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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 182

Saturday – Jack Greenstein aka Vincenza's House - 22 March 2003

Jack Greenstein awoke, looked around his bedroom, and hardly remembered how he got there. The dull pain he felt slowly brought to the forefront of his consciousness the previous night's activities. His hand went to his backside and felt the circular end of the butt plug Colina had inserted into his ass, no pussy, before he dressed to return home. She made him wear panties under his male clothing. The door to his bedroom was locked so he was comfortable with his privacy and his need to masturbate. Just as he began to stroke his cock, he thought he heard a knock at the door. It sounded three more times before he called out, "Who is it?"

"It's me daddy," said the voice.

Just by its tenor, Jack knew it was his daughter Esther. Sweet seven year old Esther. The spitting image of her mother and the love of his life. Sweet, beautiful, thin, and sexy Esther. "Give me a second sweet pea," said Jack, "I just woke up."

"Why is the door locked, daddy?" asked the young girl.

"Privacy," replied Jack. "Go downstairs and wait. I won't be long."

With a pout and a sad face, Esther said to the closed door, "Yes daddy."

The sun shone around the shades and into his room. Jack knew he must have slept later than usual. 'No time to jerk off,' he thought as he rolled to his side and got up from his bed. The first thing he accomplished after getting into the master bathroom was to bend slightly at the waist and pull the butt plug out of his ass. He was not prepared for the amount of cum that leaked from his stretched anus. With no time to get on the toilet, Jack opened the glass shower door, jumped in, turned on the water, and allowed Colina's two fuckings of cum drip from his abused pussy.

Twenty minute later, dressed in a pair of Ralph Lauren chinos, a Ralph Lauren Polo golf shirt, and a pair of New Balance running shoes; he was prepared for the day as he made his way downstairs to the breakfast room. His daughter was seated at her spot at the breakfast table where she waited for him. His son, Joshua, was nowhere to be

found. Jack stepped over to Esther, bent at the waist, and kissed her on the top of her head. As he stood, he noticed the business sized envelope her hand was resting on. He frowned.

"It was delivered very early this morning," said Ester.

"By whom?" asked Jack.

"I don't know," said Ester. "Jackie answered the door and left it on the table."

Jack shrugged his shoulders and said, "Not an issue." He reached for the envelope, picked it up, and went to his seat. Forgetting about coffee for the moment, Jack eyed the front of the envelope. His name was printed in the center and there was no return address. He frowned as he ripped open the envelope, took out a single sheet of 8x10 paper, folded in thirds. He opened the paper and read:

March 22, 2003

Dear Mr. Greenstein,

Per instructions of Ms. Ming Zheng, I am informing you to appear at my offices on Wednesday, March 26, 2003 at precisely 10:00AM. The purpose of the meeting is for you to sign all documents concerning your indentured servitude to Ms. Zheng. Please bring with you the following personal documents: your birth certificate, your wife's death certificate, and your children's birth certificates. Business documents and additional personal documents I require are: all corporation paperwork and seals related to your hedge fund, all documents relating to any and all banking institutions used for private and corporate finances, and all deeds relating to properties held in your name and the corporation's name. If for any reason you are unable to provide the documents per Ms. Zheng, you have an additional forty-eight hours to procure all requested documentation and personally bring them to my offices.

There will be no need for you to bring your personal and corporate attorneys to the meeting. After all of the indentured servitude documentation have been signed by you and notarized, I will prepare and file all necessary court documents to relieve you of any and all ownerships positions you presently hold. I will liquidate all of your assets except for your corporation. I will, per Ms. Zheng, take the company private. When that is accomplished, her beneficence will allow you will hold a one-half of one percent ownership stake in the new company. The remaining ninety-nine-and-one-half percent will be owned by Ms. Zheng.

The Indentured Servitude Documentation will be signed, witnessed, notarized, and placed in a safe deposit box for safekeeping. The safe is securely located in my offices.

Please be assured that your decision to take a position as an indentured servant to Ms. Zheng is legal in all countries of the world. Ms. Zheng as part of the Moretti family is well aware of my in-depth knowledge of the common and statue law as it pertains to indentured servitude.

Failure to present yourself at my office at the requested time, with all requested documentation, will cause me to inform Ms. Zheng of your failure to appear. I will wait no longer than five minutes past the scheduled time before

informing Ms. Zheng. What results from this failure will not be of any of my concern.

My offices are on the top floor of the Flatiron Building at 175 Fifth Avenue.

There is no need to respond to this letter.

Howard Cohen, Esq.

Jack put the letter face down on the table top. He looked at his daughter and said, "Please leave me alone for a while sweetheart. I need to digest what I just read."

"Is it bad, daddy?" asked Esther as she stood.

"Yes," replied Jack. "Very bad." Jack sat for a moment and asked "Where is your brother?"

"He had a play date with Avi," answered Esther.

Jack was not handling the letter from Ming's attorney very well. He needed time to think and figure out what he was going to do as his life depended upon it. He noticed that Jackie was not around, so he asked, "Where is Jackie?"

"Food shopping," was Esther's answer. "She went after she dropped Joshua at Avi's house."

"And you're here all alone?" he asked.

"I'm a big girl daddy," replied Esther. "Also, we knew you were asleep upstairs. So, I just went to the movie studio and watched some Disney movies."

"I need to go upstairs to my office," Jack said. "I need to be left alone. I have a lot of thinking and work to do."

Esther pouted and said, "I understand daddy."

Jack Greenstein stood, put the letter in his pant pocket, and walked to his private office on the third floor of his Lawrence mansion. His office overlooked Lawrence Bay and on clear days he could see the Atlantic Ocean. Once inside with the door closed and locked, Jack Greenstein reread the letter. The stress he felt from reading the letter a second time, caused him to have severe chest pains. He leaned back in his leather chair, took a deep breath, and tried with all his might to calm down. It took seven minutes, but he knew he had just stopped himself from having a stress induced coronary.

It was time to put an end to the insanity that he had somewhat willingly entered into; but, he was not about to give his entire wealth to Ming Zheng. It belonged to his children. The trusts were written with iron clad clauses, that if Ming tried to break them it would take hundreds of years much less ever happen. Theirs was a verbal agreement that wasn't worth the imaginary paper it was written on. Esther and Joshua would be taken care of by his sister. Evelyn knew she was appointed guardian of his children should anything happen to him. The death of his wife put her in first position of guardianship and executor of his will. Jack knew everything was in order because he made the necessary changes shortly after his wife died.

He found his large cigar ashtray and his DuPont lighter on the small table in the area he used for business conversations and meetings. He carried both items to his desk. The letter from the attorney caught fire and he dropped it into the ashtray. He made sure that it burned completely and that there was no large pieces of ash that

could be used by a crime scene lab to resurrect any written or typewritten characters on the page. To make doubly sure the letter was totally destroyed he, used a large eraser to pummel the ash to smithereens. Satisfied with his work, he placed the ashtray on the left far corner of his desk.

Then Jack opened the center desk drawer and pulled out a single piece of white linen writing paper and a Mont Blanc fountain pen. He placed both items in front of him on the desk blotter. He then reached down to a secret compartment on the inside right of his custom made walnut and mahogany desk. He pressed three fingers of his right hand on the biometric lock and the hidden door opened. He pulled out a locked case. This time he used four fingers of his right hand to open the biometric lock. Inside was custom made 1911 semi-automatic chambered in .45 caliber that had a custom threaded barrel. He removed the gun, the single loaded magazine, and the custom made silencer. He slipped the magazine into the butt end of the weapon, racked the slide, and chambered a single Federal hollow-point round. With deft maneuvers, he spun the silencer onto the barrel until he knew it was secured. The loaded 1911 was placed on his desk to right of the desk blotter.

Jack picked up the Mont Blanc pen, thought for a second, and wrote:

Suicide is the chicken's way out. My years in the Marine Corps. Flying F18's taught me what it means to face adversity and be a man. Yet, here I sit writing a note explaining why I did what I did.

As a child, I was abused by an Uncle. His name is meaningless as he passed away several years ago. I know in my heart he is facing his maker, if there one, and suffering for the indignities he imposed on me. From the age of seven to the age of twelve, he abused me by making perform sexual acts to satisfy his deviant desires. He brought two of his friends to help heap sexual abuse upon my mind and body. He brainwashed me. First, that I was nothing more than a sissy whose sole activity in life was to pleasure alpha males. He dressed me in girl's clothing. He made me suck his cock. He fucked me up my ass and made me tell him it was my pussy. He made me tell him I enjoyed being fucked by him and his friends. Second, he forced me to have sex with multiple black men. I was taught, through the implementation of pain and psychological abuse, that as a white sissy, I was born to serve black men. To this day, his sick brainwashing still is a part of my everyday life.

I own one of the world's most influential hedge funds. During the day, I was the consummate alpha male. A financial wizard that made billions of dollars for myself and my customers. When I arrived home, I resorted to my submissive personality. My wife gave in to a point to help satisfy my submissive desires. But that was nowhere near the depth of my needs. Inside I roiled with anger, desire, and pain to be the complete sissy faggot my uncle trained me to be. When the love of my life died, I was crushed. But, it opened the dam gates to the sick possibility that I would abuse my darling children. I fought that desire every day and more so since my wife's death.

Then I met a woman. A beautiful woman. For me, it was love at first sight. We spoke as we waited to pick up our children from school. I was smitten. Every time she looked into my eyes, she penetrated my soul. She found my psychological and emotional terrors as well as my sick sexual desires. She brought it out of me in a way that I never thought would happen. She made me verbalize the abuse I endured as a child and my fears of what I wanted to do to my children. I verbally committed to partake in a dominant/submissive relationship with her that ultimately I had no intention of completing.

A letter from her attorney arrived this morning detailing what I was required to do to complete the contractual portions of our relationship. I have destroyed the letter. I will not open any legal avenues by my death that will bring any criminal repercussions to her door. My love for her ceased when I read the letter. I am instructing my heirs to cease from trying to find her. My children are not to be interrogated concerning this person.

I apologize to my children, Esther and Joshua. I am sorry to hurt you this way, but it is far better than making you suffer as I did as a child. To my sister Evelyn, you are the appointed guardian. I know you will take care of Esther and Joshua as you take care of your children.

I love you all.

Jack

He screwed the cap onto the pen and laid it next to the letter. He picked up the loaded custom made 1911, placed the working end of the silencer into and against the roof of his mouth, closed his eyes, and pulled the trigger.

There was no sound of a gunshot. The bullet's hollow point rolled open as it pierced the hard palate, transected his brain, and exited the back of his cranium. The bullet's exit blew the entire back half of Jack's head off. Brain matter and blood coated the back of the twelve thousand dollar leather chair he took his life in.

The only sound, which was not heard in the rest of the house, was the 1911 slipping from Jack's hand and clattering to the thousand dollar a square foot hardwood floor.