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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 177

Thursday Afternoon – 84th Street Townhouse - 20 March 2003

The ride to the 84th Street townhouse was uneventful. Traffic was typical for a Thursday at midday and it took Nathan an hour-and-twenty-two minutes to drive from Far Rockaway to the Upper East Side. He pulled the black Lincoln Town car to the cut out in front of the building. He exited and opened the right rear passenger door for his employer.

Apollonia exited and said, "Park the vehicle and return. I don't know how long we're going to be here."

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Nathan. "I am at your service and serve you with honor."

Apollonia could not fathom why Nathan said what he did about serving with honor. She touched his arm before she turned and walked to the steps that led to the front door. She climbed them, took out her key, and opened the front door. She entered the small vestibule, waited, and then opened the door into the main hallway. She stepped across the threshold and stood listening for a minute. The townhouse was silent. Instead of being a total cunt and screaming at the top of her lungs, Apollonia walked down the main hall to the doorway into the kitchen. She looked in to find Sienna sitting at the breakfast table eating. Giuseppe, Pricilla, Jon Clark, and the Hingles were nowhere to be found. She stood silently.

"Sienna," was all Apollonia said. Her voice was not loud or arrogant.

The elderly woman looked up, dropped her sandwich, and stared at her cousin with her mouth agape. She was flummoxed and speechless because she had no idea the bane of her existence was coming to the townhouse today. But more importantly, how she entered the townhouse without making a sound.

"Where is your incestuous brother?" asked Apollonia not giving in to the fact they were married albeit illegally.

"He should be in the basement Miss Moretti," replied Sienna. "Would you want me to get him?"

"No," replied Apollonia. "What I want you to do is to stand, come to me, kiss my ass, and then put up a fresh pot of coffee for me."

Her eyes dropped to the table top. She paused because she did not want to place her lips on her asshole. Sienna took a chance, "Please Miss Moretti. I'm asking you to forgo my kissing your ass. I will do anything you ask, but please do not make me kiss and suckle your anus."

Apollonia was in no mood. She stepped over to the woman and without any warning slapped her hard across the face. So hard Sienna tumbled out of the chair onto the hardwood floor of the kitchen. Before Sienna could react and cover herself against any sort of assault, Apollonia put her right foot on her neck. She bent over as she screamed, "YOU INCESTUOUS OLD FUNKIN' CUNT!!! I SHOULD CRUSH YOUR NECK AND SEND YOU TO HELL WHERE YOU BELONG."

Sienna could not answer. Her eyes were wide open but she could not breathe. Her boss' foot was placed perfectly to close trachea thus stopping her ability to breathe. It did not take long for the elderly woman to begin to turn blue. Resigned to her fate, Sienna closed her eyes and relaxed. She would accept her death as peacefully as possible.

"APOLLONIA!!!" cried Jon Clark. He did not wait for an answer. He literally flew across the room and without thinking of the consequences, pulled Apollonia away from the elderly woman. Together they fell backwards into the cabinetry. Jon kept his arms wrapped around his employer's shoulders and waist.

"LET GO OF ME!!!" cried Apollonia.

"Calm down first," growled Jon Clark. "Calm down and I will let go of you. Take a deep breath, count to ten, and tell me you're calm enough for me to release you from my hold."

The pressure he exerted surprised Apollonia. She did as he told her. She counted to ten, took a deep breath, and relaxed her body. True to his word, Jon released his hold on his employer. He stepped back and waited for her to try to physically assault him. If she did, he would defend himself and no matter where the chips landed, he would terminate his employment on the spot.

Giuseppe bounded up the basement stairs as fast as his elderly legs could carry him. He opened the basement door to see his boss being held by the retired cop. He looked quickly and found his sister on the floor clutching at her neck. Disregarding everything going on around him, he bounded across the floor to Sienna. He knelt beside her and asked, "What happened? Are you ok?"

"Giuseppe," she moaned, "I couldn't do it. I'd rather be dead than suffer kissing her asshole."

Giuseppe did not answer. He helped his sister to stand and guided back into her seat. He touched her face and kissed her forehead. "You had better learn to do it. I am going to defend you this one last time. You do not comply in the future and I will turn a blind eye to what she does to you. You're my sister. The love of my life, but you have to accept that we made a decision together and must live with the consequences." He turned from his sister to face Apollonia as he said, "Forgive the old woman, Miss Moretti. She is set in her ways and does not know the full amount of the consequences she faces for not abiding by and adhering to your commands."

Jon Clark was relieved when his employer did not strike out at him. He remained standing in front of the cabinetry, relaxed, and waiting for the other shoe to drop.

"We will discuss it later Giuseppe," said Apollonia. She turned to face Jon and asked, "Where are the Hingles?"

"In the room they are using for work," he replied.

"Let's go upstairs," said Apollonia as she turned and started out for the elevator. Two steps later she stopped and asked, "Where is Pricilla?"

"She is in the basement Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe. "She performing as you commanded her. When she comes up, do you want me to send her upstairs?"

"Yes and tell your incestuous cunt to put on a pot of coffee."

Apollonia and Jon rode up the elevator to the fourth floor. The door to the room was open. Apollonia entered to find JoAnn and Dennis sitting in front of their monitors watching code scroll past. On one of the tables were reams of printed reports. It looked to Apollonia as if they had worked all night. It was JoAnn who looked up and saw Apollonia standing next to Jon Clark. She slid off of her chair, knelt, and placed her forehead on the floor. Dennis hesitated for a split-second before he realized that Miss Moretti was in the room. He too slid from his chair and took the kneeling position of a submissive.

"I don't have time for any bullshit, so, stand and return to you seats," said Apollonia. "We are going to have a direct, forthright, and a no bullshit discussion about your work."

JoAnn and Dennis rose and returned to their seats. They both wondered what was wrong as they looked at their employer and silently waited.

Apollonia sat and as she did she pointed to a chair for Jon. She rubbed her hands on her pleated skirt. Everyone could see she had a modicum of nervousness about her. Her soft, thin fingered hands went to her face, covered her eyes, and she sat for a moment gathering her thoughts. They were interrupted when she felt a small hand on her shoulder. She dropped her hands, turned her head, and saw the beautiful Pricilla standing next to her. As much as she wanted to stop what she was doing so she could take the girl into her arms, she did not. Apollonia smiled and said, "Go about your chores. I will find you before I leave."

Sad but accepting, Pricilla stepped back and said before turning to leave the room, "Yes Mistress."

The interruption was enough to put Apollonia back on track. She looked at the Hingles and said, "This morning I was visited at home by two New York State Police detectives. They were bringing me information that astounded me. It seems that you two have screwed the pooch. Someone in the District Attorney's Office has found a trail that had to be left by you. The D.A. is going bat-fuck trying to find who was inside her system. What I need to know from you is how the fuck did they find you? I thought you were the fuckin' best Dennis. I am minutes away from shutting you down, packing you up, and sending you back to bum-fuck Pennsylvania."

"They're blowin' smoke up your ass, Miss Moretti," replied Dennis with a voice of confidence that Apollonia had never heard before. "With all due respect, we have the passwords to enter their system as well as any other system you wanted us to investigate. We did not have to hack our way in. I found the appropriate files, sorted them, and downloaded the results. The SQL queries we used to glean the data cleaned up after themselves by deleting the CPU history. The final routine in the code was a self-destruct that left no hint we were in their system. I will bet you the lives of my children that whoever told you they caught us is blowing more than smoke up your ass. That is how sure I am we were not caught."

"Are you saying the results of your queries are on the server in this room?" asked Apollonia.

Dennis reply was simple and to the point, "Yes."

Apollonia frowned, looked askance at Dennis, and said, "Give me your best plausible reason for the D.A. to sound the alarm that someone had entered their network. Also, confirm that she keeps her illegal operations data on her private servers; unless I am mistaken."

"The only answer is that someone else hacked their system," said Dennis. Again his voice showed total control and even a bit of arrogance at his guarantee that he was not caught. "If their IT Department was as good as

you say, then why do I still have access to 100% of their network. I'm sorry Miss Moretti, but, we weren't caught because they had a snowballs chance in hell of finding I was there. And, you're right about where the data was stored. It is on her network. It is on a server that is kept on a subnet that only one specific person can access."

"Who?" asked Apollonia astounded at how confident Dennis was that he was not caught.

"The user name is MMargolis," said Dennis. "And, I believe that is the name of the District Attorney. As smart as she may be, she is one dumb fuckin' cunt when it comes to networks and security. The subnet had a second router that used a private VPN to gain access. Sadly, it was a piece-of-cake to break the administrative password and gain access to the server. We downloaded one hundred percent of the files and logs to the server here and the copy cleaned up as I have previously explained."

"Ok. I'll buy what you're telling me. But, that does not give me the answer as to who was modifying the DNA kits for her."

"No it did not, but, it did give us the roadmap to find the individual. And, if I am right, we should have the name of that person by," he looked at his wife, who nodded, and then turned back to Apollonia, "no later than 6-7PM today. Hopefully earlier."

Apollonia stood, "If I find you were just blowin' smoke up my ass, you, and your wife will learn what hell-on-earth is all about." She looked at Jon, "I will be downstairs in the front parlor. You and only you are to come and get me when the individual is known."

"Yes, Miss Moretti," replied Jon.

Before going into the front parlor, Apollonia decided to go into the basement to see the Vatican cleric. Sienna was in the kitchen preparing food for dinner and future meals. She stopped cold when Apollonia entered and had to put the knife she was holding on the table. Not because she was going to use in a malicious manner, but to keep it from accidentally slipping from her shaking hand. Apollonia saw and understood. She was happy the incestuous matron was scared of her.

"Where is Giuseppe?" she asked Sienna.

"He is somewhere in the building, Miss Moretti," replied Sienna.

"If you need him, how do you get him to come downstairs?"

"I usually never have to call him. He always comes here at least four to five times an hour to check on me; unless, he is out of the building."

"Understood. When he comes tell him I am in the basement. He is to come downstairs. Pricilla?"

Sienna looked at the analog clock on the wall and said, "Based upon her schedule, she should be downstairs with Marco."

"Thank you." As she was about to leave she remembered, "Where is Nathan?"

"The solarium. I made him something to eat and he went up there by himself. I hope. . ."

"No Sienna, that is quite all right."

Apollonia turned and made her way to the basement door. She opened it and thought she heard some whining, but really couldn't say if she did or did not. The lights were on so that meant Pricilla was with Marco. The dungeon door was closed. The cell doors were also closed. Apollonia was intrigued. She called out, "Pricilla?"

The young girl opened the door to what Apollonia knew was Marco's cell. Pricilla stepped out, left the door ajar, and knelt with her forehead on the floor. "Yes my Mistress," she said. What she didn't see was the look on her former boyfriends' face. Marco was in total denial and shock that his one-and-only was enslaving herself to the bitch that took his manhood from him.

"Rise and come to me," said Apollonia. She consciously did not walk down to where the cells were occupied.

Pricilla rose and stepped with her eyes on the floor to where Apollonia stood. When she was just a foot from her Mistress, Pricilla sank to the floor, but before she could place her forehead on the floor she heard, "Look at me." Her eyes looked up and she saw the face that melted her heart.

"I want you lean forward, lift my skirt, and kiss me," said Apollonia. "Nothing more than a kiss. Just like you were kissing your mother or father."

Pricilla shivered at the thought of her parents, but she did not stop performing for her Mistress. She gently, ever so carefully raised the hemline of the pleated skirt her Mistress was wearing. Her genitals were bare. With her eyes open, Pricilla leaned in and place a small kiss on Apollonia's bare mons. No tongue. No licking. Just the pursing of her lips and a very small amount of pressure to show her Mistress that she willingly complied. She fell back but did not put her forehead on the floor. The smell of her Mistress' genitals was more than enough to make herself wet.

"What are you doing with Marco?"

"I know I'm not supposed to my Mistress, but I was keeping him company." She waited for an explosion, but when none came, she continued, "If he does his work in an exemplary manner and has masturbated per instructions, I come down and sit with him. He is not allowed to move from the cot. If he does, it results in severe punishment."

"That's' good Pricilla. A little kindness goes a long way. But, do not ever give him hope. You belong to me. He is nothing but a worthless faggot and rapist of prepubescent girls. Do you . . ."

"I understand my Mistress. Marco is nothing to me. There have been a few times where I came close to doing something you would be very mad about."

"And, what was that?"

"I came close to cutting his cock off. Not once, not twice, but four times. He got me so mad. It took everything I had to control my anger."

"Rise."

Pricilla stood.

Apollonia placed her arms around the teenager, pulled her close, and kissed her. Their mouths opened. Pricilla allowed her Mistress' tongue to seek out hers. The French kiss lasted a few seconds short of a minute. It was interrupted when the basement door opened and the heavy footsteps of Giuseppe Moretti could be heard coming down the steps. Apollonia turned and said, "Open the cleric's cell."

The keys were removed from the hook on the wall. Giuseppe with the ease of person who performed the opening countless number of times, turned the key in the lock, and opened the door. He stood aside and said, "Miss Moretti."

Apollonia entered the cell to find the cleric on his back hardly moving. He should have reacted to the opening of the cell. His food was always pushed through the slot at the bottom of the door. Not scared of anything the cleric could say or do, she stepped to the side of the cot, and said, "Cardinal Montenegro."

The elderly cleric turned his head slightly, opened his eyes, and breathlessly respond, "What?"

"Cardinal Montenegro as you can see no one from the Vatican has come to save you. I am still alive. The Vatican still is and will always be beholden to the Moretti family. Come to your senses and absolve your sins to me. I will bless you and allow you to live. Come now. Talk to me of your sins. Cardinal Montenegro."

Where he got the strength Apollonia could not fathom. He looked into her eyes and as forcibly as he could spat, "You are the devil incarnate. You cannot bless me. You represent all that is unholy to me. I spit on you. I cast you out of the church. You are a heathen bitch. Be gone!!!"

"My dear pedophile Cardinal Montenegro," replied Apollonia, "you have just sealed your fate." Apollonia stepped just outside the cell and said in a calm voice, "Bring Marco in here. Naked."

Marco Marinelli was guided into the cell by Pricilla. She positioned him in the center of the cell, but did not move from his side. Apollonia leaned over Cardinal Montenegro, took him by his scrawny neck, and pulled him off of the cot and onto the floor. When his body hit the cement floor it made a thud because he could not protect himself in time. Still holding his neck, Apollonia pulled him to where Marco stood and made him raise his head to look at the nearly masticated penis that hung between the teenagers legs.

"See that cock Cardinal," said Apollonia, "from this moment forward you will use your mouth and your ass to jerk it off. If you fail to perform your required sexual acts, Pricilla will use a large strap-on dildo to penetrate your holy anus. Then she will fuck you until she has three orgasms. You continue to refuse to provide oral and anal relief for the teenage faggot in front of you for a period of three days, Pricilla will remove your genitals and I will send them with your head to the Vatican."

The Cardinal's eyes flew open. He tried to speak but could not. The bitch that had him by the throat was exerting just enough pressure to allow him to breathe but not speak. His eyes beseeched Apollonia to not make him do as she commanded. Cardinal Montenegro had no desire to be emasculated."

Apollonia realizing he was begging her with his eyes, released his neck, and pushed him backwards. He fell against the cot and remained still. She turned to Pricilla and said, "From this moment forward, Marco is not to masturbate. You are to bring him here and the Cardinal will suck his cock. Twice a day, Marco is to fuck his eighty-something year old ass. If he cannot get hard enough, then get him some Viagra. Make sure what is left of his cock will get hard enough to penetrate the old coot. When he cumms, Montenegro will clean him with his mouth. Failure on the part of Cardinal Montenegro to perform his priestly duties will result in you first using a strap-on dildo on his holy man pussy. Three days of intransience on his part will be the signal that you and Giuseppe are to remove his genitals."

"One question my Mistress," said the young teenager. "If he performs one day and not the next, how do I react to his game playing?"

"You count the times he refuses and when it gets to three he is to be emasculated. His intransience does not have to be consecutive," said Apollonia.

"As you wish my Mistress," said Pricilla. "He refuses three total times no matter if he performs in between will be the last time he has his genitals between his legs."

Apollonia saw Giuseppe standing in the doorway. The elderly man nodded his head and asked, "What would you like us to do with his genitals?"

"That is simple," replied Apollonia. "Let him bleed to death. Then remove his head and with his pedophile genitals hanging out of his mouth, send them to the Vatican via Uncle Donaldo."

Giuseppe sighed and said, "As you wish."

Apollonia turned to Marco, grabbed his junk, and squeezed. She looked into his pained eyes and said, "If you perform beyond my expectation, I may let you move out of the basement." Apollonia saw the look of shock and desire on his face. She said, "Nah, you'll never get out of here. In fact, I am going to command Pricilla to do the same to you if you fuck up. So my faggot friend, you better perform."

Scared shitless, Marco responded, "Y-y-yes, Miss Moretti."

Apollonia took Pricilla by her arm and guided her out of the Cardinal's cell. She turned back to Giuseppe and said, "Put them away for the rest of the night. Just feed them and tomorrow whenever Marco is scheduled to jerk off, have him present what is left of his cock to the Cardinal. Count the refusals and when they reach three he is done."

Giuseppe nodded and did not respond verbally.

Together Apollonia and Pricilla went to the front parlor.

Apollonia opened the door to the front parlor. She guided the teenager in and to the couch she loved to sit on. Apollonia sat. She had Pricilla stand in front of her. Her legs moved outward and apart. Pricilla knew what was expected, but her Mistress stopped her. The sexiest woman alive to the teenager instead patted the couch signaling the teenager to sit next to her. Before she could speak, a knock was heard.

"Enter," said Apollonia.

Sienna entered with a tray. On it was a small carafe of black coffee and a mug for her employer. She looked for guidance as to where she should place the tray.

Apollonia saw her conundrum and said, "Put the tray on the front table by the windows. Then come to me."

Resigned to her fate, Sienna did as she was instructed. When she returned to where Apollonia sat, she bowed her head and waited like a good submissive bitch. Inside Sienna was shaking and trying to keep from urinating on the floor. 'Please,' was all she said over and over again in her mind. There was no need to complete the thought as what she refused to do earlier was still paramount in her mind.

"My dear Sienna," said Apollonia. "You are going to perform your duty to me or I am going to lock you in the basement with the two other assholes. Now, in the calmest and nicest voice, ask me to allow you to perform your fealty to me."

Once she heard what the head of the family said, Sienna began to sway where she stood. She continued to stare at the floor as her hands began to open and close at her sides. There was nothing she could do to stop from being made to suck the head of the family's asshole. In all her years, she never sucked Giuseppe's anus even though they kept both their anal regions spotlessly clean per Moretti mores. Without being told, she looked up, and said, "I'd rather die than perform the disgusting act of kissing and sucking your asshole."

Apollonia smiled at the elderly woman before she answered or acted in response to her declaration. Purposely, she let time pass. The longer Sienna waited, the more stressed and afraid she became. Her skin began to

take on a pallor that was a precursor to a heart attack. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead, the bridge of her nose, and below her eyes. The muscles in her legs began to weaken and her ability to stand became a struggle. The last sign of the impending coronary was her breathing. It became short and labored. Sienna Moretti was going to die from fright.

It did not take long for Pricilla to react to the horrible thing her Mistress was doing to the elderly woman who cared for her as if she was a daughter. She took her Mistress' hand and said, "Please my Mistress; don't do it. Don't take her. She is a good to me. Please!!! Let me perform for her. She is old and may not have many years left. Give me the opportunity to save her by performing her fealty. Please my Mistress. Relieve her of her duty. I will gladly kiss and suckle your anus to prove my worth to you."

Sienna heard the young girl and was more than astounded. It did not relieve her stress as she felt her heart beginning to labor. The pain she felt was not directly in her chest but along her jaw line and in her neck. Sienna Moretti knew she was going to die. Not at the hand of Apollonia Moretti, but at her invocation of threats and fear.

"PLEASE!!! cried Pricilla. "I'M BEGGING YOU!!! SHE IS LIKE A SURROGATE MOTHER TO ME!!! PLEASE MY MISTRESS!!!"

The hand that hit Pricilla's face came out of nowhere. It was powerful enough to send her off of the couch and onto the hardwood floor of the front parlor. Apollonia jumped to her feet and placed her right foot on the teenager's neck. She pressed just hard enough to stop the flow of air into her lungs. Her skin pallor changed as her eyes bugged out of their sockets. With what strength she had, Pricilla tried to remove her Mistress' shoe from her neck. Her legs started to shake as her body begged for air.

"DON'T YOU EVER SCREAM AT ME BITCH!!! shouted Apollonia. "DON'T YOU . . ."

Out of nowhere, Sienna cried, "ENOUGH!!! I'LL DO IT!!! LET HER BREATHE!!!"

Apollonia turned her head and saw the elderly Sienna go to her knees. Her breathing was still labored but she was using whatever strength she had left in her body to save the young girl she had come to love as her own flesh and blood. Looking down at Pricilla, Apollonia released the pressure allowing the youngster to gasp and take a deep breath. She rolled to her side, pulled her knees to her chest, and gasped trying to regain her ability to breathe. She stepped behind the elderly woman, wrapped her left arm around the back of her head and placed her right hand on the left side of her head. Apollonia felt Sienna tense in expectation of having her neck broken. When she relaxed, Apollonia whispered, "Say your prayers."

Sienna Moretti closed her eyes, tried to make the sign of the cross, and began, "Lo, though I walk through the valley of death, I fear no evil. . . ."

Evil was the last word to pass through her lips. With a simple movement, pressure, and twisting motion Apollonia snapped Sienna's neck. She immediately went limp and was unceremoniously dropped onto the floor by Apollonia.

Pricilla couldn't believe what happened. She screamed, relieved her bladder, and immediately fainted.

Giuseppe Moretti threw open the door to the front parlor and saw the love of his life lying lifeless on the floor. He rushed to her side and knew she was dead. Her lifeless eyes and the petechial around them told Giuseppe Sienna was gone. He picked up her lifeless body and pressed it to his chest. He cried out in pain and began to rock back-and-forth. It took him a few minutes to regain his composure and when he did all he said was, "Why?"

"Because I can," was Apollonia's response. She moved to Giuseppe's' side and said, "Call Uncle Gino. He will take your sister to his mortuary. There she will be cremated and her ashes will be dumped into a landfill on Staten Island. If you wish to join her, I will instruct Uncle Gino to put you into the crematorium with her. The only caveat is that you will be alive with your last erection in her dead cunt as you both burn."

"No," said Giuseppe. "Just let me do as you command. I will take her into the basement and call Uncle Gino. Just so you know, I told her that I would not protect her if she refused to do her fealty after she refused when you entered the kitchen this afternoon."

No sooner than Giuseppe lifted Sienna's lifeless body from the floor, Nathan bounded into the room. He first looked at Apollonia, then to Pricilla lying on the floor, and to Giuseppe holding the lifeless body of his sister. It didn't take but a moment for him to realize what happened, but he intoned anyway, "What the fuck just happened?"

Apollonia turned, stepped to the front of the parlor, pulled out the chair she always sat in, and plunked her ass down on it. She calmly poured a cup of black coffee and took a sip. Then without any stress or emotion said, "The old bitch thought she could piss in my face. I did what I had threatened. It is Moretti justice that she no longer exists. She should have been killed the moment the family found out she was married to her older brother."

Pricilla started crying anew. Her neck hurt as did her throat. She knew there was more of an explanation to the reason Sienna was dead. The idea crossed her mind to speak up, but after what her Mistress did to her, she knew better than to utter a sound. She looked up at Nathan and held her breath. Their eyes met and she knew that as much as Apollonia never wanted her to have a sexual relationship with the tall muscular black man, she would willing give him whatever he desired sexually.

"I am going to take care of my wife," said Giuseppe as he made his way to the door. He rearranged Sienna's body so he could open the door. He held the door open by the knob, turned, and said to Apollonia, "I hold no grudge. I knew she would push you and you would react as you did. The one thing I will say to you is she never once put her lips on my anus. As much as I would have loved to be rimmed by her, she was abhorred by the thought of placing her tongue on the orifice that emptied the body of its metabolic work." Not waiting for a response, he turned and closed the door behind him.

Nathan went to Pricilla, bent at his knees, and started to lift the teenager off of the floor. Apollonia watched and saw a look of relief cross the girl's face. Just as he had Pricilla standing, Apollonia said, "Nathan, take her upstairs to the solarium. Remove her clothing and fuck her. Make her blow you. Cum in her mouth. Fuck her up her ass. Make her clean your cock. Then when you're ready fuck her cunt. Blow your third load in her virgin womb."

"No-o-o-!!! cried Pricilla. "No-o-o-!!! I'm sorry my Mistress!!!"

Nathan did not turn with the girl in his arms and depart the front parlor. He gently placed the sixteen year old on the couch, touched her face, and said to Apollonia without looking at her, "No Miss Moretti. I will not force myself on Pricilla. She is yours and you know it. I see the love in your eyes and the look on your face when you first see her each time you come to the townhouse. You're mad at something she did. It cannot be so horrible as to ruin her life in respect to the idea that Moretti members do not fornicate with African men."

The clatter of the mug hitting the table surprised even Apollonia. Thankfully, it was not full or it would have spilled all over the tabletop. Apollonia stood, stepped to Nathan, and said, "How do you know about the Moretti edict against sex with an African?"

"I've heard you when you thought I was not listening or out of range. I have also done my homework. It is not impossible to find certain historical documents and non-fiction writings about your family. When Sicily was invaded by the Tunisian hordes, it was the Moretti family that saved the day. It also set into motion a hatred of all African men. It is that knowledge that keeps me here working for you. To prove that not all men of African descent are rapists and murderers. Also, what happened was so far in the past, I think it is time the Moretti family got over it."

"Nathan Childress," said Apollonia, "you surprise me. It is true what you say about the Moretti family. But, I have no desire to maintain a loving relationship with Pricilla. I am giving her to you. I know from a previous conversation with her that she would love to lose her virginity to you. After her little diatribe, I am no longer desirous of her mind or body. Go. Take her to the solarium. Fuck her. And, when you are done bring her to me so I can begin the process of bringing her together with the faggot in the basement. Just like Giuseppe and Sienna, Marco and Pricilla will watch over this townhouse until such time as they die naturally or are murdered by me in a fit of anger."

Pricilla fell off the couch. She crawled to her Mistress. She wrapped her arms around Apollonia's calves. Her head rested on Apollonia's shoes. Pricilla pleaded, "I am so, so, sorry Miss Moretti. You are the love of my life. I will do anything you ask, but please, please do not make me have sex with Nathan. I want to serve you for the rest of my life. Even after you die, I will be yours. I will take care of you after death as I will in life. Tell me what I need to do to rectify the error or my ways. Please Mistress. I am begging you."

Pricilla did not move nor did she look up. Apollonia did not try to disengage from her grip. Nathan stood quietly waiting for the other shoe to drop. As much as he would have liked to fuck the teenager, he knew better. He was not a pedophile. Golda was more than enough for him. He knew he would refuse his employer and if he had to, he would quit his job. Nathan also knew he would do everything he could to protect Pricilla.

Time passed and nobody moved. It was during the strained time in the front parlor that Jon Clark entered the room. He stopped short and held his breath. When he saw everyone except Pricilla look at him, he relaxed. He stepped across the room to the three and said, "They did it. We know the names of the persons fixing the DNA kits for the D.A."

Apollonia moved her legs and Pricilla released her grip. She looked down at the girl and said, "I want you to go with Nathan upstairs to the solarium. I want you to tell him what you told me. When I am done with this DNA kit fiasco, I will come to the solarium. Do you understand me girl?"

Pricilla shook where she knelt. Her Mistress did not use her given name. Nor did she show any love or emotion towards her. "Yes my Mistress. I understand."

"Good. Now get out of my sight."

Nathan looked at his employer and saw that she was not in the mood for anything but compliance. He placed his hand under Pricilla's arms, lifted her to her feet, and guided her out of the parlor.

Apollonia and Jon rode the elevator to the fourth floor in silence. When the elevator stopped, Jon opened the door and waited for his employer to exit the lift. Apollonia made her way down the hall to the room and stopped before opening the door. She turned to Jon and said, "Give me what you got before I go in there."

"They found the culprits," he replied.

"I hear the plural of the word culprit. Are you telling me there was more than one individual involved?"

Jon nodded in the affirmative as he replied, "Yes."

When Apollonia opened the door she saw the Hingles sitting at their desks giggling like kindergarten children. Her first instinct was to verbally berate the two of them, but she knew better than rain on their parade. She stepped into the room followed by Jon and nodded to him. Jon understood and went to the Hingles and made his and Apollonia's presence known. Both JoAnn and Dennis went to their knees and placed their foreheads on the floor.

Apollonia waggled a finger at Jon and when he approached, she said, "Please go downstairs and bring the tray that Sienna brought into the parlor. Unless, you want to stay and see them perform their fealty."

Jon smiled, "I've seen it before Miss Moretti and I will not be offended or horrified if I witness a person or persons kissing your derriere. To be truthful, I'd love to see the look on Dennis' face as he leans in and places his lips on your asshole. So, I'll just stand by the door and keep my mouth shut. That is, if you don't mind."

"I have no issues," said Apollonia. "Dennis raise your head."

The skinny programmer did as he was commanded. He was smart enough to keep his eyes downcast.

"I am going to turn around," said Apollonia. "I am going to raise my skirt and bend over. You are going to gently spread the cheeks of my ass and place your lips on my anus."

Both Jon and Apollonia saw Dennis shiver where he knelt. Both were surprised when he looked up and said, "Yes Mistress Moretti."

Apollonia turned her back to Dennis, raised her skirt, and bent over. The Williamsport cuckold waddled on his knees to his Mistress. Dennis' hands shook as he placed them on his Mistress' bare backside. With minimum pressure he spread open the cheeks of her backside. He saw the pink rosebud of her anus staring back at him. Knowledge was power and he knew if he refused to suckle Apollonia's asshole, his life as he knew it would be over. The power he held was the names of the individuals that were helping the District Attorney perform illegal modifications to DNA kits under her control. Dennis took a deep breath and exhaled. With no air in his lungs he leaned between the beautiful cheeks of his Mistress' ass and placed his lips on her anus. He rested there for a moment and as he began to pull back he heard, "I want to feel your tongue. Do it or lose your testicles." Dennis took a breath while his lips were on his Mistress' anus and without pleading he placed his tongue in the center of her anus and pressed. Per his training, he kept it there for a count of fifteen before he pulled it back into his mouth.

"Good job bitch," said Apollonia. "Now JoAnn you fuckin' whore, show me you're worthy of my control over you."

JoAnn did not pause. He crawled forward, pushed her husband aside, and with gusto placed her mouth onto her Mistress' anus. Her tongue passed thru the outer edges in a flash. Her hands gently massaged Mistress Moretti's glutes. The smell of her anus was nothing compared to the odor wafting up from her sex. JoAnn moaned as the smell of Apollonia's sex invaded her nostrils. She kept her tongue active for a good thirty seconds before she pulled back. As any good submissive would, she waited for instructions from her Mistress.

Apollonia stepped forward, stood, turned around, and let her pleated skirt fall around her legs. She smiled at the Hingles and said, "Now, that wasn't all that bad. Take your seats and let's get down to business."

Jon stepped closer and took a seat as JoAnn and Dennis returned to their seats. Apollonia remained standing. She saw three pieces of paper sitting on the desk where Dennis worked. When he picked them up, she said, "Jon tells me you have found three individuals. Are you one hundred percent sure?"

"Yes Mistress Moretti," said Dennis. "As I said earlier this afternoon, I will bet my children's life on the data we have gleaned. There is no way in hell that these three individuals are not involved." Dennis nodded to his wife and she handed to Apollonia and Jon three letter sized sheets of paper. On each sheet of paper were the individual's name, address, telephone numbers, and where they worked.

Apollonia read each sheet twice before she looked up and asked, "Please give me the details of how you found them. I am very curious as to how deep you had to dig to find them. And, what was the giveaway that they are the people we were searching for."

To Apollonia's surprise, Dennis deferred to his wife.

"Mistress Moretti," said JoAnn, "it turned out to be a very simple endeavor once we found the D.A.'s private server. As Dennis stated earlier, she is no security wizard. It took a bit of cross referencing of times the kits were picked up and delivered. Her stupidity allowed us to find the dates and times they were checked in and checked out of Nassau County's Crime Scene Investigation Division. The main system showed the arrival and the testing of the kits. When the kits were removed and returned she had the modified data copied from her private server to the Nassau County CSI servers. Whoever told her that she was secure in what she did to modify the database records is a total, excuse my language, fuckin' idiot. Much to our surprise we have three names."

"I have to ask again." stated Apollonia, "Why did the bitch blow a gasket this morning?"

Dennis smirked and said, "Please do not take this the wrong way, but, I believe whoever gave her the notification of a breach of her server is doing the proverbial CYA. Male or female, doesn't matter. They're dumber than a rock. And, I would love to talk to her myself because I know I would get to the bottom of her reason for pointing a finger at a hack." Dennis shook his head as he said, "It just doesn't compute."

"Did you verify these names?" asked Apollonia.

Both Hingles responded in the affirmative. JoAnne stated with conviction, "There is no way on God's green Earth that the names we found are not involved. They are up to their eyeballs in her shit. The only thing we did not ascertain is why they are helping her."

"How long to find that out?" asked Apollonia.

The cuckold and the whore looked at each other, nodded, and JoAnne replied, "No more than an hour or two."

Apollonia stood, handed the page to JoAnne, and said, "Get it done and you will be home tonight cuddling with your children. But never forget, that you both are owned by me and if I need your services again you will drop everything. Also, don't do anything to ruin my business. You have questions you call Jon. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress Moretti," said JoAnne.

Apollonia turned and without responding walked to the elevator and rose to the solarium.

Pricilla sat on a chair next to the floor to ceiling windows that were at the back of the townhouse. They overlooked the small but very usable patch of green that was behind the building. Nathan sat on the couch reflecting about what his boss had told Pricilla to tell him. Neither spoke to the other. Pricilla because she feared what Nathan would say or do when she told him that if she were to have sex with man she wanted it to be him. Nathan remained silent because he knew in his heart-of-hearts that he could not and would not have sexual intercourse with a sixteen year old girl. It wasn't in his wheelhouse.

Apollonia entered the solarium and stood in the middle of the room. She stared hard at the young girl. It took but a moment for the teenaged to slip off of the chair and assume a submissive position on the floor. Once she was prone, Apollonia turned to Nathan and asked, "Did she tell you?"

Looking deep into his employer's eyes, Nathan responded, "No. We haven't said a word to each other since you commanded us to come up here."

Frustrated, but not irate enough to begin her rise to total insanity, Apollonia quietly asked, "What part of my command did either of you not understand?"

Before Pricilla could answer, Nathan said, "I know what you wanted me to hear. I know from the looks I would get from the girl. It was plainly obvious that she wanted to investigate a sexual relationship with me. She didn't need to verbalize it. It became apparent to me when her eyes rose from my shoes and stopped at my crotch before making eye contact with me. There was no reason for her to say anything. I knew what she was fantasizing about."

"If you knew, then why isn't there a well fucked sixteen year old. . ."

"I have no desire to have sex with a teenage girl. It is not in my wheelhouse. If I'm going to have sex with someone, then it will be with a girl of legal age. As much as you'd like me to ruin her, I won't. If you demand that I use her like some twenty dollar whore, then I'd rather be unemployed than working for you Miss Moretti. It is that simple."

"Are you sure you want to pass up the opportunity to take a three-holed virgin?"

Nathan groaned and before he answered, realized what Apollonia was doing. He looked to where Pricilla knelt submissively. He could see her shaking. He decided to not to continue to play his employer's game. He rose from the couch, stepped to Pricilla, reached down, and picked her up. Pricilla did not know how to react to Nathan lifting her from her supplicant's position. She felt his hands on her waist as he said, "Stand up young lady."

Pricilla looked at Apollonia. Her eyes questioned whether she should listen to the seven foot black man. When her feet touched the floor she did not collapse. Instead, she tightened her leg muscles and stood up straight. Once she was erect and supporting her weight, Nathan released his hold on her waist and gently placed his huge hands on her shoulders.

"What you wanted will never happen," said Nathan. "What she wants would have to wait a minimum of two years. If this waif of a girl was eighteen, you would have entered the solarium to find her well fucked and cum dripping from her cunt and asshole. But, that is not what I wanted. What I want is for Pricilla to apologize for whatever she did to piss you off enough to ruin her life and your desire for her. Why don't you tell me, Miss Moretti? What did she do to make you want to ruin her life?"

Apollonia was astounded and amazed at Nathan's open and forthright response to her question. She pondered responding to him, but decided it would be better to speak with Pricilla alone. "I hear you Nathan. Go downstairs. Find Giuseppe and make sure he called my Uncle Gino. I will talk with the girl."

Nathan eyeballed his boss and without compunction said, "Nothing happens to her."

Shocked, but aware of his protective nature, Apollonia responded, "Nothing will happen to her."

Nathan turned and walked out of the solarium.

When Apollonia heard the elevator whine she approached the very frightened Pricilla and said, "You are one very lucky girl. Any other nigger would have fucked your brains out. I would have found you on the floor with your cunt and asshole dripping cum and your thighs covered in blood. Do you understand what you did today?"

Pricilla Smith fell to her knees and wrapped her arms around her Mistress' legs. With tears flowing from her eyes, said, "Yes, my Mistress. I never should have come to the aid of the old bitch. I have willingly placed my lips on your anus. I have willingly pushed my tongue into your rectum. I do it because I am beholden to you. You are my life. You give me life and a reason to live. I serve you willingly. I will never come between you and a supplicant. I beg you to forgive me. I will do as you ask for the rest of my life. I am yours to do with as you please." She paused, looked up, and said, "If you want me to forgo having a relationship with you by giving my body to a black man, then so be it. In my heart, I know that I am doing it because I love you. If it means being abused by you for the rest of my life, I will accept my fate. Unlike Sienna, I will suckle your anus to prove that I am beholden to you for giving me a place to live the life you deem is mine to live."

"Prove yourself by doing as I told you earlier today. I want to know the moment you remove his cock and balls, because I know it is going to happen. As for Marco, I want you to decide how long he is going to live. When you have decided I want to see you look into his eyes as you take his life. You do that and you will never want for anything the rest of your natural life."

Pricilla moved slightly back and with her soft hands pushed the pleated skirt Apollonia wore up to expose her naked womanhood. With her eyes wide open, she leaned in and placed her tongue between Apollonia's labia. One upward lick exposed the already engorged clitoris. As if she had been doing it for years, Pricilla took Apollonia's clit between her lips and sucked it like a little cock. Having never sucked a cock she tried and succeeded to make

Apollonia relax and open her legs. The teenager moaned when she felt her Mistress' hands grab the back of her head. Nothing short of bringing Apollonia off would satisfy the teenager.

"Release my clit bitch," said Apollonia. When Pricilla did not immediately open her mouth, Apollonia used her left hand to pull her away by her hair. Her right hand made contact with Pricilla's face hard enough to leave a bright red handprint on her cheek. It was then and only then, Pricilla cried out in pain. Their eyes met and Pricilla cowered in fear.

"When I tell you something you comply Pricilla. I am not going to be easy on you. You will suffer being my slave. As you go through your day, you will fear my arrival. One small error will result in your suffering for days on end. I am not going to tolerate your intransience when it comes to responding to my command. No matter how much you wanted to suck my Mistress' cunt, when I told you to stop, you should have."

"Every moment I live I serve you. Every time I make an error, I will suffer the pain inflicted by you to teach me how to be a better supplicant and slave. I am not going to apologize to you My Mistress. What I am going to do is complete the charge of assuring that the old man in the basement does not comply so I can learn to emasculate a man. I may be a lowly slave, but I am a female. And as a female, I know that I will learn from you how to make men suffer because they are one of the lowest animals on the planet. If I am wrong, please correct me and my assumptions as to what you are trying to teach me."

The smile on Apollonia's face was genuine. How this youngster figured out what the purpose of her indenture was more than amazing. Her hands went under her armpits and she lifted Pricilla to her feet. Once she was on her feet, Apollonia wrapped her arms around her and pulled in for a kiss. Pricilla opened her mouth and invited her Mistress' tongue into her oral cavity. They pressed their bodies together but before either of them could begin the rise to a sexual encounter, Apollonia broke the embrace and the kiss.

"See what you can have Pricilla. Don't defy me. Show me you have the strength and perseverance to become the woman I want you to be. Do that and your life will be filled with all anything you want."

Before Pricilla could answer, the door to the solarium opened and Jon Clark walked in. "Miss Moretti, we have all the information. Dennis is a one hell of programmer and hacker. They're waiting for you."

Apollonia took Pricilla's hand and made their way to the door. She did not answer Jon because she knew he knew where she was headed.

Before she entered the fourth floor bedroom where the Hingles were working, Apollonia allowed Jon to enter before she closed the door. Pricilla's eyes flew open when she felt Apollonia's hand grab her genitals. Their eyes met and Apollonia said, "Then next time you defy me, I will personally shove a large six sided razor sharp knife into your virgin cunt. The last thing you will see is my face as I laugh as you bleed to death without ever knowing the feeling of a large cock fucking and ejaculating in you. Do you understand?"

"Yes my Mistress. I understand completely."

"Good. Now go about your business."

Apollonia opened the door and entered the bedroom. For the third time that day, Dennis and JoAnne prostrated themselves on the floor. They remained still until they were released by Apollonia.

"We added the information you asked for to the page," said Dennis.

"How many copies did you make?" asked Apollonia.

"Two," said JoAnne.

"How secure is the data on the server you have been working with?"

"More secure than Fort Knox," replied Dennis. "If you want, I could take it with us back to Williamsport and keep it safe. No one would know it was there."

Apollonia smirked and said, "I would. It stays here. Unplugged. If I need it for any reason, you'll return here. Otherwise, you know nothing of this computer. Say one word, and I will personally rip your useless cock and balls from between your legs."

Dennis held up his hands, palms out, and said, "Not an issue Miss. Moretti. I'd rather you kept possession of the machine. In fact, I wouldn't mind returning to New York City if you need to restart the machine to enhance what we have done or begin a new project."

On the page were the three names. It now contained their personal information. Address, date of birth, place of birth, social security number, number of children, their social security numbers, and present and all former employers. Apollonia nodded her head amazed at the amount of information that was captured or gleaned by the Hingles in such a short period of time.

"This is one hell of a nice job," said Apollonia. She eyed JoAnne and said, "If you want, I can arrange for a big cocked nigger to come here and fuck you. He'll enjoy fucking a racist especially if she is tied to a bed spread-eagle. What do you say, JoAnne?"

Flummoxed by what her employer, Mistress, and owner said and asked, she replied, "If it pleases my Mistress, I will comply, but I will hate every minute of it. In fact, I know it will sour my desire to serve you. But, at the same time, I know that my life is in your hands. If you are giving me the opportunity to refuse you, then I will take it. I am not interested in having sex with a nigger."

"I will accept your response," said Apollonia. "But as I stand here today, I am telling you that you will never refuse to perform as I command. And, sometime in the near future, you will fuck a nigger. It is my intention to make you service a dozen niggers with your mouth, ass, and cunt. Your husband will have twelve encounters less because he has only two orifices to be used."

"May I ask a question?" said JoAnne.

"Yes," replied Apollonia.

"Why must we prostitute ourselves to men we have no desire to be in contact with?" asked JoAnne.

"Because I hold the power of life and death over both of you. Because, if I want to go down a road that I am hard-pressed to take, I will force both of you to watch them use and abuse your offspring. I need to impress upon both of you, that I have no desire to hurt your children. But, I am not afraid to do what I need to do to keep both of you in-line. I know that the most difficult thing you will do for me is to have sex with black men. After that, both of you will know that you have nothing to live for but serving me."

Dennis asked, "After what we just did for you, we are still nothing more than useless people that you can throw away like the garbage. Is that what you are telling us?"

"Basically, yes. I found you because your company was failing. Both of you tried by failed at making me walk away from purchasing and saving your company. Yet, here you sit. Beholden to me. Now you will never have to want for anything as long as you perform for me. And, by me, I mean the Moretti family."

"Understood," said JoAnne. Dennis nodded his assent.

"Jon, have them shut everything down and prepare it for storage. Leave it in this room for now. Then make arrangements for JoAnne and Dennis to go home."

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

Apollonia took both pieces of paper and departed the room.

When the door closed, JoAnne turned to Jon and asked, "Is she always that much of a bitch?"

"Yes."

As Apollonia rode down in the elevator to the first floor, she neatly folded the two pieces of paper that contained the three names of the people that aided and abetted the Nassau County District Attorney. As she exited the elevator, she opened her handbag, placed the folded paper into it, and knew she would call the detectives in a couple of days. Over the next couple of days, she would use all of her power and contacts to bring the three individuals together for a pointed discussion. Nothing they could say would sway her from making them hear what would happen to their families if they did not come clean about helping the district attorney.

The kitchen was quiet as she entered because Sienna was no longer putting around preparing, cooking, and cleaning for the people living in the townhouse. Apollonia looked around and felt a bit stupid because she did not know where anything was stored. All she wanted was something cold to drink. Non-alcoholic. Sugary at best. She opened the refrigerator to find not a single bottle of cola, ginger ale, or root beer. As she closed the door, she felt a presence behind her. She turned to see Nathan standing just beside the kitchen table.

"I have to get used to your stealthiness," said Apollonia. "Would you please get the vehicle and bring it around. I need to go directly to the hospital."

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

Apollonia frowned. She stared at Nathan and said, "Out with it. I can see it in your attitude. Your face is also an open book."

He looked down for a split second before he answered, "She came to me to apologize. Pricilla never wanted to put me in a position where I had to make a choice. That girl is one smart cookie."

"She knows her place now," said Apollonia. "She knows her life is dependent upon how she performs. If she does an exemplary job, she will live in the lap of luxury. I need not verbalize what she faces if she fails."

"I have no idea why you would do that to her. She loves you unconditionally. Just like a dog loves its master. Telling me to use her like a twenty dollar whore did enormous damage to her psyche. I shouldn't tell you this, but she cried her eyes out at how much she wanted you to know that if I was sick enough to use her she would accept everything that happened. All she wants is your love. Even if that love is based upon you hurting her physically, emotionally, and psychologically. For what it is worth, you need to back off a bit. Pricilla is not going anywhere."

Her eyebrows raised and her lips pursed as she shook her head upon hearing what her one man protective detail had just said. "Pricilla has to learn that I will break her and then build her back up. That has already begun for

her. She knows that to be an independent woman, she has to be strong in the face of a male dominated world. Her proof to me will be when she emasculates the cleric and murders Marco. I am expecting nothing less from her."

"As much as I love working for you and protecting you Miss Moretti," said Nathan, "you are one very sick individual."

"I come from a long line of sick individuals," said Apollonia with a very matter-of-fact tenor to her voice. "Please get the car as I want to see my husband."

"As you wish," said Nathan.