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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 176

Thursday Morning – Columbus Place - 20 March 2003

Apollonia was awoken by the relentless ringing of one of the phones in the downstairs kitchen/breakfast area. By the sound of the ring she knew it was the Moretti private line. Is should have been answered on the second ring, but it wasn't. Her first thoughts dealt with Colina. She knew she had to get downstairs immediately to answer the call. Family rules and regulations governed the answering the phone no matter how many rings had sounded. Not caring she was naked, Apollonia bounded down the stairs, through the great room, and ran into the kitchen. Returning her breathing to a normal cadence was simple as she picked up the phone on its fifth ring.

"Moretti. This is Apollonia."

"Hold for Senator Reasons."

One minute later, she heard a voice. A voice she had heard only twice before. But she was already in a snit because the first person did not say *'please'*.

"Miss Moretti, I thought this line was answered by the second ring. If your father was still in charge of the family, my waiting would never have happened."

Apollonia decided to take the high ground, rather than threatening the Senator with his downfall.

"I'm sorry Senator. Seems that my service personnel were not up to their task. I will speak to them about it. How may I help you?"

"Have you read the news this morning, Apollonia?"

Pissed at how he addressed her, she replied, "That is Miss Moretti to you Senator. And, no, I haven't as I just got out of bed." With a snippy attitude she said, "Again, how may I help you?"

His silence was eerily long.

"Miss Moretti, American and coalition troops made their first moves in removing Saddam Hussein from his leadership position in Iraq. But, that is not my problem. My problem Miss Moretti is with one of my major donors. It appears that his eighteen year old son has disappeared. They believe he has travelled to the war zone on his own. Not as a combatant, but as a person who wants the war to end. A peacenik. I am calling to request the Moretti family's help in finding him and returning him to his parents."

"Senator Reasons, this is not the number to call to make such requests. This number is private and is known only to Moretti family members. According to Mario, although you are aware of this number; you do not have the authority to use this number. You are an elected government official. We have been engaged by you and have performed certain activities for you. Some of them were outside the pale of governmental oversight. That being said, I have heard what you requested of the Moretti family. Put a dossier together with all the pertinent information and have it couriered to the Moretti attorney's office. I know you know his name and the address of his office in New York City. I will read the documents and see what the Moretti family can do per your request for help."

Angrily, the Senator growled, "WHY YOU LITTLE ITALIAN PIECE OF SHIT!!! HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME LIKE I AM SOME SERVANT!!! I AM A SITTING U.S. SENATOR. I AM NOT ONE OF YOUR WOP LACKIES!!! I CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE MISERABLE. . .

Apollonia interjected loudly and forcibly enough to stop the Senator in his tracks, "SENATOR MY ASS. YOU'RE JUST A MIDDLE AGED PEDOPHILE WHO LIKES TO FUCK LITTLE BOYS UP THEIR ASSES IN FRONT OF THEIR PARENTS. I WONDER IF YOUR PARENTS LET SOME MIDDLE-AGED PEDO FUCK YOU UP YOUR TODDLER ASS. DO NOT THREATEN ME OR THE MORETTI FAMILY SENATOR. WE HAVE VERIFIABLE INCONTROVERTIBLE PROOF OF YOUR SICK NEED TO ENGAGE IN SEX WITH EXTREMELY YOUNG BOYS. NOW, SHUT THE FUCK UP, APOLOGIZE, AND ASK ME NICELY TO HELP YOU. OR IT IS APOLLONIA MORETTI WHO SHALL MAKE YOUR LIFE A LIVING HELL."

Hearing that his predilection for young boys was known to more than Mario and the recently deceased Lucia Moretti put the Senator off his game. He sensed her threat was real and if she needed to, she would ruin his personal life and public career. Calmly he said, "Miss Moretti, please accept my unconditional apology. I know how important the Moretti family is to me and through me, select constituents. I will forward the documentation per your request. Please review it at your earliest convenience and advise me of your thoughts on getting this young man returned home to his parents - alive."

"I will see what we can do. And, I never want to hear your voice on this line again."

Apollonia unceremoniously and unapologetically hung up the phone. To an empty room she screamed, "FUCKIN' ASSHOLE PEDOPHILE!!!" Still naked as a jaybird and without any shame, she turned around to see if Colina had entered the kitchen. The room was empty. She looked into the family room and it too was empty. Flummoxed, Apollonia strode to the back entrance hallway where she tried to open the door to Colina's room. It was locked. Locked against her specific orders. She pounded on the door screaming, "OPEN THIS FUCKIN' DOOR COLINA!!!"

There was no answer from inside the room. Silence.

Apollonia began to worry about her husband. She calmed down and put her ear to the door. She heard nothing coming from inside the room. Her right hand tried the doorknob a second time. It did not move. A decision had to be made. Break down the door or just let Colina remain in the room until she felt strong enough to come out. Apollonia decided to wait out her husband.

"Colin, I know you're in there. I know you're not the type to take his own life. Please come out so we can talk some more. Don't make this hard on us. I am going upstairs to take a shower and get dressed. Please be in the kitchen when I return. Please Colin."

As she crossed the kitchen to the hallway she noticed the time. Thankfully, she had not slept the morning away. Apparently the Senator and his staff were up before the crack of dawn as they had made the phone call at 7:00AM. Her concern for Colin made her stop and return to the door of his room. Her mind was not centered on his femininity or the use of female pronouns. Since he had not exited his room, she was more than concerned that he had done something to himself. As she made her way back to his door she thought, *'I hope he hasn't hurt himself. Please don't be stupid Colin.'*

Her hand pressed on the oak wood panel of the door. She prayed that he was ok and was just being petulant. Her heart began to race at the thought of him in need of help or dead. Apollonia knew he wasn't the type to end his own life. His strength of character would never allow him to do such a thing. With her ear pressed to the door, she said, "Please Colin. Please come out. If you won't come out, at least let me know you're ok. Say something so I can begin my day. I will not face the day or the rest of my life without you. Please Colin."

When no response came, she slid to the floor and began to cry uncontrollably. Colin's lack of response supplanted all that needed to be accomplished. Her tears were the tears of fear for the man she loved. With her arms crossed on the floor, Apollonia's head rested as she cried in a way she has not cried since she was a youngster.

Ming coordinated with Raffaella and took the girls and her sons to school. When she returned to Columbus Place she noticed that none of the lights were on in Apollonia's house. By this time of the morning, Colina should have been in the kitchen making coffee, toasting Appy's morning English muffin, and had taken in the newspapers and arranged them on the small table next to her seat. Added to the out of the ordinary lack of morning routine as a precursor to start the day's work, she had not heard from Apollonia directly. This was totally out of the ordinary. When they did not sleep together, Apollonia needed to at a minimum to hear Ming's voice before or while she masturbated as part of her morning routine. Ming decided to go to Apollonia's house. Per Columbus Place protocol, she went to her lover's backdoor. It would be unlocked as no rear entrance doors were ever locked on the secure Moretti compound.

She entered and let the backdoor slam per Moretti protocol. If the backdoor did not slam, it was assumed that someone somehow got through the security gate and meant to do harm to the residents. She stepped through the mud room and turned into the hallway. Ming stopped short when she saw a naked Apollonia lying on the floor curled up with her head on her arms. Something was more than wrong. Although smaller in stature than her lover, Ming had the physical strength to pick up Apollonia and carry her to a couch in the great room.

Kneeling next to the couch, Ming wondered what the fuck made her lover collapse naked on the floor outside her sissy husband's bedroom. Her hand went to Apollonia's face and gently touched her cheek. It was enough to make Apollonia open her eyes. Although she hadn't shed tears in over an hour, her eyes were bloodshot and her face showed the angst that caused her to collapse for some unknown reason. Ming found a throw and put it over her lover's body. Her hand returned to Apollonia's face. Their eyes met. Apollonia teared up and began to cry anew.

"Sweetheart," said Ming, "what is going on with you? Why were you naked on the floor in front of Colina's door?"

Apollonia sniffled and with a great effort stopped crying. She rolled onto her back, raised her arms, and moaned, "Hold me. I need to feel you hold me. Tell me you love me. Oh Ming, my life is over. He is gone. I just know it."

Ming moved to sit on the couch so her lover's head could be in her lap. She rested her left hand on her abdomen and with her right she gently stroked Apollonia's face. Her confusion showed on her face, but Ming knew she had to be circumspect about digging into what had made her lover so overwrought.

"Who is gone?"

Apollonia took a deep breath and replied, "Colin. Colin is gone. I just know it."

"Why do you say that? All you have to do is enter her bedroom. Her door is never locked."

"It is locked. Against my wishes. Colin locked the door. He would never go against my instructions. I am telling you he is gone. Finished. Dead."

Ming's hand stopped moving. She frowned concerned that her lover had gone off the deep end. Her mind was addled and somehow she was losing touch with reality. Colina would never take her own life; but, wait, Apollonia was not using feminine pronouns. Ming thought, 'Why?'

"You know you can open the door, Appy," said Ming. "There should be a slot to allow you to open the lock. It is only a button and it can be released from the outside."

"I know," moaned Appy. "I'm too afraid to open the door."

"Ok. You've said that twice now Appy. What is going on? Please, I'm here. Tell me my love."

The silence began to bother Ming. She continued to caress her lover's abdomen and face. She could see how tense she was because all of her muscles were taut. Then she saw her love take a deep breath, exhale, and begin to speak.

"Colin accused me of not loving him anymore. He offered, no, wants to have a complete sex change operation. He offered so he and I could live in a lesbian relationship. He said things to me that hurt, but they were true. Then he told me that he is in love with someone else. Someone that I know will never live in a homosexual relationship. Colin said things to me that I have thought about, but never knew he had any inkling of me thinking about them. Like, telling him I was no longer deeply in love with him. That I was beginning to lose favor with him living as my sissy cuckold. That is just the beginning of the argument we had last night."

Apollonia signaled she wanted to sit up and Ming moved her hands so she could. The blanket fell from her and gathered at her lap. Ming looked into her eyes while at the same time thinking about bending over and gently taking one of her nipples into her mouth. She was brought out of her sexual reverie when Apollonia stood and without a word went across the great room to the stairs nearest her bedroom.

Stunned Ming said, "Where are you going?"

"Upstairs. I am going to go through my morning routine. I am getting into the shower and I am going to masturbate until my clit gets to sensitive and sore that I have to cease and desist. Then I am going to get dressed for the day, come downstairs, and make myself something to eat."

"Um, what about Colina?"

"Fuck Colin. If he wants to play a game of deceit with me, then two can play the game. I have things to get done. I have been remiss when it comes to interviewing couples. Moretti Construction needs my undivided attention for an hour or two. I have to make sure Raffaella takes care of Viviano and does not do something fuckin' stupid. Then I have to make sure those two assholes from Williamsport are searching as fast as they can for the perpetrator of the DNA fiasco. And most importantly, I have to make sure that you know I am deeply in love with you Ming Zhang."

Apollonia did not wait for a response. Proud and determined she made her way to the staircase closest to her bedroom and began the climb to the second floor. Ming sat and watched her. When she saw her lover enter her bedroom she stood and made her way to Colina's room.

Mario Moretti usually ate breakfast alone since the murder of his wife by his youngest daughter. Today, he had company. The youngest spawn of his loin's husband prepared a wonderful breakfast of eggs benedict, roasted potatoes, fresh roasted red peppers, and rye toast. The coffee was brewed to perfection. They sat quietly as they ate. Once they were done, Colin rose, removed the plates from the table, and as he always did prepared them for the dishwasher. Eight minutes later he was back at the table with his hands wrapped around his third cup of hot coffee.

Mario sat for a moment before he said, "What are you going to do?"

"As if I have a choice Mario," replied Colin. "When she finds I am not in my locked room, the contempt, hatefulness, and virulence that will spill forth from her will set a new level of nastiness. The only person on the face of this earth that will be able to control her is her Asian lesbian lover. If Ming cannot, then I might as well suck your cock one last time and allow my death to be on her hands."

"What the fuck Colin!!! When I came downstairs I found you asleep on one of the couches. If you sucked my cock last night, it must have been in a dream because I know I used my right hand last night and this morning. But, had I known you were available, maybe, just maybe, I would have used your sissy pussy as I remember it being a rather tight velvet sleeve."

Colin did not blush or bat an eyelash. He sat quietly with his hands around the mug of coffee and stated matter-of-factly, "I did not suck your cock last night. I know that Mario." He wanted to call him an 'asshole' but knew better. "My point was alluding to sucking your cock just before I walked down the aisle to marry Apollonia. To complete the circle of life, I am saying that I should suck you off again just before I die. This way I would have the same taste of Moretti cum in my mouth when I started the marriage as to when I finish it."

"Really," stated Mario, "you think Apollonia is going to end your life. For what reason or reasons?"

"Last night I gave it to her with both barrels. I also told her that I have fallen in love with someone. And, that I had a gut feeling that she was going to toss me out on my ass. I also told her that I knew she was not in love with me anymore. With all due respect to my decision, your daughter, my wife, would have no qualms about fucking me up my ass with one of her custom designed didoes. She enjoyed abusing my ass with it as she verbally humiliated me. Her orgasm was just as body shaking as mine. But, I haven't had her anywhere near me sexually for weeks. She knows it as well as I do. There is something afoot and I believe it is her acceptance of her lesbianism. Apollonia Moretti does not want to live in a traditional heterosexual marriage. She wants to live in a homosexual, childless married with Ming. Period. Dot. Ended."

The chair scrapped against the floor as Mario fell back astounded by what his faggot son-in-law just said to him. He was speechless. If Lucia was alive, she would have marched over to her youngest daughter's house and raised high holy hell. Eating pussy for fun was acceptable, but living in homosexual relationship as the spawn of the head of the Moretti family was not acceptable in any way, shape, or form. By Moretti morals, the individual living a life

outside the heterosexual norm was doomed to a life of hell-on-earth. Realistically, nothing would happen to Apollonia if she chose to live her life with Ming. The only thing she would face would be the slings and arrows cast at her behind her back by the other family members.

"I don't really think you have to worry about her doing anything rash," said Mario. "What else could you have said to her to feel that she would end her marriage to you by murdering you?"

"How about me telling her that I would accept going under the knife and having my sex changed from male to female. I spat at her that I knew I would be a better cuntflapper than her slant-eyed lover. That her life would be enhanced by me becoming the woman I truly want to be. I'm not a faggot Mario. I'm transgendered. I truly believe that I am woman trapped in a man's body."

"Did she know that going in to your relationship and ultimately your marriage?"

"I don't think so. I thought she could and would keep me on the male side of the sexual ledger. Don't get me wrong Mario, sex with her is amazing. She throws one hell of a fuck. She can suck the chrome off of a tailpipe. Whether she is submissive or dominant, Apollonia Moretti is the penultimate sexual being on this planet."

Not taken aback by what Colin just said about his daughter, Mario said, "So, why couldn't you get her pregnant? If you fucked her so much and enjoyed it, then why didn't your little men make it to her womb? Huh, Colin? Why?"

"Really?!? You didn't fuckin' know? She was and still is on birth control pills and the only other person that knew was me. You didn't know. Lucia didn't know. Raffaella didn't know. Shit for all the bullshit around her trying to steal Viviano from her sister, all she had to do was fuck him. I'm not talking about a quick Moretti celebration fuck, but a deep soul-wrenching got you by the short hairs fuck. One that would more than curl his toes. But, alas, all she wanted was a sweet tasting Oriental pussy. I will stake my life on what I am about to say. Apollonia Moretti will never give birth to a child. She too fuckin' vain to allow the bringing forth of another life to ruin her perfect *'fuck me'* body.

As he shook his head from side-to-side, Mario groaned, "No-o-o!!! I can't believe it. I could have tossed that cunt onto a bed and fucked her lights out."

"Yes you could have, but I don't think you'd be here today. Apollonia would have ripped you breast bone away from your ribcage, then shoved her hand into your chest, and ripped your heart out."

"Yeah, but to fuck her instead of Raffaella would have been worth the consequences. I mean, Colin, seriously, is she really that great of a fuck?"

"Jesus, Mario!!! She's your daughter!!!"

"Yeah, but she is one very fuckable female. I see the men stare at her with lust in their eyes. I can imagine them going home to masturbate or to fuck their wife while they fantasize about my daughter. I cannot give you an accurate count of how many times I have done both – masturbate and fuck Lucia or Raffaella while fantasizing I was balls deep inside Apollonia."

Colin sat there speechless at hearing his father-in-law lust after his youngest daughter. A question entered his head, he pondered whether or not to ask it, and decided the worst that could happen was a beating. "So, Mario, you're sitting there with an erection thinking about how sweet it would be to rape your own flesh and blood."

The smile on Mario's face was scary. His eyes forced Colin to look straight into them and when the connection was made he said, "Yeah, I do. And I think, no demand, you should come over here and give me some relief. Would be nice to have your mouth wrapped around my cock. Then I could fantasize that it is your wife sucking me off. Now, get to it faggot!!!"

The laugh that came from Colin's mouth cut through Mario like a hot knife through butter. Colin did not move from the chair. In fact, he took a deep gulp of the hot coffee. He smiled showing no fear at what Mario could and would do to him for refusing to get between his legs and suck him until he ejaculated into his mouth. Before last night, Colin would have come close to pissing his pants in fear even thinking about refusing to suck Mario's cock. Now, he was more than content to let his father-in-law know by not moving from his chair that he can go fuck himself.

"Sorry Mario," said Colin, "but prior to last night, I probably would have; but, as of this moment in time, you can go fuck yourself. I don't really care what you think you can do to me. Come at me and I will defend myself."

"Where did you get your balls, faggot?"

"See you're still sitting there. You haven't made a move. You're as afraid of Apollonia as the rest of her minions. That cunt knows how to pull the strings of any male or female that gets next to her. The only person I've seen stand up to her and win is Ming Zheng. Like I said to you earlier, I'm done. She's going to kick me out on my ass because I told her I know she doesn't love me and that I have fallen in love with someone else."

Mario frowned, "With who?"

"No Mario, whom. The person is inconsequential to this conversation. Just know that if you want to make a bet and be guaranteed to win, bet against me surviving your daughter's wrath. In fact, bet that my testicles will be in a jar on the nightstand next to the side of the bed I used to sleep on. If not there, then on the mantel above the fireplace in the great room with a sign humiliating me as if I still lived in the house."

"Enough," said Mario. "Truthfully, I really don't give a fuck what happens to you. You were never a man in my eyes. I knew the moment I met you that you were not an alpha male. I did what my daughter wanted. I consented to the marriage. So, if she tosses you to the wind, so be it. In fact, I'm going upstairs and taking care of business. If you want to..." He paused, stood, and said as he walked out of the breakfast area, "Never mind I'm not in the mood to put my cock anywhere in your faggot body."

Just after 9AM, Apollonia bounded into the breakfast area. She went to Ming, pulled her from her chair, and wrapped her arms around her shoulders. When the slightly smaller woman looked up, Apollonia planted her lips on her lover's. Ming responded in kind by opening her mouth and allowing her lover's tongue to seek hers. The French kiss was deep, long, and ever so sexually stimulating. It was Apollonia who broke the kiss. It was also Apollonia who gently put pressure on her lover's shoulders signaling to her that she wanted to feel her tongue slide between her wet labia.

"Don't eat me," cooed Apollonia. "Just kiss me to show me how much you love me."

Ming did not refuse. She knelt, pushed the pleated skirt up, and was not surprised to see her lover's bare sex. Her face moved forward as she opened her lips and stuck out her tongue. Ming knew exactly what Apollonia wanted. A kiss on the inner surface of each thigh. Both of her hands pressed against the smooth skin of her backside. Instead of a single loving kiss on the exterior of her sex, Ming slid her tongue between Apollonia's labia, uncovered her blood engorged clitoris, and took the morsel of love between her lips. Without a thought, she used the tip of her tongue to caress her lover's love button before she began to gently suck in it as if it were a cock.

"FUCK!!!" cried Apollonia. "I just said to give me a kiss!!!"

When Apollonia moved to lean against the edge of the oak breakfast table and placed her hands on the back of Ming's head did the Asian cuntlapper know that she was correct in not just kissing her lover's cunt. She knew the

bitch had to have masturbated at least three times before she returned to the breakfast area. The fact that she was leaning open legged pressing her face into her camel toe proved that she wanted to be orally satisfied before the day's work began. Ming did not cease her administration of sexual pleasure to her lover's genitalia. The smooth silky cream of her body began to coalesce and drip from her orifice into Ming's mouth. The taste was more than enough to make Ming begin to flow.

"YES-S-S!!!" cried Apollonia. "YES-S-S!!! EAT ME!!! I LOVE YOU MING!!! I NEED YOUR TONGUE!!! I WANT YOUR TONGUE!!! OH MY GOD!!! YOU FUCKIN' CUNT LAPPER!!! I LOVE YOU!!!"

Neither woman heard the backdoor open and slam closed. Neither woman heard the footsteps either.

"JESUS FUCKIN' CHIST!!!" cried Mario as he stopped short just as he entered the kitchen/breakfast area of Apollonia's home. "FUCKIN' COLIN WAS RIGHT!!! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FUCKIN' LESBIAN CUNT, APOLLONIA!!!"

Ming tried to pull away from between her lover's legs. Apollonia heard her father and made her decision.

She growled one word, "FINISH."

Ming knew better than to fight with Appy when she was so close to an orgasm. The mouth and tongue returned to her ministrations. Apollonia's body reacted as she knew it would. Her thighs tightened around Ming's head. Her crotch pressed against her face. The sexual essence of her body began to flow anew. Ming drank the elixir of love from Apollonia's body. Time was now of the essence. She did not have the luxury of bringing Apollonia to an orgasm without any concern for how long it took. Ming worked her magic.

Apollonia's body tightened and she cried out as she attained her orgasm, "EAT ME!!! I LOVE YOU!!!" YES-S-S!!! NOTHING BETTER THAN A SWEET MOUTH AND TONGUE!!!"

Ming did not pull back once Apollonia's orgasm completed. She opened her mouth to cup her lover's vagina as the last of her body's sexual fluids drained into her mouth. It did not take long for the vaginal fluid to stop flowing. Ming closed her lips, kissed each labia once, and rose from her kneeling position. She turned for a moment to look at Mario. Once their eyes met, she licked her lips and smiled at the man who created the love-of-her-life. Ming turned back and without any fear leaned in and kissed Apollonia.

"ENOUGH!!!" cried Mario.

The women broke the kiss. Apollonia stood, smoothed the pleated skirt, and said, "What is your fuckin' problem? Like you never saw two women making love. Please!!!"

Calmed down by his own thoughts of what could have happened, Mario asked, "Do you know where your faggot husband slept last night?"

The question stopped Apollonia short. She looked at Ming and could see from her face that Colin's room was empty. "You went into the room?"

Ming replied, "Yes. The bed was not rumpled. It had not been slept in. I was going to tell you, but. . ."

Apollonia chuckled, "I needed to feel you between my legs."

"And I wanted to taste you," stated Ming with twinkling eyes.

As Apollonia was not ashamed of her nakedness, both women were not ashamed of publicly announcing their love for one another on an obscene sexual level. Apollonia pulled Ming to her side and placed her arm around her waist. She kissed the beautiful Asian woman on her forehead before she turned to her hated father and said, "No, I do not know where he slept last night."

Fighting a desire to smack the shit out of his daughter even though it would end up with him unconscious on the floor, Mario spoke trying to keep his demeanor under control, "That faggot you married snuck into my house and slept on a couch in the great room. That cocksucker said some pretty nasty things about you Apollonia. I was right about him. Never should have let you marry the faggot. What is worse is his explanation of why you never had children with him." He paused for a moment waiting for a response and when none came, he yelled, "CAT TO YOUR TONGUE APOLLONIA!!! COME ON YOU LITTLE FUCKIN' CUNT!!! ADMIT IT BITCH!!! YOU LOUSY PIECE OF SHIT!!! YOU'RE NOT THE SPAWN OF MY LOINS!!! YOU'RE JUST A LOW-LIFE LESBIAN CUNT!!!"

"Control your anger," whispered Ming. She did not have to see Apollonia's face to know her eyes were turning the blackest-of-black in preparation of springing across the room and pummeling her father to his death. "Before you jump to conclusions, let me go get Colin."

Apollonia released her hold on her lover. Ming moved away and when she passed Mario whispered, "You should and will thank me for keeping her from ripping your head from your shoulders."

"SIT," commanded Apollonia as she pointed to a chair at the breakfast table.

"FUCK YOU!!!" was Mario's response.

Apollonia did not react immediately. Her hands went to her taut abdomen and smoothed the front of her pleated skirt. Her five inch heels were not particularly good for moving easily when it came to fighting, but rather than give herself away, she did not remove them from her feet. Her hands rolled into a fist and she straightened her already very straight posture when she calmly said, "I have no issues or problems putting you in the ground next to Lucia. But, I will not be that kind to you. You may have once been the most powerful man in the Moretti family. And, by that simple acknowledgement, were once more powerful than then President of the United States. Now, you're nothing but a broken-down pedophile. Lucia loved you and turned you into the abhorrent piece-of-dog-shit you are. We've both killed to protect our station in the family and life. Yet, you forced my sister to have sex with you and she was too enamored with you to tell you no. Lucia let it happen. When you came to my bed, I refused your advances. I am going to tell you one more time to sit. If you don't, I will render you unconscious. I will take you to the city where I will remove all your teeth from your mouth, remove your genitals, and fill your body with heroin until you are more than addicted. Then I will put you in a crate and send you to the seediest place I can find on the face of the earth where you will have to sell your body to get enough money to purchase the heroin you need to survive. You should know I am not fooling when I say to you that I will do to you what I have just described. Your choice Mario. What will it be?"

Before he could answer, the backdoor slammed shut. They heard the whining grow louder and knew that Ming was forcing Colin into the house. When Ming and Colin entered the kitchen, Mario did not break his eye contact with his daughter. Apollonia did. She saw that Ming had Colin's right arm bent upwards behind his back in a hammer lock. It was held there by her right hand while her left hand had him by back of his pants as she forced him forward. Colin had tried to stop her, but was no competitor when it came to defending himself against Ming Zheng.

Ming forced Colin to the table. She pulled a chair on the side of the table away from the counter with her foot. With a bit more force than she needed, she pushed Colin into the chair and spat, "You ever try to hit me again in anger and I will wrap your faggot asshole around your ears."

Colin knew better than to respond or even move a single muscle in his body. Fear was the only emotion he showed.

Apollonia did not react to Ming calling her husband a faggot. Her eyes returned to Mario. She pointed at a chair, said nothing as she stood, and waited.

Mario did not break the stare as he moved to the chair, pulled it out, and sat. He felt Apollonia's hands on his shoulders and then her breath next to his right ear. He heard, "As God is my witness, I hope you are not lying to me about Colin." Mario did not answer verbally or nod his head. He shivered and stared at the tabletop.

The room was as silent as morgue when all of the workers departed for the day. Ming moved to stand by the entrance to the family room. Apollonia saw the look on her face and knew something was up with Colin. She went to her lover and did not have to say a word as Ming whispered, "Colin did sleep at your father's house. His bed was not slept in. I found a blanket and pillow on one of the couches in the great room."

Apollonian mouthed *'thank you'* as she stepped over to her husband. She stood behind Colin, placed her hands on his shoulders, but did not say a word. She felt the tenseness in his body. His muscles were taut. His breathing was ragged and from previous experience she knew his lips were bone dry. Apollonia leaned next to his right ear and whispered, "If you tell me the truth, I will not hurt you Colin. One minute misstep and I will bring down the wrath of Apollonia Moretti on your faggot ass. Tell me what possessed you to break all the rules of our agreement?"

It did not take but a nanosecond for Colin's body to show his disdain and anger at Apollonia for threatening him. He did not respond verbally. Colin sat knowing that something was going to happen. He hoped she would be kind enough to make his end swift and painless.

When Colin did not respond, Apollonia moved to the left side of the chair in which he sat. She placed her right hand on the back of his head and without as much as a breath of warning, pushed his head with all her might into the tabletop. The sound of his nose breaking echoed in the room. Ming flinched when she was what Apollonia did to her husband. Mario held his breath. To add more to her control, Apollonia lifted his head by his hair, and forceful lily smacked his head into the tabletop a second time. The damage to his nose was already done so the second smack was just to add to her authoritarian control.

Colin did not scream in pain. He did not cry. He left his battered face pressed against the oak tabletop. When his bitch wife did not crack his head a third time, he turned his head to the left. Blood was running from his nostrils as his eyes began to blacken and swell. Underneath the table, his right hand squeezed his testicles to try and diminish the pain from having his nose broken. Although it would be futile to try, he wanted to strike out physically at his wife. Tears were forming in his eyes from the extreme pain which blurred his sight. He released his hold on his balls, took a breath, and said, "I don't care what you do to me. I know you don't love me anymore. The relationship we had ended the day Ming returned and asked you for help. Compound that with my admittance to you that I want live my life as a female and you have more than enough data to ascertain that we're done. I have nothing to say. I spoke my peace last night."

"FUCK!!!!" cried Apollonia as she stepped away from her husband to keep from doing something she would regret. "FUCK!!! FUCK!!! FUCK!!!"

Mario stood and went into the kitchen area. He grabbed several towels and a large bowl. He threw two of the towels onto the table before he went to the freezer and filled the remaining towel with ice. Apollonia watched as he raised Colin's head, leaned it back, and placed the ice filled towel on the bridge of his flattened nose and eyes. He pressed just enough to stem the flow of blood from Colin's nostrils. He turned to his daughter and her lesbian lover and said, "Now you've done it, asshole. You have no one to handle Moretti business when you are running around between sucking your lover's cunt and fucking her with one of your custom dildos. I suggest you call Dr. Donaldson and have him meet you at St. Joseph's Hospital. Or, you can let him rot and make it that he wears a mask to hide his deformity."

Apollonia just stood frozen next to Ming. She did not say a word in response to Mario. Her face was blank and her eyes just stared out the window. The only sign that she was alive was the rise and fall of her chest as she breathed. The ringing of the guard house phone broke Apollonia out of her stupor.

"Yeah?"

"Um, Um. . ." said the guard.

"Spit it the fuck out!!!" growled Apollonia.

Regaining his composure, the guard said, "Nathan is here. Should I let him in?"

'FUCK!!! YOU NEVER HAVE TO CALL WHEN HE ARRIVES. JUST LET HIM IN!!!'

Before the guard could answer, Apollonia hung up the phone. She looked at her husband, then at Ming, and said, "Nathan is here. He'll take the faggot to the hospital. Mario, make the call to the doctor."

She stepped over to her husband and whispered in his right ear, "You did this to yourself. I will spare no cost in fixing your nose and any other broken bones. You want to leave after you've healed; then I will not stop you. I will call your parents and tell them that I will continue to take care of your sister's children. As for you, you'll be fuckin' dead to me."

"I already am," replied Colin. "I already am."

Nathan returned to Columbus Place an hour-and-a-half after he left. He entered the house to find Apollonia, Ming, and Mario seated around the breakfast table. The bloody mess had been cleaned up and the tabletop looked like nothing had happened. He found a chair, sat, and gently tossed a manila envelope to his boss.

"Doctor and hospital forms," he said, "Hospital was a bit bitchy about payment being taken care of at a later date, but when I told them who he was married to, they stepped back."

"Did you read. . ." started Apollonia.

"Not my purview," said Nathan. "But, I can tell you that the doctor guarantees that his nose will not look like it went through a fifteen round heavyweight boxing match. He inquired and Colin told him he slipped and fell down one of the staircases in the great room. He should have all the packing out in about two to three weeks. His eyes will be black for a bit longer. Otherwise, you were lucky. Because. . ."

"Because I broke his face up once before," sighed Apollonia. "The minute I knew what I did to him, I was heartbroken. I was told to never hit him in the face with force ever again. I am so. . ."

Apollonia rested her head on the breakfast table and began to cry. Everyone knew her pain and remorse were for real.

For the second time that morning, the guardhouse phone broke the silence. Ming answered leaving Apollonia to try and regain some semblance of calm.

"This is Ming."

Without missing a beat, the guard said, "Miss Zheng, I let a nurse in to see Mr. Rossi."

"Why are you calling to advise. . ."

"Excuse me, Miss Zheng, but right behind the nurse were two detectives. They wanted to see Miss Moretti. They would not take no for an answer."

Ming made an executive decision, "Let them enter. Tell them to park in front of the house and not in the driveway."

"Yes Miss Zheng."

Ming placed the receiver in the cradle and announced to the room, "We have police company. They should be at the front door momentarily."

Momentarily was no more than ninety seconds. The front doorbell sounded. Ming looked at Apollonia and saw her nod that she should answer the door.

Standing outside were the two New York State Police detectives. William Anderson and Marion Trousdale waited impatiently on the front porch.

"May I help you?" inquired Ming.

"Miss Moretti please," said Detective Anderson.

"In reference to?"

"In reference to none of your business. This is a police matter, miss. Now, please stand aside and let us in."

Thankfully, Apollonia entered the great room and made her way to the front door. "It is ok Ming. Let them in."

Ming stood aside and allowed the two detectives to enter the house. She was still wary of them and made it known by her demeanor. It did not relax her when Apollonia smiled and shook hands with both men. Ming still harbored resentment against the police because of her trouble with her asshole husband. But, if it weren't for Apollonia, she probably would still be fighting her battle. Ming quietly followed as Apollonia showed them to the center of the room and the couches and love seats that made up the conversation area.

Anderson and Trousdale sat on the couch that faced the fireplace. Apollonia sat opposite them. Ming to up a position behind her lover. As they settled in, Nathan and Mario entered the great room. Mario decided it would be beneficial if he stood near the double front doors. Nathan stood slightly to the right and behind his boss. Both men were amazed at the painting and sculptures that filled the great room. Not to Apollonia's amazement, both men could not keep their eyes off of Ming. They were acting just like they did when they met her for the first time in the restaurant.

Apollonia smiled and said, "Detectives, please keep your wandering eyes on me. Miss Zheng is not your concern. As I said when we first met, you have a snowballs chance in hell to get between my legs and the same goes for her. Next, all of the artwork you see was done by me. I will be more than happy to show you the collection after we have concluded our business. Why are you here? Unannounced?"

Trousdale spoke, "We have an issue, but I think we need to talk to you in private. I. . ."

The interruption was kind of expected, "Ming is my partner. My lover. Whatever you have to say to me you can say in front of her. You have already met Nathan. The same goes for him except he is not my lover. The older man standing near the front doors is my father – Mario. He used to be in charge of the Moretti family. He works for me now and he has more than enough authority to hear what you have to say. I am sure that I do not need to cancel this meeting and schedule it at my attorney's office."

Anderson looked at his partner and took control of the conversation. "No Miss Moretti. We're good."

"Apollonia. Remember we're on a first name basis."

"True," said both men in unison as if they were a married couple.

Apollonia leaned back into the couch with her legs crossed. She thought of pulling a Sharon Stone and uncrossing her legs to show off her camel toe a la *Basic Instinct*. Apollonia chuckled to herself and decided against showing off her cunt to the detectives. Instead, she placed her hands on her lap and inquired, "What issue do we have?"

"I can see Mr. Moretti's ankle bracelet," said Anderson. "I'll come directly to the point. We have a mole in the DA's office. This morning at 7:30AM this individual called me. Margolis called a special meeting for this morning at 8:30AM with a special group of select associate district attorneys." Anderson paused, looked at Apollonia for a clue or reaction and when he saw none, continued, "This person called again at 10:15AM. It was conveyed that she threw a shit-fit at them. Someone in her inner-circle became aware of someone or some entity searching through federal, state, local, and corporate databases. But, the hydrogen bomb was when she acknowledged someone had gained entrance to her private server. I thanked this individual and told the individual to lay low until I got back. So, was the searched performed by you or your subcontractors?"

Leaning forward, Apollonia thought for a moment and said, "Yes. But, what is bothersome more than anything is the fact that they were caught or seen performing the searches. Has your source said anything concerning Margolis' reaction and/or what she is planning?"

"No, but, I believe she is going to do everything in her power to find the culprit. She needs to protect her ability to literally fuck with people's DNA so she can get convictions."

"William, give me your estimate on how much time I have? A day, week, month?"

"Sorry Miss Moretti, I have no clue."

Under her breath, "Fuck." Then aloud, "Ok. I need to get into the city. I have one stop to make before I go. I need you gentlemen to sit tight and do nothing until you hear from me. If I have to call in the Calvary, I will. But, my first thoughts is to nip her search in the bud by giving you the name of the individual so you may arrest him, her, or them. I will not promise anything concrete now, but give me a chance to perform my magic."

Trousdale said, "You know if we don't nip this thing in the bud now, we could lose everything." He saw the look on Apollonia's face, held up his hand, and continued, "It needed to be said. I, we have complete confidence in you Miss Moretti. What say you call us between two and three to give us an update?"

Apollonia held out her hand and said "Done."

Once the detectives were out of the house and headed down Columbus Place, Apollonia took everyone back into the breakfast area. They sat around the table for a moment thinking about how quickly the attempt to catch the DNA modifier had fallen apart. The only answer to the problem was in the townhouse. Apollonia noted two calls that had to be made as she travelled to St. Joseph's Hospital in Far Rockaway. Once everything was put in order in her mind, she said, "I am going to go to the hospital before I head into the city. Ming, would you please look in on Raffy and Viv? Mario, can help her or stay home. Don't make me regret not chaining you in the basement. Nathan, please get the car ready."

Nathan and Mario exited the house.

Ming and Apollonia embraced, kissed, and hugged each other tightly. Neither woman wanted to leave the other. Apollonia broke the embrace, touched Ming's face, and said, "I love you. We need to talk about Colin,

Alessandro, and our life together. I wanted to do it this morning, but Colin had his own ideas. I love you. I love Colin. But, he wants to live his life as a woman. But. . .”

“Go Apollonia. Take care of business. Make sure you did not do unrepairable damage to Colin’s face. We’ll talk when you get home. I’ll watch after Viv and if need be Mario.”

“Thank you my love.”

Ming leaned against the counter and when she heard the backdoor slam shut, her right hand went down the front of her jeans to cup her sex. She closed her eyes, sighed, and decided that today may just be the day. A day she had thought about for the past few weeks.

Nathan made quick time to the hospital. He parked illegally in front of the building. Apollonia told him to so she could enter and leave quickly. A parking ticket was the least of her worries.

She had all the information she needed to get to Colin’s room. The elevator was crowded with visiting hour relatives and friends of those hospitalized. She exited on the fourth floor, made a right, walked past the nurse’s station, and entered room 410. Colin was in a room that was designed for four people, but with all the HIPPA (Health Insurance Portability and Privacy Act) rules and regulations hospitals had to keep hospitalized individuals by themselves for data security reasons and not health reasons. For some hospitals, it meant taking rooms that could hold two, three, or four people and convert them into individual rooms which resulted in a reduction of beds and income.

Colin’s face was bandaged. Apollonia could not tell if he was awake, asleep, or legally high to keep the pain at a manageable level. She approached the bed and could see his eyes following her. They were not kind and she could see the building hatred. Her heart broke.

“Colin, my love. Forgive me. I lost my head. I should have known better than to do what I did. I know that I have done something that is unconscionable. I was so irate that you left our house. Please. Please talk to me.”

Colin moved in the bed so he could sit up a bit higher. He did not take Apollonia’s proffered hand as he kept his under the covers. “I was told by the doctor that if you had slammed my face onto the table one more time, I would not have had the bone structure to rebuild it. Luckily for me only the bridge of my nose broke. It came close to shattering but did not. Just so you know, my repaired eye sockets survived but just barely. You fucked me over Apollonia. And, I am not so sure I want to put myself into any position where I can be abused to the point where I’ll have to wear a mask to walk down a public street.”

“All I wanted to do this morning was to sit with you and talk. When the internal family phone was not answered by the second ring, I became unwound. The pedophile asshole Senator Reasons added to my anger. Then the crowning insult was the fact that your door was locked. I don’t know if you know it or not, I fell to the floor and cried until I passed out. Ming found me on the floor, naked, curled into the fetal position. I was irate that you broke our agreement. My first thought was that you had taken your life because of our spat.”

“You know better Appy. I would never commit suicide. Although, making mistakes with you could be construed as a death wish. I was and still am serious about having a sex change operation. No matter what you say, I need to feel like a woman physically. I need to know that I have to really sit to pee. That I will not be looked at as some wierdo, faggot, sissy when I go down on a man. I would like to have the proper sexual organ to have real heterosexual sex with a man. A well-endowed man. Everything that happed last night has been building up since I made the decision to become a sissy cuckold.”

"Did you hear what you just said? A sissy cuckold. Not a man stuck in a woman's body. You and I fucked like two super horny jack rabbits. You loved to be inside of me. Don't you dare tell me you faked it. I know just by the way you ejaculated you were in sexual seventh heaven. I will accept more readily your bisexuality. I've seen you with a man and you are a true bottom. It doesn't mean you're a woman trapped in a man's body. Please Colin I can't have this hanging over my head. I need to know beyond a reasonable doubt that you will not do anything stupid before we speak again. I have to go into the city. I may have to spend the night, but when I come back to Columbus Place, I will come directly to you."

"Yeah, like you're not going to stop and see Ming. I don't fuckin' believe you at all."

"I know you think you are second fiddle, but you're not. I am begging you. If I could be on my knees in front of you, I would. Please Colin."

"OK smartass. You go to the city. You take care of whatever business you need to. If and when you leave and you do not come directly to me, I want you to deposit into an account that is mine and mine alone one hundred million dollars and give me my unconditional release from our marriage. How's that for my belief that you're not going to stop to see Ming first."

Apollonia raised her eyebrows, pursed her lips, and said, "Deal."

She saw his eyes try to bug out of his head but the onset of pain stopped it from happening. She leaned over, kissed him on his forehead, and said, "I love you Colin Cathcart. I always have. You're going to lose the bet."