hope I have not offended you."

The women exchanged glances before Ming chimed in, "If you weren't employed by Apollonia and we were just two women you've become friends with, I don't think either one of us would say 'no' to engaging in sex with you. I

would be astounded if your cock does not compare to your physical size. That being said, just know that whatever you say to us will never be repeated."

Nathan looked to the kitchen and Colina. He did not have to say anything about his concerns.

"Colina," said Apollonia. "From where you are standing, please tell Nathan he has nothing to worry about."

While cooking the eggs, Colina said, "Nathan, I assure you that my lips are sealed. Please remember that I am married to Apollonia. I know my place now that I am her sissy. The only thing I will add to the conversation is, I would love to help you, if you get my meaning, when no one else is available."

"Really," said Nathan, "what you just expressed is what Golda want of me. With her now completely feminized sissy husband."

"An Orthodox Jewish man a sissy?" asked Apollonia. "Isn't that close to impossible?"

"You would think so," said Nathan, "but she has completely changed the man. His hair is long and coiffed. He no longer wears a prayer shawl under his clothing. In fact, she has him wearing women's man-tailored clothing when they are out together. She makes him dress as a total slut when I am there."

"Does she involve him?"

"She wants to, but I tell her I am not interested. She doesn't fight me on the issue, but I can see the defeat on her face as she accepts that I will not engage Asher sexually to humiliate him."

"Have you spoken to her at length about it?"

"Believe me when I tell you, I have. I accept her desire to leave the orthodox community. I accept that she will not leave her Jewish roots. I'm not asking her to convert. She has taken my soul. I cannot believe how deeply I have fallen in love with her."

"Smitten? Or, in love?"

Nathan frowned. "Smitten?"

"Yes, just a feeling that will leave when another woman offers her body to you. Golda is someone new. She gives herself to you willingly. Do you have conversations when you're not engaged in sexual activities?"

"I am not smitten," said Nathan. "I am in love. I know I am. I would do anything for her. Wrong phrase, because I will not humiliate her husband. Asher did nothing to deserve his fate. And, yes, we do have conversations about a lot of things. Sometimes for hours on end. We are learning from one another."

"Would you marry her is she got a divorce?"

"Divorce? You have to be kidding. Asher Wallach would never grant her a 'get'. The only way Golda becomes free from him is for him to die." Nathan rubbed his face and stopped for a moment to allow Colina to put his food in front of him. "I would do anything for her as long as she is mine and mine alone."

"Would you marry her?" asked Ming.

"I've thought about it, but I am not the marrying kind," replied Nathan. "I know she would live with me in common law. I know she would allow me to sow my wild oats, because she has told me I could. Golda would even accept being cuckolded by another woman. She would gladly learn to have relations with a woman if I asked her. God, I am so fucked up!!!"

Apollonia thought a moment before she spoke, "Nathan, first relax. Second, eat your breakfast. Third, I want to meet Golda and Asher. I want to help you and to do that, I need to sit and talk with them. I do not want to burst your bubble, but it may just be beneficial for you to end the relationship. Or, take Asher in front of her and see if it is what she truly desires. For now, eat, relax, and know I am behind you one hundred percent."

"Thank you, Miss Moretti," said Nathan. "But, I have to add that I am really embarrassed to have brought this up to you and to seek your counsel."

"Nathan," said Apollonia, "I would expect you to come to me. As I have said, you are more than an employee."

Nathan nodded in the affirmative as he began to attack his late morning breakfast.

What none of them saw was Colina gently rubbing her chastity encased pussy clit against the edge of the marble countertop. Colina would give anything to spend some time between Nathan's tree trunk legs. In her mind's eye, his cock had to be at a minimum twelve inches. Thankfully, her sigh was not loud enough for anyone else to hear.

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Mario Moretti entered the backdoor and made his way to the kitchen. When he entered he went directly to his youngest daughter. Without saying hello, he knelt by her side and said, "If you wish, I will show my fealty to you as you have prescribed."

Apollonia touched his head and said, "I absolve you for today. Stand, sit, and then I want you to answer one question."

"Yes," said a clam deferential Mario. He rose and sat in the chair opposite Ming. He did not comment on Nathan sitting at the table with a mug of coffee.

His daughter made him stare into her eyes. She asked, "Did you fuck Raffaella last night?"

Silence. Thick enough you could cut it with a knife. Which only gave validity to Apollonia's reasoning that he had sexual relations with her sister.

Mario sat up straight. He continued to stare into his youngest daughter's eyes. "No I did not. Those days are over. I have made my peace with Raffaella. She has accepted my deepest apologies for molesting her. If you must know, I was lucky enough to awaken this morning with an erection. Per Moretti morals, I did not spill my seed. I am hoping to be introduced to a couple that has decided to accept our impregnation proposal. I am also thinking about how quickly I can return to Moretti Construction. I know I could have gone to the office today, but I would rather wait until the ankle bracelet is no longer wrapped around my ankle."

"What are you planning to do with your day then?" asked Apollonia.

"I was going to ask you if you have anything you need me to do," replied Mario. "I am going to call the office and review the status of the jobs. Raffy is going to talk to Viv about what he remembers. After that, I thought I would watch Carmen and Alessa after they return home from school."

"Colina," called out Apollonia.

The pussy arrived shortly after she was called. "Yes Mistress."

"Where were you?" asked Apollonia.

"I was headed upstairs to your atelier," she said. "I was going to return long overdue calls. Make some. And check the market."

"I have something for you to do before you go upstairs," said Apollonia.

"Anything my Mistress," stated Colina.

"I want you to take Mario into your room. I want you to service his cock. Swallow his load or bend over and let him fuck you."

"As you wish."

Colina looked at Mario. He offered his hand to the man that provided the seed to create the woman he loved. "Come Mario. It will be my pleasure to provide you with either of my sissy orifices."

Mario did not move. He thought long and hard about what game his youngest daughter was playing. It was nothing for him to use a sissy even if the sissy was once his son-in-law. Time passed and Mario still did not move. After another minute, he said, "I'll pass. I'd rather save what I have for a wife that wants to have a baby. Nothing personal, but I'll pass."

"Sorry daddy," said Apollonia in a little child's voice. "You either go with Colina or you undress here and I will emasculate you without pain killers."

Mario saw the seriousness on his youngest daughter's face. The choice was simple. He rose, took Colina's hand, and guided her to her bedroom in the back hallway.

Colina turned her face towards her wife just before exiting the kitchen to see Apollonia making the sign of a cocksucker. Her right thumb and index finger made a circle. Her tongue pressed against the inside of her right cheek. She moved them together to simulate sucking cock. Colina did not smile. She turned away and heard his wife burst out laughing. She knew Apollonia was reveling in her command for her to have sex with her father.

Twenty-five minutes later, Mario returned to the breakfast table. He sat, looked at his daughter, and said, "Satisfied?"

"Me? Of course I am," she said. "The question should not have been directed at me. Are you satisfied?"

*'Should I say no or should I say yes,'* Mario thought. Taking the hopefully easy road, "Yes. Colina performed better than expected."

"Oral or anal?" asked Apollonia.

"Damn you girl!!! He was your husband. I know and accept that you use female pronouns when you address him. But, you did not have to humiliate him by forcing him to pleasure me. I know you want a truthful answer. I ejaculated in his mouth. And, yes, he swallowed. Satisfied?"

"Yes and no," replied Apollonia. "Yes, that you had an orally induced orgasm. No, that you used male pronouns. Going forward you are to think of my sissy as female. Colina is her given name. Female pronouns are to be used exclusively."

Not wishing to fight, Mario said, "I agree."

Colina returned after freshening up. She nodded to her Mistress before making her way up to her atelier.

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Raffaella Moretti Rossi came into her sister's house just wanting to see her before she departed for the private hospital in Great Neck. No knowing what her sister's mood would be, she stopped just before entering the kitchen, made the sign of the cross, took a deep breath, and stepped into the room. She was wearing a simple cowl neck dress with three quarter length sleeves. The front of the dress was plain except for the same color edging on the almost hidden scallop pockets. The length of the dress was the only sign that the person wearing it was nothing more than a slut. It came below her crotch just enough to cover her panties; that is, if she were wearing any. On her legs were a pair of matching thigh high lace top stockings. On her feet were a conservative pair of Bally lambskin four inch pumps. Around her neck, Raffaella wore a diamond encrusted choker. In her ears, were a pair of diamond studs totaling four carats. Her face was made up with colors that shouted, *'I'm a slut!!!'*

"Hello everyone," she said as she bounded into the room.

"Whoa!!!" was all Colina could say.

Apollonia, Ming, and Mario just stared at her. Nothing was said. Nathan averted his eyes.

Raffaella did not go directly to her father, but to her sister. She bowed her head and said, "May I?"

For the first time that day, Apollonia stood, turned, and pulled down her jeans. She leaned forward and waited.

Raffy noticed that her sister was not wearing panties. She gently touched her buttocks, spread them, and placed her ruby red lips on her sister's asshole. Not needing to be prodded, she pushed her tongue into her sister's shit hole and made like she was French kissing her. The expectation of a quick kiss was taken from Raffy when Apollonia did not say anything about Raffaella satisfying her duty. She closed her eyes, continued to make out with her sister's anus, and waited.

Apollonia started to get off being rimmed by her sister. The thought passed through her head to keep her sister tongue fucking her asshole until she orgasmed. Then reality set in. The gatehouse phone rang. Without a word, Apollonia stepped away, pulled up her jeans, and waited for Colina to tell her who was at the gate.

Raffaella rose from her knees, looked at the people around the table, and quietly sat in the empty chair next to her father.

Colina answered the gatehouse phone. Listened for a moment, put her hand over the mouthpiece, and said to Apollonia, "Mr. and Mrs. Bluestone are here asking to see Raffaella."

Apollonia looked to her sister for a clue.

Raffaella shrugged her shoulders and said, "I have no clue who they are."

Apollonia was in no mood, "Tell the gatehouse to make them wait." She turned to Nathan, "Go to the gate and find out who and what they want."

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Nathan as he rose to his full height and made his way to the backdoor.

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Nathan walked down Columbus Place to the gatehouse. He saw a 2003 Mercedes Benz SL-500 sitting in front of the gate. In the passenger seat, he could see a woman. Standing next to the driver's side, was an average sized man, greying hair, and a small middle aged paunch. Nathan decided to go into the gatehouse to speak with the man.

He stepped up and into the gatehouse and then down to where the car and people waited to gain entrance. He could see that his size frightened the man.

"How may I help you, Mr. Bluestone?"

The fear was palatable. Mr. Bluestone stood as still as a statue. He did not move a muscle when he answered, "We would like to speak to Raffaella Moretti Rossi."

Not really wanting to play his game, Nathan simply asked, "Concerning?"

The man began to fidget. He was not comfortable being interrogated. He turned, looked into his vehicle, and shrugged his shoulders at his wife. Mrs. Bluestone knew he did not have the balls to make sure they gained entrance to the compound. She opened the door, got out of the vehicle, and from the passenger side said, "Mrs. Rossi's daughter, Carmen, is being nasty to our son. I would like to speak to her about it."

Based on his size and knowledge of how private the Moretti family is, he took it upon himself to act as more than a gatekeeper. "The Moretti's are very private people. Have you ever heard of a telephone?" He did not wait for a response. "I suggest you call Mrs. Rossi, explain your problem to her, and if she wishes she will invite you over to discuss your issue."

"I don't think you're hearing me," said the woman. She tried to stand tall, but her five foot three inch frame paled in size to the seven foot one inch Nigger that blocked her entrance to the Moretti compound. "My son has to bear the verbal slings and arrows from Carmen Rossi. She makes a point of badgering him every day when she sees him. I demand to speak to Mrs. Rossi."

"Mrs. Bluestone," said Nathan in a calm voice, "I truly suggest you take the shit out of your ears and listen to me. Mrs. Rossi will not see you. The Moretti compound is a private street. I suggest you call her. Explain to her the issue with your son. I'm sure she will respond to you as a concerned mother would. Am I making myself clear to you? Do you comprehend what I am saying to you?"

Mr. Bluestone turned to his wife. She nodded. He turned back while pulling a Kimber Pro CDP .45 Auto from the waistband of his pants. He raised the gun, pointed at Nathan, and said, "Let us in or I will shoot you and the gatehouse guard."

Nathan pissed the man off more when he smiled and said, "I don't really think you have the guts to pull the trigger. You're holding a Kimber Pro CDP .45 Automatic with one fuckin' hand. Unless you're a professional marksman, that gun will rise so fast after you pull the trigger, the bullet will hit the roof of the guardhouse. I am going to give you one opportunity to put the gun away, get into your car, and depart to whence you came."

The man holding the gun thought he had the upper hand. He stood in a semi-shooters position. His ego growing with the power of the gun. His wife stood next to the car watching knowing that if push comes to shove her husband would pull the trigger. Neither thought of the consequences that would accrue if someone died from their macho stupidity. Using the weapon as a pointer, Mr. Bluestone growled, "Fuck you nigg. . ."

He never finished the word or the sentence. Nathan, with a grin from ear to ear, used his left hand to feign a punch. The idiot holding the weapon moved in the opposite direction which positioned his gun hand exactly where he wanted it. Nathan knew he was taking a chance because the idiot had his finger on the trigger. It took Nathan just a

spilt second to grab the barrel of the gun with his right hand and twist it and the man's hand and wrist to the left. The pain encountered by the man was more than he could take. Mr. Bluestone screamed and released the gun.

When Mr. Bluestone recovered, Nathan had the barrel of the Kimber pressed against his right temple. Mr. Bluestone pissed his pants. Mrs. Bluestone fell against the hood of the car and began to cry uncontrollably. Neither of them could speak. Mr. Bluestone's eyes bulged from his sockets. His fear released his bladder a second time. Nathan did not move. He did not say nary a word. He just pressed the barrel of the Kimber against the idiot's temple.

It took a few minutes before Mr. Bluestone recovered enough to speak, "Please don't kill me. I'm begging you." Without turning to look at his wife, he said, "My wife is begging you. Please!!!"

Nathan broke out laughing. Mrs. Bluestone no longer stood next to the Mercedes Benz SL-500. Her anxiety and fear of the situation caused to faint dead away. Nathan heard the thud when she hit the ground. Mr. Bluestone didn't. His ears were filled with fear. For the time, he could not speak. He was stone deaf.

"Where does your son go to school?" Nathan asked. He did not remove the gun from the man's temple.

"Please!!!" Mr. Bluestone cried.

Nathan pressed and growled, "Where does your son go to school?"

Knowing he had lost the battle as well as the war, the man responded, "He attends the public school across the street from St. Joachim's Parochial School."

*'Fuck this,'* thought Nathan. "I am going to give you a choice. I am going to keep your gun. I happen to like the feel of Kimber's. Next, you are going to listen to me and do as I say. You are going to leave. When you get home you are going to call Mrs. Rossi and beg to be allowed to return. Your wife is going to stay here. I have decided that I am going to fuck her in her mouth, her cunt, and her ass. I will fuck her multiple times. When she crawls back to you, she will never let you fuck her because my big black cock will have spoiled her forever. If Mrs. Rossi deigns to let you come to pick up your wife, she will be so tired and sore you will probably need my help to carry her to your car."

"Please don't do anything to her," begged Mr. Bluestone. "This was all my idea. She had nothing to do with it."

"BULLSHIT!!!" growled Nathan. "I saw her nod to you. That was the signal to pull the gun. You're lying to me. Continue to lie and I will drag both of you to Mrs. Rossi's house. I will take you inside, tie you to a post in the basement, and I will sexually abuse you for hours. Then I will go to the public school, pick up your son, bring him here, and let him see what has happen to you both. Then I will ask him to tell the truth under the threat of physical and sexual abuse. Lie to me and your life as you know it will cease. Your choice."

Before Mr. Bluestone could answer, the gatehouse phone rang. The gatehouse guard answered, put his hand over the mouthpiece, stuck his head out, and said, "Miss Moretti wants to know what is taking you so long."

"Please tell Miss Moretti that I have two individuals here one of which was stupid enough to pull a gun on me. One is conscious. The other is unconscious due to her fear. Tell her I have the situation in hand."

"Yes sir," said the gatehouse guard.

"Now, where were we," said Nathan. "Yes, you have a choice to make Mr. Bluestone."

"I am telling you the truth," cried Mr. Bluestone. "This was all my idea. My wife had nothing to do with anything except coming here to talk to Mrs. Rossi."

Nathan turned to the gatehouse guard, "Yo, you have water?"

"Yes."

"Good. Go around the car and pour some on this asshole's wife's face. When she comes to, bring her around the car. Be forceful, but do not hurt her," said Nathan.

Three minutes later the guard stood supporting Mrs. Bluestone. Her face was wet but not soaked.

"Lean against the car," said Nathan to the frightened woman. She still saw that her husband's gun was pressed against the side of his head.

"Y-y-yes, I will," she said.

The gatehouse guard released her and returned to his post. He knew Nathan could take care of himself.

"What is your name?" asked Nathan. "Or, should I just call you bitch?"

"M-m-my name is Melissa," she whined. "Please don't hurt my husband."

"Lie and both of you will be hurt," said Nathan. "Whose grandiose idea was it to come here and try to gain entrance by pulling a gun?"

The couple looked at one another. They knew it was decision time. Melissa Bluestone made a face, turned away from her husband, and said, "Our son is a fuckin' sissy like his father. Carmen Rossi does not even attend school with him. She sees him and verbally and physically abuses him. If anyone is going to hurt my son, I am going to protect him. That is why we are here."

"You did not answer my question," demanded Nathan. "Whose idea was it to come to Columbus Place?"

"MINE!!" screamed Melissa.

Before she could react, Nathan pulled the gun from her husband's temple and inserted the working end into her mouth. Melissa Bluestone froze.

"My, my," said Apollonia as she approached the gate. "Nathan, what do we have here?"

"What we have here Miss Moretti is a couple who thinks they have the wherewithal to enter the compound through force. As you can see, the one who claims to be the designer of the attempt is now sucking on her husband's Kimber," replied Nathan.

The fear on both Melissa's and her husband's face told a good portion of the story. Apollonia did not need to ask any questions about their fear. Her curiosity concerned their need to even try to enter the compound. Rather than inquire of the two petrified people, she asked Nathan, "Why are they here?"

"Apparently Carmen has been bullying their son," said Nathan. "Melissa here thinks her son is a sissy like her husband. She decided to come here to speak to Raffaella. I suspect they were thinking the brandishing of the Kimber that is still inserted into Melissa's mouth would put the fear of God into your sister. I guess the tables have turned. Well actually, their scenario never came to pass. When her husband pulled the gun, I disarmed him. He pissed his pants as you can very well see and that she fainted dead away."

"Some people have nerve," said Apollonia. "So, what were you thinking about doing with them?"

"They have been lying through their teeth to me. I was thinking that it probably would be nice to take them back to the house, tie them up in the basement, and abuse them. But of course, we could just let them go to lick their wounds. I really don't think they'll return anytime soon."



"No we won't," cried Mr. Bluestone. "We'll forget that we ever came here."

"What about Carmen?" asked Apollonia.

The question set Mr. Bluestone off. By her name, he knew she was not the mother of the child that was bullying his son. "Excuse me, but who the fuck do you think you are? We demand to speak to Raffaella Rossi!!!"

Apollonia knew Mr. Bluestone was lucky. If she was standing in front of him, he would be bent over holding his genitals, crying in pain, and begging to be left alone. '*Sometimes God works in strange ways*,' she thought.

"What is your name?" she asked of the man.

"Robert," he replied. "Mr. Robert Bluestone."

"Oh I see," said Apollonia. "Lucky for you Robert I wasn't standing in front of you. Did Nathan give you two an ultimatum?"

"He did," replied Robert, "but, we don't accept it. Our son is being bullied and we want to settle the issue."

Melissa Bluestone's eyes went to her husband's face and then attempted to look at the gun that was still in her mouth.

Apollonia saw and said, "Melissa, would you like to speak? Blink twice for yes and once for no."

She blinked twice.

"Nathan, I don't think you need to worry. Pull the gun from her mouth."

No sooner than the end of the barrel passed out of her mouth, she yelled, "Robert, you are a fuckin' piece-of-shit. You have no backbone. I'm standing here with your gun shoved into my mouth and you do nothing about it. What kind of man are you?" She paused threw her hands up and yelled, "Oh right, you're a cuckold. A faggot. A cocksucker. That is why you pissed your pants."

"Melissa, please," cried Robert. "Please don't make this worse than it is."

Apollonia had to keep from breaking out laughing. She could see the same look on Nathan's face. She decided to have some fun. "Nathan, if you'd like, we can take Melissa and Robert to Mario's house. I bet she'll drop to her knees in a New York second to suck your big black cock. And, I wouldn't put it past Robert to go behind you and suck your balls and asshole as she does it. How does that sound to you?"

"Sounds like a plan, Miss Moretti."

"Would you like to suck his cock Melissa?"

The frightened woman closed her eyes and shook her head no. "All I want is to go home and forge that we ever came here this morning. I will talk to my son. I will tell him to walk away when he sees Carmen. You can relate our apologies to your sister. That is what I want."

If you knew Apollonia, the time she was taking was not to think about what she was going to say. She used the silence and length of time to wonder about how far she could take the altercation. One last dig. "Nathan, would you fuck Melissa if you could?"

"No Miss Moretti," he replied. He looked down and straight into the woman's eyes as said, "I'm not into short, fat, and dumpy broads. If I were with my buds, I'd give her to them. They'd fuck anything that walks. And, that includes Robert."

Then it hit her. "Nathan, do you own a car?"

"No ma'am," I am always driving the limo.

"Robert, how much do you own on the car?" Apollonia asked.

"Nothing," he replied with a bit of trepidation in his voice. "I paid cash for it."

"Sweet," said Apollonia. "Leave Melissa here. Take Nathan to your home. Find the title, sign it, and give it to him. If you have a second car, follow him back here and Melissa will be waiting. I can guarantee that nothing will happen to her. Seeing her I can attest to the fact that no one here is interested in a fat, dumpy broad."

"FUCK YOU BITCH!!!" yelled Melissa. "IF YOU WERE STANDING IN FRONT OF ME, I'D KICK YOUR ASS ALL OVER THE STREET!!!"

"I love a challenge," cooed Apollonia.

Before Melissa could understand what was happening, Apollonia entered the guardhouse, exited the guardhouse, and grabbed the rotund woman by her throat. Her left hand went to her right ear. Apollonia grabbed the lobe and twisted it. Melissa Bluestone cried out in pain. Apollonia couldn't help but smile. She released the woman's ear and neck, stepped back, and with the speed of a boxer cold cocked the woman. The force of the well placed blow knocked Melissa unconscious.

Apollonia turned to Robert, "I will hold her in the guardhouse. You go and do as I told you. When you return and I know Nathan has ownership of the SL500, I will release your obese wife to you."

Robert rolled his eyes and with a bit of hope and not despair asked, "What if I don't agree? To be truthful, I wouldn't mind being free of that fat bitch. When she was young she was thin and svelte. Two children and she let her body go to shit. And, if you're wondering, I am a cuckold. But not because my endowment is small. I am a cuckold because I could not allow myself to have sex with her. She is a gross fat pig. She stinks even after she takes a shower."

"Why me," moaned Apollonia. "She called you a faggot. Do you suck cock?"

"I am bisexual," replied Robert. "I have no psychological problems about enjoying sex with another man. I have no preference. I enjoy both sexes. At this point in my life, I would love to be free of her."

"What about your son?" asked Nathan.

"I have my doubts about his masculinity," stated Robert. "But he is only seven. His sexual orientation could change. If he is gay, then so be it. I am not going to make his life hell. He is very intelligent. Yet, at the same time he is scared shitless of girls. Girls like Carmen who know how to make a boy bend to their will."

"You said you have two children. A brother or a sister?" asked Apollonia.

"An older sister," stated Robert. He looked down to see his wife beginning to move. "She is ten."

"What are their names?" asked Apollonia.

"My daughter's name is Rachel and my son's name is Robin."

"I can see why your son is a bit of a pansy," said Apollonia. "Robin is a girl's name today. Yes, decades ago is it was a boy's name, but times have changed."

Melissa rolled to her side and tried to stand. She failed and hit her head on the concrete driveway. "Oh," she moaned. Her head throbbed. "Would someone please help me up?"

"Had enough?" asked Nathan.

"Y-y-yes-s-s," moaned Melissa.

"I don't think so," chimed in Apollonia. "Melissa, if you want to survive and not end up sleeping with the fishes, I need you to go into the gatehouse, pull down the pants of the guard, and suck his cock. When he ejaculates make sure he coats your face. When you are finished, return here, stand in front of me, and look me in the eye. I want to see his cum dripping down your cheeks, nose, and chin."

"I will do no such thing!!!" cried Melissa.

Apollonia reached for, took the Kimber from Nathan's hand, and with Nathan's help removed the magazine from the weapon. Both Apollonia and Nathan took a flyer that there wasn't a bullet chambered. She placed the barrel against Melissa's temple, cocked the trigger, and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "You won't be the first person I have killed. And, probably not the last. Just tell me you won't do as I ask one more time. But, before you do, I want you to look around because when you tell me to fuck off the last thing I want you to see is my face. Smiling as I pull the trigger."

"Decisions, decisions," mocked Nathan.

Robert Bluestone stood stock still not believing what he had just heard. *'Would she really pull the trigger on a main street in the Village of Lawrence?'* he thought.

Melissa tried to make eye contact with Robert. Apollonia made sure she would and could not make eye contact with her husband. Melissa's muscles were beginning to weaken from the stress. Unbeknownst to her, she had the same thought as her husband. *'Would this crazy bitch really pull the trigger?'*

"As my bodyguard stated about decisions," said Apollonia, "you have a simple choice. Melissa sucks off the gatehouse guard. Then Robert takes Nathan home to get the title to the SL-500. Then and only then will I release Melissa. Or, should I just pull the trigger."

Robert held up his hands. They were shaking as were his legs. His eyes alternated between Apollonia and Nathan. When he spoke there was fear in his voice and pleading in his eyes. "Please put down the gun. Can't we come to some mutual agreement to end this stupidity?" He saw the change in Apollonia's eyes. He became so afraid he spat, "Ok!!! Ok!!! I'll suck off the gatehouse guard. Then I will take Mr. Nathan home and sign over the car to him. Just please put the gun down. Melissa will stay here. I promise on my life she will be a sweet little angel." He turned to his wife and said, "Isn't that right Mel?"

"I don't want to die," cried Melissa. "I will be good. I will not do anything stupid. Please!!!"

Apollonia pulled the gun from Melissa's temple. With her less dominant hand she slapped her across the face. She then took her by the chin and spat, "You fat piece-of-dog-shit. Do not ever come to this compound again. You do and I will personally shove a ten foot pole up your ass. Your death will not be pretty. Your children will learn that their parents were professional losers. I want each of you to hand to Nathan your driver's licenses."

Robert and Melissa Bluestone did as told. Robert took his license from the wallet that was in his back pocket. Melissa pointed to her handbag sitting on the passenger seat. With a sideways glance, Apollonia allowed her to lean in the vehicle, retrieve the handbag, and remove her license from her wallet. Nathan held out his huge hand. They gently placed their licenses on his palm.

Apollonia smiled, stared hard at both of them, and said, "Get into your car and drive away. If either of you see me, my sister, Nathan, or any other member of the Moretti family on the street, walk away. Forget about what

happened here today. If you persist, I will turn both of you into heroin addicts. To pay for your drugs, you will sell your bodies on the streets. You'll most likely die from AIDS. Your children will be put into the foster care system. I will not hurt them, but from intimate knowledge of the system, they will not survive to grow into old age. Do both of you understand?"

Together they nodded their heads and said, "Yes."

"Now, get the fuck out of here," commanded Apollonia.

Apollonia, Nathan, and the gatehouse guard watched the couple get into the vehicle and departed from the entrance to Columbus Place faster than a speeding bullet.

"Nice gun," said Apollonia.

"Yes," said Nathan.

"Keep it," said Apollonia as they headed back to her house.

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As Apollonia walked down the hall from the backdoor she called out, "Raffaella!!!"

Raffaella did not move, but she knew her sister was going to confront her about the people who tried and failed to get onto the compound. She sat waiting for the explosion. For that matter, so did Ming, Mario, and Colina.

As she passed the U-shaped kitchen, Apollonia said, "Coffee." She made her way to her seat, sat, and held up her mug for her sissy husband. The fresh coffee was placed in front of her before she spoke. Apollonia's hands circled the mug as if to warm them on an icy cold day. She smiled at everyone reducing the stress in the room. When her hands were warm, she raised the mug, took a sip, and placed it down in front of her. She looked at Nathan, nodded, and he knew everything was all right.

"Raffy," said Apollonia, "seems Carmen is harassing and bullying a boy from the public school across the street. What do you know?"

Her eyes flew open for a split second. Her hands remained flat on the table. She frowned and then spoke. "I don't know anything about what you just said. I swear Appy. The only trouble I knew about was... OMG, is he one of the boys that harassed Antonio?"

"No," replied Apollonia. "Seems Carmen is bullying him because she can. Seems the boy may be a bit of a sissy."

Looking into her sister's eyes, Raffaella reiterated her lack of knowledge. "I swear Appy. I will talk to Carmen when she gets home."

"Talk and nothing more," stated Apollonia.

"What about the parents?" asked Raffaella.

"They will never return," chuckled Apollonia. She did not add that in Nathan's jacket pocket were their driver's licenses. She changed the topic, "Are you headed to Great Neck?"

Thankful nothing more was going to be said or done about the couple, Raffaella broke into a smile, "Yes. I want to spend as much time as I can with Viv."

"Is that why you are dressed like a common slut?"

Raffaella could not find words. She sat there dumbfounded at her sister's accusation.

Nathan please go upstairs and ask Colina to come here.

Nathan departed and in less than two minutes, returned with Colina.

"Colina," commanded Apollonia while obnoxiously pointing at her sister, "take the whore back to her house. Dress her like a lady and not like a slut. Come back here so I see how she is dressed."

Apollonia turned to her sister, "Understand, that I will not allow you to tarnish the Moretti name. If you want to be a whore, stand up, go to Nathan, kneel in front of him, and suck his cock. Otherwise, take your floozy ass out of my house and return dressed like a lady."

Raffaella slid off the chair. With her head down, she departed her sister's house followed by her sister's sissy husband.

"I was hoping to get upstairs before noon," said Apollonia, "but looks like I will have no time to work on that painting. Fuck!!!"

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Raffaella returned wearing a Ralph Lauren man tailored pants suit, a woman's button down oxford shirt, and a pair of brown and black spectator shoes. Around her neck was a series of chains that were simple and did not take away from her clothing. Hanging from her shoulder was a leather hand bag by Coach.

Apollonia, Ming, and Mario nodded approvingly. Nathan could not believe the difference.

"May I go?" asked Raffaella.

"Yes," replied Apollonia. "I will not be here when you return. I want you to call me after you have spoken to the doctor. Be home before Carmen comes home. Understand?"

"Yes," replied Raffaella knowing her sister just dressed her down verbally. She was still subservient to Apollonia and nothing would ever change that. Raffy backed up, turned, and made her way to the back of the house.

"Mario, I think it would be beneficial if you spent time with Colina returning and making phone calls," stated Apollonia.

"Thank you," said Mario. "I would like that. Get back into the family business."

Apollonia looked at the digital clock on the microwave, sighed, and said, "Ming, let's go upstairs." She turned to Nathan, "Can you keep busy for a couple of hours?"

"Yes Miss Moretti," he replied. "Will we be going to the city?"

Apollonia rose, took Ming's hand, and replied to Nathan, "Yes. To the townhouse."