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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 174

Wednesday Morning – 84<sup>th</sup> Street Townhouse - 19 March 2003

The world woke up to the news that the United States and coalition forces had launched the war to rid Iraq of Saddam Hussein and his Weapons of Mass Destruction. The citizens of the United States were both prepared and abhorred by going to war again in the Middle East. Some questioned why the President's father did not finish off Saddam Hussein when the United States attacked in 1990. Every news piece that would have had a chance to be above the fold or on the front page of every daily newspaper was supplanted by the announcement of *'War in Iraq'*.

Giuseppe and Sienna woke before their Mistress. They prepared the kitchen table to hold more diners by putting in the leaves that expanded it to seat eight comfortably. The downside was the lack of space to move around the kitchen when preparing or actually cooking. Sienna checked the refrigerator and pantry so she knew what she could offer the unexpected guests. Rather than set the table, she decided to make individual breakfasts based upon the person's choice of breakfast food. Giuseppe descended into the basement to check on the elderly cleric and Marco. Satisfied that neither of them would make a ruckus, he ascended, closed the door, and made a mental note to ask Miss Moretti if he should allow Marco to do his daily chores.

Dennis and JoAnne Hingle descended the steps and found their way to the kitchen. It was then they learned of the elevator. Both looked astounded that the magnificent building also had an elevator. Both were dressed casually. The incident the night before had ended JoAnne's attempt at seducing Apollonia. They were directed to seats at the table. Both were immediately aware that the seat at the head of the table with a line of sight into the room belonged to Apollonia Moretti.

"What would you like to eat for breakfast?" asked Giuseppe.

Dennis sat quietly. JoAnne answered with a question, "What are our choices?"

"We are quite well stocked for any eventuality," responded Giuseppe. "Would you like to start with some coffee?"

Dennis looked up and asked, "Do you have decafe?"

"Not made," replied Giuseppe, "but I can make a pot, if you'd like."

JoAnne rolled her eyes, but did not intervene. She already knew what her husband was going to say.

"If you would," said Dennis, "I really don't do well when I have a lot of caffeine running through my system. And, the pot will definitely satisfy my need for coffee while I work."

"And for food?" asked Giuseppe. The elderly incestuous man saw the look of confusion on their faces. He chuckled at the thought that they were either afraid to ask or needed menus. "Except for something out of the ordinary, we have eggs, toast, English muffins, bagels, Danish, butter, cream cheese, jams, and jellies. If you would like some bacon, sausage, pork roll, or steak we can prepare that also. Just tell me what you would like. If we don't have it, I will have it delivered."

JoAnne sat astounded that the elderly man said he could have anything delivered. That being said, she ordered for both her and her bitch husband, "If you please, we each will have two eggs over easy and sausage. I would like some fried potatoes – if that is not a problem. None for my husband. We both would like rye bread. Mine with butter and dry for my husband."

Giuseppe looked at Sienna who was already beginning to prepare their meals.

"I don't know your names, so I'm sorry to just blurt out a request," said JoAnne.

"I am Giuseppe and that is Sienna."

"Nice to meet you both," said JoAnne. "We will be your guests for a few days. I hope we are not underfoot any longer than that. Do you know if Jon spent the night?"

"Mr. Clark departed last night," said Giuseppe. "I believe he is returning midmorning."

JoAnne took a chance. She thought she saw an opening. "The young girl – I believe her name is Pricilla," said JoAnne. "May I ask her relationship to Miss Moretti? And the teenage boy. What is his story?"

Giuseppe put a mug of coffee in front of JoAnne. Turned to see that he could pour a mug of decaffe for her husband. When he placed the mug down, he replied to the woman's inquiries, "I am not in a position to answer your questions. If you would like to know, I suggest you speak with Miss Moretti. I am not at liberty to speak for her or the Moretti family."

JoAnne persisted, "Last night my husband and I saw that the boy, Marco I believe is his name, was more than afraid of Apollonia. He was petrified and scared shitless. His genitals looked as if they were used as a pincushion or worse. And, I saw her kiss the young girl. Kiss the young girl as if they were lovers. I don't. . ."

What JoAnne had not seen or heard was Apollonia entering the kitchen via the back staircase and through the kitchen door. Before she could continue her questions and interrogation of Giuseppe, JoAnne felt a strong grip on the back of her neck. She froze in her seat. Dennis' eyes flew open, but no words were spoken. His fear was palatable.

The sound of her voice was something that neither of them had ever heard. The power of the whisper was like the sound of crashing waves against a sea wall during a typhoon. Apollonia had leaned next to JoAnne's ear.

"One, you never address me by my first name. From last night on until the day you die, you will address me as Mistress Moretti. Your faggot husband will do the same."

"Two, never ask anyone anything about me, the Moretti family, or anyone associated with the family. If you need to know something, I or my chosen proxy will inform and educate you. They will answer any questions as long as they feel you have a need to know."

"Third, both of you will upon seeing me enter a room bow to me. You will fall to your knees and press your forehead onto the floor. Your arms will be by your side. If I deem it, you will rise, place your lips on my exposed anus, and kiss it in supplication. Failure to do so will result in one of two things. You will die on the spot or I will send you someplace where you will live in abject poverty and survive by selling your body to AIDS infected men and/or women."

"Fourth, I own you both. By extension, I own your children. You live because I allow you live. If I no longer have a need for either or both of you, I will end your existence. To maintain your lifestyle in Williamsport, you have to maintain the profitability of my business and when I call upon you, do as I command. Fulfill your obligations to me and both of you will live a long and fruitful lives."

JoAnne did not answer. She was moments away from urinating in her pants. Dennis got his act together enough to answer, "Mistress Moretti, please know that we had learned our lesson last night. JoAnne is a very curious person. And because of that curiosity, she can and will get herself into deep doodoo. Please forgive her. Just know, that from this moment forward, we accept your demands and we belong to you."

Apollonia released JoAnne's neck and moved to her seat. She looked around for a moment before asking, "Where are my newspapers?"

"I apologize Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe. "I will go retrieve them now."

Before she could say anything, Sienna placed her mug with hot black coffee on the table. She returned with an English muffin with butter and strawberry jam. Nothing was said between the elderly woman and her boss. JoAnne and Dennis waited for the woman to finish their breakfast, but they did on their own accord notice the submissive nature of the woman towards Mistress Moretti. JoAnne saw something more – controlled fear.

Giuseppe returned with Apollonia's papers. He removed their plastic wrappers, opened them, and placed them in front of her. The space was available because Sienna knew to place the plate with her breakfast to her right.

"Pardon me, Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe. "I apologize for not. . ."

"Don't fret," said Apollonia. She didn't have to look around, but she did before she asked, "Did Jon spend the night?"

"No Miss Moretti. He departed and said he would be here by midmorning."

Apollonia nodded. Pulled out her cellular phone and hit one of her speed dial numbers.

"Hello Apollonia, said Colina."

"Good morning Colina. Did you hear from Jon last night? Did you order the equipment per his specifications?"

"Yes. Everything should be delivered by ten. If they are one minute late, please call so I may rip Manuel a new asshole. Is there anything else?"

"Not as yet."

"When are you returning to Columbus Place?" asked Colina. His voice betrayed his fear of asking his mistress when she would be returning.

Her hackles were raised. Her radar was returning images of some issue. Her sonar heard something in Colina's voice. Colina's question said more than simply asking when she was returning.

"Don't fuck with me Colina. I can hear it in your voice. Do I need to drop everything and return now?"

"No. No. It is just something I think you're going to be mad about. In fact, you may just lose it completely which I do not want to have happen when you return home."

With her voice raised, "QUIT FUCKIN' WITH ME!!! I'LL FUCKIN' CASTRATE YOU BITCH!!! TELL ME!!!"

"Please calm down. It is not anything you can do about now." Colina held her breath for a moment before she said, "Viv is home."

"WHAT??? YOU BETTER NOT BE FUCKIN' WITH ME!!!"

"Raffy returned with him. Apparently he collared the doctor and made him release him. They came home with meds and bandages. From what Viv said, a nurse will be here twice a day to check on him. Viv made me swear not to call you. But, you called me and I knew you needed to know."

Apollonia licked her lips, shook her head, and said, "Ok. I'm not totally mad at you. There was nothing you could do except call me when it happened. I'll deal with Viv when I get home. I will call the doctor to smooth over any issues. I'll be home when I get home."

"Yes My Mistress."

Apollonia pressed the END button. She put the cell phone on the table, picked up her coffee, and drained the mug. Before she had it on the table, Giuseppe was there with the carafe to refill the mug. She picked up the newspapers one-at-a-time, scanned the front pages, and snarled before pushing them aside. In her mind she knew she would have to make calls to family and see how much the family was going to make off the horrible events beginning in the Middle East.

Pricilla entered the kitchen. She wore a pair of hip-hugger Diesel denim jeans, a halter top, and a pair of New Balance running shoes. Her flat stomach was bare, but she was not dressed like a slut. Although it was early spring by the calendar, the daily temperature was still cold enough to be considered winter. Inside the townhouse the temperature was kept at a constant seventy-two degrees. For the teenager, it was more than warm enough for her to dress as if it were summer. She did not take a seat. She approached Apollonia, knelt, and placed her head on the floor.

JoAnne and Dennis Hingle were astounded. JoAnne grew wet. Dennis cringed fearing what could happen next. They both wondered if she would have to kiss and suckle her Mistress anus.

"Rise and come close," said Apollonia.

Pricilla stood and stepped as close as she could to Apollonia's chair. She did not move when her Mistress placed her lips on her bellybutton. She did not flinch when she felt her Mistress place her right hand between her legs to cup her sex. Apollonia tongued her bellybutton, kissed just above the waistband of Pricilla's jeans, sat back, and said, "I am going to send you to a very special friend. Per my instructions, he will pierce your bellybutton and insert a platinum and diamond piece. It will signify my ownership of you. You may sit."

"Thank you Mistress," said Pricilla knowing that last night cemented her submissive relationship with the woman who stole her heart.

Apollonia saw the look on JoAnne's face and decided to see what had her so astounded. "So JoAnne," said Apollonia, "is there something on your mind?"

JoAnne kept her eyes on the plate in front of her as she spoke, "I saw the girl last night. Pricilla I believe. I have never thought that you would have a relationship with a girl so young."

Apollonia smiled as she said, "And you wouldn't? Please!!! You're a fuckin' whore. Your cunt has been used by more men than I care to think about. Pricilla came to me. I did not force her to submit to me. She did it willingly and of her own accord and free will. That beautiful teenager is past the age of consent."

Still looking down and showing her place, JoAnne said, "Yes. I am a whore. I readily admit it. I have on occasion masturbated to a fantasy of having sex with a young girl. Someone I knew or saw while shopping at the mall. But, I've never consummated that desire."

"Because you're a cock hound and a low life piece of dog shit. To satisfy your cravings for cock, you fuck anyone probably anywhere. Pricilla is as pure as a new born baby."

JoAnne's face changed showing her amazement.

"Tell her Pricilla," commanded Apollonia.

"Yes my Mistress," said Pricilla. "I am here of my own volition. I serve my Mistress at her pleasure. I am a complete virgin. The only male appendage I have ever touched was Marco's. There was another boy but all I did was put my hand on it while he was dressed."

Looking up, JoAnne asked without first getting permission from Apollonia, "Marco was your boyfriend?"

The cup grazed her head. The coffee spilt all over the table, JoAnne, and the floor. It hit the wall with such force, it splintered into a thousand pieces. The whore from Williamsport sat frozen in her seat. She knew if the cup had hit her directly in the face, she would have been knocked unconscious. It took but a split second for her to look down at the plate in front of her, cry and beg for forgiveness, "I'm so, so, so sorry Mistress. Please accept my apology. I have learned my lesson." In her head she thought, *'That bitch could have killed me!!!'*

"Really," said Apollonia. "Let's see if you have. Stand, come to me, and show me how much you've learned."

JoAnne Hingle rose from her chair. Her blouse, face, and hair were covered in hot coffee. As she went to the head of the table, she saw her Mistress rise from her seat, turn around, and lower her Ralph Lauren windowpane man tailored pants. She was wearing a string bikini. JoAnne watched astounded and revolted at the same time as her Mistress lowered her panties.

"Kneel and kiss my ass," commanded Apollonia. "Suckle it as if your life depended upon it. Think what you must, but know that all Morettis keep their bowels clean. Especially when they are engaging in anal sex or as it pertains to you, submission to your Mistress."

Before she knelt, JoAnne said with a pained voice, "Here??? Now???"

Giuseppe interjected, "I would suggest you do as Miss Moretti says. I really do not want to have to clean up the mess. When she commands people to show their fealty to her by sucking her ass, they do it. No questions asked."

JoAnne made the sign of the cross, knelt, and leaned in to her Mistress' backside. She tried to probe with her tongue and failed.

"Use your hands cunt," demanded Apollonia. "Spread my cheeks and put your fuckin' face between them, and suck my ass."

The instant her hands touched her Mistress' butt cheeks, JoAnne Hingle's abdomen began to twitch. The thought of sucking an ass was making her sick. She turned her head, removed her hands, and regurgitated all over the kitchen floor.

"Fuck!!!" cried Apollonia as she stood and pulled up her pants. "Giuseppe, please clean up the mess." She leaned down to JoAnne and said, "I should make you lick it up. Get yourself together and meet me in your room with your faggot husband." Then she went to Pricilla and quietly said, "Ask Giuseppe if there is an enema setup in their room. If not, then ask where he keeps them. Get one and bring it to me. If one is there, then just come to their room."

"Yes Mistress," replied Pricilla.

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Apollonia went directly to their room via the back staircase. The Hingles followed minutes after having used the elevator for the first time. Their faces were filled with shock, fear, and remorse. Seven minutes later, Pricilla entered carrying a small red canvass bag. Apollonia sat on one of the chairs in the room. Pricilla went to her and knelt. She placed the bag at her Mistress' feet and without being told, placed her forehead on the hardwood floor.

"Rise my sweet," said Apollonia. As Pricilla stood and moved to her side, Apollonia addressed the Hingles, "I am going to educate both of you to the history and ways of the Moretti family. When I am done you will have a choice to make. You accept that I have taken you from the bowels of poverty and placed you in a position to live your life, not in the lap of luxury, but well enough that you'll never have to worry about anything ever again. But, to live like that you have to understand that by three o'clock the latest, you will have signed your Documents of Indenture. Have I made myself clear so far?"

Together they responded, "Yes Mistress."

"Good. Remove your clothing. Kneel and bow to me."

JoAnne Hingle removed her clothing very quickly. Dennis Hingle hesitated. He looked from his wife to the teenager. He hesitated a moment too long."

"Dennis, don't make me mad. You will not like the result. Miss Pricilla has seen men and boys dressed en femme. She has also seen men and boys wearing chastity devices. So, get your fuckin' clothing off or I will castrate you in front of your wife."

Dennis did not hesitate. He removed his Mary Jane shoes. Then his khaki pants and shirt. He then removed the thigh high stockings, bikini panties, and camisole he wore. His genitals were not encased in a chastity device, but it was readily apparent that his sexual equipment left a lot to be desired. Both he and his wife assumed the submissive position. Neither of them spoke.

Apollonia looked up at Pricilla and gently patted her own thigh. The young teen understood and sat on her Mistress' left thigh. Her intake of breath signaled to the Hingles that something was happening between Apollonia and the girl. What they could not see was Apollonia resting her hand on Pricilla's right thigh just next to her crotch. It took a moment for Pricilla to understand that her Mistress just wanted to hold her. Their eyes met and Pricilla mouthed, *'I love you Mistress.'*

There was no verbal response from Apollonia. She gently squeezed Pricilla's thigh in response to her profession of love. Relaxed, Apollonia was ready to indoctrinate and educate the Hingles.

"Do not move and listen to me. If your forehead begins to hurt, suffer. The Moretti family history goes back to before the Middle Ages. We are Sicilian by origin and birth. Our family took refuge and fought the Sudanese Invaders until they left Sicily. We were farmers, seafarers, manufactures, and criminals. When Jesus was crucified and the Catholic Church rose to prominence, it was and still is the Moretti family that provides the funds for the church to exist. We own all the Church's land including the Vatican. He have connections in every government in the world. In the United States we own Senators, Representatives, Federal Judges, FBI and CIA personnel, Governors, State Legislators, and State Judges. We do black operations that cannot be done legally. I am the head of the Moretti family worldwide. My father was before me. I dethroned him. I have committed murder. I have defended my family. We are a power to be reckoned with. JoAnne do you understand?"

She was smart enough not to rise or move when she spoke, "Yes Mistress."

"One aspect of our business is providing viable sperm to couples that are having trouble conceiving. One hundred percent of the time, it is the husband who has an issue. The husband and wife sign an agreement that a consecrated Moretti man will have intercourse with the wife until she conceives. Some men are nowhere near their wives when the act is performed. Others are like Dennis. They are cuckolds. They range from men who just like to watch to fully feminized sissy bitches. The child born to the couple is by agreement tithed to the Moretti family. The child can be taken from the family with or without notice for any purpose as agreed upon by the Moretti Council. There are thousands of children living today because the sperm that created them came from the testicles of a Moretti man."

Apollonia paused, gently pulled Pricilla's face to hers, and kissed her. Their tongues danced. Apollonia felt the girl move and knew she was beginning to get sexually excited. She broke the kiss and for the second time saw Pricilla mouth, *'I love you Mistress.'*

JoAnne and Dennis Hingle remained in the submissive position. Apollonia could see that both of them were beginning to experience pain as they kept their foreheads pressed to the hardwood floor.

"Rise to a kneeling position. Do not speak. Do not look at me."

JoAnne and Dennis picked their shoulders up and it was obvious to Apollonia and Pricilla they were thankful to be relieved of kneeling and pressing their foreheads to the floor.

"You witnessed Miss Pricilla bring a canvass bag into the room. In that bag is the beginning of your required sexual hygiene. JoAnne, you wretched when you thought about having to suckle my anus. If I were any other person in the world, my asshole would be ripe; especially, if I just had a bowel movement. But, I am a Moretti. Pricilla is not a Moretti, but she has learned and accepted. Giuseppe and Sienna are Morettis and they do as you will every day. Look at me."

JoAnne and Dennis made and kept eye contact with Apollonia. They looked at her and only her. It was as if, Pricilla did not exist.

"Pricilla, tell JoAnne and Dennis what you did this morning as part of your waking routine."

Pricilla looked at Apollonia, frowned, and then understood what she wanted her to impart. "When I got out of bed and went into the bathroom, before I took a shower, I gave myself enemas. I do as many as I need until the water in the toilet is as clear as it was after I flushed."

Apollonia smiled, "And what does that mean to anyone in the Moretti family?"

"It means that my anus and lower bowel are clean and available for sexual activities."

"What do you do after you eat and/or have a bowel movement?"

"I go to my bathroom and I clean my bowel. It is something that I know is mandatory for me to do. Especially since I have given my life to you."

"And, if you are out and an enema kit is not available?"

The teenager frowned and remembered what Giuseppe had taught her. "When I am out and I have a bowel movement, I go to the nearest drug store, purchase a minimum of three large Fleet enemas, and use them to clean my bowel."

Apollonia patted her leg as a reward. What she wanted to do she could not. Apollonia looked to JoAnne and said, "Pick up the red canvass bag. Open it and take out the contents."

JoAnne did as she was told. She opened the bag and pulled out a red rubber enema bag, several lengths of rubber tubing, and several silicone enema nozzles. She laid them on the floor except for the nozzles. She was smart enough to know to keep them sterile as they could be considering where and how they was stored.

"Have you given your children enemas?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes Mistress. When they were younger."

"Have you ever administered one to yourself?"

"No Mistress."

Apollonia gently moved Pricilla from her lap. She stood and said, "One at a time you are going into the bathroom. Pricilla is going to administer as many enemas as is needed to clean each of your bowels. You will learn the proper position to self-administer an enema. When you come downstairs, you will kneel, place your foreheads on the floor, and beseech me to allow each of you to suck my anus in fealty and gratitude."

Dennis spoke for the first time, "Please do not make me take an enema from the girl. I won't be able to control myself. I am asking so I do not get myself in trouble."

Apollonia pursed her lips and nodded. She gave him credit for admitting his potential for failure. But, there was no way she was going to change her mind. "Dennis, Pricilla will administer the enemas. If you pop an erection, so what. If the feeling of the nozzle pressing against your prostate makes you feel like you cannot control your ejaculation, so be it. Just know that when you are done with the enemas, all your droppings of sissy milk will be cleaned up by you." She paused for effect, "With your mouth."

Dennis Hingle began to weep. His life was crashing down around him. He did not want to submit to a sixteen year old girl, but, he knew if he didn't, both JoAnne and he would suffer the consequences.

Apollonia guided Pricilla to the door. She put her arms around the girl, kissed her, and then whispered, "Be strong. Make sure they're clean. And, if need be, give them more than would normally be necessary. I want them to suffer the humiliation of having a young girl poking around and in their rectums."

"Yes my Mistress," cooed Pricilla. "You can count on me. Your wish is my command."

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The whine of the elevator signaled Apollonia that the Hingles were returning after their enema training. She sat smiling as they entered the kitchen. What they did not know prior to coming down to the first floor was that Jon



Clark had arrived. Their faces showed shock and dismay at seeing him. Again, as if out of nowhere, Pricilla entered the kitchen and went to her Mistress. Jon was surprised to see the girl kneel at the feet of his employer.

"Rise my sweet and take your seat," said Apollonia. She looked towards the Hingles and said, "I am waiting."

Their eyes rose from the floor. They glanced at Jon Clark. They did what any person filled with shame and humiliation would do in their situation – they hesitated.

Apollonia did not yell, scream, or become physical. She knew she had to temper her anger with the Hingles. Yet, she needed to show them who was and would always be their superior.

"What has made you hesitate?" she asked surprising the Hingles.

JoAnne answered, "We did not expect to see Jon here."

"He is to be addressed as Mr. Clark in my presence. His presence has absolutely no bearing on what you as my submissive bitches need to do. It is not like he hasn't witnessed someone under my control prove their fealty to me. Isn't that right Jon?"

"That it one hundred percent true, Miss Moretti," replied Jon. He knew better than to call her Apollonia.

"So," continued Apollonia, "I am going to stand. Both of you are going to approach me and kneel. I will turn my back to you, lower my pants and panties, and you will do as I have commanded you."

Pricilla saw a small smile break across Jon's face. What Jon was doing was trying at all costs to keep from breaking out laughing. Giuseppe and Sienna remained silent standing as far from the table as possible in the small kitchen.

JoAnne preceded Dennis. She knelt and was followed by her husband.

Apollonia turned, lowered her garments, and said, "I want Dennis to perform his act of fealty first."

The thought of sucking Apollonia's ass made Dennis sick. He did not care one bit that her ass was cleaner than the fallen snow. His stomach began to turn and he fought a strong desire to regurgitate. The only option was to fall to the floor and assume a fetal position. He would plead his case in the hope the dominant bitch that claimed ownership of him would relent. Dennis did not do as he was told. He fell to the floor and begged, "Please do not make me kiss your anus. I am disgusted by the thought. I have sucked cocks. Swallowed cum. Licked balls. But, I have never been asked or forced to kiss and suck an asshole. Please!!! I cannot do it!!!"

Apollonia counted to ten. The seconds were long enough for her to control her anger. Her eyes did not turn a deep black. For if they had, Dennis Hingle would be dead. She pulled up her pants, turned, and said, "Stand up bitch!!!"

Dennis looked up his wife who growled, "You sniveling little cretin. Stand up. Make me suffer because of your inadequate self-image and I will do to you what I know Mistress Moretti is thinking."

Dennis rose. He stood but barely could keep his legs from shaking.

"Your disrespect should have resulted in me removing your balls by simply ripping them from between your legs. Sadly, it will have to wait," Apollonia said. "I have a better punishment for you suffer. It will happen later today as God is my witness. For now, I expect both of you perform as if your lives depended upon it. I need answers."

Relieved, Dennis Hingle said, "I promise that you will not be disappointed, Miss Moretti."

"My Mistress," said JoAnne, "I am not opposed to performing my fealty. I expect that it will not be the only time I have to perform the act of kissing your ass. I want to show you that I am one hundred percent yours to do with as you please."

Apollonia smiled. Everyone except the Hingles knew the smile was not genuine. "For now, just thank your lucky stars you and your husband are alive. I know that the thought of your lips touching my anus would result in an orgasm. Not me, but you. That is not the point or the expected result of you sucking my asshole. So, now you will suffer the same indignity your husband will. No questions. No begging. It will happen and you will accept the punishment or I will suffer the consequences of not having either of you to do my research."

To Apollonia's surprise, JoAnne fell her knees, wrapped her arms around Apollonia's legs, and begged, "Please do not take us from our children. I want to serve you. I will do anything you ask. I mean anything. Including leaving Dennis. I am abhorred by the thought of sucking your ass, but if there more disgusting things you want me to perform; I will. I will suffer though it to prove to you that I am serious about serving you."

All Apollonia said was, "We'll see."

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At one minute to ten, the front door bell sounded. Giuseppe went to the door and returned to ask Apollonia, "Where do you want the men to bring in the computers?"

"Not through the front door," replied Apollonia. "Use the service entrance. You should have known better than to ask me. Make sure Jon knows where to set them up. Which, I imagine, is where Dennis and JoAnne are going to work."

"As you wish Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe.

When he returned to speak to the deliverymen, Giuseppe saw Nathan coming up the street. He waited for the huge man to make it up the stairs and enter the townhouse. They exchanged morning pleasantries before Nathan made his way to the kitchen.

"Good morning Miss Moretti," said Nathan. "Everything under control?"

Glad to see her bodyguard and protector, Apollonia said in a cheerful voice, "Yes. Couldn't be better." She rose and said, "Please come with me to the front parlor."

They made their way to the parlor and she directed Nathan to sit opposite her at the front table. Before she could say anything Sienna arrived with her ever present mug of hot black coffee. She looked at him and he shook his head in the negative. The elderly woman backed up a few steps, turned, and left their presence. Apollonia looked out the window for a moment as she contemplated how she was going to ask Nathan do something she knew he would abhor. The strong hot coffee felt and tasted wonderful as it slid down her throat. The only taste she liked better was the smooth silky taste of Ming's love juices.

Apollonia sighed, put down the mug, and said, "I have something to ask you. Something that may piss you off royally. I will without question accept your refusal to do as I ask. I. . ."

"I will not fuck that bitch," stated Nathan forcefully. "I thought about it last night and I am totally against it. Add to that, forget about me even going near that sniveling asshole that is her husband."

The laughter that emanated from Apollonia was not directed at Nathan. He saw that she was not angry with him concerning the Hingles. Nathan also read in Apollonia's face a bit of relief about asking the upcoming request.

"You amaze me Mr. Childress," said Apollonia. "I was not going to ask you to fornicate with the Hingles. I know what I said last night, but I would never ask you to do something like that. What I am going to ask is if you know anyone who is at least six foot six inches tall with a large endowment who would do them both. Naturally, I will pay handsomely."

He frowned before he spoke, "I think we are on a basis where I may inquire as to what happened that you have decided to ask me to find a black man to. . ."

"My turn to interrupt you, Nathan," said Apollonia. "Yes, I am asking if you know a clean black man that will do as I ask when it comes to the Hingles. Last night and this morning was a test of my will to not end their lives. I need them. And, I will probably need them past this immediate issue with the District Attorney. As you know, she will not give herself to a black man. What I want is a bisexual man that will fuck both of them. He has to be dominant, but he has to understand that if he hurts them in anyway, I will have his genitals in a jar. That being said, do you know anyone?"

"How much time do I have?" asked Nathan.

"I would like to be home for dinner," replied Apollonia. "That being said; I want it to happen this afternoon. Say two o'clock or thereabouts."

"I know a couple of men," said Nathan, "that for the right amount would be happy to humiliate both of them. May I ask how much you're willing to pay them?"

"I haven't really thought about the amount. But," she broke out in a shit-eating grin, "I bet if the number was high enough you'd do it."

His face changed.

"Please Nathan, you know I am kidding with you. What if I leave it up to you? Think of a number and you can take something off the top, I won't mind in the least."

"Consider it done," said Nathan.

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Apollonia remained in the front parlor throughout the day. She made and received phone calls only on her cellular number. Pricilla went about her business making sure that Marco performed as if Apollonia wasn't there. Giuseppe and Sienna made sure she was fed and her mug kept full with fresh hot black coffee. Jon Parks managed the installation of the hardware and gave over the installation of the software to Dennis. JoAnne set up the monitors, keyboards, and mice on their desks. The Hingles were hard at work by noon.

When the Hingles began their work, Jon made his way down to his employer. He knocked on the door, opened it, and stuck his head in.

"Please Jon come in," said Apollonia. She pointed to the chair opposite.

He sat and said, "You have scared the shit out of them. Especially Dennis. They worked, but he kept on asking me about what was going to happen to him this afternoon. He also cried to me about being humiliated by the girl. May I ask?"

"It was nothing," said Apollonia. "I made her teach them how to keep their bowels clean. She induced multiple enemas. JoAnne tolerated it because she is nothing but a whore. Dennis cried like a baby because he was scared he would ejaculate from having the enema nozzle shoved up his ass."

"I can understand that with him. What amazes me about him is his intelligence. Yet, he is such a fuckin' physical and emotional loser," said Jon.

"That is why I think their lab was failing. A mind for science but none for business."

"How much longer will you need me here?"

"You have someplace to be?"

Jon showed a bit of frustration before he answered, "I do. But, the explanation can be a very long dissertation on my part."

"I'm all ears," said Apollonia as she leaned back in her chair.

"Ok. The reason I did not stay last night was because of a young woman I met before I left for Williamsport. I have absolutely no recollection that I mentioned her to you, but then again, I have been very circumspect about our budding relationship. She is staying at my apartment. I met her the night before I left in an old Irish dive bar near my apartment building. I am old enough to be her father. When I returned home last night she greeted me by kissing me and fondling me. Please don't think of me as a prude, but this girl is only as old as you are. In fact, she may be a year or two younger. She is wealthy beyond my dreams. She. . ."

"I don't remember you mentioning her to me, so, I'll go with that you did not. What is her name?"

"Renee Gastineau." Jon grew more frustrated and began to show a side of him that Apollonia had never seen before. "Renee can afford any apartment, co-op, or condo in Manhattan. Yet, she wants to move in to my apartment. I live in a one bedroom walk-up apartment in a pre-World War II tenement building." Jon took a breath, exhaled, and said, "Jesus, I am trying. . ."

Apollonia interjected, "To tell me you're in love with a woman my age. So what."

"She was homeless when we met. She had walked out on her husband because he turned out to be a major sexual deviant. The divorce was acrimonious to say the least, but she found all his dirty laundry. He settled for high eight figures. No future alimony. She is no dope. Especially when it came to finding her ex's hidden assets." He looked out the window for a moment, returned his gaze to Apollonia, and said, "I was beside myself when that whore went down on me in Williamsport. Usually, I never turn down a blow job, but I felt like I was cheating on Renee. I am beside myself."

"No Jon. You're in love. Since we're being open and honest with one another, a man thinks with his cock ninety-nine percent of the time. The feeling of shame you have only supports the fact that you feel something for this young woman. Forget that she is filthy rich. Did you connect with her? Intellectually? Emotionally? Sexually? If your answer is yes to a majority of the questions, then what you need to tell me is that you'd like to know that you have time to spend with her."

"I am at your beck and call, Miss Moretti. I serve you willingly and because you pay me handsomely. I will not make our relationship less than what it already is. What is bothering me most is a phone call at some wee hour of the morning. She knows I am a private investigator. What she doesn't know is that you are my only client."

Apollonia took a sip of her coffee, smiled, and said, "I understand that the Moretti family is your only client. What is more important is the fact that you perform only lawful obligations. I would never ask you to do anything patently illegal. I know, but don't tell me, that at times you have crossed the line. For Miss Gastineau, you are one hundred percent pure as the driven snow."

"Maybe I'm making a mountain out of a mole hill," sighed Jon. "I just want to know that it will not be an issue if I leave to go home. Home to Renee."

"Yes, you have my word," said Apollonia. "In fact, why don't you bring her to Sunday dinner at the compound in Lawrence?"

"Could I take a rain check? I want to be absolutely sure that she is not using me. For what reason, I could not tell you or myself for that fact."

Apollonia nodded her acceptance of his request for a delay in bringing his girlfriend to meet her. Satisfied with the conversation, Jon Parks stood and departed the parlor.

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JoAnne and Dennis sat in front of their computers amazed at the speed of their Internet connection and the access to all sorts of federal, state, and private DNA databases. They created programs to hack the sites, but put them aside when they found they had been given administrative rights to all of the databases. The Federal DNA databases were included. The only programming they needed to perform was based upon qualifying and sorting the data from the underlying database. Their main push on each database was to remove as many non-qualifying individuals as possible. The first and most obvious removal were all the female records. Once they had the remaining male records, they removed the records of dead and incarcerated men. The remaining records had to be searched based on the criteria of the sample they had discovered on the DNA kits.

For a good amount of time, both JoAnne and Dennis had nothing to do but watch the monitors as data sets scrolled by as their programs did their computational aerobics. When it came to programming, Dennis was one of the best. He was chased by the National Security Agency, the Central Intelligence Agency, Homeland Security, the State Department, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Attorney General's Office, and all of the state entities dealing with police, homeland security, and justice. The top tier colleges and universities gave up when they heard his minimum demands for becoming a publish or perish professor.

"This is becoming tedious," said Dennis.

"You knew it would be," replied his wife. "If you need to take a break, go down to the kitchen and see if there is something you can bring back for us to eat."

"I'm not hungry. What I am is scared shitless at what that consummate bitch is going to do to us. Aren't you at least a bit curious and scared?"

"Curious. Yes. Scared. No. I think I know what she is going to do. To save my life and my children, I will do as she commands. She won't ask. She will demand."

Dennis turned to his wife, looked her in the eye, and begged, "Then please impart your thoughts to me. I am turning things over in my head and I cannot come to a viable conclusion. The more it think about it; the more afraid I become."

Frustration showed in JoAnne's voice, "It is right in front of your face, Dennis. I know you are too smart for your own good and you cannot see the forest for the trees most of the time. But, something happened last night that made both of us scared. Do you remember?"

"The enemas?"

"No stupid. Last night not this morning."

"I'm not stupid. I'm scared. I cannot for the life of me remember. Please JoAnne," begged Dennis.

JoAnne touched his face. She rubbed his cheek for a moment before she said, "We, not me, not just you, but we are going to have to have sex with a black man. I just feel it in my bones. I will bet that it will not be Nathan. It will be someone that neither of us has met before. For me, it will be oral, anal, and vaginal sex. For you, oral and anal. It just depends if she will be satisfied with either one of us, both of us, or perhaps just you."

"I'd rather commit suicide," bemoaned Dennis, "then be forced to have sex with a Nigger."

"I'd be careful about using that word," counseled JoAnne. "I think we are not in any position to fight the inevitable. Mistress Moretti is someone we need to respect and do as she says. If we are going to maintain or increase our standard of living, we just may have to do something that goes against our beliefs."

"I can't believe you are saying that to me. You are the person that introduced me to the separation of the races. Now, you're going to let a Nigger. . ."

JoAnne slapped Dennis across the face. It was something she had never done before and the result was just what she expected. Her husband grabbed his cheek and began to cry uncontrollably. She waited until he calmed down enough to listen to her. Thankfully, he did not begin to whine and spew asinine invective about why she slapped him.

Her hand went to his throat. It was something she had never done previously. She spat, "Listen to me you fuckin' cocksucker. My life and your life are now in the hands of a woman who without any hesitation will murder us. I want to live a long life. I want to feel hard cocks fucking me. Do you want to die? I don't think you do. You wouldn't be here if it weren't for me. We're both pretty bad at business. We sold our business and our lives to Mistress Moretti. Remember, sometime today we are going to sign Documents of Indenture. We are readily accepting a subhuman position when it comes to Mistress Moretti. More importantly Dennis, we need to protect our children."

Sniveling and wiping his face with each sleeve of his shirt, Dennis said, "I don't trust her. I don't trust that she will not do harm to our children. I just feel that way."

"And I trust her," countered JoAnn. "She has never lied to us. She has always performed as she has said. Except for the possibility of having a sexual encounter with a black man, I am going to serve her. Unconditionally."

"I guess," whined Dennis, "that because I serve you, I will serve her." He closed his eyes, rubbed his face, and moaned, "My life is going down the toilet." Dennis opened his eyes, looked at his wife, and said, "Just be kind to me when she is a bitch to both of us. I will do as you ask."

"Good," said JoAnne. "Now, let's do what we do best and find the asshole that is tampering with collected DNA evidence."

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At a little past two-thirty, Apollonia, Nathan, and Pricilla entered the room where JoAnne and Dennis were working. Just as JoAnne rose to kneel, Dennis sat frozen in his seat. A glare from his wife moved him to the floor. They placed their foreheads on the floor and waited. A moment later, the door opened and Howard Cohen entered the room. He stopped short when he saw the couple kneeling on the floor. He knew better than to express his dismay or disdain at what he was witnessing. Then again, he remembered who was in control.

"Rise," said Apollonia.

JoAnne and Dennis remained kneeling but picked their heads up from the floor. Their eyes remained downcast.

"In a moment you will sign some documents. These documents are legal in every state of the union. Legally they are interpreted as Employment Contracts. To me, they are your Documents of Indenture. Howard, who you met in Williamsport, will hand them to you. You may sit and read them. You will sign them. I will not consider answering any questions. If you do not like anything spelled out in the documents, you may leave. You will not have a job. You will not have a place to live. In other words, you'll be out on the street with just the clothes on your back."

Howard opened a file folder and handed to a document to each of the Hingles.

JoAnne remained kneeling. Dennis rose without asking and took his seat. They read the documents. JoAnne put out her hand asking for a pen without verbalizing. Dennis read and reread the document. He stood, turned, and said, "You have to be fucking kidding me. I am in your employ for the rest of my natural life. If I decide to cease working for you, I forfeit everything. What if I leave and my wife stays? What if she leaves? This is written as if we are one person. I am not going to sign this document."

JoAnne rose to her feet. She put the document on the desk, initialed each page where designated, signed the last page, and turned to her husband. Her anger filled the room. Dennis saw her face and knew she was about to pummel him into submission. He dropped the document on the desk, stood, and prepared his body to take his wife's abuse. What he didn't consider was what she learned from her Mistress. The kick was swift. It met its mark. Dennis rose to his tippy toes. His face froze and in a matter of milliseconds a screeching scream exited his mouth. His hands went to his crotch. He fell to the floor and pulled his knees to his chest. He began to cry. He could not speak because he could not catch his breath. The pain was excruciating.

JoAnne's right hand went to his throat. She squeezed. She watched as Dennis fought for a breath as he turned blue. She released her hold and spat, "You fuckin' cocksucker. You better sign that document or I will ask Mistress Moretti to renegotiate the deal. I will be sure she cuts you out. You will never work again in this country. I accepted her ownership. I have signed the document. You have exactly one nanosecond to pick up the pen on my desk, initial, and sign. Failure is not an option."

"Give me a second please!!!" cried Dennis. "Let me catch my breath. I will sign."

Six minutes later, Dennis stood, sat in his chair, and signed the document. He turned to his wife and said, "There, but I hope you know that our children are now bound to the Moretti family. We have given up all of our parental rights. JoAnne!!! Do you hear me!!!"

"I'm not worried Dennis. I know that if we do more than we are asked to do, we will see our children grow, go to college, marry, and present us with grandchildren."

JoAnne took the documents and handed them to Howard. Once they were in his hand, she returned to her knees. She glared at her husband and he complied.

"Apollonia," said Howard, "is there anything else on the agenda today?"

"Not at the moment," replied Apollonia. "I'll touch base with you later this evening. I promise not to interfere with your evening plans."

Howard smiled, nodded, and offered his hand to his employer. Apollonia took it and released it. Howard made his way out of the room.

"Nathan, there is no need for you to remain here," said Apollonia. "Go up to the solarium or downstairs; whichever you prefer. I should not be longer than an hour or two. Then we'll leave for the compound."

"As you wish Apollonia," said Nathan. The big man turned and departed the room.

"Pricilla," said Apollonia, "I want you to go to my room and retrieve what you find in the drawer closest to the headboard beneath my bed on the side closest to the bathroom."

"Yes Mistress." Pricilla departed.

"JoAnne and Dennis Hingle," said Apollonia, "you are now mine. You have ceded all of your human rights to me. And, by extension the Moretti family. I told you earlier today that one or both of you will be suffer some form of humiliation. I have decided. Dennis stand and remove your clothing."

His eyes bugged out of his head. He looked to his wife who made a face telling him to do as his Mistress says. He rose and removed his sissy shoes, pants, and shirt. On his body was a pair of panties, a camisole, and a pair of lace top thigh high stockings.

"JoAnne, does he have heels with him?" asked Apollonia.

"No Mistress. Just his Mary Jane's," replied JoAnne.

"Too bad," said Apollonia, "Guess we'll make do with what we have. Or. . ."

Pricilla returned carrying a tan cotton travel bag. She placed it on the floor at Apollonia's feet.

"Another errand for you my sweet," said Apollonia. "Go downstairs to Marco's closet. Find a pair of heels and bring them here."

"Yes Mistress," said Pricilla.

Five minutes later she returned with a pair of black patent five inch heels.

"Give the heels to Dennis. Then take everything off except for your panties and your heels," ordered Apollonia as she opened the travel bag.

Pricilla complied. She folded her clothing per her submissive education. She stood next to Apollonia in a pair of white lace boy short panties and her four inch heels. She watched as her Mistress took out a harness and a dildo. With adeptness borne of prior use, Apollonia pushed the dildo onto the post provided. Pricilla tried to figure out how big the toy was, but gave up. She waited patiently. She had a good idea of what was coming.

Apollonia held the harness and nodded to the sixteen year old. She did not ask, but Apollonia allowed her to use her shoulder to balance herself as she raised her right and then her left leg. Pricilla allowed her Mistress to pull the harness into place and make the correct pulls to secure the strap-on dildo to her waist. The young girl looked down and opened her mouth in awe. For the first time in her life she saw herself with a penis. An ersatz penis, but a penis nonetheless.

"You're not going to. . ." moaned Dennis.

"Oh yes she is," said Apollonia. "First, put on the fuckin' heels you faggot. Then you have two choices Dennis. Bend over, hold on to the desk, and get fucked by a sixteen year old girl. Or, I will have your wife strap you to



a chair and Pricilla will rape your faggot ass. If you comply, I believe you will enjoy your humiliation. Fight the inevitable and have a hard time sitting for at least a month."

Dennis did not say a word. He picked up and put on the heels which much to his surprise fit. He then turned, pulled his panties down to his thighs, bent over, and said, "Please use some lubrication. I am complying Mistress Moretti."

"JoAnne," commanded Apollonia, "prepare your faggot's pussy for penetration."

Dennis' wife went to her knees, spread the cheeks of his ass, and proceeded to spit on his anus. She licked his hole for a moment before she stopped. She turned to Apollonia and asked, "Would you like me to loosen his pussy before he gets used my Mistress?"

"No. Just make him wet. And when you're done, suck Miss Pricilla's cock."

"Yes Mistress," said JoAnne. She returned to just licking her husband's asshole and stopped after a few minutes. She turned to Pricilla and without a word took the entire length of the dildo into her mouth and throat. As it slid out, she made sure to use her tongue and lips to coat the silicone prick. She deep throat the dildo three times before she moved back and knelt by her chair.

Pricilla looked at her Mistress. Her eyes read fear and questioning. Pricilla had never used a strap-on on a boy or a girl.

The smile on Apollonia's face was genuine. If she was going to fuck the faggot, she would be wearing a dildo that had a bulb that would be in her cunt and a small ball that would be in her ass. It would be securely held in place and she would have no issues or problems fucking his faggot ass. But, Apollonia used the harness to keep her virginity. "Pricilla, just step up to his behind. Rub the head between the crack of his man pussy. You'll see and feel where his hole is. When you're ready just push the ersatz cock into him. Do not hesitate. Drive the full length of the dildo into his faggot ass."

Pricilla nodded. She did as her Mistress said. Her fear of hurting the man diminished as she began to push the head of the dildo into his rectum. By Apollonia's standards she was moving too slow.

"Shove it up his ass Pricilla. Push hard. Don't be easy on the faggot. I want to see all ten-and-a-half inches inside his ass."

"NO!!!" cried Dennis. "Please!!! I've never had anything that big inside me!!! Please be gentle!!! Please!!!"

Pricilla hated the sound of Dennis' whining. She grew angry with him the way she grew angry with Marco. She grabbed his hips and pressed the entire length into his lower bowel.

"YEOW!!!" screamed Dennis. "PLEASE!!! TAKE IT OUT!!!"

Where it came from Apollonia did not know, but Pricilla answered him perfectly.

"FUCK YOU PUSSY BOI!!! TAKE MY COCK!!! SHOW ME WHAT A FAGGOT YOU ARE!!!" Pricilla released his hips, leaned over his back, took him by his shoulders, and pushed the final inch into his body. "NOW YOU HAVE IT ALL!!! FAGGOT!!!"

JoAnne was beside herself. Never in their life together had she ever seen her husband fucked by such a large toy or real cock for that matter. She wanted more than anything to slip her hand between her legs so she could diddle her clit. But, if she did she knew she would have the wrath of Mistress Moretti rain down on her. She showed her amazement and desire by licking her lips and opening her eyes wide. Her breathing also signaled she was enjoying her husband's sexual humiliation at the hands of a sixteen year old.

"Fuck him Pricilla," said Apollonia. "Fuck him and show him who is boss. Make him beg and move to have your cock inside his faggot ass."

"Yes Mistress," said Pricilla. Her hands remained on his shoulders. Her upper body rose slightly and she began to thrust her hips pushing the dildo as far as it could go into Dennis' fuck hole. With each thrust she heard Dennis moan. With each partial exit of the fake cock, Dennis would move so she and everyone else knew he wanted it back inside him. It took a few strokes for her to gain confidence in her ability to fuck like a man. She pressed her breasts to Dennis' back as she power fucked his ass.

JoAnne Hingle sat astounded at how the young girl was power fucking her sissy husband. She had fucked him, but never as he was presently being pegged. Her whore's cunt cried out to her. It took all of her energy and power to keep from diddling her clit. It was during this time she witnessed her husband's cock deflate and begin to spill his seed. It was not a pleasant sight to see the pain on Dennis' face as his body released all of his sexual fluids over and over again. His pain was plainly obvious to JoAnne.

Apollonia was enjoying the show, especially the consternation on JoAnne's face as she watched her husband get butt-fucked by a sixteen year old.

"STOP FUCKING HIM!!!" cried JoAnne. "Please!!!"

"Why?" asked Apollonia.

"I know my husband. He has ejaculated three times already. I know how short the time has been that Miss Pricilla has been pegging him, but Dennis will not be able to work. He will curl up in the fetal position and cry until his ass feels better. Please Mistress. Please stop pegging him. Continue and you will lose precious time searching the databases."

Pricilla stopped, looked at her Mistress, and knew from the look on her face that she wanted her to continue to abuse the man's ass. She renewed her fucking. She had learned the best angle to fuck him with that produced shudders and moans. His asshole was suffering for the pounding it was taking. Pricilla knew she was bound by her love for her Mistress to continue to fuck the man named Dennis.

"Please Mistress Moretti," begged JoAnne. "Dennis will be useless to you. Whatever you wish to gain by humiliating him like this is going to backfire on you. I'm begging you to please stop. He will not survive this abuse much longer."

Apollonia heard the pleading in JoAnne's voice. Her face showed true concern for her husband. As much as she wanted to put Dennis in his place, the concern on JoAnne's face hit home with Apollonia. She would defend her sissy just as JoAnne was defending Dennis.

"Pricilla," said Apollonia, "stop. Remove the dildo. Go into the bathroom and clean up."

The teenager removed the ersatz penis from the man's ass. She was amazed at how clean it was considering it was ten-and-a-half inches into his lower bowel. Without further ado, she made her way to the bathroom.

"Thank you Mistress," said JoAnne. "I promise that we will serve you without hesitation. Please give Dennis time to recover. It should not take long. Then we will return to the search. May I ask a question?"

"Proceed," said Apollonia.

"May we make unfettered contact with our children?"

"Absolutely. They are innocent to what you have contracted with the Moretti family. There is no need for you to explain anything to them at this point in time. Perform as I ask and everything will be fine for you and Dennis."

"Thank you so much Mistress Moretti," said JoAnne. "I promise you we will not fail you. Thank you."

The room was silent for the first time since Pricilla pushed the strap-on into Dennis Hingle's rectum. He fell to the floor, just as his wife said he would, and rolled onto his side. As if he were an infant in the womb, he pulled his knees to his chest, wrapped his arms around his legs, and moaned as he rocked back-and-forth. If you did not know what he had just been through, you would assume he was a mentally deficient individual. JoAnne went to his side and held him close. She did not have to say a word. Her touch was enough to begin to calm Dennis.

Pricilla came to Apollonia holding the harness and the dildo. With a simple nod of her head, Pricilla knew from Apollonia to place the sex toy into the canvas bag. When she was finished she knelt to her Mistress' side and placed her head on her lap. She sighed and through her body conveyed her fear that she had truly hurt another human being. Pricilla relaxed just a bit when she felt Apollonia's hand touch her cheek.

"Do not worry my sweet Pricilla," whispered Apollonia. "Do not fret as you did as I instructed. It is not the first time I have seen a man broken by having his rectum filled with a foreign object. Dennis Hingle will recover. When told to bend over, he will; so he may take a man or a toy into his body. He will relive the fucking you gave him. He will fear you. He will never doubt that you are superior to him. One day you will take him again. He will cry, but he will comply. I know this as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west."

With her head still in her Mistress' lap, Pricilla said, "I know I did not physically hurt him as there was no blood. But, his ass was stretched wide enough to fit both my hands into his rectum. If I continued to fuck him, I wondered if his anus would ever recover. I will never refuse your command. I have learned from the night we were together. I am yours my Mistress. Please assure me that I am not in trouble."

"My lovely, darling Pricilla," cooed Apollonia, "I am not mad at you. I have no reason to punish you. If I did not have to return to my home tonight, we would spend another night together. I would make tender love to you. I won't take you until I am sure that I want to deny you the feeling of a man breaking your hymen and filling your womb with his seed."

"I understand my Mistress," said Pricilla.

Apollonia gently pushed Pricilla and the girl rose to her feet. She was surprised when her Mistress put her arm around her shoulder. She stood still feeling her body begin to react sexually to her Mistress' closeness. Apollonia looked down at JoAnne and Dennis. She said, "I will give you the time you need. Make sure he is ok. If you have any issues, no matter how small, call or seek out Pricilla. She will be my eyes and ears. If she tells you to do something, you react as if it came directly from me. Make no sexual moves towards her. If she feels like she needs to punish either of you, she has my permission. She oversees both of you, just as she oversees Marco's daily routines. Am I understood?"

"Yes Mistress," replied JoAnne. "Miss Pricilla is your proxy. We will do as she says. Again, thank you for stopping the physical and psychological humiliation of my husband."

Apollonia did not answer. She guided Pricilla from the room. She purposely left the canvas bag containing the strap-on in the room. When she closed the door behind her, she took Pricilla in her arms and held her tight. They did not kiss. The girl shivered as she was held. Apollonia caressed her back to calm her. After five minutes, Apollonia guided her to the elevator where they rode down to the first floor.

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Jon Parks and Nathan Childress sat at the kitchen table, drinking coffee, and talked speculatively about what cruelty Apollonia was foisting on the Hingles. Both men knew she was not doing anything but being nice and loving to

the teenager. They saw how much she wanted the girl. The unasked question for both men dealt with Pricilla's perceived Age of Consent. They also knew to keep their mouths shut and not to ask any questions at all.

With her arms around the youngster's shoulders, Apollonia said, "Return to your daily chores. Do not fear them. You treat them kindly, but know that you have permission to punish them as you see fit. Any questions or concerns, find Giuseppe and ask him to contact me. I will always be available to you. Now kiss me."

Pricilla Smith leaned in and presented her lips to her Mistress. They kissed passionately. Before it went too far, Apollonia broke the kiss and the embrace. Pricilla smiled and whispered, "I love you my Mistress." She stepped back, nodded, and made her way to find Marco. She knew it was well past the time he was required to masturbate for her.

"Jon," said Apollonia, "you're free to go. Please come here in the morning. Make sure the Hingles are doing their work. I don't think they're going to cause any problems going forward. They have my permission to make contact with their children as necessary but not to the detriment of finding the asshole that messed with the DNA kits. I have told them that Pricilla is my proxy when it comes to evaluating and punishing them for any behavior that requires punishment. Any questions?"

"No Miss Moretti," replied Jon. "I will contact you in the morning after I've checked on them. Is there anything else I can do?"

"I don't want to open a can of worms, but, if you have any contacts that could possibly point us in the right direction it would be helpful. Otherwise," said Apollonia, "I'm confident that we will find the perpetrator of the DNA modifications."

Jon rose. Nodded to Nathan as they shook hands. He smiled at Apollonia and whispered, "Thank you." He made his way out of the kitchen to depart the townhouse.

Apollonia sat and Sienna brought her a mug of coffee. She took a sip, sighed, and said, "We'll be departing for Lawrence shortly. I know I asked you to do something for me, but, you did not say anything. So, I went in a different direction."

"I understand, Miss Moretti," said Nathan. "No harm. No foul. If you ever need me to find someone, I won't have to look very hard. A childhood friend will gladly do as you wish."

Before she could say anything, her cell phone rang.

"This is Apollonia."

"Hi," said Alessandro. "I was wondering if you were available to have dinner with me this evening. I would love to see you."

"You would, would you," responded Apollonia. "I have to decline. It is imperative that I return home. Otherwise, I would have considered your request."

"Maybe, I could come out to your place. It would be nice to have dinner there and spend some time together. Unless you have plans with Ming."

"I always have plans with Ming. She is never out of my thoughts."

"I know that Apollonia, but, I'm hoping to make a small dent. I want to grow this relationship. I have not had a minute without you popping into my thoughts. If not tonight, then hopefully soon."

"How about this? How about I go home and take care of what I need to. If it is early enough, I will call and you can come to the compound."

"Early or late, I don't care. I just want to be with you."

"I know," said Apollonia. "I haven't forgotten about our night together."

"Neither have I."

"Talk to you later, Alessandro."

Apollonia ended the call. She looked at Nathan and said, "He is so in love with me."

The smile on Nathan's face was real. His eyes twinkled as he said, "What's not to love? Alessandro is a very handsome man. He's done some things for you that no other man in his right mind would have. It is not for me to interject any thoughts, but, I would counsel to give him a chance. You just may be surprised."

"What makes you say that?"

"Male intuition Miss Moretti. You've tested him. He's fought you just a bit, but ultimately he's complied. Like I said, he's done things for you that were totally against his moral code. He will fight to make his relationship with you work."

"Maybe," said Apollonia. "You have to remember I am married. But, that is a horse of another color." Apollonia stood and said, "Please take me home."

"As you wish, Miss Moretti," said Nathan.