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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 115

Tuesday Evening/Night – Columbus Place – 4 March 2003

The only interruption to the silence that filled the passenger compartment of the stretch limousine were the two specialized rings Apollonia's cell phone made when the love of her life and her sister called. Each conversation was very short and her answers were clipped. It wasn't because she was mad or stressed. Her demeanor was based on three things. First, the termination of Teresa Conti's life, second, the failure to get Marco Marinelli to admit his guilt in the rape of Alessa Moretti, and third, her desire to bed Pricilla Smith, but inside she knew it was wrong thing to do to the young girl even though she wanted a sexual relationship. For shits and giggles, she made Sonny and Colin sit opposite her on two jump seats holding hands. Both men knew it was Apollonia's way of making them a couple considering they had not spoken at length about their relationship. Mario Moretti sat thinking about how far his youngest daughter would fall considering she showed no remorse about the taking of a human life. Antonio Rossi was placed to the left side of his aunt while Pricilla Smith sat to her right.

Upon arrival at the security gate, Apollonia told the guard to call Raffaella and have her bring Carmen and Alessa to her house. Instead of going directly home, Apollonia had the driver stop just inside the gate so she and Pricilla could walk to Ming's house. She ordered the rest of the passengers to go into her house and wait for her. When she came home a decision about dinner would be made.

Apollonia guided the young girl up the steps to the front door of the house instead of walking up the driveway to the back door. With Pricilla standing in front of her, Apollonia pressed the doorbell and waited. She expected to hear Ming's boys come running to the front door, but was surprised when she saw through the glass of the front door Ming walking with a bit of a questioning look on her face. Apollonia realized that Ming did not expect an unannounced guest at the front door considering they had to get through the guard at the front gate. Ming opened the door and two emotions passed over her face. First was relief at seeing her lover standing on the front porch and second was a questioning frown wondering who was standing in front of Apollonia.

Apollonia guided Pricilla into the great room before she turned to Ming and took her into her arms. Against all moral and ethical issues, Apollonia leaned in, and placed a loving kiss on Ming's lips. Shen and Lian finally came into the great room and like good boys stood and waited for their turn to say hello to Apollonia. The two women broke apart; Apollonia still dressed like a harlot, knelt, and opened her arms. Ming nodded to the boys and they ran into Apollonia's outstretched arms for several hugs and kisses. When the boys had enough they did what all children do, they whined, and made faces which caused Apollonia to laugh and let them return to their mother. She stood and with just a small movement of her head told Ming to send the boys away.

"Lian, Shen," said Ming, "to the family room, please." Both women watched as the two boys walked to the back of the house where the family room was located. Finally Ming could ask Apollonia, "Who is she?"

"She is Pricilla Smith," replied Apollonia. "This young lady from the State of Texas was here today spend time in the city with a child rapist. Instead she is my present to you."

Pricilla Smith swooned and almost fell to the floor. If it wasn't for Apollonia's quick reaction to Pricilla's movement, she would have been prone on the hardwood floor. She looked into Apollonia's turquoise eyes and said, "I don't understand. You promised me that I would be with you tonight."

Ming watched as Apollonia's left hand caressed the young girl's face. She saw the questioning look on the young girl's visage and knew from her long history with Apollonia that she was lied to by the older woman. Ming wanted to interject her own thoughts when she was interrupted by Apollonia, "Pricilla, this is Ming Zheng. She is the light and love of my life. This woman is one of two people on the face-of-this-earth that I would give my life for. I'm giving you to her because she knows from experience what I love. She will teach you. She will make you into the woman you so richly deserve to be. From her you will learn everything you need to know about me and how to please me."

"But Miss Moretti, I wanted you to teach me," breathed Pricilla.

Apollonia looked from Pricilla's eyes to Ming's. The beautiful Oriental woman nodded her head knowing that Apollonia was returning to her the pleasure she gave Apollonia when Apollonia took her virginity in college. The words spoken by the young girl were the key to the reason Apollonia came to her upon returning from the city. Ming moved over to Apollonia and took the young girl by her shoulders to move her away from her lover. Pricilla, frightened but not wanting to bring out Apollonia's wrath, allowed Ming to take control of her.

"How old are you sweetheart?" asked Ming.

Pricilla was just an inch or so taller than Ming. She looked into the almond shaped eyes of the Oriental woman and saw nothing but caring in them. Pricilla Smith stared for a minute and realized she was smitten with Apollonia's lover. *'Two for the price of one'* she thought to herself. "I'm sixteen," she replied.

"Sixteen," repeated Ming. "What a wonderful age. Where are you from?"

"Texas," she replied.

"What brought you to New York City?" asked Ming.

Pricilla turned to look at Apollonia so she could get a feel for what or how she should respond to the question. "Tell her the truth," said Apollonia.

"My boyfriend invited me," said the girl, "he was invited by Apollonia under the pretense that he was going to have sexual relations with her. He invited me to spend the afternoon and evening with him before we returned to Texas on separate flights."

Ming looked at Apollonia and immediately put two-and-two together, "Your boyfriend is the young man who..."

Pricilla moaned, "Please, I know what he is accused of..."

Apollonia did not like Pricilla's response and made it known. She took the girl by her shoulders and spun her around so they were face-to-face. Pricilla and Ming saw her eyes darken, but only Ming understood the meaning of the change in color. Before Ming could respond to her lover's growing anger, Apollonia slapped Pricilla across the face. The teenager could not put a hand to her face because her arms were locked against the sides of her thin childlike

body. Apollonia used her strength to shake the girl and said, "When you are asked a direct question young lady, you give a direct answer. Do you fuckin' understand me?"

"APOLLONIA!!!" cried Ming in a voice that belied her anger because of its control. "THAT IS ENOUGH!!!"

Pricilla was now caught between both women. She held her breath not knowing what was going to happen between them. She felt Apollonia's grip lessen and she watched as the Italian woman's eyes returned to their beautiful turquoise color with the golden flecks prominently showing again. The young girl realized that for all of Apollonia's strength, bluster, and control, all her lover had to do was forcibly say a few words and the anger dissipated immediately. Apollonia released Pricilla and took a small step backwards. Ming took the girl into one arm and held her close.

"Go home, Appy. Go home, get out of your harlot clothing, take a shower, and call me when you're ready to talk to me about Pricilla," said Ming. "I will make dinner here for the four of us. Go home and finish your Moretti business. Don't call me until you're ready to spend the night without anything your mind but me. No kiss, just go."

Apollonia knew better than to make a scene. She nodded her head, turned, and let herself out the front door. Ming waited a moment and then guided the girl to the back of the house stopping long enough to take her coat and hang it in the guest closet. Pricilla followed Ming into the breakfast area and took the seat that the beautiful Oriental woman had pulled away from the table. She watched Ming go to the kitchen side and begin to prepare food.

"May I help?" asked Pricilla.

"No, you're my guest," said Ming. "What you have to do is answer my question from before. Is your boyfriend the young man that took advantage of Alessa?"

Pricilla wondered what she would do if she lied to her, but knew that would only get back to Miss Moretti, "Yes."

"Did you know?" asked Ming.

Fear entered her voice, "N-N-N-No... I swear..."

Ming walked back to where the teenager was sitting and took her by the sides of her head. She started into the teenager's eyes. She saw the fear and said, "First, don't ever lie to me. Second, don't ever lie to Apollonia. Third, if you do, I won't protect you from Apollonia's psychotic wrath. The slap across your face is one-one-millionth of what she is capable of doing to you. She has you here to keep you safe, Pricilla." Ming released her hold on the girl and returned to the kitchen side of the room, "So, did you know that he was raping Alessa?"

"No, I did not," replied the girl, "I also did not know he allowed Umberto dress him in lingerie and use him sexually."

Pricilla watched as Ming took vegetables from the refrigerator, washed them, and with a deft hand used a sharp knife to cut them into bite-sized pieces. When she was through Ming took a nice piece of flank steak that had been marinating in a bowl and began to butcher it into small strips. The final step was taking the wok out of the cabinet and setting on the top of the gas stove. With a practiced motion, Ming cooked the meat, sautéed the vegetables, and then mixed the two with spices to create a Chinese dish. While the dish remained in the wok to keep warm, Ming took four plates from the cabinet, knives, forks, and spoons and brought them to the table. Next to appear were glasses and water.

"Would you like some hot tea, Pricilla?" asked Ming.

"Yes, that would be nice," answered the girl, "Please Miss Z-Z-Z..."

"Zheng," said Ming knowing the girl was having a problem pronouncing her last name.

"Zheng," repeated Pricilla, "Miss Zheng, please is there something I can do to help?"

"No," replied Ming, "the only thing you need to do is to remember what I told you about lying. When my sons come in for dinner you are to say nothing about today. Nothing about what you witnessed. Nothing about the true reason for being here. You will tell them that you're here as a friend of Miss Moretti's. That lie I will allow because all things being equal – you are a friend. Are we in agreement?"

"Yes," said Pricilla.

"No Pricilla," whispered Ming in a tight voice, "Your answer should have been, and will always be Miss Zheng. You will address Apollonia as Miss Moretti and me as Miss Zheng."

The sound of her voice was like a slap on her face. Pricilla Smith found herself becoming frightened as she replied, "Yes, Miss Zheng."

"Good," said Ming. She turned and said in a loud enough voice, "Shen, Lian, dinner."

Pricilla watched as the two five year old boys walked into the breakfast area and quietly took their seats at the table. Ming went to the wok and filled a dish with the flank steak and vegetables. She served Shen, Lian, and Pricilla before sitting at the table and serving herself. Pricilla watched as the three Orientals bowed their head for a moment as if saying grace before they started to eat. She took the cue, started to eat, and was more than pleasantly surprised at the taste of the dish. Ming watched Pricilla eat and in a moment knew she had not eaten in quite a while. The meal was eaten in silence which was unusual because the boys and Ming always talked about something from the school day. The presence of Pricilla put a kibosh on any small talk and the presence of the boys put a stop to Ming's interrogation.

Raffaella Rossi gathered up Carmen and Alessa and crossed Columbus Place to her sister's house. They entered through the back door, hung up their winter coats, and made their way into the kitchen. Mario was sitting at the table and Colin was nowhere to be found.

"Hi daddy," said Raffaella. Carmen and Alessa made their way to the breakfast table for a hug and kiss from their grandfather and father respectively. Raffaella made her way to her father, leaned down, and placed a kiss on each cheek. "How was your day?"

"Don't ask," he deadpanned.

"Where is Antonio? Where is Colin? Where is my sister?" asked Raffaella.

"Antonio is in the family room watching television. Colin should be in his room. Your sister is upstairs," he said. "Where else would she be?"

Raffaella did not deign to answer her father as she could hear his disdain for her sister. Something terrible had to have happened at the townhouse. She guided Carmen and Alessa into the family room, changed the channel on the television, and told the children to be quiet until she returned. Raffaella made her way into the great room, up the stairs closest to the master bedroom, and without knocking entered her sister's lair.

Apollonia turned still dressed in her red harlot's outfit when she heard the door open and growled, "Don't you fuckin' knock? Or, do you think you're something special, bitch?"

Raffaella opened her eyes wide, stopped short, backed up, and said, "What has got you all in a tizzy? I don't deserve to be spoken to that way. If you're in a fucked up mood, then I'll leave you to stew in your own shit, Appy."

"GET THE FUCK OUT," screamed Apollonia. "GET THE FUCK OUT AND DON'T FUCKIN' RETURN!!!"

Raffaella knew better than to reply to her sister. She backed out of the room and closed the door behind her. She made her way down the stairs and thought for a minute about knocking over some of her sister's work, but decided that was a stupid way to take out her anger on her sister. The house was quiet as she made her way into the breakfast room. She approached her father who sat quietly looking out at the night and twiddling his thumbs. Apollonia explosion was partly in and out of character for her sister, but Raffaella was disturbed by immediate explosion for just entering the room. Raffaella pulled out a chair and sat.

"What happened, daddy?" asked Raffaella.

Mario looked at his oldest child and saw himself in her face. He replied, "I told you don't ask."

"My sister just bit my head off," she said. "All I did was to enter her room as I always do. Something happened today, daddy and I expect an answer not a dodge. What happened?"

Mario could see that she was not going to relent. "Your sister did not get the answer she expected and wanted to her question, Raffaella. She tried and she failed. Apollonia Moretti with all her intelligence could not get a truthful answer from the Texas Morettis. Now, just let it rest."

"There's more. I know from the look on your face, Mario," Raffaella said. "I'll let it rest, but if I find out you held something back that was real important concerning today's events, I'll consider doing to you what Apollonia did to Lucia."

Under his breath, but loud enough for his oldest daughter to hear, Mario said, "Fuck you..."

Before she could react, Colin walked into the kitchen from his room. Right behind him was Sonny Rossi. Colin was dressed in a simple pair of black gabardine pants, a white cotton blouse, a V-neck sweater, and soft leather flats. Sonny was wearing a pair of Levi jeans, a work shirt, and sneakers. Colin had removed all his makeup and applied a light base foundation, mascara, and lip gloss. His femininity was growing by the hour, week, and day. He carried himself not as a man but as a woman and was comfortable with being a woman.

"Raffaella," said Colin, "where are the children?"

"In the family room, Colin," replied Raffaella, "Sonny Rossi, what in God's name are you doing here?"

Sonny blushed, looked down at the floor, and said, "Apollonia said I could return as long as I live with Colin, follow her rules, and do not stray. Dr. Goldsmith said as long as I don't get into trouble, I should be fine."

Raffaella frowned, "Get into trouble? I don't understand."

Sonny did not look up, "You know what your sister did to me? You don't have to answer. As long as I don't have sex for the next eight or so weeks, I should heal nicely. After I get cleared, I'll be able to..."

"Don't say anymore Sonny," said Raffaella, "I want to tell you how sorry I am. I really mean it."

"Thank you Raffaella," replied Sonny, his voice belying his shame at not being a true man anymore.

"Colin, what's for dinner?" asked Raffaella.

"Ummm, I don't know Raffy," replied Colin, "I didn't plan anything because Appy took me to the city."

"One last question," said Raffaella, "Where is Viv?"

The two men and the sissy looked at each other and finally Colin answered, "He is with Joshua finishing some work at the townhouse. After that, Apollonia requested he take Joshua home and then return to Columbus Place."

Raffaella stood and said, "Order pizzas, salads, and hero sandwiches for dinner. If there aren't any soft drinks or juice in the house, make sure it is delivered with the meal. Sign for it." Raffaella watched Colin retrieve a piece of paper to prepare taking orders and then said, "Mario, not daddy, Mario get your ass up and come with me to the great room."

Mario Moretti could see the anger in his oldest daughter's face. He also knew she would try to use physical force on him and if he responded in kind he would hurt her. She was not Apollonia. Turning his cheek, he stood, and followed his oldest daughter down the hall, and into the great room. His heartbeat was accelerated for two reasons. The unexpected demand from Raffaella and his appreciation for Apollonia's artwork. Two incongruous things that just made him wonder about where his life was going. He followed Raffaella to the couches and sat down beside her.

"Daddy," she said softly, "something happened today. I can see it in everyone's faces including Antonio. If you ever trusted me, trust me now. Apollonia confides things to me and she has chosen me as her confidante. What happened at the townhouse today?"

Mario pondered whether he should fess up and tell his oldest daughter everything. It would relieve his internal stress and maybe allow Raffaella to speak to her sister about today. He knew by the grace of God, Apollonia Moretti was suffering inside because she took the life of another human being. Killing in the midst of a battle was one thing, but killing someone up close and personal was another. Mario knew what Apollonia was feeling because he went through it himself many, many years ago. He took Raffaella's hand into his and said, "Today your sister crossed a line that will be very difficult for her to come back across. I should not tell you, but I know, trust me Raffaella; I know what she is going through."

"Daddy, please..." groaned Raffaella.

Mario patted her hand with his free hand, looked into her eyes, and said, "Your sister took a person's life today Raffaella."

Raffaella fell back against the couch. She closed her eyes and moaned in pain. Her sister had begun the descent into the abyss of psychosis. Murder was the one thing Raffaella hoped would never happen for any reason. She opened her eyes, looked at her father, and said, "What of the others?"

"Adolfo Moretti was emasculated. He will have a problem speaking because he lost the tip of his tongue. Adelina Moretti had all her teeth removed and was circumcised. Apollonia had her clitoris removed. Finally, Marco Marinelli is still being held at the townhouse," said Mario.

Raffaella shook her head wanting to scream out at how stupid her younger sister was. Then she remembered the young girl, "What happened to the young girl?"

"God was good to her," said Mario. "Apparently she is a closet lesbian. She admitted to hating boys and their genitals. She committed to a subservient relationship with your sister. As we sit here speaking about today, Pricilla Smith is next door with Apollonia's lesbian lover."

"Fuck me," was all Raffaella said. She pulled her hand from her father's grasp, leaned over, and kissed him on his cheeks. "Go back to the kitchen. Make sure everything is in order for dinner. Watch over your grandchildren and your bastard daughter. I'm headed upstairs."

"Be careful, Raffy," said Mario as he rose to return to the back of the house.

This time Raffaella knocked on the door and waited.

"Who's there?" passed through the hardwood door.

"It's me, Raffy," replied Raffaella, "May I come in?"

"Yes," passed through the door. Raffaella opened it, entered, and quietly closed it behind her.

Apollonia was still in her red harlot dress, red thigh highs, and red seven inch heels. She was sitting on her bed with her back to the headboard legs splayed partially open on top of the down comforter. Her eyes were bloodshot, her hair was unkempt, and her makeup was a total mess. Raffaella went to the bed and sat down on the side that kept her furthest away from her sister. The two girls, sisters, and lovers looked into each other's eyes and did not say a word. Neither of them nodded, moaned, groaned, or made an effort to kiss the other. The strain was plainly visible on Apollonia's face. Raffaella waited. And waited. And waited.

A well spring of tears burst forth and rolled down Apollonia's face. She sniffled, moaned, and allowed her body to shake with uncontrolled muscle spasms. This went on for a good five minutes before Raffaella moved onto the bed and took her sister into her arms.

"Shhh..." whispered Raffaella. "Shhh... my loving sister. Everything will be fine. Important people will take care and watch over you. I'm here for you. I will always be here for you."

Apollonia felt her sister take her head and press it to her breast. She cried allowing her mind and body try to rid itself of the anguish of today's activities. Her breaths were deep and out of control. Apollonia was in the throes of a potential nervous breakdown. Whatever she tried to use to calm herself was not working. Raffaella continued to hold her, talk to her quietly, and gently rub her arms and back. The sisters sat on the bed for a good twenty minutes before Apollonia felt calm enough to break the embrace.

"Oh, Raffy," moaned Apollonia, "I took the life of Teresa Conti today. I've fallen into the dark crevasse that Lucia descended into." She sniffled, took a deep breath, and said, "I murdered another human being today. I killed her because she wouldn't tell me the truth."

"I know," said Raffaella, "but you didn't react like this when you, sorry sis, when you murdered uncle Umberto."

Apollonia turned to her sister, "I know. When I shot uncle Umberto I was not standing close to him. All I did was aim and pull the trigger on my gun. The bullet flew true, entered his head, and ended his life. I was as close to Teresa Conti as I am to you, Raffy. I pushed this God awful instrument of death into her body through her anus. When I pulled it out, blood gushed, and I felt her life force leave her body. What did I do?"

Raffaella pulled her sister to her bosom again, "You did what you had to do Apollonia. She got what she deserved. No one should foist upon a child what she and Umberto did. I don't care that Alessa was not the fruit of Umberto's loins. No one has the right to sexually abuse a child. Period."

"What about Antonio," Apollonia said. "Isn't what he went through nothing more than sexual abuse? How can equate the Moretti Rite of Passage as something of value when it is nothing more than the sexual abuse of a boy? Think of when we had to masturbate daddy or one of our uncles all in the name of female sexuality."

"The Moretti Rite of Passage for boys and what we went through as girls until each of our wedding days," said Raffaella, "has been passed down for hundreds of generations. Any son or daughter that wanted to not take part could have. I know the lifelong ramifications would have been unconscionable, but Antonio, you, and I ultimately had a choice. Alessa did not."

"I know," whined Apollonia, "I know Alessa did not, but two people are dead, two are headed to lives of slavery and sexual debauchery, and one is still captive in the basement of the townhouse. All because I wanted, no needed, to make the perpetrators pay for ruining Alessa's life as a Moretti."

"And you did," said Raffaella, "and you will. You're tougher than this Appy. You're not going to sink like the Titanic. I will not let you plummet to the depths of sexual deviance like our mother did. I will not allow you to descend the way Mario blindly allowed Lucia. I've got your back, Appy and I always will. Please darling girl, take a shower, get dressed, and join us for pizzas, salads, and hero sandwiches. Colin ordered in."

Apollonia got a sense of control, hugged her sister, and said, "I do have someone I need to see tonight."

"I know Appy," continued Raffaella, "but first you eat with your immediate family. You can go to your lover after..."

Apollonia looked up at her sister and the telltale change to her eyes told Raffaella that she said the wrong thing. She growled, "What did you just say to me?"

"I'm sorry Apollonia," said Raffaella in a soft voice. "I'm so, so sorry... Ming is and will forever be immediate family. Please forgive my stupidity."

The soft sound of Apollonia laughing gave relief to the stress that was building inside of Raffaella. The sisters kissed. They did not press into one another. They just held their puckered lips together and let the softness of their touch reinforce their love for one another. Apollonia broke away from her sister, rolled off the bed, stood, and said as she undressed, "Go downstairs. I'll call Ming although I know she probably has served dinner to the boys and her guest. I'll invite them over for dessert. Let me shower."

Raffaella made her way to the door, opened it, and before she left said, "I love you Apollonia Moretti and don't you ever forget it."

As Apollonia walked into her bathroom, she heard the door to her room close.

As the hot water cascaded over her body sending ripples of relief to her muscles, Apollonia stood still and felt the stress leave her body. She did not dally as she usually did when under the multiple streams of water. She relaxed under the spray for a few minutes, washed her body luxuriating in the feel of her own hands as they caressed her skin, and quickly exited the shower because she wanted to experience an orgasm induced by Ming's lips, tongue, and fingers and not her own. Drying her body in front of the mirror, Apollonia stood for a moment and admired her flat stomach and thought about how she would look when she was eight months pregnant. She shivered at the thought and put it out of her mind as she made ready to descend to the kitchen for dinner. She dressed a bit more provocatively than she originally thought she would. Apollonia pulled up a black pair of stretch lace Donna Karan boy shorts and matching over the knee stockings. Out of her closet she pulled a simple black sheath dress that had a Mandarin collar, three quarter length sleeves, and hung just below the nexus of her legs. The final touch was four inch Bally lambskin heels.

The kitchen table held three large sized pizzas – one cheese, one pepperoni, and one mushroom. On a larger platter were small portions of the eight hero sandwiches which Colin had cut to make it easier to the dinner participants to eat a little of each. In one large serving bowl were the four salads Colin ordered combined into a single giant salad. Eight bottles of black cherry and cream soda of which four were already opened and half empty as the children made it their primary source of liquid nourishment. Two bottles of red Moretti wine and one remaining glass of

the five placed next to it waited for Apollonia. The adults sat around the breakfast table and the children were allowed to eat in front of the television as long as they did not make a mess of the room and the furniture.

Apollonia took her seat at the head of the table, poured a glass of wine, and proceeded to eat as if she was a hundred times her size. Everyone was amazed at the amount of food she consumed considering her small frame. After she finished two pieces of pizza, two portions of meatball ptarmigan hero, and a large bowl of salad, she very unladylike finished a glass of red Moretti wine, leaned back in her chair, and let loose a belch that had to emanate from her toes as it resounded around the house.

"Jesus Appy," said Raffaella, "I'm glad the children weren't here to see and hear that display of feminine charm."

"You have to do what you have to do, Raffy," said Apollonia.

Just as she began to rub her slightly distended belly, the private phone extension rang. Apollonia rose, answered the phone, and listened without saying a word in response. When she sat back down, she poured another glass of wine and drank it in one deep draught. Again she belched to relieve the pressure in her stomach. Everyone in the room was taken with her unwomanly display of table manners. Mario was the most disgusted, because he thought he had taught her better manners than she was displaying.

"Disgusting display Apollonia. Enough," was all Mario said to his youngest daughter.

"Well, excuse me," was Apollonia response. "Colin sweetheart, would you do me a favor?"

Colin rose from his chair at the table and said, "As if you have to ask; what may I do for you?"

"I'm going to let the Mistress get by this time because I'm too fuckin' tired to come over there and rip your balls from between your legs, Colina," replied Apollonia. Colin heard her call him Colina and he knew she was pissed. "Please go next door and bring Ming, Shen, Lian, and Pricilla here."

"Yes Mistress," he replied.

Ten minutes later Colin returned without Ming, her sons, or Pricilla Smith. He did not want to be the bearer of bad news, but he knew he'd have to relate Ming's message to his wife, Mistress, and ultimate bitch. He decided to tell her from the kitchen side of the counter rather than from his seat at the table, "Mrs. Zheng said to tell you that if you want her to come over, you need to call her or come over yourself."

The silence was deafening. No one dared to breathe as they waited for the Apollonia's nuclear explosion after she was told by her lover to do it herself or fuck off for the night. Apollonia poured a third glass of wine, downed it, stood, and picked up the phone. She dialed Ming's house. Everyone heard only her side of the conversation. The frustration was apparent and Apollonia solved the problem by slamming the phone into its cradle and storming out of the back door of her house.

Ming Zheng was ready for Apollonia Moretti's entrance into the house through the back door. Two minutes after the phone call suddenly ended, the back door opened, and slammed shut. Before she could shoo her boys to their room an irate Apollonia stormed into the kitchen/breakfast room. The sight of Shen and Lian sitting at the breakfast table was not enough to get Apollonia to calm down. Just as she was about to berate her lover, Ming turned her back, and quietly said, "Boys, upstairs to your rooms. Prepare for bed."

Lian and Shen heeded their mother and without saying a word made their way to the great room and up the stairs to each of their bedrooms. Pricilla Smith sat at the oak breakfast table not knowing whether to shit or go blind. Once the children were out of ear shot, Ming said, "What is the fuckin' matter with you? Who am I that you should treat me so poorly, Apollonia? I am not going to allow you to abuse me verbally or physically. If you're in a bad fuckin' mood, I've told more than a thousand times don't fuckin' take it out on me."

"I asked you to come to my house," said a controlled Apollonia, "I sent Colin because I thought it would be easier. Easier because I need you and I need you now, but I wanted to share time with you and the family. You dissed me because you thought I was sending my sissy husband to do my bidding." Then as if a water spigot was turned on, Apollonia's eyes darkened and the venom spewed forth, "FUCK YOU!!! YOU SLANTY EYED CUNT!!! WHO THE FUCK TOOK YOU IN AND GAVE YOU WHAT YOU HAVE? I COULD HAVE LEFT YOU TO YOUR FUCKIN' CRIMINAL HUSBAND AND YOUR BOYS WOULD BE MOTHERLESS. DON'T YOU EVER..."

Ming Zheng flew across the room. She stopped in front of the woman she loved and without any hesitation kicked Apollonia in her crotch. The contact of her foot against her lover's crotch was perfect. Apollonia reacted by covering her vagina and falling to the floor in pain. Ming Zheng moved to a place by Apollonia's side, put her right foot on her abdomen just below her sternum, and growled, "You fuckin' little piece of Sicilian shit. You ever scream at me like that I promise I'll rip your fuckin' heart out through your cunt and don't doubt for one second I wouldn't. I don't know what happened in the city today, but you are not the woman I fell in love with. You are not the woman I left my family for by moving to this house. My foot is located just where it needs to be to force you to lose your breath and when you do, I'll break your face into so many small pieces you'll be the ugliest woman in the world when the doctors finish reconstructing your skull. What do you have to say to me, Apollonia?"

Apollonia moved to try and get her body from under Ming's foot only to feel the pressure rise in exponentiation to the movement of her body. It didn't take but a moment for Apollonia to realize that Ming had the better of her. She stopped moving, placed her arms at ninety degrees to her side, and said, "Truce. You win. I give up."

Ming bent slightly at the waist, looked into Apollonia's eyes, and saw she was telling the truth. She removed her foot from Apollonia's chest, stepped back, but did not offer her hand to help Apollonia stand up. Ming tensed in preparation for some diabolical move by Apollonia to take revenge for kicking her in her cunt. Apollonia saw her stance, nodded her head, rolled to her side, and stood up. To defuse the situation, Apollonia held her hands away from her body palms out, and said, "I told you I gave up."

"I don't trust you," Ming said. "I've seen you defuse a situation and then use it to your advantage. I'm not that stupid and I believe I'm the person who introduced you to the Martial Arts."

The smile was from the heart, "Yes you did my lovely Oriental woman," said Apollonia. "Would you allow Pricilla to watch the boys?"

Ming looked askance at her lover, "No. Not on your life. I don't know this girl from a hole-in-the-wall."

"Shit, shit, shit," moaned Apollonia. "Fuck me..."

Apollonia walked around Ming to where Pricilla sat at the breakfast table and took a chair and pulled it next to her. She looked at the young girl and totally forgot about her altercation with her lover. The phone call she received from Howard Cohen gave her the information she requested earlier in the day. The Marinelli family owned multiple Mercedes Benz, Ferrari, and Aston Martin automobile dealerships throughout Texas and Oklahoma. On paper, the Marinelli family was doing quite well for themselves. The Smith family was a fish of a different color. From the information gleaned by Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Smith are upside down financially. Living above their means and keeping their daughter in private school increased their debt well beyond their income. Mr. Smith was a low level manager in an oil exploration company and Mrs. Smith managed a small retail store that had no economic basis for survival. What Apollonia wanted to ascertain was Pricilla's knowledge of her parent's economic situation.

"Pricilla," said Apollonia, "I need to talk to you and I need you to answer my questions honestly."

Ming walked over and took her seat which she had noticed Apollonia did not occupy as her own. Her lover left the chair that is considered the owner's open for her to return to sit. The Oriental woman and the young teenaged really did not have time to talk or exchange information that would begin to build a relationship between them. Ming was very interested in what Apollonia wanted to learn from the young Texas lovely. Before Apollonia could ask a question, she interrupted, "Excuse me, Appy, but we had tea with dinner. Would you like me to make a pot of coffee for you?"

"Are you good, Ming?" asked Apollonia.

Ming rose from her chair, moved next to the woman she loved unconditionally, leaned down just a bit, and kissed her on her lips. Her right hand slipped to Apollonia's left breast, she cupped it, and gave it a small squeeze. "Yes, we're always good, no matter what happens between us Appy. Coffee?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Apollonia, "and the make-up sex should be just nuclear."

Both women laughed as Ming went into the kitchen to prepare a pot of Apollonia's favorite beverage. Apollonia turned back to the surprised teenager and said, "Tell me what you know of your parent's economic condition."

"My parent's economic condition," said Pricilla in a voice that told Apollonia she had no idea of what their condition was. "I don't know, Miss Moretti. All I know is whatever I ask for I get ninety-nine percent of the time. I've never really wanted for anything. I know my father is an executive with an oil exploration firm and my mother is an executive at a small chain of retail jewelry stores."

"They've never denied you," asked Apollonia, "never once said no to you due to the cost of the requested item or thing."

"They did deny me a new car," said Pricilla, "if it is not extravagant, they always said yes. I don't understand this line of questioning."

"The line of questioning will become clear," said Apollonia. "You're a junior at your school?"

"Yes," replied Pricilla.

"Are you considering going to college?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Pricilla and she answered before asked, "I'm thinking about applying to all Ivy League schools. I have the grades and the SAT scores. I should be accepted."

Ming returned with a mug of hot coffee, placed it on the table in front of Apollonia, kissed her lover, and returned to her seat. She took the chance and asked, "What is your intended major, Pricilla?"

"Biology," replied Pricilla, "I'd like to attend medical school. I'm crazy I know, but I want to be a pediatric oncologist. I want to work with young cancer patients in the hopes that I will be able to save their lives. I would also love to do research to help find a cure."

"Honorable goals," said Apollonia. "You have a long road to hoe, but there may be some major roadblocks getting there Pricilla."

The look on her face showed her concern and non-understanding of the reason why she would have a problem achieving her goal. "Roadblocks, Miss Moretti," said Pricilla remembering to address both woman by Miss and then their last name.

"I have come into some information that makes me wonder about your ability to finish school, Pricilla," said Apollonia. "If you remember, I asked my attorney to look into the Marinelli family as well as yours."

Pricilla shook her head acknowledging she remembered.

"It seems that your parents lied to you since you're old enough to understand," continued Apollonia. "Your father is not an executive at the oil exploration company. He is a low level manager that has no real authority within the organization. Your mother is in the same boat. She manages a small retail store that has one location and is lucky to be in business from day-to-day..."

"What are you trying to tell me Miss Moretti," groaned the young girl.

"Your parents are in deep economic trouble Pricilla," said Apollonia. "They borrow from Peter to pay Paul. Your mother and father are for want of another definition - penniless. You're lucky to still be enrolled at your exclusive private school in Austin. I wouldn't be surprised to find that your mother is fuckin' the dean and your father is suckin' his balls as he fucks your mother..."

Pricilla Smith reacted to what she heard come from Apollonia's mouth. She slapped Apollonia her across her face before she could react and cried, "NOOO!!! My parents are not penniless!!! They have more money than you do!!!"

Apollonia did not rub her face and did not react to being slapped. Ming shook her head in appreciation for Apollonia's tolerance for being slapped by the young girl. Apollonia picked up her mug of hot coffee and sipped it while maintaining an even handed stare. Pricilla realized that she had struck Miss Moretti in a vain attempt to protect the good name of her mother and father. She also breathed a sigh of relief when Miss Moretti did not strike out at her for being bitch slapped. Rather than take Pricilla to task for her unknowledgeable statement about money, Apollonia sat quietly letting the silence work for her and against the teenager.

Pricilla Smith was a wits end due to the extended silence that was only broken by the hum of the SubZero refrigerator. Her face showed her concern and her childishness at the same time. "If you know something I should, then please tell me Miss Moretti," said Pricilla. "You're sitting there like the Cheshire Cat in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*. Please, say something."

Apollonia continued to sip her coffee without immediately answering the young girl. Ming knew what her lover was doing by not offering an explanation to the girl. The frustration of not knowing how and where Miss Moretti's attorney got his information in such a short time would gnaw at the young girl's insides. It would also raise her stress level and make her easier to control when it was necessary. Apollonia sipped, watched, sipped, and watched. Pricilla grew impatient and showed it by rubbing her hands together and bouncing her legs on her toes. Time was on Apollonia's side. She waited until it seemed the young girl would explode from the stress.

"Pricilla," said Apollonia after she placed the near empty mug on the table, "your mother and father have lived a lie for many years which includes your entire sixteen years. Whatever they have told you is not true. Your mother did not inherit any money when her parents died and neither did your father. This is a rhetorical question, but when was the last time you saw your aunts and uncles? Quite a while I'll bet. Want to know why? They're trailer park trash. It did not take long for my attorney to find out the truth. Your parents are humiliated by their families low income status because they're nothing but losers, drug addicts, grifters, and prostitutes."

Pricilla's head hit her arms just as they made contact with the table to keep her from actually hurting herself. She began to moan and cry uncontrollably. Her body shook wracked with the pain of the knowledge that her family was not as wealthy as they portrayed themselves to be. Apollonia and Ming sat quietly waiting for the young girl to regain control of her emotions. The mug of coffee was empty and rather than disturb Ming, Apollonia rose, filled the mug, and returned to her seat sipping the dark brew. Sensing the girl was inconsolable Apollonia put the mug down, moved along side of the crying girl, and put her arm around her shoulders.

"It's ok, Pricilla," said Apollonia. "I'm sorry to burst your bubble, but you would have learned the truth when you applied to college, got accepted, and could not go. I think you're a very bright girl and you deserve a chance to make something of yourself..."

Pricilla Smith's head rose from the table. She turned to look at Apollonia and said, "Make what of myself, Miss Moretti? Make myself into a sniveling submissive bitch to you and your lover? It is bad enough that I listened to that asshole I called my boyfriend even though I have no real interest in men. I might as well call my parents and tell them I'm in New York City. Tell them I've found myself someone who will take care of me beyond my wildest dreams. Isn't that what you want, Miss Moretti?"

"No Pricilla," said Apollonia. "I want you to return to Texas. I want you to finish school. I want you to apply to college here in the city. New York University or Columbia University or Yeshiva University. I will pay for your

education in full just like you received a full ride scholarship to the school of your choice. I can probably help you get admitted to any school located in the tri-state area, but I believe you can do that on your own. I need you to be eighteen and on your own when you start school."

"And what do I have to give you in return?" asked Pricilla.

"You already gave me your devotion," replied Apollonia. "For accepting my gift of a college education up to and including graduate or medical school, you give me your life. You become indentured to me and by extension my family. Make yourself into whatever you want through education. A doctor. A lawyer. A business mogul. The sky is the limit. But, understand that no matter what you do, you'll always be beholden to me and for the rest of your natural life you will be indentured. Plain and simple, I will own you – body, mind, and soul."

For a second time, Pricilla's head went into her crossed arms on the table. She rocked her body and rolled her head in the confines of her arms. She moaned as she pondered a life of servitude to the person who wanted her sexually and just offered the one thing her parents could not; a chance at a life beyond Texas. Pricilla lifted her head, "How do I know you're telling me the truth? I heard what you said and what you're offering, but how do I know you're telling me the truth?"

Apollonia touched her face and said, "Because I saw something in you Pricilla Smith. I saw raw intelligence. I saw a girl hiding from her own sexual truth. What you witnessed today was something that you shouldn't have, but your ex-boyfriend thought he'd pull one over on me. I'm sorry that you had to see what you saw, but I'm not sorry I met you. What I'm offering you is a chance to realize your intellectual potential and have all the money you'll ever need."

"All I have to do is become your indentured servant," said Pricilla. "Become an educated slave to the head of a family of what... Murders??? Criminals??? Pornographers??? What???"

"The Moretti family provides for those in need," said Apollonia. "Our primary business is construction. Legal and above board. On the side, we provide a service to couples that cannot naturally conceive a baby themselves. Through the ages, Moretti men have given to women, whose husbands could not, potent seed to start a family. I'm telling you the truth so you'll see that I'm serious about you and your future."

"What about the incident or whatever you want to term it as that occurred today at the townhouse?" asked Pricilla.

"The Moretti family has the ability through contacts in the public, private, government, judicial, and military sectors to enact justice where the justice system would ultimately fail," said Apollonia. "Marco Marinelli raped and abused my half-sister. Word seeped up through the family that my uncle Umberto was underpaying his fair share. The one thing he did not know and it resulted in his untimely death, was my knowledge of his monetary shortcomings and the sexual and mental abuse of a four and five year old. As long as I'm alive, I will not tolerate what Umberto, Teresa, Adelina, and Marco did to Alessa Moretti or any child related to me or not. Never..."

"I can't go back to Texas, Miss Moretti," said Pricilla. "I will never be able to face my parents. How can I look them in the eye and tell them I love them when they've been lying to me since, fuck, excuse me, since I was born? I'm not that strong. I don't have the internal workings emotionally to hide my feelings from them. I already hate them."

Ming Zheng did not take hearing that this waif of a girl hated her parents very well, but she controlled her anger. She rose from her seat, approached the teenager, and decided to be gentle rather than physical with her. Apollonia's first reaction would have been to take the waifish girl by her throat rather than use psychological and emotional methods to make her see the error of hating her parents. Ming put her arm around the girl's shoulders and held her gently against her body. She felt Pricilla react involuntarily to their closeness. To Ming, the girl was a pressure cooker of unresolved sexual need.

Ming let her cry for a moment or two before she gently moved her face so that they could look into each other's eyes, "Pricilla, dear girl," she said in a soft caring tone, "there is no reason for you to hate your parents. They did what they thought was right. Look in the mirror dear girl. You could be wearing Wal-Mart hand-me-downs instead

of top-of-the-line Diesel jeans. You could be attending public school instead of your expensive private school. Last but not least, you could be living in trailer in some downtrodden Texas town instead of the upscale neighborhood in a small mansion in the suburbs of Dallas. You need to listen to what we're telling you and make a decision about your future."

"B-B-B-But, t-t-t-they lied to m-m-m-me..." stuttered Pricilla before she covered her face, groaned, and said, "What the hell do you want from me??? What did I do to either of you???"

Apollonia loved the tact that Ming took when she spoke to Pricilla. She said in a soft voice, "You didn't do anything physically wrong, Pricilla. What you did was invade my space when your boyfriend invited you to New York without permission. I had to force you to see what lying to me gets you. Then you heard the truth about your mother and father. You tried to deny what I found to be the truth."

Ming interjected, "You came here to Columbus Place under Apollonia Moretti's protection. What did you do to gain even a modicum of her ability to keep you from your boyfriend's fate?"

Quizzically she said, "My boyfriend's fate?" Neither Apollonia nor Ming responded and Pricilla did not pursue an answer to her question. Pricilla continued, "I admitted my lesbian sexuality for the first time in my short life to anyone. Then I agreed, somewhat reluctantly, to commit myself to Miss Moretti. I believe she used the word devotion and to prove it I did as she asked. I kissed her panty covered vagina. That was a first. I just don't understand what I did to either of you, especially you Mrs. Zheng. Was I not accommodating when I offered to help you with dinner? Did I not offer to help you in the kitchen or to clean up after dinner? I was quiet and a complete lady in front of your sons."

"You did offer your help," said Ming, "and you were a complete lady when my boys were with us. But, I expected nothing less from you. In fact, I expect you to learn from today. Learn that the life you know could be altered to a life of pain and heartache. A life filled with men's cocks entering your body whether you want them to or not. You were given to me by my lover..."

Pricilla's eyes flew open, her jaw dropped, and she sputtered and stuttered, "G-G-G-Given??? W-W-W-What do y-y-y-you mean g-g-g-given to y-y-y-you?"

Apollonia nodded to her lover. Ming in her light sweet voice replied, "You belong to me until you board the private jet to return to Texas, Pricilla. Apollonia is giving you to me so I may enjoy the feel of your virgin lips and tongue on my womanhood. You'll learn to suck me to multiple orgasms. You'll lick my anus. You'll suck my nipples as your fingers play with my clit. In return, I get to suck your sixteen year old virgin vagina. I get to taste your juices from a fountain that is still pure. I will keep you pure, because until such time as Miss Moretti takes your virginity the only person you will have sexual relations with is me. You will not indulge in stupid teenage games that result in your losing your virginity. Am I making myself clear, Pricilla?"

"Yes Miss Zheng," said the young girl falling into a submissive role without even knowing. "One question if I may Miss Zheng?"

Apollonia smiled, leaned back in her seat, and let her legs fall apart in an obviously sexual manner. Ming didn't take the bait and replied, "Never feel like you have to ask, but always remember who you are talking to when you do ask a question."

"When I return to Texas I have to be celibate in so far as any activity with others," said Pricilla, "but, may I masturbate?"

Ming and Apollonia burst out laughing causing deep furrows of consternation to form on Pricilla's face. Apollonia moved her legs apart revealing the black lace boy short panties that covered her twat. Ming sat resigned to whatever her lover was going to say or do would be more than enough to answer the young girl. Pricilla watched as Miss Moretti slipped her right hand into the waistband of her panties and sought out her clitoris. Ming held her breath that her sons would not take it upon themselves to come downstairs and walk in on Apollonia masturbating. She crossed her fingers and hoped for the best.

"I don't care if you masturbate, Pricilla," said Apollonia, "but don't you dare do this." No sooner than she finished her sentence, Apollonia inserted two fingers into her opening and pushed them in as far as they would go. She held them there and said, "You put anything into your twat that will break your hymen and I will make you into a twenty-five cent whore." Apollonia removed her fingers and presented them to Ming.

Ming didn't hesitate to take the two fingers that were in her lover's cunt and suck them into her mouth. She lovingly caressed them and savored the taste of her lover's juices. Pricilla watched and felt a small amount of her own sexual juices seep from her vagina. Inside she knew that she would have loved to been offered the opportunity to cleanse Miss Moretti's fingers. After she was done, she leaned into her lover, and they kissed. Ming broke the kiss and whispered, "The boys." It was all Apollonia needed to hear.

Ming returned to her seat at the head of the table. Apollonia stood and said to Pricilla, "Do I need to worry about you young lady?"

"No, Miss Moretti," replied Pricilla.

"Tonight you will do as Miss Zheng tells you," said Apollonia, her inflection more of a command than a statement. "Tonight you will learn to make love to another woman and have that woman return the same to you. Now, stand, lift my skirt, and for the second time in your life, kiss my cunt."

Pricilla Smith rose from her chair, looked into Miss Moretti's turquoise eyes, licked her lips, knelt, and without a moment's hesitation leaned in, raised the hem of Miss Moretti's dress, and kissed her panty covered cunt. This time Apollonia pressed her face to her womanhood. She held the girl's head there as she moved ever so slightly to ensure the feeling of her lips would send lightning bolts of pleasure throughout her body. Apollonia held her there for a minute, released her head, and said, "That is only the beginning."

Apollonia turned from the girl, smiled at Ming, and they walked arm-in-arm to the back door. The two lovers stood for a moment staring into each other's eyes. They embraced pressing their breasts into the chest of the other. Their hips moved forward and their mons made contact. Apollonia leaned down and kissed the love-of-her-life. They held the kiss long enough to make each of them know their fight was just a phase of their relationship that will come and go as they grow older together.

Apollonia broke the embrace and said, "I'm sorry for before, Ming. I did something today that I promise to tell you about tomorrow. I want to spend the night, but if I did, I'd rape that girl. Make love to her. Have her make love to you. Only say her name once during the night. Every time you crescendo and orgasm cry my name. I love you so much, Ming."

"Your wish is my command, Appy," said Ming. "I love you. See you in the morning. I'll come to you."

A small kiss on their lips, Apollonia turned, and left Ming's house for hers.

Apollonia entered her house to find no one had departed and Viviano had arrived. Viviano, Raffaella, Mario, Sonny, and Colin sat around the breakfast table eating and talking about nothing in particular. The relaxed feeling in the room changed when Apollonia entered. Colin immediately stood and made his way into the kitchen area of the room. Sonny looked down at the table not wanting to look at the bitch that took his manhood. Mario eyed his daughter wondering what dastardly thing she was going to do to in retribution for his outcries against what she perpetrated on the Texas Morettis. Viviano was more interested in eating that anything else while his wife, Apollonia's sister rose, met her halfway, and kissed her on the lips. The two sisters held the kiss and would have for a longer time if it hadn't been for Apollonia's sudden need to use the bathroom.

"Excuse me a minute," said Apollonia.

"She seems to have survived today," said Viviano.

"Not true," said Mario. "Not true."

The room remained silent until Apollonia returned. She noticed her seat was taken by Viviano who made no effort to move. He was stuffing his face with the remaining pizza and hero sandwiches. What bothered her more than his not relinquishing her chair was his early than expected return from Joshua's house. That would be a conversation that would take place just between Viviano and her.

"Excuse me, Viviano," she said, "but, get your fuckin' ass out of my chair."

"Oh shit," said Viviano, "Ummm..."

"Sonny get up and go stand next to your girlfriend," Apollonia said, making sure she accented the word girlfriend to embarrass him. Sonny Rossi looked up, but did not move. "Get your fuckin' pussy off of my fuckin' chair and go stand by your girlfriend. If you're goin' to make my decision to allow you back into my house one that I'll regret making, I'm going to fuckin' open you up from your fuckin' mangina to your throat. Get up so Viv can sit."

Sonny Rossi rose from the seat and made his way to the kitchen side of the room. Viviano Rossi slid his plate, utensils, and wine glass over to his new place; whereupon he vacated Apollonia's seat. The air in the room was tense and everyone could feel a chill run up and down their spines. Thankfully, the children were still sitting eating dessert and watching television. Apollonia watched Sonny lean against the far granite countertop, cross his arms, and look from her face to the floor in disgust. Colin stepped to Sonny and gently moved him towards his left and the sink. He opened a cabinet, retrieved a mug, and poured Apollonia a hot cup of black coffee. He stared at Sonny for a split second before he delivered the mug to Apollonia who had taken her seat at the head of the table.

"Colin, get your chastity device and bring it to me. Mario where is your?" she asked.

"I don't have it Apollonia," said Mario hating the idea of having his cock encased in the insidious chastity tool. "If I'm correct, don't you still have it?"

Apollonia smirked, "No, bitch boi. I believe I left it next to your bed, so, you're lucky. I will encase your cock and you will suffer wearing it until I think you've earned the right to procreate again. Where is Antonio?"

Raffaella blanched when she heard her son's name, "He's in the family room, Appy."

"Here now Raffy," was all Apollonia said as she began to sip her mug of coffee.

Her sister knew better than to question Apollonia's request especially when the family was together. She made her way and a minute later returned with her son. Everyone noticed that he did not walk in by himself. Antonio was held by his shoulders and walked in the breakfast room directly in front of his mother. Raffaella returned to her seat, but did not tell Antonio to stand by himself or next to his aunt. Apollonia saw what her sister did and reacted. The mug of coffee just missed Raffaella's head by millimeters. A small portion of the hot coffee hit Antonio and the table top; while the rest landed on Raffaella's blouse and sweater. The silence in the room was broken by the sound of the mug crashing against the far cabinetry and breaking into several pieces.

"Get over here now, Antonio," growled Apollonia. She stared hard at her sister and watched as she gently pushed the frightened Moretti man/boy towards her sister. Antonio stopped about a foot away from his aunt and remained still. He was unceremoniously grabbed by his left arm and pulled to a position next to his aunt. "Take your fuckin' clothes off boy."

Everyone heard her call her nephew boy instead of his name. Everyone wondered why she did that because he was a consecrated Moretti man. Antonio did what any child would do; he looked at his mother for guidance.

Apollonia saw, took him by the chin, turned his face towards hers, and said, "Listen, you little boy, you fuckin' do as I say or I promise you'll be in fuckin' panties."

Antonio again took the course a ten year old boy would; he broke out in tears. He could not move his head as his aunt still had a hold of his chin. Tears flowed from his eyes, down his cheeks, and dripped onto his aunt's arm and his shirt. Antonio was scared. The young boy had no idea why his favorite aunt was treating him like he did something terrible. While she still had his chin in her hand, he sputtered, "P-P-P-Please aunt A-A-A-Apollonia!!!"

Apollonia released her grip on her nephew's chin. She sneered at him and pointed, "Get out of you clothing now, boy!!!"

This time Antonio did not hesitate. He removed his shoes and socks. Then his shirt, pants, and underpants were removed, folded neatly, and placed on the floor next to him. He stepped to where Apollonia pointed which placed him in close proximity to his aunt. The closeness of her to him was enough to cause his penis to jump. Antonio held his breath as he pondered what he did wrong as he tried to keep from getting an erection.

Apollonia noticed his cock jump when he came close to her. Since hearing his admission about his nightly activities, Apollonia knew she had to make a point to her nephew, "Tell everyone what you do at night, boy."

Again Antonio began to cry. He felt his aunt snap the index finger of her right hand into one of his testicles. The pain was not terrible, but the action made its point. Antonio in a soft childish voice whined, "I masturbate."

"Louder," said Apollonia as she snapped her finger three more times against the same testicle.

"I masturbate every night," Antonio whined loud enough for everyone to hear.

"What or who do you think about?" asked Apollonia.

"Please aunt Apollonia," cried Antonio. "Please don't make me say it out loud!!!"

Apollonia said one word, "Panties. . ."

Antonio cried harder and finally said, "I masturbate thinking about you. . ."

"Do you want to fuck me?" asked Apollonia.

"Y-Y-Y-Yes," stuttered Antonio.

"Liar," said Apollonia, "I know you want to be like Colin. I saw your cock twitch when you looked at him all dressed like a sexy bitch. You couldn't stop it when you saw that faggot Marco. Don't lie to me, boy!!!"

"NOOO!!!" cried Antonio, "I swear!!! It was not them. It was the younger girl. Please!!!"

The laugh that emanated from Apollonia shattered the tension and icy feeling that filled the room. "You are a piece of work for a ten year old," laughed Apollonia. "You don't want to fuck me. You want to fuck Pricilla. You like that flat-chested teenage bitch. Don't you?"

"Ok, ok," cried the boy, "I like her."

"Get dressed Antonio," said Apollonia. "Next time I ask you a direct question, you give me a direct answer. Go back to the family room and don't you dare say anything to your sisters. Oh, one more thing Antonio, Pricilla likes girls. She admitted to hating that thing you call a penis." Apollonia paused, made like she was pondering a question that needed deep thought, and said, "I guess that is why you really like cock then, Antonio."

Antonio Rossi did not respond. He picked up his clothing, backed away from his aunt, and when he felt he was far enough away dressed. He made no eye contact with his mother or father. He skulked off wishing he'd never said anything to his aunt earlier that afternoon. Raffaella was relieved, but she was not happy with her sister's unqualifiedly unfunny game she just played with her son.

"Ok fun's over," said Apollonia. "Raffy, take the kids and return home. Colin and Sonny; walk Mario home and make sure he's ok. Also, see if I left the chastity device on the night table next to his bed. If I did, bring it back to me. Viv, don't you fuckin' move a bone in your body. Finish eating and meet me in the great room."

Raffaella did not say anything to her sister before she guided the children out of the house, down the driveway, and across the street to her house. Colin, Sonny, and Mario made their way to the main house under the watchful eye of no one. Viviano finished eating, put the plates in the kitchen sink, and made his way into the great room where he saw his sister-in-law sitting and waiting. As he crossed the room, she tapped the couch on her right signaling him that he was to sit next to her and not across from her.

Viviano sat, "What is wrong with you Apollonia? Why did you embarrass Antonio like that? He did nothing wrong today. I had him hide in the back because I knew that you would do things that a ten year old boy should not witness."

"Nothing is wrong with me Mr. Rossi," said Apollonia. "I did what I did to Antonio because I'm having second thoughts about his ability to be a Moretti man..."

Viviano threw his hand up, shook his head, and interjected, "You're a piece-of-work!!! Antonio is only ten years old Apollonia. All you had to do was approach Raffy or me about your thoughts as to his ability to perform as a Moretti especially at his tender age. He hasn't even completed puberty. I think his ability to ejaculate at his age is going to be the bane of his existence. I mean, so what if he masturbates? Everyone including you fuckin' masturbates."

"I believe one of the cardinal rules concerns the maintenance of a Moretti man's ability to ejaculate copious amounts of fertile seed," said Apollonia. "Isn't that true? If he's jerkin' off every night then he is not maintaining a level of need to fornicate and spread his seed. Don't give me any bullshit, because I know you're stickin' your dick into multiple women and not all of them my sister or contracted wives."

"Fuck you, Apollonia," said Viviano. "Fuck you, because you're not going to take me down the road you're driving. Don't fuckin' make up stories and lies to see how I am going to react. You can fuck with Colin, Sonny, and even Mario, but I'm too fuckin smart to fall into your traps. The only woman I make passionate love to is Raffaella because I love her beyond words. You know damn well that I only have one Moretti client I'm fornicating with and I should have at least four more, but who should I blame for that Apollonia?"

Viviano did not give Apollonia an opportunity to answer, "My son has a slut that cleans his balls out every weekend. I have not used her and neither has Mario since her introduction. Antonio is happier when he has a hole to release in anytime he wants, but I can see a change when she leaves. He becomes frustrated and when that happens his hand migrates to his crotch." Her brother-in-law paused, rubbed his hands on his thighs, and said, "He's only fuckin' ten years old, Apollonia. Ten!!!"

Apollonia turned to face her brother-in-law and said, "I don't fuckin' care how old he is Viv. He fucked my sister. You fucked him as did that asshole I used to call father. That boy is supposed to be a man. If I hadn't witnessed his cock twitch when he saw Colin and that muscular bitch Marco, I wouldn't be so concerned. I think your son needs to reorder his priorities. I think you need to go to his room at night and as much as I abhor rape; you need to instill the Moretti credo in his head. You need to fuck your son, Viviano. I know this because all Moretti men are used by their fathers until their eighteenth birthday. You need to fuck his femininity out of his body. I don't give two shits about Raffaella's feelings on the matter."

"You're not serious," said Viviano. "Maybe once a month, but not every night. That is abuse plain and simple."

"No Viv," said Apollonia, "that is the Moretti way. I'll compromise with you. I will give that the number of times I'm seeking is excessive. I want you to use him every Wednesday night or a night of your choosing. I want you to sleep with him. Wake up in the morning and gently push his head to your morning wood. The first taste the next morning should be your cock and the essence it shoots down his throat. What I want you to impress upon Antonio is his need to control his fuckin' cock under any circumstances. Do you understand me?"

Viviano knew his sister-in-law was correct. There was nothing he could do to counter her argument. Mario Moretti had explained in detail what he went through when he passed into Moretti manhood. Conversations with other natural born Moretti men and the few that were admitted to the family reinforced the stories his father-in-law had imparted to him about his role in the family and as a father to a son. He closed his eyes and sat still for a few minutes. Apollonia did not interrupt his silence.

"I know you're right, Apollonia," said Viviano. "I have to resolve my hatred of pedophilic acts with my need to be a teacher of all things Moretti to my son, Antonio. I remember the stories your father told me about his father and his uncles. I'm unsure about how Raffy is going to take my leaving her bed to sleep with our son."

Viviano felt Apollonia place her right hand on his thigh and begin to run lightly on the denim that covered his leg. He tensed for a second and then relaxed. Apollonia felt it, "Relax Viv. Tonight you're sleeping in my bed. I need a man and you're going to give me what I need..."

Viviano Rossi's head snapped to his right, his eyes opened wide, and his lips quivered for a moment before he could respond, "You want me to sleep with you? Tonight? What about Raffaella? I can't sleep with you, Apollonia. That is just plain not right."

Apollonia smiled, rubbed a bit higher, and replied, "I get what I want Viv. And, I want you tonight. If you decide that I'm not worth fucking, then I'll decide that you're not worth being married to my sister and living your life as a Moretti man."

Her hand reached the outline of his cock and she used two fingers to trace its outline. Viviano moved slightly in reaction to her denim covered caress. The flat of her hand pressed against the side of his manhood and the resulting pressure was enough to make him squirm because his cock was not in a position to expand easily. He looked into his sister-in-law's turquoise eyes, closed his, and opened them just in time to watch her move close to him and place her lips on his. He groaned, opened his mouth, and took her tongue into his mouth. Neither of them put their arms around the other. Their mouths stayed plastered together as if drops of epoxy were on them, hardening, and holding them together. The feel of her tongue sent shivers up and down Viviano's spine. He unconsciously compared Raffaella's kiss to the one he was experiencing and fought the knowledge that Apollonia was a better kisser.

With their lips locked together and their tongues playing between them, Apollonia found and opened the front of Viviano's jeans. She reached in and pulled his nine-and-a-half inches free. The heat almost burned her hand. The feel of his cock was silky soft, the head spongy, and the shaft was hardening as she stroked. As soon as it hardened enough, she stood, and while slightly bent over and still holding his cock she said, "Stand and let's retire to my bedroom."

Apollonia held on to Viviano's cock as he stood and closed the top button of his jeans so they would not fall down around his knees. His cock remained in Apollonia's hand as she turned and began to walk to the staircase closest to her room. Timing is everything and just as they turned to face the hallway leading to the back of the house, Colin and Sonny entered the great room. The surprise was enough to keep them from saying anything as they watched Apollonia pull Viviano by his erection to and up the stairs.