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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 184

Saturday - 84th Street Townhouse – 22 March 2003

The rest of the drive into Manhattan was uneventful. He pulled up in front of the 84th Street townhouse at 6:29AM. Apollonia exited his car and held the door for her lover. As Ming stood next to her, she leaned in the car, and said, "You are more than welcome to stay. Park the car and come back. If you do not want to be involved with what is going to happen here, I will understand. I do not know how long this little meeting is going to take."

"I'll park the car," said Alessandro. "I told you I want to be part of the family. If that means, doing things that goes against my moral code, so be it."

"Ok," said Apollonia who closed the door, wrapped her arm around Ming, and walked up the steps to the front door. Apollonia used her key to gain entrance to the townhouse. Once she and Ming passed through the vestibule and entered into the townhouse, Giuseppe came into the main hallway from the kitchen to investigate who had just entered.

He stopped short, lowered his head, and said, "Good morning Miss Moretti."

Knowing she would need him, Apollonia said, "Good morning Giuseppe. There will be no need for you to pay me homage by kneeling and kissing my superior ass. First, any messages?"

"No, Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe.

"Second, I would like some coffee and something to eat brought to the dining room."

"For two, Miss Moretti?"

"Yes," was her answer as she guided Ming back to the dining room at the end of the hall. Once they were situated at the table, Apollonia said, "I need to make a phone call."

"Like you don't have to tell me," said Ming. "If you have to make a private call, then either ask me to leave or you would leave. By your statement, you're calling someone that I can be in the room while you make it."

"Wiseass..."

Apollonia dialed Jon Parks.

"Hello. This is Jon."

"Good morning Jon," said Apollonia. "Have a good night?"

"Thank you for asking," he replied. "I did."

"Are you on your way to the townhouse?"

"I was just about to leave."

"Could you make a detour for me to pick something up for me?"

"Sure, but you wanted me there by seven."

"It will make you a little late, but not too much."

"What would you like me pick up?"

"Find an open hardware store. I want you to buy me a handheld battery powered circular saw. I want it to be as small as possible with the ability to remove as many safety devices around the blade as possible."

"I'm not going to ask."

"Good. Get here as soon as you can after you purchase it."

"Shouldn't be a problem. See you soon."

Apollonia ended the call. Put her cellular phone down on the table and sat quietly. A few seconds later, Pricilla entered the dining room with a tray which she placed on the table. She did not acknowledge Ming. She did not take any of the items on the tray and place them on the dining room table. The sixteen year old went to her Mistress, knelt by her side, and said, "How may I serve you this morning, Mistress?"

"Stand," said Apollonia. "Prepare the coffee and place the Danish on the table. Acknowledge Ms. Zheng by kneeling by her side and asking if you may kiss her feet."

"Yes, my Mistress," said Pricilla. She was not offended because she knew her Mistress was testing her. The young girl served the coffee knowing both women drank it black. She placed the plate of fruit Danishes on the table between them. Then she strode around the table to where Ms. Zheng sat, knelt with her eyes down, and said, "May I kiss your feet Ms. Zheng?"

Ming looked at Apollonia. She saw the look on her lover's face and knew she had better tell the girl to perform. "You may kiss each foot, once. Additional kisses will result in punishment."

Pricilla lifted Ming's right foot, slipped off the shoe, and placed a kiss on the top just behind her toes. She repeated the kiss on Ming's left foot. She remained on her knees, looking at the floor, when she said, "Is there anything else I may do for you Ms. Zheng?"

"No," replied Ming.

Pricilla remained on her knees wondering if she had permission to stand. She knew better than ask. So, she waited.

"Stand," said Apollonia and sit next to me.

Pricilla stood and saw her Mistress pointing to the chair opposite Ms. Zheng. She tried not to smile, but she did as she took her seat. Per internal gut feeling, she folded her hands on her lap and looked down at the table. It hit her like a ton-of-bricks, but she felt the dampness and hoped her Mistress did not smell her rising sexual desires.

"Relax Pricilla," said Apollonia. "From this moment on, you are to be yourself. Just like you are when I am not here. Do you understand?"

Not wanting to go overboard with her excitement at being told to be herself, Pricilla nodded her head and said, "Yes Mistress. I understand."

"Tell me what you are learning?" asked Apollonia.

"Oh my," said Pricilla, "if I tell you everything, we'll be here for days."

Apollonia and Ming both laughed. "Then give me the Cliff Notes version," said Apollonia.

"I made it easy for myself when it comes to the daily, weekly, and monthly chores," said Pricilla. "I created a chart that allows me to list what I need to accomplish each day depending upon how many times they are repeated in a given month. As I finish, I cross off the item. It takes me a few hours to recreate the chart each month because I do it by hand."

"Do you do the same for Giuseppe's work load?" asked Ming knowing Apollonia would not be mad at her becoming part of the conversation.

Pricilla's mouth hid the grinding of her teeth in anger. She relaxed her mouth and said, "I try, but he refuses to listen." Before Apollonia could react, the teenager said, "Please do not do anything to him. He is so lost without Sienna. Give him some time."

Angry, Apollonia growled, "Why should I?"

"Because he is beginning to trust me," said Pricilla. "He needs to know I have his back. With that, he'll begin to listen to me."

"What has he said to you?" asked Apollonia.

"About?" answered Pricilla. The girl knew damn well what Apollonia asked.

"Do not test me girl," growled Apollonia.

Ming made no effort to hide her checking her lover's eyes. She nodded when they were still bright turquoise with their amazing gold flecks.

Pricilla looked down and said, "He has had times where he walks around muttering how he wants to kill you. Kill you because you took the love of his life away."

"And what do you do?" asked Apollonia.

"I stay away until he is calm. Then I order him to the kitchen where I sit him down at the table and talk to him," replied the girl. "I make it known that I will not tell you anything unless I am asked directly. I do everything in my power to make him understand that I am on his side."

"Does that include sex?" asked Apollonia.

Her eyes flew open, she sputtered before she regained control, and said, "No Miss Moretti. Never. If he tried anything, I would call you. I am not here to satisfy his sexual desires although I'm surprised he has any. I use my wits and my intelligence." Pricilla looked down, became visually embarrassed, as she said, "I am yours Mistress. My sex life is yours and no one else's."

Ming decided to interject something to change the subject for at least a moment, "Pricilla, would a computer help you with your chores, purchasing, and other activities?"

"Yes, Miss Zheng. It would be a great help," answered the somewhat excited girl.

Ming looked at Apollonia who threw up her hands and said, "Ok!!! Ok!!! I'll buy her a computer."

"And a printer. A color laser printer," said Ming.

"With a color laser printer," said Apollonia. She turned to Pricilla and asked, "How did the Cardinal die?"

"I'm not a doctor, but, I believe he died of old age," said Pricilla.

"Hmmm... How many times did Marco fuck him up his ass?" asked Apollonia.

"Marco couldn't fuck him up his ass; because, Marco cannot get an erection. His ability to function as a man is gone," said Pricilla.

Apollonia frowned and asked, "What about when he has to jerk off in front of you?"

Pricilla gritted her teeth, pulled her lips tight, and answered, "He remains soft. His penis does not get hard. When he has an orgasm his ejaculate just dribbles out. There is no force. Because of his situation, he cries like a little baby."

"How did you comply with my wishes?" asked Apollonia.

"I used a turkey baster on the old priest," replied Pricilla. "I filled it with warm heavy cream. I made like it was a man's penis. I could see the old guy trying to be calm, but he always fought me until I found that spot in a man that makes him feel something. Once he responded, I pressed the bulb of the turkey baster to fill his ass with the warm heavy cream. Then I quickly pulled it out and left him there suffering."

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," chortled Apollonia. "Where did you learn that?"

"It just came to me, Miss Moretti. From where, I do not know," replied Pricilla.

Again Apollonia asked, "Marco?"

A sadness enveloped Pricilla. Her color changed. She grew pale and sallow as she unconsciously rubbed her hands together. She wanted to scream, but instead she began to cry as she said, "He is dying inside. He regrets everything he did to the child, to me, and to anger you. Marco would give anything to end the physical and psychological pain he endures every waking hour of everyday. I know I shouldn't be that concerned, but I did love him."

"Did?" asked Apollonia.

Frozen in her seat, Pricilla did not know how to answer. If she answered the truth, her life might come to an end. If she lied and her Mistress found out, her life would come to an end. She took a breath and said, "I cannot lie Mistress. I still love him. When I see him wearing girls' clothing it breaks my heart. I truly do not believe he wanted to be a sissy. But, here he is prancing about like a little faggot. I want to see him as I did when we were in Texas. Marco as a tall, muscular, and... And... And, a well-endowed stud. He had multiple girls chasing him to fuck him. Instead they accepted him jerking off on their tits, because it was only the only sexual thing he would do for them. And, to frustrate them even more, he would do it only once. He never did it with a girl a second time. Now his penis is a useless sexual tool." Pricilla took a deep breath and repeated what she had said earlier, "He can dribble something, but he cannot get an erection that lasts. He even has trouble urinating."

"Answer me, girl," said Apollonia. "Are you still in love with him?"

Tears rolled down her cheeks as all she could do was nod her head in the affirmative.

"Look at me!!!" commanded Apollonia. Ming knew better than to interfere.

Pricilla raised her tear streaked face and looked into her Mistress' eyes.

"From this moment on," declared Apollonia, "you do anything to give him hope and I will do to you what I did to him. Do you understand me?"

"Y-Y-Yes Mistress," moaned Pricilla. The pain she felt obvious in the tone and tenor of her voice.

"Where is he now?" asked Apollonia.

"He is still locked up in his cell. I do not release him until 9AM," said Pricilla.

"I do not want him out of his cell until I tell you it is ok," said Apollonia. "Understood?"

"Yes Mistress," replied Pricilla.

Out of the blue, Apollonia said, "Would you like to suck my asshole?"

Shocked but not put off, Pricilla answered, "If that is what you would like me to do, then I would love to suckle your asshole."

Changing tack, Apollonia asked, "What else have you learned about running the townhouse for the Moretti family?"

Flummoxed again at the change in the tone of her voice and the out of the blue question, Pricilla took a moment to answer. "I know that when I call or go to stores and tell them I am purchasing for this address, they fall all over themselves. They ask how Giuseppe and Sienna are. I tell them Sienna passed and they are obviously saddened by her passing. Otherwise, if I asked them to find the Holy Grail, they would try forever. That is what I have learned."

"What does that tell you about the Moretti family?" asked Apollonia.

"That they are very well respected," said Pricilla.

"Just respected?" asked Apollonia.

"Mistress, I cannot put into words what I see on peoples' faces," said Pricilla. "They know who the townhouse is owned by. They know their positive performance will be rewarded. Handsomely." Shaking her head because she did not know what else to say, Pricilla simply said, "They love the family."

Apollonia looked at her watch and frowned. It was ten minutes past the hour and Nathan had not shown up. The debate in her head was short. Her eyes went to Ming as she said, "No Nathan. He's late. He's never late."

Silence filled the room. Ming had no answer. Pricilla did not either.

"Where is Alessandro?" asked Ming. "He should not have taken ten minutes to park the car. He knows where the private spaces are around the corner."

Pricilla answered, "He is in the kitchen. I did not know if you wanted him to join you."

Apollonia did not hold back. She slapped Pricilla so hard she fell off of the chair. Apollonia stood up, placed her foot on Pricilla's neck and screamed, "YOU FUCKIN' CUNT!!! WHO ARE YOU TO MAKE DECISIONS FOR ME??? GET YOUR FUCKIN' ASS OUT OF HERE AND BRING HIM TO ME!!!"

Almost, but not completely traumatized by being slapped for a simple mistake, Pricilla stood, and made her way out of the dining room to bring Alessandro back.

"You didn't need to do that Appy?" said Ming. "She was just doing what she thought was right."

Flustered at Ming's reasoning, Apollonia answered, "I do what I believe is necessary to teach her. In fact, I think I am going to tell her to let Alessandro fuck her up her ass." To Apollonia's chagrin, her statement was heard by both Alessandro and Pricilla as they returned to the dining room.

"Mistress," said Pricilla. Her voice low and very afraid.

Alessandro spat in anger, "She is a teenager. I do not have sex with teenagers."

It was Ming who responded to Alessandro, "But, you look at them and desire their bodies. Especially, a girl like Pricilla."

"You're sick," responded Alessandro.

"Fuckin' sit down" said Apollonia. "Pricilla, bring him a mug and refill the carafe with hot coffee."

"Yes Mistress," said Pricilla. She departed the room forgetting the carafe. Ten seconds later she returned, picked up the carafe, and quietly departed.

No sooner than Alessandro sat, Giuseppe entered the dining room. He did not acknowledge Ming or Alessandro. He stood near Apollonia and said, "What do I need to prepare for downstairs?"

"Prepare for a day of pain and suffering," responded Apollonia. "I need to break that asshole very quickly."

"Understood Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe. "May I speak freely?"

Keeping her eyes on Giuseppe, Apollonia simply nodded her assent.

"I do not know what precipitated your slapping Pricilla, but that girl loves you," said the old incestuous man. "She does everything to keep this place running at top notch. What amazes me is her age and her intuitive ability to know what has to be accomplished to maintain this house. Sienna, may she rest, and I did not come here until we were in our twenties. I am asking you to hold any anger you have at her and take it out on me. She only did what she thought was right. Please, Miss Moretti. She loves you."

Astounded, Apollonia sat back in her chair, placed her hands on the tabletop, and said, "Thank you for your input, Giuseppe. But, I do have a question for you." She paused, rubbed her hands together, and asked, "How times have you thought about fucking her?"

"Never," replied Giuseppe.

"I don't believe you, old man," said Apollonia. "For now, I will accept your answer. How you perform today will be my measurement on whether you live or die."

Not in the least afraid of being threatened with death, Giuseppe replied, "As you wish, Miss Moretti. I will prepare the room for today." Giuseppe, without looking behind him, backed out of the dining room.

Pricilla returned with a mug and a full carafe of black coffee. Behind her were Jon and Nathan. Both men waited for the young girl to finish her chores and depart the room before taking a seat at the table. Jon had a plastic bag which he placed on the floor next to him. He said nothing about what he purchased.

Nathan, on the other hand, was sitting quietly steaming at the red hand mark that was on Pricilla's face. He knew with certainty that Apollonia caused it. He knew with almost the same amount of certainty that the offense did not deserve being slapped with enough force across her face to leave a deep red mark. He reacted kindly to the girl when she brought a mug for him and Jon. She also put a large plate of various New York Danishes on the table before she departed.

"Nathan, I'm a bit out of sorts," said Apollonia. "You're never late. What gives?"

"I apologize for being tardy, Miss Moretti," replied Nathan. "I spent the night with Golda, but I did not drive downtown yesterday. I walked the five miles from here to Henry Street. I did not take a taxi back uptown. I thought I could walk it and arrive on time. I apologize."

"Interesting," said Apollonia, "but, why the look of consternation of your face."

"I would rather not discuss it until we are alone," replied Nathan. "I don't think what I am thinking belongs in a public forum. No matter how much people know about what we all take part in."

"Did you hurt Golda?" asked Apollonia. Her concern could be seen on her face.

"No, Miss Moretti," said Nathan. "Everything is fine between us. In fact, her best friend is considering cuckolding her husband. Again, that can wait. Don't we have business to attend to?"

"We do," replied Apollonia. "But, I am concerned about you. I do not like what I am seeing. There is something bothering you. And, you are not hiding it well."

Everybody watched Nathan close his eyes, rub his face with the palms of both hands, take a deep breath, and then say, "I am not happy about the red mark on Pricilla's face. I surmise that you caused it. I will also declare that I believe that you slapped her as hard as you did over a small nothing infraction. Am I correct?"

Apollonia started to rise from her chair, when Ming jumped to her feet and with more force than needed, pushed Apollonia back down. She stared at her lover for a moment before she spat, "Calm down, now!!! What you did was wrong. I knew it when it happened. Nathan saw the result and knew it was you. You heard what Giuseppe said about her. You need to think before you react negatively to Nathan. As smart and as physical as you are, that man has height, weight, and strength over you. I'm not really a betting woman, but I'd take the wager that he would break you in half before you could even land a punch." She paused, started hard at her lover, and said, "Do you read me?"

Astounded that her lover would show her dominance in front of all the people sitting around the dining room table, Apollonia sat tense and ready to leap at the stupidest infraction. It would take a miracle for Apollonia to calm down. A fight with Ming would end up being very messy. If she didn't love her as much as she did, she would not have accepted her backing of Nathan. It was also apparent that Nathan knew he could, when needed or prodded, speak his mind. Everyone around the table waited for an Apollonia Moretti's nuclear explosion.

"PRICILLA!!!" yelled Apollonia. Everyone held their breath.

The sixteen year old waif of a girl returned to the dining room. She entered but went no further than a single step into the room. "Yes Miss Moretti."

"Come over here girl," said Apollonia.

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Pricilla as she stepped to where her Mistress sat with her eyes on the floor.

"Look at me," commanded Apollonia who turned her head and stared at Ming to keep her calm.

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Pricilla when their eyes met.

"Did I hurt you?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes Miss Moretti," replied Pricilla.

To everyone's amazement, Apollonia put the palm of her hand on the cheek that still had the residual mark, held it there, and without cause, smacked Pricilla so hard she fell to the floor. Before anyone could move, Apollonia stood and screamed, "Anyone of you want to tell me what to do? You may hurt me, but I have the power to ruin your fuckin' lives. The only thing you would know is heroin, prostitution, and AIDS. Do I have any takers?"

Nathan rose to his full height. Seven feet two inches. He walked around the table, picked Pricilla up off of the floor, and held her close to his side. He looked into the teenagers eyes and saw her thanking him. With his arm around Pricilla's shoulders, he said, 'You have a choice Miss Moretti. You appoint me her guardian or you find yourself another bodyguard. What you think you can do to me is nothing compared to me making a few phone calls to the people I know in and out of the security firms, intelligence firms, and municipal police departments. You will never have a personal bodyguard again nor will the police turn a blind eye to your activities. I am that well-known, respected, and that powerful. She is a teenage girl that you are subverting to your will. To me, you are torturing her – physically, mentally, and emotionally. She gives you everything willingly. And, you take from her to satisfy your own sick pleasure. Make a decision now. I will leave with her and protect her the way I protected you.'

Silence filled the room. Jon Parks was dumbfounded at Nathan's outburst. Alessandro wanted to crawl under the table. Ming just sat with her hands on her lap staring at Apollonia's eyes. Everyone could see the fear still coursing throughout Pricilla's body even though she was literally under Nathan's protection.

When Apollonia did not answer, Nathan said, "Well?!?!"

At a loss for words, Apollonia, nodded to Nathan and pointed to his seat.

"I need to hear you say it," growled Nathan. "I need for everyone in the room to hear you verbalize your response."

"I will not grant you guardianship of Pricilla," said Apollonia. "I will promise to never use my physical power to punish her. She is here because she wants to be here. I protect her from some very nasty people who would love to end her life. I am proud of you Nathan. Proud that you stood up to me to protect a young girl. But, I am your boss. I pay you handsomely and never ask for anything that would compromise your sensibilities. What I will do is appoint you as her personal bodyguard. I want you to protect her just as you protect me."

"What a crock of bullshit," responded Nathan. "You hit her again and cause her bodily harm; you're telling me I can take out on you what needs to be done to protect her?"

Apollonia paused, realized he had her, and she responded, "Yes. I give you full-force rights to use whatever you need to punish me for hurting her." Apollonia sat and simply said, "Satisfied?"

"I am going to hold you to it, Miss Moretti," said Nathan. He released his gentle hold on Pricilla, bent down, and placed a chaste kiss on the top of her head. He said to her, "Now, go to the kitchen and return to your work." Nathan returned to his seat, picked up his mug of coffee, and drained it in two big gulps.

As if nothing had just transpired, Apollonia turned to Jon, and asked, "May I see what you purchased?"

Jon reached for the bag, opened it, and pulled out a Makita 3 3/8th inch cordless circular saw kit. He placed it on the table, opened the box, and pulled out the saw. "It should allow me to remove the entire safety sleeve and base. That would reveal the entire blade. If you decide to use it the way I am thinking, then it will get quite messy."

"I'm not worried about making a mess," said Apollonia. "That is the least of my worries. Is it fully charged?"

"It should take no more than an hour to put a full charge on the battery," replied Jon. "I also purchased two extras and an extra charger for backup."

"GIUSEPPE!!!" yelled Apollonia.

The elderly incestuous man returned to the dining room. He did not say a word. He just waited for instructions.

She pointed to the kit sitting on the table and said, "Take it to the basement. Plug in the batteries. Then begin to wake up the asshole. When he is awake call to Pricilla to come get us."

Jon interjected, "Would you like me to set up the computer system?"

"That can wait," replied Apollonia. "What McCool tells us will decide whether we need it or not."

Inside Alessandro's body he was beginning to feel queasy. To keep being part of Apollonia's life, he knew he would have to take part in the torture of Marshall McCool. Although she told him he could leave, he knew if he did, he would never see her again. As much as he hated to say it, *'My cock loves the feeling of her twat surrounding it. And, I've become accustomed to sucking her to multiple orgasms.'* Thankfully, he did not verbalize his thoughts. What would give him away was the sixty percent erection that was crowding the inside of his underwear.

At seven minutes past nine o'clock, Pricilla Smith entered the dining room, went to her Mistress, and said, "Your guest is awake."

Apollonia stood, put her arm around the teenager's shoulders, and as she guided her back to the kitchen said, "You fuckin' little bitch. You are going to rue the day you fucked with me. Tonight, you are going to do something that will forever make you beholden and indebted to me."

Pricilla tried to stop walking, but Apollonia gently pushed her along. The girl asked, "Why is that?"

"No matter how it goes downstairs," said Apollonia in a matter-of-fact way, "tonight, you are going to avail yourself to multiple niggers. You are going to suck their cocks and swallow their cum. You are going to take their cocks up your ass. And, one of them will earn the honor of fucking your virgin cunt all night long. If he gets tired, the others will be available to fill your christened whore's cunt with big black cock."

"Please Miss Moretti," cried Pricilla. "I did not say anything to Nathan. I did not go to him. I took the pain as a sign of your love for me. I know you want me to do the right thing one-hundred percent of the time. Please!!! I am begging you!!! I know how distasteful it is for a Moretti to have sex with a black man. Ask me to do anything but ruin my relationship with you because I am forced to have sex with a nigger."

"You will prove yourself to me," said Apollonia.

"How my Mistress?" asked Pricilla.

"Tonight you will go to Marco when he is in his cell," said Apollonia, "and you will remove his genitals. You will place them in a jar and leave them in the hall outside the closed cell door. If I do not see his cock and balls in the jar, I will personally take you to a house in the Bronx where you will be stripped naked, given a dose of heroin, and you will begin your life fuckin' niggers to survive."

Pricilla wanted to piss but did everything in her power to keep her bladder sphincter closed. "You are asking me to do something I cannot," said Pricilla, "but, I will do it. I will hurt the man I love. There, Miss Moretti, I said it. But, my love for you knows no bounds. I will serve you until the day I die or you murder me. Tonight, Marco's genitals will be removed from his body."

"You know what will happen to him?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes, I do," replied Pricilla. "If nothing is done to stem the bleeding he will die from exsanguination."

Apollonia went to the basement door, opened it, and waved the rest of her associates into the basement. When the last of the group passed through the entrance to the basement, Apollonia closed the door. She turned Pricilla to face her. With her left arm and hand wrapped around her shoulders, Apollonia reached with her right hand between Pricilla's legs. She found the waistband of her panties and ripped them from her body. "From this moment forward, you will never wear panties. I want to know that your lower holes are available for use. Now follow me downstairs."

As she walked down the hall, Apollonia held out her hand which signaled Giuseppe to hand her the keys. When she took them from him she whispered, "Open the dungeon. I want the bench and the extension set up in front of the platform. Put all the implements on a table next to the bench. I want the asshole in the cell to see it when he enters the room. Also, check the batteries for the handheld saw. I want you to remove as much of the safety features surrounding the blade as possible. I would prefer to have a completely uncovered blade."

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe as he moved to do as she asked.

"Jon, Alessandro, Ming and Pricilla please go into the dungeon," said Apollonia. "I want this character to see just Nathan and me."

Wordlessly, the three compatriots and the teenager entered the door that was unlocked and left slightly ajar by Giuseppe.

"Ready?" asked Apollonia.

Nathan nodded and said, "Yes."

The key slipped somewhat silently into the lock.

When McCool heard the lock being opened he began to yell and scream obscenities. Apollonia chuckled as she turned the key and pulled the door open. Nathan was in the perfect position to subdue the naked McCool as he tried to run out of the cell. The loser criminal tried to break Nathan's hold but found out that he had no chance to make it happen. Like he was a rag doll, Nathan tossed McCool to the back of the cell. He bounced off the brick wall and landed on the edge of the metal cot. The thin mattress provided absolutely no protection. McCool cried out in pain as his body bounced onto the floor.

Nathan stood over the naked criminal. He did not need to hold him down as his pain level and fear was enough to keep him still. He did mutter, "Who the fuck are you? What do you want?"

Apollonia hadn't changed, so she was still wearing her blouse, pencil skirt, and heels when she entered the cell. Nathan moved just enough to let McCool see his boss. McCool's reaction was priceless. His eyes flew open, his hands went to his crotch, and his rather meager cock grew to its maximum length. Both Apollonia and Nathan broke out laughing. Apollonia calmed down first and said, "Too fuckin' bad I don't have a video camera." She stepped towards McCool, placed her toe of her shoe under his chin, and said, "I am your worst fuckin' nightmare. You can make everything easy on yourself or you can make it difficult. What I want from you is all the information you have on your employer."

McCool tried to remove Apollonia's foot which resulted in a quick kick to the side of his head. The naked low level criminal cried out in pain. He froze when he felt the shoe underneath his chin again. His eyes were bulging from their sockets. He found his voice and said, "I work for a private sanitation company. What the fuck you want with them?"

Apollonia removed her foot, knelt next to McCool's head, and spat, "Yeah... You work for a sanitation company like I am the Queen of Sheba." Apollonia stood, replaced her foot under McCool's chin, and spat. "You work for Marjorie Margolis. I need to know everything."

Marshall McCool pissed on the floor. If his lower bowel was full, he would have shit himself. Stammering with fear, he said, "I-I-I d-d-don't w-w-work f-f-for h-h-her... I-I-I sw-sw-swear..."

Apollonia yelled, "PRICILLA!!! GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE!!!"

The girl arrived and for the first time saw the man that Nathan had brought to the townhouse yesterday. "Yes Mistress..."

"Bring Marco here," commanded Apollonia.

McCool for a second time in minutes was trying to cover an erection. All the heavy-set man had to do was see a pretty girl and his cock grew hard. Sad part for him was his lack of length and width. He frowned when he heard the same sound he heard when the door to his cell was opened.

Pricilla brought Marco to the cell. He was naked. Pricilla knew Apollonia wanted the man on the floor to see the condition of Marco's genitals. Nathan moved to the side allowing Pricilla to place Marco directly in front of the prone naked man. Marco knew better than to say a single word. The one thing everyone in the cell heard was his labored breathing.

Apollonia grabbed McCool by his hair and pulled him to a kneeling position in front of Marco. She held his head by his hair and said, "Look at his cock and balls."

McCool shook his head trying to keep from looking at another man's genitals. He spat, "FUCK YOU, BITCH!!!"

Apollonia yanked his head back and with her other hand punched him on the bridge of his nose. The crack of the bone was loud as was McCool's cry of pain. Apollonia did not relent. She pulled his head to face Marco's genitals and spat, "Look at them asshole. Yours will pale in comparison to his. If you want to keep your cock and balls, start talking. Don't talk and suffer the consequences. And, you will suffer."

"WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE LADY, YOU ARE DEAD!!!" shouted McCool.

Apollonia let go of his hair and pushed him to the floor. She looked at Pricilla and said, "Return him and do not forget what you have to do." Before Pricilla could respond, Apollonia turned to Nathan and said, "Pick him up. Make him walk. Do not carry him into the dungeon. When you hear me call for him bring him."

"As you wish, ma'am," replied Nathan.

Apollonia smiled confirming to Nathan that she understood how smart he was to not mention her name. She turned and walked out of the cell. Upon entering the dungeon, she was happy with how Giuseppe set up the implements of McCool's torture. She also nodded approval of his setting up the X-frame. She found her bag and without any shame removed her clothing. She put on a pair of the micro mini denim shorts and a pair of the New Balance running shoes. She wore nothing to cover her pert breasts. To make herself feel better, she went to Ming, embraced her, and kissed her passionately. When she broke the embrace she said, "I love you."

Ming smiled and repeated her love for Apollonia.

Apollonia stood to the side of the X-frame and shouted, "NATHAN!!!"

Everyone watched Nathan guide McCool into the room. His methodology to accomplish movement of the man was totally in concert with Nathan's size. McCool, naked as the day he was born, scooted along in front of Nathan on his bare toes. Around McCool's neck was Nathan's left hand. It would have been funnier if Nathan had inserted a finger up McCool's ass, but the size difference made it impossible to easily guide the asshole into the room. Using his strength, Nathan simply lifted McCool by his neck and head to get him to his walking height. The whole time McCool was silent. Not a word passed through his lips as his eyes spoke volumes. What disgusted everyone was the amount of hair that covered his body. Nathan dropped the totally scared McCool near the bondage bench.

"McCool," said Apollonia as she strolled over to her prey. She saw the look on his face when he realized she was not wearing a top and the shorts she was wearing just covered her hips, ass, and vagina. She stood over McCool, pushed him onto his back with her foot, and spat, "You fat, hairy ape. I saw how you reacted when I mentioned Marjorie Margolis' name. We both know who and what she is. You can stop the impending pain but simply telling me all you know about her and all you have done for her. Or, would you rather suffer?"

Finding his voice, McCool asked, "Did you destroy that boy's cock?"

Smiling, Apollonia responded, "I did."

"Jesus Christ," moaned McCool. Throwing his hands between his legs to protect his family jewels, he asked, "What did he do?"

"He raped a five year old. Multiple times."

McCool started to retch. His abdomen twitched and finally squeezed his stomach. A small bolus of bile exited his mouth and rolled down his cheek to just below his ear. His face showed how much he disliked the taste. He wrapped his arms around his fat waist to try and still his spasms. His cock twitched and a small amount of urine flowed out. McCool could not stop himself from pissing.

Time was on Apollonia's side. She nodded to Nathan signaling him to remain beside McCool. With a jaunty step she went over to Jon and Alessandro and said, "I've decided that you gentleman do not need to be here. That fat pig will not pose any problems. Jon, you are free to go to Renee. Alessandro, you can stay upstairs. I'll have Pricilla take care of you." She saw the look on Alessandro's face and immediately said, "Not in that way, asshole. She will keep you company, feed you, and if you want, take walks to keep you occupied."

Jon did not hesitate, "Thank you ma'am. I appreciate you allowing me to leave, but I have to inquire; will you be safe?"

"Thank you for asking, but, Nathan, Ming, and I should be able to handle that fat fuck," said Apollonia.

Jon offered her his hand and when she took it, he asked, "What about the computers?"

"It can wait. Go. Say hello to Renee," said Apollonia.

"I will," said Jon as he departed the large room lovingly called *'the dungeon'*.

Apollonia turned to Alessandro, raised her eyebrows, pursed her lips, and asked, "Are you going?"

"Upstairs or leaving the building?" asked Alessandro.

"Either or. Your choice," responded Apollonia.

"I'm torn. I want to help you with that fat fuck. I know that you are doing everything to help your father." Alessandro held up his hand to stop her from speaking. He continued, "I know you hate him, but he is your father. What is bothering me is your methodology. I'm not a prude, but..."

"Go upstairs," said Apollonia. "Relax. And, if you really do not want to be part of this insanity, then leave. The less you know the better."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Absolutely," responded Apollonia. She gently pushed Alessandro towards the door and waggled a finger at Pricilla calling her over. She pulled Pricilla close, put her left hand between her legs, felt her dampness, and said, "I want you be a great hostess. Do whatever he wants. Make sure he is happy. If he makes a move on you, give him a handjob. Do not suck his cock. Do not let him fuck you up your ass. And, do not let him fuck you. Otherwise, keep him happy."

"Yes Mistress," said Pricilla as she began to leave the room.

"Oh, if he wants to leave let him," said Apollonia. "Just come down here to let me know."

Apollonia went to the raised platform, hopped up, and sat with her legs dangling. She called Ming and Nathan over. She looked at Giuseppe who nodded his understanding to remain where he was standing. Marshall McCool remained prone on his back not moving.

"Jon thought he wouldn't last five minutes," said Apollonia. "The only thing he predicted to come true was him pissing and shitting himself. I'm trying to figure how to approach the asshole."

Ming shrugged her shoulders in response. Then she said, "He's too fuckin' fat, hairy, and ugly for me. I'd need several pairs of latex gloves on before I touched his body."

"We could start slowly," said Nathan.

Both women answered, "Slowly..."

Nathan chuckled and said, "Yeah. You must have a board that you can lay down from the side of the bench to the floor. Tie or strap him to the board with his head below his feet. Cover his face..."

Apollonia jumped up, did a little jig, and said, "Waterboard the motherfucker!!!"

"Yep," was Nathan's answer.

Apollonia with Giuseppe's help found a suitable board that would hold McCool's weight. As Apollonia put the board in place and jury-rigged support, Giuseppe searched the closet for a garden hose. Wrapped up in the corner was a one-hundred foot length of green garden hose. He attached it to the water bib and rolled it across the floor to the bondage bench. Without asking he went upstairs and returned with three cotton towels and three buckets. Everything was in place except for the fat fuck that denied his culpability for anything associated with Marjorie Margolis.

"Put him place," said Apollonia.

Nathan put his hands under McCool's armpits and lifted him off the floor as if he was piece of paper. He nodded to Apollonia who took McCool by his ankles. Together they laid him head down on the board. Ming used two inch wide straps across his ankles, thighs, stomach, and chest to secure him to the board. His hands were secured at his wrist by wrapping one and passing the strap underneath the board to wrap the other. By the time they were done, the only movement McCool could do was to roll his head from side-to-side.

"What the fuck!!!" cried McCool.

Apollonia obnoxiously scratched her crotch. She stood next to McCool's head and stared down at him. She watched him try to move and laughed at him every time he failed. "Do you know what it feels like to be drowning?" asked Apollonia with a great amount of glee in her voice.

Marshall McCool's face grew tense. His musculature tightened. He frowned before he answered, "No. I am a very good swimmer."

"Then you are in for a treat," said Apollonia.

To make sure that no one but her could be held responsible for McCool's torture, she asked everyone to step back and watch. She filled the first of three buckets with cold water. Into the bucket, she placed the three towels. Then she filled the second bucket. Before she filled the third, she asked McCool. "Would you like to answer my questions of your own free will?"

"FUCK YOU BITCH!!!" was McCool's answer.

"Poor boy," said Apollonia.

She filled the third and final bucket. She pulled one of the wet towels from the first bucket and put it over McCool's face. Nathan knew he would have to help. He stepped over to the board. Knelt behind McCool's head and pulled the towel tight across his face. He nodded to Apollonia who began to ever so slowly pour the cold water over the towel and McCool's face. It took but three seconds for McCool to start coughing and sputtering as he lost his ability to breathe through his nose and mouth. Apollonia stopped after thirty seconds and watched McCool regain his ability to breathe. Nathan released his hold on the towel and removed it from McCool's face. Water spouted from his mouth and ran like a river from his nostrils.

Apollonia asked, "Do you want to answer my questions of your own free will?"

She did not wait for an answer. Nathan covered his face and she began to pour the water. This time she poured it for close to a minute before stopping. She looked at Nathan who showed no emotion. He released the towel from McCool's face. He was close to blue in color, but still breathing.

Apollonia pursed her lips, smiled, and asked McCool, "This will stop if you answer my questions of your own free will. Do you bring underage children to the Adirondacks for Marjorie Margolis?"

"FUCK..." was all that came out of McCool's mouth before Nathan plastered the cotton towel to his face.

Apollonia poured water for another minute. She watched McCool thrash about as he lost his ability to breathe and his lungs began to fill with water. When she stopped pouring and Nathan removed the towel, about a quart or two of water was spit up by McCool. Both of them could see he was beginning to suffer – painfully.

"Are you Marjorie Margolis' go to dirty tricks person?" asked Apollonia.

Again not waiting for an answer, she picked up the bucket, nodded to Nathan, and just as he was about to cover McCool's face, McCool spoke, "Enough!!! I'll talk!!! Just stop!!! Please!!!" He shook his head to clear the water from his eyes. After three pours of ice cold water, Marshall McCool had had enough.

"That was too easy," stated Apollonia. "Untie the asshole and just roll him off the board onto the floor."

What Ming and Nathan thought would be a docile individual turned out to be completely the opposite. Once his arms and legs were free, McCool started to thrash about in an effort to gain his freedom. It was a futile effort. Nathan cold-cocked him with a single pulled punch to his left temple.

"What do you want to do with him?" asked Ming.

"The X-frame," replied Apollonia. "Time to begin the end of his life if he does not talk."

Ten minutes later, a bucket of water woke McCool from his fist induced unconscious state. He tried to move his arms, legs, and body but found it impossible. He looked down and saw a table in front of him. He began to sputter when he realized the tools or implements were there to cause him pain. His head exploded with the thoughts of being tortured. His cock grew hard. He knew not why. Then, as he tried to free himself from his bonds, he ejaculated. Not powerful ropes of cum, but three weak dribbles from the head of his cock. "No-o-o!!!" was all he could cry out. He said the word over and over again.

Apollonia picked up two devices from the table. She held them up for McCool. When she had his attention she asked, "Do you know what either of these implements are?"

Frightened to the core, but thankful he was not drowning, McCool answered while shaking his head from side to side, "No-o-o-!!!"

"The item in my left hand is a Burdizzo. The item in my right hand is an Elastrator," said Apollonia. "They are used to geld male animals. The Burdizzo is quick and painless. The Elastrator takes quite a bit longer to kill your testicles and it is quite painful. The beauty of the Elastrator is that it can also be used to eliminate your cock."

"No-o-o!!!" moaned McCool as he thrust his hips causing his small penis to flap as if the wind was blowing it around.

"All you have to do is talk to me Marshall," said Apollonia. She saw the reaction of his face when she used his first name. "Talk to me and all this will stop. I will take you down, make you comfortable, and give you something to eat and drink. When it is all over, I will protect you from the Margolis family."

"You can't protect me," said McCool. "I talk and I'm a dead man."

"You don't talk and you're a dead man. The difference – I will make you suffer. I'm sure Marjorie will hire some asshole to put a bullet in the back of your head. I'll bet you your life that you have, per her instructions, killed people. I have the strength of character to hurt you and ultimately watch you die."

Inner strength reared its ugly head, McCool screamed, "FUCK YOU BITCH!!!"

"I prefer the Elastrator to the Burdizzo. It is so nice to watch the man suffer as I pull his balls through the stretched rubber band. To a person, they all try to move their hips to stop their castration. It is futile especially when you are tied down as you are. To add insult to injury, I'll stop, let the Elastrator hang from your testicles, and masturbate you. And, while I'm jerking your pathetic cock, I'll be telling you to thank me for allowing you one last orgasm."

McCool watched as Apollonia placed a green band around the prongs of the Elastrator tool. He cried out when she closed the handles and the small green band stretched wide enough to allow his testicles to pass through one-at-a-time. His face grew red as he tried with all of his might to free himself from his predicament. When he saw the near naked woman move to take his balls in her hand, he cried out, "NOT MY BALLS!!! PLEASE!!! NOT MY BALLS!!!"

Ming decided to join the fun. She had removed her shirt, bra, and jeans. She wore a pair of lace boy short panties, lace top thigh highs, and a pair of leather four inch heels. When she approached McCool, his eyes flew open, but because of his stress and fear, he did not get an erection. This was not lost on Ming. She grabbed his cock, pulled it, and said, 'What's the matter asshole??? My physique not good enough for you???' She paused, made googly-eyes at him, and cooed, "Oh... This little cock has lost its ability to get hard. I know how I can help you."

"FUCK YOU – YOU SLANT EYED BITCH!!!" spat McCool.

Ming laughed, turned and picked up a seven inch glass tube. Each end had a small ball thicker than the width of the shaft. He held it up for McCool to see. She twirled it through her fingers like it was a cheerleader's baton. A smile broke out on her face when she asked, "Do you know what I am going to do with this glass tube?"

McCool had no idea what the tube could be used for. His public sex life revolved around straight heterosexual intercourse. If he was asked what a '*sound*' was, he wouldn't know the answer. He stared at Ming's hand as his body remained frozen due to fear and stress.

"Usually, a good sadist will use lidocaine and KY jelly when using this toy." She saw the look of amazement on McCool's face. "Yes Marshall, it is a sex toy. This toy is inserted into a man's urethra and if the sadist knows what he or she is doing, the recipient of the tube will ultimately ejaculate like he's never ejaculated before. Would you like that Marshall?"

"YOU FUCKIN' BITCHES ARE SICK!!! WHEN I GET OUT OF THESE STRAPS, I AM GOING TO FUCK YOU BEFORE I KILL YOU!!!" cried McCool.

Apollonia grabbed McCool's balls squeezed and spat, "Is that what you do to the boys and girls you fuck in the Appalachians? Are they your reward for being a good criminal for Marjorie?"

Tears of pain rolled from McCool's eyes. His lips flapped against his teeth. His body tensed even more than it was before Apollonia grabbed his testicles. He was seeing stars. The color of the room was turning red. Everything he was seeing was red. He blinked his eyes multiple times to try and clear them. He began to cry like a little boy when he began to beg, "Please!!! Not my balls!!! Please!!! I'll tell you everything. Please!!!"

"You lied to me before," spat Apollonia. She renewed the pressure on McCool's balls. She could see he was beginning to lose consciousness. This was not good. It was imperative that he suffered for hours not minutes before he lost consciousness. Apollonia released her hold. On the table was a medical bag. She opened it, pulled out a bottle of smelling salts, uncapped it, and put it under McCool's nose. He breathed in and became wide awake.

"I see you've joined us," said Ming as she continued to play with the glass sound.

Again, McCool stared frightened as the dink picked up his cock and began to use the ball end to play with the hole he peed and ejaculated through. "What the fuck dink??? What the hell are you doing?"

She looked at Apollonia and said, "He called me a dink. That fat hairy piece-of-shit had the balls to call me a dink. I think I should have the honor of removing his balls."

"It is too early to give him the pleasure of seeing his balls in a jar," replied Apollonia. "I'd rather bend him over and have a Rottweiler fuck his ass for a few hours. Be nice to coat his anus with female hormones so the male Rotty will fuck all day. We could sit, have a picnic, and watch his asshole be totally abused."

"YEAH!!!" cried Ming. "And when the Rotty is done, we'll watch gallons of doggie cum pour out of the bitch's cunt. Yeah, let's brutalize him with a big hot Rottweiler knot."

"No-o-o!!!" cried McCool. "No-o-o!!! Not a dog!!!"

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," groaned Apollonia, "we offer you a good time and you refuse us. You had a choice of castration tools and now we offer you a glorious butt fucking by a Rottweiler. What is it you want Marshall? Would you like a nice seven year old boy to fuck?"

His eyes bulged, his mouth formed a snarl, and he finally spit out, "I AM NOT A PEDO!!"

"Is Marjorie a pedo? Is her husband a pedo? Are their friends and associates pedophiles?" asked Apollonia. "Come on Marshall, tell us. Once you get it off of your chest the rest will be easy. I told you we'll feed you and let you relax. Just talk to us."

Frustrated at not getting any answers, Marshall broke just a bit and asked, "Why are you doing this to me?"

It was only an hour and Apollonia was tired of McCool's bullshit. She looked at Nathan and mouthed, "Excuse me." He understood the words but not their meaning. He found out very quickly. Apollonia went to Ming, wrapped her arms around her shoulders, pulled her tight to her body, and began to kiss her passionately. As they kissed, Apollonia guided Ming to the platform, so she had something to lean against as they made out. Apollonia broke the kiss and whispered, "Maybe a lesbian show will titillate him enough to break his will."

Ming smiled as she replied, "Ok, but what about Nathan?"

The idea of having just a make out session in front of Nathan broke Apollonia's desire to play with Ming for a while. "We could send him upstairs. I mean, that fat guy is hog-tied to the frame. I have this burning desire to suck your pussy, Ming."

"You are a sick bitch, Apollonia Moretti," replied Ming. "We need to break him. Our sex lives can wait."

"God, I hate your practical side," said Apollonia. She turned to see Nathan smiling from ear-to-ear. "We're stopping because we have more important things to get done."

"I couldn't have said it better," stated Nathan. "Mind if I talk to him?"

"No. Go ahead," replied Apollonia. By giving him the opportunity, she could spend more time with her arm around Ming's waist. At least they'd be close.

"Would you like a glass of water?" asked Nathan.

"I'm not thirsty nigger," spat McCool.

Nathan tilted his head to the side, sucked his bottom lip into his mouth, released it, and asked, "Did a black boy beat you up as a kid? Or, does a nigger fuck you up your fat ass every day at two in the afternoon?"

McCool wiggled in another vain attempt to free himself from his bonds. After three minutes of futile movement he spat, "FUCK YOU NIGGER!!!"

He moved over to Apollonia and whispered, "Miss Moretti, I need your permission to ask some questions and make some statements that would seem we are at loggerheads. I want to stage a fake argument with you to try and win over his trust. If he doesn't trust one of us, we'll never get any information from him."

"I know the game," said Apollonia. "It goes beyond good cop / bad cop scenarios. Do you think it will work?"

"I don't know, but it is worth a try," replied Nathan.

"Wait," said Ming. "I'm a dink. Excuse me Nathan; you're the nigger. He hasn't spat any derogatory words at Apollonia. Maybe we should see if he would open up to her, especially because she is of Italian heritage."

The three nodded in unison. To assure Nathan that it was all a show, Ming started the fight. 'You fuckin' wop whore!!! You'll fuck anyone anyplace. You bring me here to satisfy your carnal desires while you fuck over a man. Really bitch!!!' Then Ming turned to Nathan and spat, "What you lookin' at nigger???"

The look in her eyes told him everything. It pained her to call him a nigger, but she did it to begin the breakdown of their phony cabal. The asshole hanging from the X-frame had to accept their division. He responded with, "At least I have real balls between my legs dyke. You only wish you had my equipment. Fuckin' slant-eyed cunt!!!!"

Ming reared back and slammed Nathan in his stomach. She pulled the punch, but the amount of force was enough for Nathan to feign he was punched in the solar plexus. He forced the air out of his lungs, clutched his stomach, and bent over as suffering intolerable pain. Apollonia took control of the scenario but pushing Ming across the room and making Nathan fall to the floor face down. It was then and only then she approached McCool.

"Fuckin' assholes," said Apollonia. "They think the sun rises and sets on them. Both of them think they can work you until you break." Seeing McCool's eyes open in wonderment and pleading, Apollonia did not think about how disgusting the fat pig was when she gently grabbed his cock and began to stroke it. It grew to its maximum size. "I could get into fuckin' you," she cooed. "Interested in a piece of hot Italian ass?"

"You know I work for an Italian family," stated McCool with a feigned authority. It was feigned because inside he was scared shitless at losing his balls.

While gently stroking his average at best manhood, Apollonia said, "I'm one-hundred percent Italian. Sicilian. Would you like me to release you?"

"I'm not Italian," said McCool. "I respect the people I work for. They have given me opportunities to grow in the organization."

"Are you a made man?" asked Apollonia as she rubbed the pad of her thumb over the mushroom head of McCool's ugly cock.

He stared at her as he tried to keep from moaning with pleasure. As he watched her play with his cock, he finally answered, "No. I am not a made man. Only pure Italians can be made."

"I know," said Apollonia as she released her hold on his cock, moved the Elastrator, and wrapped her left hand around his scrotum. "If you're not made with your employer, are you made with Marjorie Margolis?"

She felt then tension return. McCool's muscles twitched as he tried to exorcise his fear of spilling what he knew. He looked down and knew she was going to squeeze his balls. "Please... I'm beggin' you to leave my balls alone. I do not know a Marjorie Margolis. I swear!!! " He sighed when she released his balls. His eyes followed her to the back of the room. He frowned when she opened a door, entered what appeared to be a walk-in closet, and returned with something in her hand.

"I am trying to help you Marshall," cooed Apollonia. "My pussy is dripping for the feel of your cock slipping in and out of my Italian cunt. I know you don't want to fuck that slant-eyed bitch. As far as the nigger goes, I know you'd rather have him where you are. But, I'm the only one that can save you. So, why don't you just tell me what you do for Marjorie? I know you'll feel better sitting down, drinking something strong, and eating a meal. I know you have to be starving." She moved closer, took hold of his flaccid cock, and resumed, "Maybe you'd prefer to suck my sweet naked Italian cunt? What say you big boy?"

"Let me down and I'll show you what it feels like to be fucked by a real man," spat McCool. He tried to move his hips but the strategically placed straps kept his hip movement nonexistent.

His cock grew in her hand. His eyes could not hide the feeling of sexual stimulation he was feeling. His tongue licked his lips to no avail. He had almost no saliva to moisten them. Apollonia turned her head to Ming and

mouthed, "I don't think this asshole is going to talk." She turned back to McCool, held up a black thing, and asked, "Do you know what this is?"

Fear took over his face and body. He answered, "N-n-no-o-o."

"I am going to ask you one more time," said Apollonia. "What do you do for Marjorie Margolis?"

"I don't know any Marjorie Margolis," responded McCool.

Apollonia laughed as she released his cock before she held up the black object. "This my dear asshole, is a remote controlled prostate stimulator. I am going to insert it up your fat hairy ass. When I set the dial and press the proper button, you will dance from the stimulation. Your cock will probably get hard for a moment, then shrink back to its miniscule size. A feeling will take over your body. The feeling will not be pleasurable. You will want to piss, but it will not happen. You will want to shit out the prostate stimulator, but it will not happen. You will want to ejaculate, but it will not happen. I will stimulate your prostate for hours. You will become so frustrated you will beg me for release. If you don't start talking now, the insertion of this anal device will be the beginning of your end."

"Come on now," somewhat begged McCool, "we're the same. I'm half Italian. My mother is Italian. So, can't you give me a bit of a break? I don't even know you, much less have I done anything to hurt you. Cut me a break. One Italian to another." He raised his eyebrows and moaned, "Please..."

The smile on her face scared McCool as he watched her lick her lips before asking him, "Lube or no lube, tough guy?"

"What the fuck!!!" cried McCool.

"Interesting response," cackled Apollonia. "No lube it is."

She went to the table, picked up a pair of blue latex gloves, and pulled the pair onto her hands. She obnoxiously picked up a tube of KY jelly, made like she was thinking about using it, and dropped it back on the table forgoing its use to ease the prostate massager into McCool's fat hairy ass. Ming and Nathan could not help but smiling at how Apollonia proved that McCool was nothing but a low-life sycophant of small-time Italian Mafia family. She went behind the X-frame and battered her eyes as she watched McCool try to turn his head to see her.

Silence except for McCool's heavy breathing. Then an ear-splitting scream pierced the silence. It reverberated off of the brick and wood walls. It lasted for several minutes before Apollonia returned to face McCool.

"I am guessing you did not like the insertion of the massager into your fat hairy ass," said Apollonia. Then she held up the remote control. "Know what this is fat boy?"

"Please!!!" cried Marshall. "Please!!! I'm Italian. Don't do this to me!!! I'm beggin' you!!!"

"Will you talk to me?" asked Apollonia.

"About?" responded McCool.

"Marjorie Margolis."

"I do not know a Marjorie Margolis."

"Wrong fuckin' answer grease-ball," spat Apollonia. She turned a dial on the remote control and flipped the ON/OFF switch on the device. It took a millisecond for McCool to start writhing on the X-frame.

"FUCK!!!" cried McCool. "FUCK!!! FUCK!!! FUCK!!!"

"Great expression of your desires," said Apollonia. "That little toy is going to fuck your fat hairy ass for hours. You are going to suffer to the point where your body will release multiple times the seminal fluid stored in your prostate gland. The great part of the release – it will not be pleasurable. The pain will increase exponentially as your body tries to recover from each forced ejaculation. Have fun fuck-nuts."

"N-O-O-O!!!" cried McCool as he felt his body reacting to the anal stimulation exactly as Apollonia stated it would. "N-O-O-O!!!"

Apollonia still holding the remote, turned from McCool, strode to Ming and Nathan and asked, "Would you both like to go upstairs and have something to munch. Coffee? Maybe a nice sliced turkey sandwich with lettuce, tomatoes, onions, and hot peppers? I am a bit hungry."

"I could use some food," said Ming.

"I'm in agreement," said Nathan.

"Giuseppe," commanded Apollonia, "leave him here and come with us."

Apollonia returned to the table and placed the remote control in direct view of McCool. She did not know if he'd be able to stare at it for long because his head was in constant motion as was his body.

Apollonia, Ming, and Nathan made their way upstairs to find the kitchen empty. Giuseppe was the last to leave the basement. He looked at Apollonia and asked, "Would you like me to call out for some food? I'm not really sure what we have in the refrigerator and pantry."

"Better yet," said Apollonia, "take your old incestuous ass down to the Italian deli and pick up some hero sandwiches. Your choice of a mix. Also pick up some sides." She raised her eyebrows and nodded her head as a sign to Giuseppe that it was fine for him to leave the townhouse.

"As you wish, Miss Moretti," replied Giuseppe.

"Where is Alessandro?" asked Nathan.

"If I know Pricilla he is in one of two rooms," replied Apollonia. "Let's try the closest one first."

The two followed Apollonia to the front parlor. Seated at the front window was Alessandro. On the table was a bottle of spring water, a bucket of ice, and a tall highball tumbler. He stood when Apollonia entered the room.

"Where is Pricilla?" asked Apollonia.

"I believe she is performing her duties as the young matron of the house," replied Alessandro.

Apollonia nodded her head, turned to Nathan, and asked, "Would you please find her and bring her here?"

She saw his back stiffen as he asked, "Why? If she is working, leave her be."

"She is mine to do with as I please, Nathan," replied Apollonia. "I know you want to protect her, but how are you going to protect her when you are not here? And, why this fatherly protection of her?"

"Because she needs a father figure," replied Nathan. "Someone she trusts. Someone she can confide in."

"But, she wanted to fuck your brains out, Nathan," said Apollonia.

"Not going to happen," stated Nathan emphatically. "We have discussed the ramifications of anything like that occurring between us. She understands that I am not a pedophile. I am not interested in having a sexual relationship a sixteen year old girl. She is a quick learner, Miss Moretti. What I want for her is to live a long, prosperous, and safe life. Even if it is serving you as the matron of this house."

"Whew," said Apollonia. "You do have a brass set of big black balls there Mr. Childress."

"You have to understand Miss Moretti, I will protect her with the same force of my soul that I protect you. I will unconditionally protect her even if it means giving up my life for her," said Nathan. "Just like I will do for you."

Apollonia plopped down on the couch situated against the wall near the center of the room. It was in front of the couch a few days ago she murdered Sienna. Pricilla witnessed the whole scene. "Please go find her and bring her to me,"

Nathan nodded and left the parlor to search for Pricilla.

"What are you up to Alessandro?" asked Apollonia.

"Nothing much," he responded. "Just sitting in the front window watching New Yorkers go about their business. Asked for a newspaper, read it, and brought it back to the kitchen. Was thinking about exploring the building, but thought better of it. So here I remain."

"I will not deter you from exploring the townhouse," said Apollonia. "It is an original Federal Townhouse. Some of the rooms, fuck, all of the rooms are kept in their original decorative style. They are lovingly cared for by my family."

"I'd rather do it with you," said Alessandro.

"I know, but," said Apollonia, "that is not going to happen. You can ask until you're blue-in-the-face."

Frustrated and very much in love with a very intelligent and strange person, Alessandro played her game and asked, "What may I ask of you and what may I ask to do?"

Apollonia sat up, patted the seat next to her, and said, "You can sit next to me. You can let me take your cock out of your pants and play with it. When Pricilla walks into the room, I want her to see what a real man's cock looks like. That is what I want you to do."

"You are one sick bitch," said Alessandro. He turned, stepped back to the front of the parlor, and resumed sitting at the small antique window table.

Before she could say anything, Nathan and Pricilla entered the parlor. Nathan's cell phone rang, he looked at the screen, and said, "I need to answer this." He stepped out of the parlor and closed the door behind him. Pricilla stood and waited.

"Come here girl," said Apollonia.

"Yes Mistress." Pricilla stepped to the couch, but did not sit.

Ming decided to sit next to Apollonia. Unconsciously she took Apollonia's right hand into her left. They sat together on the couch holding hands. An ulterior motive could be inferred, but only time would tell.

"I understand that you have a protector in Nathan," said Apollonia. "All because..."

Pricilla decided enough was enough, "Because we have come to love one another, but not in a sexual way. He gives me a strong father figure to adore. I know you do not approve because he is black. But, I am not a Sicilian. My ethnic culture and family were not raped and murdered by black Tunisians centuries ago. I bear no grudges against black men or the African culture as a whole. I will suffer your verbal and physical humiliation, but it will not diminish my platonic love for Nathan."

Apollonia looked at Ming and felt her squeeze her hand. Apollonia knew why she sat beside her. Just by what the teenage said to her, Apollonia knew Ming would keep her calm especially if the words expressed by the youngster tore at her. Moretti pulled her hand from Ming, stood, and opened her arms, "Come to me."

Pricilla did as she was asked.

Apollonia wrapped her arms around the girl who in turn wrapped her arms around her Mistress. Not caring that Alessandro was sitting and watching them, Apollonia kissed Pricilla on her forehead, her left cheek, and then her right cheek. To be sure only Pricilla heard her, she whispered directly into her right ear, "I own you and don't you ever fucking forget it. I have and will give you life. This home is yours for the rest of your natural life. Marco will be gone no later than tomorrow morning. I do not want you to live alone and die a bitter old lady. I will find a suitable man for you. Someone who will be beholden to me and the Moretti family. I will decide if you have children. I will decide every aspect of your life. Do you understand me?"

"What about Nathan?" whispered Pricilla afraid to hear her Mistress' answer.

"Nathan works for me," whispered Apollonia. "You are my indentured servant. I saved your useless ass from a life of crime. I will accept your desire and need for a father figure. I accept that Nathan can and will provide it for you. But, my dear Pricilla, your total fuckin' world is controlled by me. The cunt between your legs belongs to me. When you shit, your shit belongs to me. Nothing you do in this life is born of your own free will. You have sunk to the bottom of the barrel again. I will give you the opportunity to rise to the top, but you have to accept that I own you – body, heart, and soul."

"I will serve you, Mistress," said Pricilla, "even if it means marrying someone of your choosing but, please, give me the one thing other than you that will make my life complete. Please Mistress; allow me to platonically love Nathan."

Apollonia pulled her head back, looked into the teenager's eyes, and saw both love and loathing, fear and respect. She placed her mouth next to Pricilla's ear, "Tonight you take his cock and balls. I want you to show them to him. He needs to know that you and only you ended his useless life. Whether I sleep here tonight or return in the morning, I want to see them in a jar outside his cell door. Then and only then will I allow you to love someone else but me."

The fear in Pricilla's body wanted to open her urinary sphincter so she could piss it away. What she heard was an opportunity to have Nathan in her life. Not in a primary position as she desired, but in a secondary position to the woman that gave her a future. "I do love you Mistress. I will always love you Mistress. Thank you for allowing me to have a friendship with Nathan. I know he will look after me as he looks after you."

Apollonia stepped back from the embrace. She saw Nathan standing just inside the door. "Nathan, take Pricilla out of the parlor. Let her return to work. Giuseppe should be here shortly with our snack."

An hour and forty minutes after they left the basement, they returned. When Giuseppe opened the door the sounds of a pained Marshall McCool assaulted their ears. Where he got the energy none of them could surmise, but once they all passed through the door and as Giuseppe closed it, McCool screamed, "I GIVE UP!!! PLEASE TAKE THIS FUCKIN' THING OUT OF MY ASS!!! I WILL TELL YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW!!! PLEASE!!!"

Apollonia ignored his pleas as she stood to the side of the X-frame and pointed to the floor, "Come here and look!!! See what a useless asshole produces for mating purposes. His fuckin' semen wouldn't fill a thimble much less a tenth of it." She stepped next to the table, picked up the remote, and held it up for McCool to see.

"YES!!! YES!!! YES!!!" he cried. "PLEASE TURN IT OFF!!! OH MY FUCKIN' GOD!!! TURN IT OFF!!!"

Apollonia broke out laughing as she watched McCool try to thrust as his prostate gland forced another unwanted and obviously painful orgasm to course throughout his body. It lasted but a minute. His cock pulsed but nothing dripped out. To be somewhat nice to the asshole, she reduced the pulsations of the prostate massager. She watched for a minute before she asked, "Are you willing to talk to me about Marjorie Margolis?"

Absolutely relieved that the pulsations produced by the insidious object she had inserted into his ass was reduced, McCool responded, "FUCK YOU BITCH!!!"

Apollonia turned the dial to its maximum setting, held it up for McCool to see, and simply let the anal prostate massager do its thing inside his rectum. Ignoring what was occurring on the X-frame, Apollonia went to Ming and Nathan and asked, "Any ideas?"

"He is a tough bastard," said Nathan. "I'm leaning towards having to inflict major pain on his ass."

Ming did not respond verbally. She just shrugged her shoulders and nodded her head.

The three stood for several minutes as they thought and listened to McCool cry as his asshole was plundered by the prostate massager. A lightbulb seemed to go on in Apollonia's brain. She wagged her head a bit before she spoke, "I have an idea, but it will take a bit to accomplish and that is if it works at all."

"What?" asked Ming. Nathan remained silent.

"I'm going to take the prostate massager out of his ass. I am going to let him rest long enough to know he can get an erection again."

"That may take a few hours," countered Ming.

"You have someplace to go?" retorted Apollonia. When Ming shook her head no, Apollonia said, "I am going to shove a cattle prod up his ass. Then I am going to take the battery powered circular saw that was bought for me today and nicely explain to him that I intend to slice his cock off of his body one thin slice at a time. If that doesn't fuckin' work, then I will begin to use the full amount of pain inducing devices I have at my disposal."

"You know you want him alive and talking," said Nathan.

"I do, but what do you think will break him?" asked Apollonia.

"We don't know if he has a family," said Nathan. "If we ascertain that he does, we bring them here. That means we will have more than him to contend with, but threatening to kill them may just be enough to break him."

"And, if he has no family?" asked Ming.

"Then I suspect we'll have to go to the whorehouse and bring his favorite whores here," said Nathan.

"Is that smart?" asked Ming.

"May be better than bringing his family here," replied Nathan. "For the right amount of money, a whore will do anything short of murder."

The three remained silent for a minute or two. Again, the only sounds they heard were McCool's moans of sexual pain. Giuseppe remained against the wall knowing he would be called when needed. Although he never asked, he wondered what this McCool character knew about someone named Marjorie Margolis.

"Can you get into the whorehouse?" asked Apollonia.

"I can't, but, I know someone who should be able to," responded Nathan to his boss' question.

"We should also check out if he has a family," said Ming.

"I'll call Jon," said Apollonia. "I'm not going to ask about your friend, Nathan. Please take care of it."

"What do we do with McCool?" asked Nathan. He got his answer a moment later.

Apollonia called to Giuseppe, "Get the chair."

She did not need to explain which one. Two minutes later, Giuseppe rolled in a large wooden chair that looked eerily like - *'old sparky'* - the oak chair that was used in Sing-Sing when New York had the death penalty. He placed it near the platform because there was an electrical outlet situated on the floor.

"Anything else, Miss Moretti?" asked Giuseppe.

"One more thing you old fuckin' incestuous bastard," said Apollonia. "Sixteen, no wait... Bring an eighteen incher and attach it where you know it goes."

Less than a forty seconds later, the three watched Giuseppe attach an eighteen inch by six inch dildo onto the seat of the chair. In total awe, Ming and Nathan watched Giuseppe attach a wire lead from the base of the dildo to a socket on the side of the chair. Giuseppe tested the connections. The surprise for Ming and Nathan was how forcibly the dildo vibrated when a current was applied to it. When he was done, Giuseppe stepped away and said, "Finished Miss."

Apollonia pulled the prostate massager from McCool's ass as it was still vibrating. Although he felt relief when it was removed, the physical act of removing it as it was operating was extremely painful. With Nathan's and Giuseppe's help, they lowered the X-frame on to its back. Apollonia produced a small caliber hand gun and put it in McCool's mouth. She said, "You try anything silly and I will blow the back of your head off."

McCool eyes grew wide like sunny-side eggs as he nodded his assent.

Nathan and Giuseppe released the straps securing McCool the X-frame. When McCool was standing, Nathan took him by the nape of his neck, picked him up, and guided him to the chair. Upon seeing where he knew he was going to be placed, McCool started to fight Nathan's control.

"If you don't want to see your family ever again, fight me McCool," growled Nathan. "I suggest you let it happen. Fight me and I will snap your neck like a pretzel."

McCool stopped fighting and when he did, he said, "Not my family. You leave them out of this."

'Bingo!!! Confirmation!!! Marshall McCool has a family. Now all we need to do if find them,' thought Apollonia.

He regained some strength and began to renew his effort to not be placed onto the seat of the large oak chair. He also pled his case, "Please!!! Not that!!!"

Nathan took a different approach. He rotated his hand around McCool's neck. His fingers were now situated on top of his carotid arteries. He squeezed just enough to stop eighty percent of the blood flow to his brain. It took a two minutes before McCool began to lose consciousness and his ability to keep himself upright. Timing would be everything. Nathan maneuvered McCool so his back was in front of the chair. When he was set, he removed his hand from McCool's neck and placed each hand under his armpits. Giuseppe helped guide the ugly fat man from the side. Nathan did not even consider lubrication. It would take one shot to get the eighteen inch dildo inserted into McCool's anus.

He looked at Giuseppe and said, "Ready?"

Giuseppe nodded in the affirmative.

Nathan lifted. Giuseppe guided. And, with both men working together, they placed McCool's asshole over the top of the dildo and lowered him into place. Nathan held him down as Giuseppe strapped his arms, legs, and chest onto the chair.

When McCool regained his conscious state, he felt the size of the object in his lower bowel, and screamed at the top of his lungs for five minutes. When he calmed down to a point where he could speak, he shouted, "I AM GOING TO KILL YOU ALL!!! YOUR LIVES ARE OVER!!! YOU ARE DEAD PEOPLE!!!"

To no one in particular, Apollonia said, "I would love to turn the juice on full force and watch him cook from the inside out. That would make a nice video for his family to see. Marshall McCool being cooked because he is an asshole.

Giuseppe quietly asked Apollonia, "Where do you want me to set the electrical charge to ma'am?"

"WH-WH-WHAT ELECTRICAL CHARGE???" cried McCool.

"The electric charge that will pulse at a set interval while we are tending to other business Marshall," said Apollonia in a sweet loving voice.

"NO!!! NO!!! NO!!!" shouted McCool. "I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANT!!! PLEASE!!!"

Continuing to rub salt into his psychological wounds, Apollonia said, "Afraid to have your wife see you strapped to an oak chair with an eighteen inch electrified dildo shoved up your ass? Better yet, maybe you're afraid to show her how much you like being impaled like a faggot."

"Not my family!!!" begged McCool. "I'll give you what you want, but you have to promise to protect me."

"From whom?" asked Nathan.

McCool laughed and then said, "Yeah, like I'm going to tell you anything."

Apollonia twisted the dial to its maximum setting and flipped the On/Off switch to ON.

McCool's body tried to rise off of the seat. His entire musculature went into spasm and locked his body into place. His eyes were bugged out of their sockets. Luck had it that he did not bite off his tongue when his jaw slammed shut. It closed so hard he had to have broken several teeth. It took a shorter time than she expected, but an odor of burning flesh started to permeate the room.

"Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe knowing McCool could not hear him, "you leave it at that setting any longer and he will die."

Apollonia heard Giuseppe and flipped the switch to OFF. They all watched as McCool's musculature relaxed and urine began to drip from his penis. His head rolled forward until his chin was against his chest.

It took seven minutes for McCool to regain consciousness. He did not have the strength to move his body or to even try to open and close his the fingers on his hands. When he had the strength to raise his head, he looked around the room, and finally saw his tormentors. His eyes were bloodshot as all of the capillaries in his eyes burst from the surging electrical charge that coursed through his body. McCool felt a fullness in his rectum, but did not completely realize he was sitting on an eighteen inch electrified dildo. He took a labored deep breath and spoke in a whisper, "Please, no more. I cannot take anymore. Please..." Then his head fell to his chest.

Nathan reached for McCool's neck to check for a pulse. He pulled his hand back as if he had just touched a person with leprosy and said, "He's alive."

"Giuseppe, stay here with him," ordered Apollonia. "We're going upstairs for an hour or so. We'll be back down then. Do not talk to him if he comes to."

"Yes Miss Moretti," replied Giuseppe.

Seventeen minutes after Miss Moretti departed the dungeon, Marshall McCool regained consciousness. He tried valiantly to free himself from the chair and hopefully remove his body from the object he was forced to be sitting on. Naturally, he failed at his multiple attempts. McCool sat for a while and then began to look around the room. He saw Giuseppe standing against the wall and called to him, "Hey, old man!!! Hey, come here!!!" Giuseppe did not move he pleaded, "Come on man, please!!!"

Against his better judgment, Giuseppe walked over to the man they called McCool. He kept the remote control for the dildo he was sitting on behind his back. When he was in front of the man he just stood there.

"Shit man," cried McCool. "Please help me. I'm in so much pain. Please. I'll do anything for you. Just let me go. Please."

Giuseppe stood quietly listening to the man beg.

McCool became frustrated and tried to free himself again. Another losing battle. He decided to try another tack with the old man, "Hey!!! Who are they??? I don't know any of them. Especially the nigger!!!"

A smile came onto Giuseppe's face. He moved the remote from behind him to the front. He showed it to the man and pressed the ON switch. He watched McCool jump but not like he had done when Apollonia rotated the dial to maximum. He turned the remote off after a few seconds.

"Fuck!!!" cried McCool.

"He is not a nigger," said Giuseppe. "He is more of a man than you are."

"Ok!!! Ok!!!" cried McCool. "Just tell me who they are, please!!!"

"The Italian lady is your worst fuckin' nightmare," said Giuseppe. "If you want me to give you some counsel, then I suggest you empty your guts to her. Tell her what she wants to know. Because if you don't. I guarantee you will remained strapped in that chair with the dildo up your fat ass as she slowly tortures your family. Knowing her, she will start with your youngest."

McCool's face dropped. He sat frozen with fear. Inside he felt bolts of stress course through every part of his body. He could not believe what he had just heard. "I don't believe you. She cannot get away with murdering my family or anyone for that matter."

Giuseppe laughed and said, "She murdered my sister a few days ago. I know she murdered an elderly priest that would not admit to raping children. She murdered her mother for allowing her father to have sex with her older sister starting when she was only five. That woman is hell on earth and she is coming for you."

"You're not serious," begged McCool.

Giuseppe moved his head up and down as he said, "I'm as serious as you having an eighteen inch dildo shoved up your ass. I'm as serious as this remote that will activate the electrical component and cause you pain or a very painful death. If the dildo is left on full force you will cook from the inside out. To torture you, all she needs to do is keep the current at a tolerable charge and you will suffer excruciating pain until you succumb because your internal organs will have slowly boiled to a point where they will not be able to function. Believe me. I've seen it done."

McCool closed his eyes and simply said, "Shit." Tears began to roll down his cheeks. He could not stop the tears before he opened his eyes asked in a plaintive voice, "What do I need to do to stop this insanity?"

"I've already told you," said Giuseppe. "You have to tell her everything. Even if you think it has no bearing on what she wants to learn, you tell her. If you continue to play stupid, you will lose your life. What you should know is that your wife and children will have no idea how and why you died and where you are buried. That is if you are buried."

"She has that much power?" asked McCool.

A simple, "yes," was Giuseppe's answer.

Ten minutes passed before McCool spoke again. It was a simple question that was actually a plea, "Would you tell her I want to talk to her alone. You can be here, but not the others."

Giuseppe thought about the guys request and decided that the worst that can happen to him is his death at Apollonia's hands. If it turns out ok, then maybe he'll gain some lost trust. "Ok," was Giuseppe's answer.

Giuseppe knew that individual in the oak chair would not be able to free himself. He carried the remote control with him as he exited the basement. Pricilla was standing at the stove cooking. She turned, looked at him with surprise, and simply pointed to the parlor. Giuseppe nodded and departed the kitchen.

As he opened the door to the parlor, he saw the look on Apollonia's face and immediately feared for his life. He stopped short and said for all to hear, "The man downstairs want to talk you alone."

Apollonia rose from her seat, counted to ten, and walked over to her elderly incestuous cousin, "I told you not to talk to him. What the fuck Giuseppe?"

"I am not going to apologize, because I believe I have opened the doors to his spilling his guts to you," said Giuseppe. "He wants to talk too just you. He will allow me to be in the room, but he wants a private conversation with you."

Thinking over the possibilities, Apollonia asked, "What did you say to him?"

"To make a long story short, I explained to him that the Italian lady was his worst nightmare. When he doubted me, I gave him some pertinent examples. I finished with how you would torture his family in front of him starting with his youngest," said Giuseppe."

"And, that broke him open?"

"I think being strapped into an oak chair with an electrified dildo up his ass being forced to watch the torture of his family was the straw that broke his back."

Apollonia turned to the room and announced, "I will be back."

As Giuseppe and Apollonia walked to the basement, she thought that it was serendipitous that Giuseppe accomplished what he did while not knowing that she knew the names of his wife and five children. She also knew their street address. Things may just come to a head without having to call her cousin Geno to dispose of seven bodies.

Giuseppe unlocked the door, pushed it open, and stood aside to let Apollonia enter before he did.

Apollonia looked on the table for the remote and before she could say anything, Giuseppe placed it in her hand. She smiled, nodded, and watched Giuseppe move to the far wall of the dungeon. She noticed McCool looking towards Giuseppe and spat, "Look at me, McCool. He cannot help you now."

Marshall McCool turned his head and said, "Thank you coming down alone to speak with me."

"I'm here. Talk."

"There is only one person that has the power that the man standing against the wall says you have. I've heard of you, but never believed you existed. Am I correct in assuming that you are that person?"

"At this point in time, I am going to neither confirm nor deny your assumption."

"I will take that as a yes. What I want in return is a guarantee that my family will be safe and taken care of. As for me, once I spill the beans, I am a dead man."

"Just let me prove my abilities to you. You live at 1231 Bayside Drive in Lido Beach. Your house is the last house on the road. It has multiple views of Reynolds Channel. Your wife's name is Theresa. Her maiden name is Pisano. You married your high school sweetheart. In fact, she is eight months older than you. Your children's names and ages are – Valentina – 11, Vincent – 10, Aurora – 9, Roberto – 7, and Angela – 7 months. I must admit for a man with a shrimp dick you have knocked up your wife enough times to produce a large family. How am I doing?"

"You bitch!!! Where did you get... Fuck, you are... Fuck, fuck, fuck... My boss spoke of you..."

"Which boss?"

McCool closed his eyes as he began to shake in fear. He opened them and said, "I do not have my guarantees."

"The only guarantee you have right now is that I will not cook your ass as long as you are truthful with me."

"Bullshit!!!"

Apollonia turned the dial to one and flipped the switch.

McCool jumped in the chair. He did not flail about because the current was just enough to cause him pain that was slowly increasing. He tried to survive the torture but failed miserably, "ENOUGH!!!"

Just to prove she was in control she left the switch on a moment longer. She watched McCool try to be tough. *'Fuck him,'* she thought. Apollonia wound the dial to MAX and let it stay there for just long enough to make her point. She pressed the switch to OFF and waited for McCool to regain his surroundings. When she saw him come to she said, "Apologize to me for being an asshole."

"I'm sorry for being an asshole."

"Now, let's get back to my reality. You have no guarantees. You have the knowledge that I know where you live and that your wife Theresa is home with your children as we speak."

"You know she is home with the children?"

"Yes. I have two cars and a van across the street from your house. You make one asinine statement and I will gather them up and bring them here. I will not wait. I will strip them naked. Strap them to the wall. I will take the youngest – Angela – and I will do things to her that will make you scream and beg me to stop. You think you're tough, you won't survive five seconds of seeing your sweet seven month old Angela tortured because you're being the consummate asshole."

For the third time, Marshall McCool pissed all over himself. He was dumbfounded and scared shitless. No one believed that this woman was real. Yet, here he sat, impaled on an electrified dildo, living the reality of her insanity. McCool sat.

"I can wait you out," said Apollonia. "If you are not going to talk, which you wanted to do when I came down, then I am going back upstairs. You will sit here wondering if I am gathering up your family so I can use them a fodder to get you to spill your guts. I want you to know, not a single tough guy survives five seconds of watching his youngest child suffer for his stupidity. Make a choice Marshall."

"You wouldn't. You couldn't. A baby?!?"

"Behind you is a closet. It is filled with sex toys and implements of torture. Angela is seven months old. I will strap her to a table that leaves her vagina and anus exposed. Then I will show you a cattle prod. The kind they use to move cattle around a pen and down the chute to their ultimate demise. It is a very portable powerful ranch tool. Your eyes will be forced open by the device used by ophthalmologists to perform surgery. You will not be able to close them. I will take the operating end of the cattle prod and place it on, not in, her genitals. I will pull the trigger. She will scream so loud it will possibly break your eardrums. If that does not do the trick and you still think you're a tough guy, I will push the operating end up her sweet virgin ass. I will not pull the trigger immediately. I will wait until she is calm. I will soothe her pain and when she is all giggles, I will begin several hours of induced pain and suffering centered in and around her asshole."

"Hey man," McCool screamed as he looked from Apollonia to Giuseppe and back, "is she telling me the truth?"

Apollonia nodded to Giuseppe as he moved from the wall to the oak chair. He stood next to Apollonia and answered McCool, "She is not lying. I have witnessed her torture a mother and two teenaged children because the mother had information necessary for the family to complete a foreign deal. She broke before they died. Today, they're spread around plying the trade of white prostitutes in poor black third world countries. They'll probably die of AIDS. Would you like some more?"

What Giuseppe did not see was Apollonia going over to the platform and retrieving the fully charged portable circular saw. When she returned to his side, she pulled out the battery powered circular saw that was modified to remove all of the safety parts. The blade was fully exposed. To be sure he had said enough, he eyed Apollonia who nodded and pointed to the wall with her free hand.

"Marshall, look at me!!!" When he did, Apollonia held up the handheld portable circular saw. "This little toy will slice off parts of your cock like it was an Italian salami being prepared in an Italian deli. To add insult to injury, I will make your family watch me emasculate you. Since I do not want you to die, I will do everything necessary to stem your bleeding. Once I know you are safe from bleeding out, I will begin with sweet Angela."

To make her point, she flipped the slide switch and the blade began to spin and whirr. As it ran, she moved it ever so carefully between McCool's legs. She chuckled inside when she saw his eyes fly open and his body try to move from the spinning blade of the handheld saw. She pulled it back and while it was still operating said, "Give me a reason to cut you open from your neck to your cock. I need you to understand that I am going to get the information you hold in that criminal brain of yours one way or another. It is your choice."

"Please stop!!! At least assure me that you will protect my family. The people I work for are very powerful and very corrupt. Please!!!"

Apollonia turned off the handheld saw, put it down between McCool's legs, and said, "That is a start. But, I know the people you work for are not as powerful as me. People is a plural. Person is singular. Persons implies two or maybe three, but people connotes a large amount. I have two persons of extreme interest. First, we deal with them. Then we'll deal with all the others."

Shaking with unbridled stress and fear, McCool said, "I work for one couple. They are part of the, fuck, how should I say it, fuck, they are part of the executive council. I only know the others by face. I do not know their names. I swear!!!"

"Do you work for Marjorie Margolis?"

McCool took a deep breath and said, "Yes."

"Her husband?"

"Kinda. He's a bit of a wimp. She says '*jump*', he says '*how high*'."

Apollonia snapped her fingers and Giuseppe arrived with a chair. She spun it around so the back was now the front. She leaned forward, placed her arms on the top of the back, and asked, "Have you killed for her?"

A short breath, held, and then released. "You'll protect me?"

"No guarantees Marshall."

"Yes. I have performed wet work for her."

"What do you know about Kara Gold?"

"I..." he faltered.

"Do not stop now Marshall. You stop now and I will make the call in front of you. I will not listen to your pleas. What do you know about Kara Gold?"

"She writes computer programs for her. She also..."

Apollonia knew. "Kara Gold helps secure underage children for her. Doesn't she?"

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!!! You know?"

"We have sources. What we need is confirmation. I need to know your involvement."

His face changed, when he asked "With everything?"

"Yes Marshall, with everything. Including Dr. Yurlov's involvement with the DNA kits and their modification."

Shaking his head from side-to-side, he said, "I don't know if I can do that."

Apollonia took a flyer, "Listen fat boy, if you've been fuckin' little boys and girls, you have to admit it to me. I find out after the fact and I don't know how I will react."

"Ok. Ok. I wasn't before I met her. I guess I am now. I am a pedophile. I am not proud of it, but to prove myself to that bitch I had to perform. It is part of what she holds over my head."

"Ever witness the emasculation of a boy or man?"

Again fear rose as he answered, "No. I haven't."

"Are you comfortable?"

"If sitting with an eighteen inch dildo up your ass is comfortable, then yeah, I comfortable. Why do you ask?"

"How much do you want to get off that oak chair?"

"What do I have to do?"

"Keep on telling me everything you know and I will make you a bit more comfortable. As you spill your guts to me, you will secure your family's safety. One lie and everything goes back to where it is now and you'll have the knowledge that I am bringing your family here."

"Not my family. They're innocent of my wrongdoings. The double life I lead is taking its toll on me."

"What goes on at the whorehouse you go to every afternoon?"

"Shit!!! That is where the nigger..."

Apollonia's right fist made contact with McCool's jaw. His head flew back and snapped forward. His eyes rolled to the back of his head as he lost consciousness. "Fuck me!!!" said Apollonia. "The fat ass has a glass jaw. Watch him Giuseppe. Call me when he comes to."

Not waiting for an answer, Apollonia went upstairs.

Three hours later, McCool woke up from a knockout punch induced sleep. He was still seated on the oak chair with the dildo up his fat hairy ass. When he looked to his right, he damn near died of a heart attack. Strapped to the wall was his family minus his seven month old. His wife and children were naked as the day they were born. All of them had black blindfolds over their eyes, ear plugs in their ears, and their mouths were stuffed with red gag balls. The way they were strapped to the wall, it was plainly obvious their genitals were open and available. McCool moved his

head from side-to-side looking for his baby. He stopped for a moment and listened. He grew angry when he could not hear or see her.

"YOU FUCKIN' BITCH!!!" cried McCool. "YOU FUCKIN' PROMISED ME!!! WHERE ARE YOU BITCH???"

Nothing. No one answered him. His family did not hear him. McCool moved on the oak chair and realized for the millionth time he could not free himself from his predicament. The only thing left for him to do was plead, beg, and cry like a baby.

Unbeknownst to the low level criminal, Giuseppe was standing just outside the door to the dungeon. He heard and saw everything that McCool was doing and saying. He was told by Apollonia to wait a few minutes after McCool awoke to come upstairs to get her. He performed per her instructions.

Apollonia still wearing just her micro mini denim shorts and running shoes entered the dungeon. Ming still in her lingerie entered after her lover. Nathan followed behind still dressed as if he was prepared to leave the townhouse to protect Miss Moretti. Giuseppe, per Apollonia's instructions, pushed a baby carriage into the room and left it by the door. He closed the door and moved to his spot which was directly next to McCool's wife.

"FUCK YOU BITCH!!!" screamed McCool when he saw the unnamed woman enter dungeon followed by the others. "FUCK YOU CUNT!!! FUCK YOU!!! FUCK YOU!!! FUCK YOU!!!"

Apollonia picked up the handheld circular saw, turned it on, and just showed it to McCool. She smiled, licked her lips, and said, "Which son do you want me to emasculate first?"

McCool gained control of his anger, fear, and stupidity. He stared at Apollonia wishing he could wrap his hands around her neck and squeeze. He did not break his eye contact when he said, "Where is my Angela?"

"Oh, she is just fine," replied Apollonia. "She is such a sweet girl. Too bad she'll end up looking like your wife or you. Two fat slobs that have nothing better to do with their lives than fuck and make ugly babies that turn into fat ugly adults." The small handheld saw whirred as she moved it closer to his body only to suddenly pull it away. She flipped the switch to turn the device off and said, "I have but one question for you fat boy. What do you do every day at the whorehouse?"

"Give me my guarantee," spat McCool.

"You want a guarantee," growled Apollonia, "I'll give you a guarantee, fat boy."

Ming, Nathan, and Giuseppe had no idea of what Apollonia was going to do. As if they were totally in synch with one another, they held their breath. There were preparations made, but they did not know if Apollonia would actually do the unthinkable to an infant. They watched Apollonia go to the baby carriage. They saw her signal and all of them relaxed as she pushed the carriage behind McCool.

"Hello sweet Angela," cooed Apollonia. "How's my little darling? Are you still hungry?"

McCool tried to move his head to see Apollonia. Naturally, he could not move it one-hundred eighty degrees so his face was over his back instead of his rotund belly. All he could do was beg and plead, "Please don't hurt her. PLEASE!!!"

"I won't hurt her," said Apollonia. "All you have to do is answer my question."

"What fuckin' question?" growled McCool.

Apollonia pressed the play button on the small recording device that lay on the blanket in the carriage. She pressed Angela's head to her chest and covered the baby's ears. The piercing cry of a baby was heard. After thirty seconds, Apollonia turned off the recorder. She stroked the baby's back and said, "Fuckin' asshole. The pain your

daughter just suffered was all because of you. The next time will be longer and she will cry louder and harder. You are making her suffer."

"No-o-o!!! Please!!! No-o-o!!!" cried McCool.

Apollonia put Angela down and stepped in front of McCool. She had the cattle prod in her hand and when he saw it she pressed the activation button. Electric sparks jumped between the metal prods. "Next time I press this to her genitals, I will keep it there for a minimum of sixty seconds. The first scream you heard from Angela was in response to just a little love tap."

"W-w-what d-d-do y-y-you w-w-want?" stuttered McCool. The seat of the oak chair was wet with his piss.

"I want everything, Marshall," said Apollonia. "You started to talk and then called Nathan a nigger. I should let him call some of his friends and invite them to come over here to fuck your wife and your children. They won't be able to fuck Angela because she'll be dead. Electrocuted by a cattle prod. So, Marshall, what do you do every day when you go to the whorehouse?"

"Promise me you won't hurt my family," begged McCool. "Please miss whatever your name is."

The working end of the cattle prod sparked. McCool jumped causing the dildo to slam into his rectum. The look on his face made Apollonia chuckle with delight. She moved behind McCool but nowhere near the baby carriage. To make a point, she tapped his right shoulder with the device that was used to move cattle. It ended up next to his right ear. She pressed the activation button. The sound of the electricity passing between the poles made him jump. Which forced the dildo back into the deepest part of his rectum.

"What do you do every day at the whorehouse?" asked Apollonia.

"NO-O-O!!!" cried McCool. "They'll fuckin' kill me!!! Please!!! Just tell me you'll protect me and mean it!!!"

"I guess you'd rather have me place your dead baby on your lap," said Apollonia. "When you look at her, you will know that you're stupidity caused her death. That sweet innocent baby girl died because of your stupidity." Apollonia placed the two metal prongs of the cattle prod against McCool's neck just below the hair line. She tapped the activation button. The amount of charge that coursed through his body was minimal, but it was enough to cause him to jump and squeeze his asshole tight around the dildo. The pain caused him to throw his head back as his chest was forced forward.

McCool finally stopped thrashing about. He sat for a few minutes and said, "I go there every day to evaluate the next batch of..." He stopped, closed his eyes, and began to pray. Then he sat still. Sweat rolled down his face and body. His breathing was labored. He cried out, "NO MORE!!! KILL ME!!!"

Apollonia went off the deep end. She went to the carriage, picked up McCool's daughter, and returned to a spot in front of the low life criminal. She waited until he opened his eyes. When he did, his body became rigid, his breathing labored, and his skin started turning the color of death. She did not want to hurt the child, but if she had to she would. With nothing to stop her, she placed her hand between the baby's legs and just left it there. To make it easier for McCool to witness his daughter's abuse, Apollonia sat Angela on her left forearm, leaned the child against her naked breasts, and made a point to let McCool see where her right hand was positioned.

"I know you believe I am a sociopath. I am also psychotic. But, more importantly, I am a genius. I know what I am doing. I know that I do not want to do it. The only way you are going to stop me is to tell me the truth about Marjorie Margolis and her cabal of pedophiles. I also know she is a murderer."

"Release my family," said McCool. "Let them leave this hellhole. Once I know they are safe, I will tell you everything."

"Don't fuckin' lie to me Marshall."

"Please she is only seven months old," begged McCool. "I will give you what you want. Everything. Just let my family go."

"No," said Apollonia. "What I am willing to do is the following. I will remove the blindfolds, the ear plugs, and the gags. I will leave them tied to the wall. You will explain to them why they are here. Then you will begin to tell me everything from the beginning. The first time you do not comply, I will snap Angela's neck like a thin pretzel. Once your wife and children calm down, I will take the next youngest, Roberto, and I will use him as a pin cushion. What you saw of Marco's genitals will be nothing to what I will do to Roberto. He will suffer. He will cry. He will beg for mercy. Your wife will scream and yell at you to comply. She will suffer mightily knowing you allowed your daughter to die. Your choice fat boy."

Marshall McCool let his head fall against his chest and prayed to himself that this insanity would end. He felt the stress causing his muscles to twitch which did not bode well for his asshole and rectum. His cock jumped and a small amount of seminal fluid dripped from the tip. It was not something he wanted to happen. When he looked up he saw the gigantic black man removing the blindfolds, ear plugs, and red ball gags from the members of his family. He could not hear what he said to them, but the look on their faces was enough for McCool to assume they were threatened.

"Theresa McCool," said Apollonia, "can you hear me?"

The frightened woman did not answer.

Apollonia suspected correctly that she was worried about her baby. "I have Angela with me," said Apollonia. "I will continue to hold her until I do not hear what I need to hear from Marshall. That will be the last time he lies to me before something bad happens to her. Can you hear me?"

In a voice that could hardly be heard, she responded, "Y-Y-Yes."

Apollonia left Marshall and went to where his wife was bound to the wall. She held Angela against her body, but this time the child's face was leaning against her shoulder. Her right hand gently rubbed the infant's back as she said, "You have but one choice Theresa. You have to convince me that you know nothing about your husband's criminal activities. You have to convince me not to harm you and your children."

Frightened, Theresa asked, "W-W-What are you t-t-talking about? M-M-Marshall works for a sanitation company."

"Your husband has two jobs," answered Apollonia. "The second one is helping a very sick lady trade children for sexual favors and slavery. All of your children are the right age, except they're probably all too fat for this cunt. Although I'd bet you Angela's life that she has customers that just love to fuck chunky fat boys and girls."

Where it came from Apollonia could not fathom when she heard Theresa scream, "DO NOT USE SUCH LANGUAGE IN FRONT OF MY CHILDREN!!!"

Apollonia laughed, went to her daughter Valentina, and slapped her across the face. The eleven year old burst out into tears. Then she pissed all over the floor. Theresa knew what had happened because she knew the sound of urine hitting the floor. Again standing in front of Theresa, Apollonia said, "Do you want to free yourself? Or, do you want to watch your children die one-by-one because your fat slob of a husband will not tell me what I need to know."

"Ok!!! Ok!!! Ok!!!" cried Theresa. "I know he thinks I do not have a clue about his other activities. They're not a job. Marshall works for the Nassau County D.A. He had to or he would be doing a twelve year bid in the Clinton Correctional Facility in Dannemora, New York. What I know could fill a thimble, but at this time, I don't give a fuck what you do to him. I need to protect my children."

"Tell me what you know," said Apollonia.

"I know that he has committed murder for the bitch," said Theresa in a calm powerful voice. "She told me on several occasions that if I weren't a two-ton Tessie, she would consider letting me in on the deal. The woman is a consummate bitch." Theresa paused and then yelled, "YOU FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!!! IF I WITNESS ONE MORE ATTACK ON ANY ONE OF MY CHILDREN, I WILL KILL YOU MYSELF!!! I KNOW WHAT YOU DO EVERY DAY WHEN YOU GO TO HELL'S KITCHEN!!! YOU THINK I'M THAT STUPID!!!"

Calmly, Apollonia asked, "So, what does he do?"

A few seconds passed before Theresa said, "He goes to a whorehouse. He doesn't go there for sex, although I know he has come home stinking of shitty perfume and sex. The bitch makes him go there to evaluate children..."

"NO-O-O!!!" scream McCool. "I'M A DEAD MAN!!!"

"You died the minute I was brought here," spat Theresa. "I know certain untouchable people go there too. What they ultimately do with the children, I do not know. I can only imagine."

"You know, there are whores there," said Apollonia. "And, your fat fuck of a husband does get laid there. But, I happen to think he takes a big black cock up his ass instead of him fucking a female whore." Apollonia calmed the baby, which had a good effect on Theresa before she asked, "Do you know or have any names?"

"I only know of Marjorie Margolis and Michael Margolis," said Theresa. "And, that is because I have on occasion met them. Otherwise, I only know what I told you."

Apollonia squinted her eyes and asked, "Have you ever had sex with someone other than your husband?"

"Please," begged Theresa, "not in front of my children."

Apollonia nodded to Ming to come take the baby from her. When Apollonia was free of Angela, she stepped in front of Theresa, used her left hand to grab a handful of her pubic hair, and simply pulled hard. Once Theresa stopped screaming and babbling like a newborn baby, Apollonia asked, "Who have you fucked?"

"No more, please," begged Theresa. "No more and I'll tell you."

Apollonia released her hold and waited.

"I fuck the son of our neighbor," said Theresa. "He is sixteen years old."

"So, you're a pedo," said Apollonia.

"The age of consent in New York State is sixteen," retorted Theresa. "I know it is still considered statutory rape, but he came on to me. He told me he loves big women. Having him inside me is one thousand times better than having that nothing dick of Marshall's in me."

"Tell me Theresa, is Angela Marshall's or your sixteen year old lover's?"

"I can't answer that, because I don't really know," responded Theresa. "There is a strong possibility that she is his. He fucks me every day after school."

"What about children?" asked Apollonia.

"We figure a way to get some time together," said Theresa. "Most of the time it is the wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am type of sex."

"YOU FUCKIN' WHORE!!!" cried Marshall. "I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING THING!!!"

Apollonia ignored Marshall and asked Theresa. "Have you had sex with your children?"

The change in Theresa's physical appearance told the story. She became tense. She began to sweat. She could not keep from releasing some urine from her body due to the fear of acknowledging an incestuous relationship with her children or worse. If Marshall found out her sixteen year old lover was fucking their eleven year old daughter, he would slit her throat in a heartbeat. "Oh God," she moaned. "I'm done."

Apollonia turned to Nathan and said, "Take her down."

"Where do you want her?" asked Nathan.

"Back of the room should suffice," said Apollonia.

Five minutes later, Theresa McCool sat on a smaller version of the oak chair her husband was seated on. The one major difference between them was she was not anally impaled on a large dildo. To be assured she would not do anything stupid, Apollonia had her strapped to the chair. Moving her head from side-to-side was the only comfortable movement she was allowed. Her long black hair hung around her face. Her huge tits hung like balloons from her chest and rested on the top of her fat abdomen. Her pubic bush was so thick even with her legs spread, one could not determine if she had a vagina underneath it. Apollonia shivered when her eyes rested on Theresa's form.

"Ok my piece-of-dog-shit," said Apollonia, "time to fess up to me. I have not decided what I am going to do to you, but if I sense you are lying, I will cause you more pain than you have ever endured. Be thankful you are not sitting the way your fat husband is. Now, did you say, *I'm done*?"

"What is Marshall sitting on?" asked Theresa.

"Really??? That is what you want to know?" retorted Apollonia. "Rather than tell you, I'll show you."

Apollonia went to the table next to where Marshall McCool sat, picked up the dildo's remote control, and returned to where Theresa McCool sat. She showed her the electronic device and said, "Watch your husband." Apollonia set the current to about twenty-five percent and pressed the switch to ON.

Theresa McCool heard her husband's screams. She wiggled and tried to release the holds that kept her bound to the chair. "WHAT THE FUCK!!!" she screamed.

Apollonia flicked the switch to OFF. Marshall stopped writhing in the larger oak chair. His head fell to his chest. Watching Theresa's reaction was more than informative for Apollonia. She moved behind the nearly obese woman, put her mouth close to her right ear, and said, "Your husband has an eighteen inch electrified dildo up his ass. What you saw was fifteen seconds of it running at twenty-five percent of the available current. At one-hundred percent, it would take about fifteen to eighteen minutes for your fat husband to cook from the inside out. Do I have your attention now?"

"W-W-What d-d-do you want?" stuttered Theresa.

"I WANT THE FUCKIN' TRUTH!!!" yelled Apollonia in the fat bitch's ear.

Like they were two peas in a pod, Theresa McCool said, "Do not hurt my children. They're innocent. Please!!!"

"I DON'T FUCKIN' BELIEVE YOU, BITCH!!!! YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU'RE LETTIN' ON!!!! TALK OR I WILL INSERT A TWENTY INCH ELECTRIFIED DILDO UP YOUR FAT ASS," yelled Apollonia.

The four McCool children started to scream and cry. The cacophony of their voices set Angela bawling. Ming looked over to Apollonia and by the look on her face she knew to let them bawl their heads off.

done.”

“When I get out of here,” growled Theresa McCool, “you are a dead bitch. I talk to my father and you’re

Pulling her head back, Apollonia thought for a moment, and said, “I have a better idea. Why don’t we call him? I have your cell phone.”

“Yeah, lets,” growled Theresa.

“Giuseppe,” commanded Apollonia, “get the fat whore’s cell phone.”

Two minutes later, Giuseppe returned with the cell phone. He looked at Apollonia and said, “You’ll need the pass code.”

“What is the pass code?” demanded Apollonia.

“FUCK YOU BITCH!!!” screamed Theresa. “FIGURE IT OUR YOURSELF!!!”

“Piece of cake,” said Apollonia. She pressed 1-9-6-9 and the phone opened. She turned the device to show Theresa she had gained entry. “I’m not going to ask you father’s name, because I bet you keep his number under ‘Daddy’.” Sure enough, under ‘D’ was his name, address, and home, work, and cellular numbers. “Let’s start with his cellular number.”

She looked at Theresa and saw a look of hatred and disdain on her face. “FUCK YOU!!!” was all Theresa said.

Apollonia dialed the cellular number. A male voice answered. Apollonia put the phone to Theresa’s ear.

“Theresa baby, why are you calling?”

“I’m in trouble daddy.”

“What are you talking about? What kind of trouble?”

“It started with Marshall. Now it includes me and the kids. We’re being held by this crazy bitch somewhere in the city.”

“Aren’t you home?”

“No daddy!!! I was abducted with the children and brought into the city. Where I do not know. Please, I need your help!!!”

“Put her on the phone, now!!!”

Theresa just said to the air in front of her, “He wants to talk to you.”

“Give me his name – first and last,” said Apollonia knowing she already knew his last name.

“Alberto Pisano,” said Theresa with a perceived relief in her voice.

“Alberto Pisano,” said Apollonia.

“WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU,” responded the voice at the other end of the connection. “DO YOU FUCKIN’ KNOW WHO I AM?”

Apollonia walked to the door, opened it, and stepped out before she spoke.

"You are a low life capo. You aren't even a Don. You're just some schmuck who thinks he has the power. The Pisano family isn't even considered a true Sicilian mafia family. I am going to give you just my last name. And, after I do, I will wait for your reaction. My last name is Moretti."

"Did you say M-M-Moretti?"

"I did."

"Are you related to Mario Moretti?"

"I am his daughter. Apollonia Moretti."

"J-J-Jesus f-f-fuckin' C-C-Christ. What do you want with my daughter?"

"Nothing if her fat husband gives me what I need. He continues to lie and I will kill all of your grandchildren starting with the baby. Your daughter and her husband will disappear never to be found. The same goes for your grandchildren. And, if I have to, I will come after you."

"W-W-What do you want me to do? Ask and I will do it."

"I want you to talk to your daughter. I need you to tell her than I am no one to fuck around with. If you hate the fat pig that married her, I can make her a widow. Fuck with me and you will never see them again."

"Let me talk to her. Please."

Apollonia walked to back into the dungeon and placed the cell phone next to Theresa's ear.

"Daddy?!?" said Theresa.

"Is she standing near you?" asked her father.

"Yes. She is holding the phone next to my ear and has her hand on my wrist. She can hear everything you are going to say to me."

"Listen to me darling. Do not fuck with this woman. She will kill your children in front of you. Then she will kill you. If Marshall does not give her what she needs, she will kill him too. She will wipe out your family like she is eradicating wasps from a hive."

"How can she get away with that?"

"Remember me telling you as you grew up there was one Italian family, a Sicilian family that no one fucks around with. The woman who has you and your children is from that family. Give her what she needs. Everything. Including your affair with the sixteen year old."

Theresa's breathing became labored. It took a moment before she regained an ability to talk. "You know about..."

"LISTEN YOU DUMB CUNT... You're my daughter. I love you. But, you are not very smart. You married an idiot and dear girl you married to your level. I know about Peter. I know he fucks you and I believe Angela is his not Marshall's. I know you have let him fuck your daughter. That I will not accept. If you resolve this issue, I will make you hate ever having him between your daughter's legs."

"What should I do daddy?"

"Tell her everything. If Marshall won't, then throw him to the wolves. Save your children before you save yourself. If you die, I will raise them as my own. Peter will never get near Valentina. If he does, I will fuckin' rip his cock and balls from between his legs. Do you hear me?"

"Yes daddy."

"Good-bye,"

Apollonia pulled the phone from her ear. "I know you heard everything," said Theresa. "I will give you everything I know. Including my involvement. Just let my children live. Please Miss Moretti."

"Daddy told you my name?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Theresa. "Growing up he spoke of a Sicilian family that no one ever went up against. I remember some of his stories. I never really believed him, but I do now. Please..."

Apollonia's right hand went to Theresa's neck. She wrapped her fingers around Theresa's fat neck and squeezed. She watched Theresa's eyes bulge out of her head as she began to fight for air. Five minutes went by before Apollonia released her hold. Theresa coughed and spit. For the second time, she pissed herself emptying her entire bladder.

Apollonia walked over to Valentina, smiled, and said, "Do not lie to me, because if you do, I will hurt you very badly. I do not want to hurt you Valentina."

The eleven year old did not speak. She just nodded her head.

"Did your mother ask you to have sex with Peter?"

The young girl shook her head. When Apollonia put her hand on shoulder she cried out, "NO-O-O!!!"

After Apollonia removed her hand, she said, "Be calm and answer my questions. You answer truthfully and I will not hurt you. Or hurt your mother or father."

Again, the eleven year old just nodded her head while her face was a portrait in fear.

"I am going to ask you a simple question," said Apollonia. "Did you want to have sex with Peter?"

Valentina's eyes sought out her mother and when she could not make eye contact with her she said, "No I did not. My mother forced me. She told me if I didn't do what she said, I would be punished."

"Good girl," said Apollonia, "you continue to answer me truthfully and I will take care of you. How does your mother or father punish you when you are a bad girl?"

"They use a cat-o-nine tail on my bottom," replied the girl as her fright and confidence began to grow.

"Your father ever force himself on you?" asked Apollonia.

"No. But, I know he has had..." she paused and began to tear up. "I-I-I..."

"Has your father forced the boys to have sex with him?" asked Apollonia as she touched the young girl's face trying to calm her down.

"Yes," she replied.

"And you know this, how?" asked Apollonia.

"I saw it happen on a few occasions," replied Valentina, "and they came to me to cry about it knowing I would try to help them."

"Do they know about you and Peter?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Valentina, "because I told them."

"Aurora?" was the simple question asked by Apollonia.

"My mother has tried to protect her," answered Valentina, "but, Peter has come over when she wasn't home. He had sex with her against her will. I believe he raped her."

Apollonia removed Valentina's binds, helped her to the floor, and held her close. They stood together for a good five minutes before she stepped back and whispered, "I am going ask you one question. Does your grandfather know about what has gone on in the house?"

A tear began to roll down Valentina's cheek as she said, "He is the one who started it all. He would jerk off on us. It got worse as we grew older. I hate him."

"Grandma?" asked Apollonia.

"She is in a nursing home," responded Valentina.

"Come with me," said Apollonia as she guided the girl to where her mother sat bound to a chair. "Do not be afraid of what you see. Your mother and father are in a lot of trouble. I promised you that I would take care of you and your brothers and sisters." The girl nodded her head. Apollonia said with a bit of finality, "Do not cry or scream when you see your mother and do not listen to her. She is going to beg you to deny everything."

Theresa McCool nee Pisano saw her daughter standing next to the woman who she knew to be someone you did not fuck around with. She moved in the chair and as she did her breasts began to sway like pendulums. Inside she wanted to strike out at this Moretti character, but knew if she did, her children would die in front of her eyes. She could care less about Marshall. She needed to save her children. While she was frustrated at not being able to free herself from her binds, the sight of her daughter made her begin to get wet.

"Your daughter told me you forced her to have sex with Peter. Is that true?" asked Apollonia.

Theresa's eyes flew open at the allegation that she forced her daughter to have sex with Peter. She, just like her fat husband, tried unsuccessfully to free herself. She stopped trying after a couple of minutes and said, "That is a lie. I did not force the little whore to have sex with Peter. Valentina came to me and demanded I let her have sex with him or she would tell her father that I was having sex with him."

'LIAR!!!' cried Valentina.

"Your daughter is no svelte sexy girl," said Apollonia. "She is going to end up looking like you. Her body is already beginning to plump up and she hasn't even started through puberty." Apollonia moved the girl to the side of the chair. She eyed Ming who without a word walked over and stood behind the eleven year old. Apollonia went to the table, found what she was looking for, and returned with a box of straight pins and needles.

Holding up an eight inch needle, Apollonia asked, "Do you know what this is? Do you know what I am going to do with it?"

"No," whined Theresa.

Apollonia turned to Ming and commanded, "Hold her tight." Ming pulled Valentina's arms behind her and locked hers around them so she could not move. Apollonia took the needle and placed the tip at the midpoint of the nipple of the young girl's right breast. She pressed just hard enough to get a cry of pain from the eleven year old.

Valentina's cry set off Marshall. He screamed, "LEAVE HER ALONE!!! YOU HARM ONE HAIR ON HER HEAD AND I WILL PERSONALLY RIP YOUR HEAD FROM YOUR SHOULDERS!!!"

Apollonia pressed the needle through the Valentina's right nipple. She knew Ming would hold her tight as she turned and went over to Marshall who was still screaming like a banshee. The remote control was in her hand in a split second. She turned to dial to five percent of the maximum charge. She flipped the switch to ON and walked back to Theresa. Marshall McCool began to cry, scream, and beg for relief from the electricity coursing through his body.

Valentina had calmed down after having her right nipple pierced. If she was a teenager or young adult that wanted a nipple piercing she would have encountered the same amount of pain. When she saw Apollonia returning to where she stood, she asked, "Why did you do that? I did nothing to you. I told you the truth. Why?"

"Release her Ming," said Apollonia. She took the girl so she could see her mother from the front. "Look at your mother, Valentina. Look at her and tell me that you have only love for the woman who forced you to have sex with her teenaged lover. Look at her and tell me that you want to get down between her fat legs and suck her hairy cunt. Tell me that after she just called you a whore that you still want her care for you. Well???"

While staring at her mother, Valentina asked, "What are you doing to my father? Why is he screaming?"

"Do you know what a dildo is?" asked Apollonia.

"Kinda," replied Valentina. "Isn't it some sort of sex toy?"

"Correct," replied Apollonia. "Your father has a very large one up his ass. In fact, he is sitting on it. When I went over to him, just before, I turned on the electric function that is part of the dildo. As your fat assed father sits there, his rectum is being jolted with electricity. To free himself from the pain, he moves which only causes the dildo to be forced deeper into his rectum and colon."

"Oh my God," cried Valentina. "Why are you doing this to him and my mother?"

"Your mother and father are very bad people," said Apollonia. "Your father is directly connected to a woman who uses her position to hurt people, especially boys and girls. Your mother is a pedophile. She likes to have sex with underage boys and probably girls too. I need information from them. They are not cooperating."

Astounded at what she heard, Valentina at the tender age of eleven asked, "Then why are you hurting me? I did not do anything."

"What I did to you is nothing compared to what I could have done," said Apollonia. "I used a piercing needle to make a hole in your nipple. If you want to have something hang from it, you would have had to have a needle piercing. You are standing here with the needle still in your nipple and you are not screaming in pain. So, I need your

parents to talk to me. Especially your father. If I have to hurt you, I will. I do not want to, but I know from experience that a father seeing his child hurt is the quickest way to open their eyes to their stupidity."

"I don't understand," said Valentina as she fell to the floor and began to cry uncontrollably.

Apollonia left the girl on the floor, looked hard at Theresa, and spat, "Last chance to see her alive. You hear your husband screaming in pain? I will do the same to you. I will insert a twenty-two inch electrified dildo up your fat ass so you can feel what he is feeling. Admit to me you are a pedophile. Admit to me that you knew your asshole father used to jerk off and ejaculate on your children. Admit to me that you are not fit to be a mother and I will put you out of your misery."

Theresa shivered and fought the trembling that was coursing throughout her fat body. "I am the product of my family. My father did to me what he did to my children. What do you want me to say? What do you want me to do? My beautiful Angela has already suffered at the hands of my father. I was forced to watch him do unimaginable things to her. Please, just fuckin' kill me."

"That is already in the cards," said Apollonia. She turned to face Giuseppe and commanded, "Call Uncle Gino. He is going to have some bodies to take care of."

"NO-O-O!!!" cried Theresa. 'I WANT TO LIVE!!! PLEASE!!!'

"Take the children and put them in a cell," commanded Apollonia. "Leave the baby here."

Ming picked up Valentina, gathered up the children after they were released, and guided them out of the dungeon and into a cell. Giuseppe locked it before he went upstairs to call Uncle Gino to advise him that Apollonia needed his services.

"Tell me everything Theresa," commanded Apollonia. "Spill your guts or I will cut Angela in half right before your eyes."

"I know what I told you," cried Theresa. "I know that Marshall works for Marjorie Margolis doing things to help her win cases and conspire to have children delivered to their country estate." She held her breath, released it, and pleaded, "Please... I know I am not a good person. I know what I have done to my children is disgusting and unconscionable. I grew up being abused by my father. I have told you everything I know about Marjorie Margolis. Please!!!"

Apollonia moved close to Theresa's right ear and said, "I am going to get what I need from your fat husband. Then I am going to move you so you are across from him. In front of him, I am going to insert the twenty-two inch dildo up your fat ass. Then I am going to set the current dials to fifty percent. After I turn them on, both of you can watch the other cook. I am going to bet your husband outlasts you."

"McCool!!!" shouted Apollonia as she moved her body to where Marshall was beginning to smell somewhat ripe. She turned off the dildo, went to face him, and said, "Look around fat boy. Your children are gone except for sweet little Angela. Your wife has spilled her guts to me. It is your turn now."

"FUCK YOU BITCH!!!" screamed McCool. 'YOU HURT MY CHILDREN AND I WILL KILL YOU.'

Apollonia snickered, licked her lips, and said, "You will never kill me. You are never going to get your hands on me. Your wife knows who I am. She is scared shitless as is your father-in-law. Who I found out is a pedophile just like you. So, that bullshit you told me about having to fuck a boy up his ass to prove yourself to Marjorie Margolis is a pack of fuckin' lies. What I want from you is your total cooperation. You will start from the beginning and tell me everything. The longer you wait to open up about your fuckin' piece-of-shit life, the harder it will be for me to not cause you pain."

"Yeah, like I'm scared of you," spat McCool.

Apollonia moved to the table, picked up the Elastrator, and before McCool could react, she released three green bands around the base of his cock and three around the base of his scrotum. She dropped the castration tool from her hand as he screamed in pain, and said, "You have exactly two hours before your cock and balls begin to die." She picked up the dildo remote, smacked him across the face with her right hand, and said, "I will begin the process of cooking you if you do not begin to ease the burden of being a piece-of-shit pedophile."

It was like McCool never thought about what he had become. His only thoughts were about losing his genitals. "Please!!! Not my cock!!! Not my balls!!! You bitch!!!"

"Giuseppe, Nathan," yelled Apollonia. "Bring his fat wife here. I want her in front of him. Giuseppe, then get the twenty-two inch and bring it here."

Nathan helped Giuseppe move Theresa to a spot in front of her husband where he could use another outlet to attach the insidious electrified dildo that he knew would be inserted, unwillingly, up the woman's ass. Giuseppe returned with the dildo and handed it to Apollonia. With the dildo held at shoulder height, she stood between the two and said, "Marshall, this dildo is going up your wife's fat ass. It is twenty-two inches in length and six-and-a-half inches in width. Therefore, she will have more of it up her ass than you do." Turning to Theresa she said, "Ready fat bitch?"

Nathan and Giuseppe removed Theresa's binds. Nathan picked her up without expending any energy. Giuseppe affixed the dildo to the seat, made the necessary connections, and nodded to Nathan that it was ready. Knowing Apollonia would want to cause the fat woman the maximum amount of pain, he did not ask about lubrication. Taking the fat woman by her underarms he lifted as Giuseppe guided her by her legs, the two men positioned the scared shitless woman over the dildo. After a just a moment, Nathan lowered Theresa onto the tip of the dildo and pushed her down hard enough for it to enter her body through her asshole.

The cry of pain could have awoken the dead. Theresa screamed, yelled, and begged for relief from the large object that now transected her asshole to be inside her body. Sweat poured from her face and body. If she could have pissed she would have. "PLEASE!!! TAKE IT OUT!!! IT HURT SO BAD!!! PLEASE!!! I TOLD YOU EVERYTHING!!!" cried Theresa.

Marshall could not believe what he just witnessed. The love of his life, being impaled on a fuckin' twenty-two inch dildo. He knew it had to hurt more than what he was presently sitting on. The love-of-his-life had a look of pain and terror on her face. What had she said or done to make the crazy bitch impale her on a humongous dildo? He had to wait until he could somehow communicate with her. He turned his head to see if he could see Angela. She was nowhere to be found. The pain in his balls and cock was so intolerable he wanted to just have them cut off. He groaned and pleaded, "Please!!! Not my cock!!! Not my balls!!! Please!!! It hurts so badly!!!"

"What do you want to do with the children?" asked Nathan.

"For now," replied Apollonia, "get their clothing. Have them dress. The ones that had cell phones do not get them back. See if they're hungry. If so, feed them."

"In the cell?" asked Nathan.

"Yes. They stay there until their parents decide their fate," replied Apollonia.

"Understood," said Nathan. He looked directly into Apollonia's eyes when he said, "This is taking a lot longer than we thought. I'm in no rush, but I wish there was something we could find or do to get this fat fuck to give up what he knows. Pain seems to be a nonstarter. I would hate to have to resort to something we both do not want to happen. His life and his wife's life are meaningless to me, but killing his children is a bit much."

"I agree," said Apollonia. "If they were older, teenagers, then I would have no issues with applying pain to them to get their father or mother to speak. I have done it multiple times before. I saw my father do it and get amazing results. The difference between us – he would have absolutely no problems with snapping an infant's neck or causing intolerable pain. I'm nowhere near crossing that line in the sand, but I will if I need to."

"I will tell Ming about the children," said Nathan. "Then I will return. I will help. I believe it would be best if just you and I are present when and if you decide to use the children to break them. I know Ming is a tough cookie, but I would keep her protected from any fallout. Giuseppe will do what you say and, well, he's old and I don't think it would be beyond the pale for him to protect you by committing suicide."

"I agree," said Apollonia.

Marshall and Theresa sat across from one another and just stared at each other. They both reacted when Apollonia approached, picked up the remote controls, and just stood between them saying absolutely nothing. She turned to Marshall and said, "Ready to talk to me?"

"FUCK YOU BITCH!!!" was his response.

Apollonia had no idea which remote controlled which dildo. She decided to rotate the dial that controls the current on the remote in her right hand to fifty percent. Then she flipped the switch.

Theresa screamed as she tried to lift her rotund body off of the dildo embedded in her rectum. It lasted for just thirty seconds before all of her muscles tightened and made it impossible for her to move. Her eyes bulged out of her head. Her jaw was locked. She could not scream if she tried.

"STOP!!!" cried Marshall. "ENOUGH!!! YOU'RE KILLING HER!!! STOP!!!"

Apollonia flipped the switch to OFF. She looked at McCool and said, "Didn't like what you just witnessed. Couldn't stand to see the fat pig that is your wife suffer." She moved close enough to slap him across the face before she continued, "What the fuck do you think the children think when you allow me to abuse them? You going to talk to me?"

Marshall wished he could rub his face. It still stung from the force of her slap. He sneered at her and spat, "If I wasn't tied to this chair, I'd kick the living shit out of you bitch!!!"

Theresa had recovered enough to hear what her husband had just spat out to his tormentor. She knew it was time to let him know who he was dealing with. "Marshall!!!" called Theresa. "Listen to me. You do not want to threaten her. I know who she is. Please, give her what she needs. Then this insanity will be over and we can go home."

"She isn't going to let me live," said Marshall. "If she does anything, she will kill me and let you go. So, I don't think I should give a rat's ass who she is."

"You're not Sicilian," countered Theresa. "You're only part Italian and a very small part at that. What you know you learned from my family."

Apollonia interjected, "Learned that you married into a pedophile family?"

Theresa's head turned enough to look at Apollonia and spit, "He was a pig before he married me." She turned her gaze back to her husband and spat, "LISTEN YOU IGNORAMUS – THAT WOMAN IS APOLLONIA MORETTI. SHE HAS MORE THAN THE WHEREWITHALL TO END YOUR LIFE. INSTEAD OF SUFFERING, TELL HER WHAT SHE NEEDS TO KNOW, AND THEN BE A MAN AND LET HER KILL YOU. BECAUSE, IF WE BOTH GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE, I AM GOING TO PUT YOUR HEAD IN A VICE AND SQUEEZE IT UNTIL YOUR HEAD EXPLODES. ANSWER ME MARSHALL!!!"

"How did you find out who she is?" asked Marshall.

"My father told me," replied Theresa. "She knows my family. She knows that we are not part of the 'five families'. That we're just low level criminal types. I told her everything I know."

"Including your father's predilections?" asked Marshall.

"Yes and Valentina confirmed it," said Theresa. "Give her what she needs Marshall."

"FUCK YOU THERSA!!!" growled Marshall.

It was simple for Apollonia to turn on the dildo, but she thought it would be best to make him suffer by watching his wife be abused. Out of the box, Apollonia pulled a barber's straight razor. She showed it to both of them. Then without warning she went behind Theresa, pulled her hair back, and sliced off her right ear flap.

"A-A-A-AHHHHH!!!" cried Theresa as blood flowed down her neck from the wound.

Marshall McCool had nothing to regurgitate as his body reacted by trying to empty his stomach. The cold action taken by his tormentor caught him by surprise. The whole time, except for the bands around his cock and balls, nothing cruel had happened to his wife and children. Now he sat watching his wife cry in abject pain after her right ear flap was sliced from her head as if it was a pat of butter. Marshall closed his eyes and shook his head to clear his brain to try and bring forth whatever information he had on an Apollonia Moretti. Nothing came to the fore. *'Moretti???' Moretti???' he thought.* He was brought out of his stupor when Apollonia used a paddle slapper on his balls. "O-O-OOWWW!!!" he screamed.

"Awake asshole?" asked Apollonia. When he finally calmed down and looked at her, she help up Theresa's right ear flap, and said, "Guess it is time to stop the bullshit Marshall."

He watched trying to move away from her as she place the severed ear flap on his naked thigh. "YOU FUCKIN" BITCH!!!" growled Marshall.

"Wrong thing to say to me fat boy," said Apollonia. She stepped behind the still crying Theresa and without a single second of hesitation, sliced off her left ear flap,

Marshall could not believe his eyes. He watched helplessly as his wife cried and screamed from the pain. He could not help himself as green bile came rushing out of his mouth. He watched as his tormentor put the left ear flap next to the right one. He looked up at this crazy bitch and tried to speak, but the taste in his mouth would not let him enunciate any words. His head fell to his chest as he began crying like a baby.

Theresa McCool lasted another three minutes before she fainted from the pain.

Apollonia found the bottle of smelling salts, placed it under Theresa's nose, and waited for a reaction. It did not take long as her head flew up and her eyes bulged from their sockets. Apollonia placed the tip of the straight razor into Theresa's left nostril, "One wrong move and I will slice open your left nostril. You continue to be an asshole, I will slice open the right nostril. Then I will peel your nose up and slice it off at the bridge. Your nose will not exist anymore."

Sputtering as snot ran out of her nose, Theresa asked, "What do you want from me?"

"Nothing but to be the object of my ire and anger," said Apollonia. "I am going to use you to make Marshall speak. If he continues to be stupid, I will bring Angela to you, put her on your lap, shove a cattle prod up her ass, and let you feel the electricity course though her body. She will die a very painful death and neither of you will be able to help her."

"Can't you see I am trying," pleaded Theresa. "Please!!! Not the children!!!"

"Give me something Theresa," said Apollonia. "Something that will make Marshall unburden his elementary school mind. Something only you know about him that even he may not know you know."

"He is going to go bat shit when you tell him what I know," said Theresa. "There is no guarantee that it will make him talk. It just may make him fight you harder."

"What is it?" asked Apollonia.

"There is no part of him that is Italian. He is actually a nigger," said Theresa. "For some unknown reason, he is not dark-skinned and his progeny all carry the gene to keep them from becoming dark-skinned. The other oddity is their facial structure and hair."

"How did you find out?" asked Apollonia.

"By accident," said Theresa fighting to keep the pain at bay so she could speak. "I found a shoe box hidden in the attic of our house. It was unmarked. Not labeled so my curiosity made me open it. Inside I found some letters and a bunch of photos. On the back of each photo was a date and names. They were his family. He was not born in New York as he claims. He was born in a small farming town in Mississippi. I can't remember the name. He has six brothers and sisters. He was the fourth born of the seven. I know he was ostracized by the townspeople because of his skin color and facial features. I believe if you use that correctly, he will break. In as much as he tries to hide his African roots, he is and has always been a mama's boy."

"Is the shoe box still in the attic?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Theresa.

"If I send someone to your house, will they be able to find it?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Theresa. "It is hidden under a foot locker. It is the only foot locker in the attic."

"You better hope and pray that what you told me is the key to opening his desire to stay alive," said Apollonia.

Apollonia moved from behind Theresa and placed the straight razor on the table next to the remote controls. She stepped away from the bound couple and said, "I am going to leave you to obese lovebirds for as long as it takes for someone to retrieve something from your house. Use the time to your best advantage. When I return it will be the last time each of you will have to tell me what I need to know."

Apollonia turned and left the dungeon.

Nathan was in the cell with Ming taking care of the children. Apollonia pulled him out, "Nathan, how fast can you get to Lido Beach? And how fast can you get back here?"

"Damn," said Nathan, "If I'm headed to McCool's house, then it will be at least two hours each way. Half an hour maximum in the house. Give or take some time for unintended accidents and such. We're looking at five hours."

"FUCK!!!" cried Apollonia. "Ok. I have a solution. Where is Giuseppe?"

"I believe he is still in the dungeon," said Nathan.

Apollonia turned, opened the door, and yelled, "Giuseppe!!!"

The old man came out of the dungeon. He saw the children in the cell dressed and sitting quietly. He could tell they were still scared shitless. "How may I help?" asked Giuseppe.

"For now, stay here with them," said Apollonia. "I am going upstairs to take care of some business. I should not be more than twenty minutes. When I return I will decide what I am going to do with them." She turned to Ming and Nathan and said, "Let's go upstairs."

The three entered the front parlor. Alessandro was still seated by the front window. He rose and went to the couch where the three of them decided to sit. Apollonia searched and found her cell phone. She opened her contact list, found the number and made a call. Fifteen minutes later, she said, "Nathan, you and Ming go to the midtown heliport at East 34th Street. A private luxury helicopter is being readied to fly you to Lido Beach. They are going to land the chopper in McCool's back yard. Enter the house and go directly into the attic where you should find a foot locker. It will be the only foot locker in the attic. Underneath it you will find a loose board or it may be sitting on a table. You should find an unmarked shoe box. Take the box and return with it. Please do not open it. I want it to be a surprise. Ok?"

"As you wish Miss Moretti," said Nathan. He turned to Ming, "Ready?"

"Just need to run downstairs and get my clothing," said Ming. "Shouldn't be but a minute."

Three minutes later, Ming returned dressed and ready to depart. She kissed Apollonia, turned to Nathan, and said, "How are we getting to the heliport?"

"Their car service should be outside waiting for you already," said Apollonia.

The incongruous couple departed without another word.

Apollonia tapped the seat next to her and said, "Alessandro, please, sit."

After he placed his ass on the couch, Alessandro asked, "Everything going ok?"

Looking into his eyes as her hand went to the inside of his thigh, she said, "As well as can be expected. The fat asshole is tougher than I thought he would be. But, his wife gave me the key to his life of lies. That is where Nathan and Ming are headed. To pick up proof of his most important and dangerous lie." Apollonia moved slightly placed her lips just next to Alessandro's ear, kissed his cheek, and whispered, "Want to fuck me?"

Alessandro tried to move, but Apollonia would not let him, so he said, "Who would ever say 'no' to fuckin' you?"

"Funny," cooed Apollonia. "We have some time. Pick a room. We'll head there, pull back the blankets and duvets, get undressed, and fuck for an hour. If they aren't back by then, we'll do it again. Ready?"

The smile on Alessandro's face was sincere, but inside he was questioning her motive, "What fucked up thing are you going to do? I mean I want to make love with you, but I know there is going to be catch."

"First, we are not making love," said Apollonia. "We are going to a room to fuck. Your cock inside my cunt. We'll kiss, but the intent is for you to pound me into submission. You ejaculate, go down on me, and come up and relax next to me. Our mating will be nothing more than unbridled heterosexual sex. If you want to make love to me, then I think you should rethink the foundation of our relationship. That being said, I need a hard cock up my twat. I am choosing yours. So?"

"If all you want to do is fuck," responded Alessandro, "why don't we just go over to the table by the front window, get naked, you sit on the table, and we'll fornicate for the passersby. I mean all you want is my cock, so why don't we make it something people wouldn't mind watching." He shrugged his shoulders, held up his hands palms up, and said, "No passion. No emotional connection. No desire for each other. Just a ten-an-a-half inch Italian cock

sliding into your fuck hole until it ejaculates. I think it would be hot to fuck by the window. You want me to do you like a porn star so, let's do it in public."

Just as she was about to slap Alessandro across the face, Pricilla entered the parlor. "Mistress," was all she said as she stood just inside the door.

"Come," said Apollonia as she waved her hand telling the girl to come to where she sat.

Pricilla knelt at her Mistress' feet, looked up at her and said, "I have to return Marco to his cell and I am afraid to bring him past the children."

"That is an easy one," said Apollonia. She stood, turned to face Alessandro, and said, "You have to make a decision. Either you accept that I am married and that I am very happy in my lesbian relationship or you leave. Otherwise, our relationship will come to an end. I have to go downstairs. If you are here when I come upstairs, then I will know that you have accepted the secondary role in our relationship. If you are gone, then I will know we are through." Apollonia turned away from Alessandro, put her arm around Pricilla's shoulders, and guided her back to the kitchen.

Marco stood head down in the center of the kitchen. He was wearing a classic French Maid's outfit. His face was made up not to enhance his femininity but to make him look like a fool. When he heard Apollonia and Pricilla return to the kitchen, without looking up he said, "Mistress Moretti. How nice to see you again. Is there anything I may do for you?"

"If I handed you a knife," said Apollonia, "and asked you to open up Pricilla from her cunt to her asshole, would you?" Apollonia felt Pricilla freeze as she stood next to her.

"I would not do that," replied Marco.

"Pricilla," said Apollonia, "if I handed you a knife and told you to emasculate Marco would you?"

"Yes Mistress. I would," replied Pricilla.

Apollonia went to the counter where two blocks of knives were situated. She found a twelve inch carving knife, pulled it from the block, and returned to where Pricilla stood. Handle first, she offered the knife to the teenager.

There was no hesitation on Pricilla's part. She took the knife, turned to Marco, and commanded, "Lift your skirt. Expose your useless genitals."

Marco could not believe his ears much less his eyes. The girl he loved unconditionally was demanding he expose his totally useless sexual organs so they could be removed from between his legs. He waited hoping the delay would give Mistress Moretti time to change her mind. He saw the look of Mistress Moretti's face begin to change and knew he did not have the power to make her think of what she was asking Pricilla to do to him. He just stared at the floor not moving.

"Put the knife away Pricilla," ordered Apollonia. To Marco she spat, "The next time you see Pricilla she will hurt you very badly. I know what you're thinking Marco. By this time tomorrow, you will be lying in your cell dead. I have ordered her to prove her fealty to me by removing your genitals and allowing you to bleed to death. I am spending the night so I will know if she has completed my command. You my dear child rapist are a dead man walking."

Marco Marinelli swayed where he stood. It wasn't because of the heels he was wearing. The lack of blood flow to his brain caused his muscles to tremor and lose their ability to support his frame. With just enough strength, he said, "Help me downstairs. If I am going to die at the hands of the girl I love, then let it happen now. Not later. Now." Marco fell to his hands and knees and crawled to the basement door.

Apollonia opened the door to allow Marco to descend the steps like a dog. Pricilla followed with the knife still in her hand. Apollonia followed Pricilla. She watched as they passed the cell where the children were ensconced and the quick reaction of Giuseppe to partially close the cell door. Apollonia stopped where Giuseppe stood and watched as Marco crawled into his cell and Pricilla followed.

"What is going on?" asked Giuseppe.

"Pricilla is going to emasculate Marco now," stated Apollonia with a matter-of-fact tone to her voice,

"I will assume that Uncle Gino will be needed," said the elderly man.

"Yes," replied Apollonia, "He will most definitely be needed for the two still remaining in the dungeon.

"What about the children?" asked Giuseppe.

"If the fat bitch doesn't survive, then I will have to make some phone calls to get them placed into good families. If their mother survives, they'll go home with her. Unless, I leave them here for my demonic pleasure," said Apollonia.

Marco Marinelli remained on his hands and knees once he entered the small cell he called home. He did not stand or get onto the cot with its thin mattress. He did not look up even if it meant he would see the brick of the wall next to where his cot was placed. Inside he wanted to plead and beg his case. His body wanted to relieve the pressure in his bladder, but pissing was never easy since Mistress Apollonia ruined his cock. With his eyes on the floor Marco asked, "Why?"

"You should know better than to ask me why," replied Pricilla. "My life is not perfect. But, I know that I will be taken care of by Mistress Apollonia. Marco, realize that you are the way you are because you raped a five year old."

"You did not answer me, Pricilla," said Marco. "I know what I did. I have suffered because of it. I thought I had paid for my transgressions. Please tell me what changed? I'm beggin' you!!!"

"What changed Marco is my relationship with Mistress," said Pricilla. "I have whispered in your ear against my better judgement that I still love you. But, I can't love you. You're not the man you were growing up to be. My Mistress wants me to love her and only her. My life depends upon it. If by some twist of fate we were to have stayed together as husband and wife, I would never be able to have children with you."

"I know..." moaned Marco.

Pricilla reached down, lifted she short black skirt of the French Maid's costume, pulled his panties aside, and took hold of Marco's package. She pulled it back stretching it from his body.

"Please!!!" begged Marco. "Slit my throat. Stab me in the heart. But, don't take what is left of my manhood from me. I would ask that you let me hold my useless penis as you take my life from me. Let me try to feel like a man before I die. Please Pricilla!!!"

"Let me think..." was all she said before she sliced in a single stroke Marco's cock and balls from between his legs. Pricilla turned, put the severed genitals on the floor, and regurgitated.

Marco's scream was an earsplitting sound that pierced the silence of the basement. He fell to the floor onto his left side. His hands went to his crotch. All he could feel was the warmth of his blood running from the center of his crotch. He did not say anything to Pricilla. He closed his eyes and waited for death to come to him.

When Pricilla recovered enough she moved the severed genitals to a spot by the door, left the cell, and started to walk back towards the kitchen. The knife was bloody as was her clothing and shoes. Her eyes saw the hallway in front of her, but her conscious mind was still in Marco's cell hearing him begging for his life. She felt something on her arm, looked to her right, and saw another female. Pricilla stopped but did not say a word.

"I heard him scream," said Apollonia. "I see the blood on the knife and you. Where are his cock and balls?"

The shiver that coursed throughout Pricilla's body was enough to bring her back to reality. "They are on the floor of his cell just inside the doorway. I am headed upstairs to get a jar," said Pricilla.

"Leave them," said Apollonia. "I really don't need them. The bloody knife and his scream is proof enough that you performed as I asked. Follow me."

Pricilla followed her Mistress to the fourth floor where they entered Pricilla's bedroom. Apollonia was still topless. She looked at Pricilla and said, "Undress."

The young girl removed all of her clothing. She stood with her head down and her hands covering her bare pussy. She was still overcome with stress from emasculating Marco. Pricilla wanted to beg Mistress to save Marco, but she knew if she did, it would be the last thing she verbalized before Mistress ripped her head from her shoulders.

"Pick up the knife and hand it to me," commanded Apollonia.

Overtly shaking, Pricilla did as she commanded. The handle of the knife was held and pointed to her Mistress. "Here," she said.

Apollonia took the knife, approached the frightened teenager, and pressed the point of the kitchen knife against her left cheek. The simple act of placing the knife on Pricilla's cheek resulted in a stream of urine cascading from between her legs. Shaking her head from side-to-side, Apollonia castigated the girl. "You fuckin' little bitch!!! You have no trust??? You're so afraid of me that you piss just because I test your meddle with the tip of the knife you emasculated Marco with." Apollonia removed the knife and tossed it next to Pricilla's clothing. "Get in the shower. Clean yourself up and clean up the mess you made in the room. When you come downstairs I want you wearing nothing but thigh high stockings and heels. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress," said Pricilla.

Apollonia did not say or do anything else as she left the bedroom.

The surprise Apollonia did not expect was to see Alessandro sitting on the couch waiting for her to return. She walked to the couch, sat, and said, "Have you finally made a decision?"

"About?" he responded.

"About, whether or not you're going to stay," said Apollonia. "No matter how you try, nothing is going to break my relationship with Ming and put asunder my marriage to Colin."

"I've come to that realization," said Alessandro. "All you want me for is my cock. So, why don't I go and have a plaster cast made of it. Then you can take it to your dildo maker and have a silicon version made for you. Just think you could fuck Ming with my cock. The sad part is she will never feel how hard I ejaculate."

"You still haven't answered my question," said Apollonia.

"I haven't made up my mind," said Alessandro. "I have thought about what it would be like having to hot women available to me. I mean, fucking you is my prime desire, but I sure as hell wouldn't throw Ming out of bed. My biggest problem is having to give myself to Colina. No matter how horny I get, I'm not really desirous of what she would do for me."

"I understand," said Apollonia. "But, you need to get your head out of your ass, because if you agree to become a Moretti stud, you will have husbands who will be forced by their wives into a life like Colina lives. It will become incumbent on you to break them and use them. They will express their thanks for making their wives pregnant by submitting to you sexually and verbally abusing them."

With a total look of amazement on his face, Alessandro asked, "All of them? Every single one?"

"No. There are men who know that they're just sterile. They accept that the only way to impregnate their wives is to have another man fornicate with them. They have no desire to be present in the room. They'll wait in the living room or family room until the sexual activity has been completed. When pregnancy occurs, their lives go back to normal."

"Well," Alessandro started and was stopped when Pricilla entered the parlor.

Per her Mistress' instructions, she wore a pair of black stripped lace-top thigh high stockings and a pair of black leather platform soled shoes. When she entered the parlor she stepped to the middle of the room, bowed her head, and waited. She knew better than to cover her naked vagina or acknowledge Alessandro's presence.

"Fuckin' hot," said Apollonia. "You are one very pretty young lady. Do you know that?"

"I do Mistress," replied Pricilla.

"I want you to go to one of the wingback chairs and sit with your legs open," said Apollonia.

Just as Pricilla sat, Alessandro said, "Why?"

Their eyes met and Apollonia said, "Because I can."

"That is the one thing I do not like about you," countered Alessandro. "You're beautiful beyond words. You're intelligence is phenomenal. Your artistry is beyond compare. But, your need to psychologically humiliate people is completely beyond the pale."

"Look at her Alessandro," said Apollonia. "You know you want her. I can see it in your pants. Your cock is straining to be free."

Before he could answer, Apollonia's hands went to his pants. Opened his belt and then the button that closed the waistband. She lowered the zipper and pulled his pants open. She took the waist band of his underwear, pulled it down, and freed his cock. Alessandro did not try to stop her. He looked at Apollonia and then to the sixteen year old, Pricilla, who was seated across from him exposing her privates. Apollonia began to masturbate Alessandro. She felt him begin to respond to her gently stroking his now fully engorged manhood.

"Pricilla," said Apollonia, "this is what I have had up my cunt. Would you like to have it break you?"

"If you wish my Mistress," replied Pricilla.

"What I want you to do is to sit next to him and simply give him a handjob," said Apollonia. "I want you to make him cum. Then I want you to scoop up his ejaculate and feed it to him."

"Yes Mistress," said Pricilla as she rose and stepped to the couch where they sat. She sat to Alessandro's right, placed her hand on the shaft of his cock, and began to masturbate him. She did not look at him nor did she talk to him. She just jerked his cock as she wondered how such a large cock would fit into her small vaginal opening. The smoothness of his shaft as she moved her right hand over it made her want to delay his ejaculation. The idea of having him at her mercy made her wet.

Apollonia leaned in to Alessandro and whispered, "You're not fighting. You like what you see. All you have to say is that you want to fuck her. She is yours. I am more than willing to give her to you. The only parts of her body that have been used is her mouth and her hands. Her cunt and ass are cherry. She'll never say no to you."

"Jesus Christ," said Alessandro. "You're a fuckin' sick bitch. She's... Jesus fuckin' Christ!!! I'm going to fuckin' cum!!!"

"Yes you are," whispered Apollonia. "You want to know why??? It is simple. You're being masturbated by a hot teenager. A girl that could be yours for the taking. You're not so fuckin' pure as you claim."

"FUCK!!!" cried Alessandro.

Pricilla could feel the cock in her hand begin to grow harder and thicken. She watched as the head grew a deeper color purple. She knew to keep her strokes at the same pace until Alessandro's body's reaction to the impending orgasm told her quicken her pace. Twenty more strokes and she saw the hole in the head open and seven strong ropes of cum forcibly shoot from the tip.

"OH MY FUCKIN' GOD!!!" screamed Alessandro as his hips moved in concert with his ejaculations.

"Yes," cooed Apollonia. Thankfully she had pulled his shirt up and his orgasm coated his abdomen and chest instead of his shirt.

Alessandro was, for want of a better word, speechless. His cock deflated just a wee bit as his breathing slowly returned to normal.

Pricilla did not stop playing with the huge cock. Her strokes continued but at a much more leisurely pace. It was impossible for her to use just her right hand so she shifted her position next to Alessandro and began to masturbate him with both hands. The sight of his cock renewing its steel-like hardness made her unconsciously lick her lips. She looked up for a split second and saw her Mistress smiling at her.

"Go ahead," said Apollonia. "It is ok."

The sixteen year old did not need to hear it a second time. She bent over and before she could take the head of Alessandro's cock into her mouth, he pushed her away. Pricilla fell back against the corner of the couch. Her legs were spread and it was plainly obvious that she was more than sexually aroused. The inner lips of her vagina were wet with vaginal fluid. Control was a lost cause as she placed the fingers of her right hand on her pussy and masturbated herself to an orgasm. When she returned to reality, she said, "Sorry Mistress. I could not help myself. I've never held a cock like that before in my life."

Apollonia thought about slapping Pricilla around the parlor for her total disregard of her place in the Moretti family, but the sight of her vagina coated in fluid made her pause. The sight was like a gift from God. All she wanted to do was to place her mouth over the slick vagina and suck the girl's sexual juices. Her mind went to Alessandro. There was a good amount of sperm coating his abdomen and chest. To make sure he knew she was not playing, Apollonia used the fingers on her right hand to scoop up a line of cum. She brought it to Alessandro's mouth and said, "Clean my fingers."

Fear and loathing came to Alessandro's face. Eating cum was not something he did on a regular basis. The only times he had eaten cum was the three times he did it to please Apollonia. Two of those times were when he was with Colina. The other was when he went down on her after ejaculating a two day load into her hot, sexy vagina. As her hand made its way to his mouth, he quickly said, "NO FUCKIN' WAY!!!"

Apollonia stopped moving her hand, smiled at him, and said, "Guess you need to leave. I offered you a beautiful young girl and you turned me down. You allowed her to masturbate you. Since she is not going to feed you your splooge, I am. You will eat it or you can stand, pull up your underwear and pants, and leave. This is no fuckin' game Alessandro. Your choice."

His ten-and-a-half inch cock grew to full length. The urethra pulsed and seminal fluid bubbled out of his slit. Alessandro accepted his fate. He wanted to fuck Pricilla. He wanted to fuck Ming. He more than anything wanted to spend as much time as he could with Apollonia. "Ok," said Alessandro as he closed his eyes and opened his mouth. He felt Apollonia's fingers slip inside his oral cavity. Pursing his lips, he wrapped them around her fingers and sucked his cooling cum off of them. Seven more scoops of his com were brought to his mouth. Seven more times he sucked Apollonia's fingers clean. Throughout the entire process, his cock was hard and dribbling.

"Nicely done, bitch," said Apollonia. "I want you to understand that I expect you to perform as I ask or command. I really do not want to have to remove your genitals. That would be such a waste."

"Whatever you want," said Alessandro. "Is there someplace I can clean up?"

"Pricilla," said Apollonia, "take him upstairs to a guest room and let him shower. Bring him back downstairs when he is done."

"Yes Mistress," said Pricilla. "May I get dressed?"

"No," retorted Apollonia. "From this day forward, you will dress as you are whenever I am here."

Pricilla swallowed and asked, "Even when there are strangers here?"

"But of course," said Apollonia. "I own you. I direct your life. You have to remember that I know you emasculated Marco which will, if it hasn't already happened, result in his death. You owe me your life because one phone call and you will be taken to Bedford Hills Maximum Security Prison for Women where you will live out your days as a convicted murderer." Apollonia paused, stared hard at the girl, and simply said, "There was absolutely no reason for you to ask me about your nakedness."

With her head bowed, Pricilla said, "I accept your dominance over me Mistress." She looked up, stood, held out her hand to Alessandro, and said, "Come with me."

Apollonia returned to the basement after her little interaction with Alessandro and Pricilla. She looked into the cell where the McCool children were and saw they were sitting quietly. Giuseppe was comfortable enough to stand against the wall opposite the open cell door. Valentina looked into Apollonia's eyes and for the first time saw how beautiful they were. She also shivered in fear and desire when the idea of having to perform sexually for the strong-willed woman. What passed as a gaze between the girl and Apollonia was not lost on the head of the Moretti family.

"To bad the oldest is showing signs of becoming like her parents," said Apollonia to Giuseppe. "I am going to ask you and I want a truthful answer. If you had an opportunity to fuck the oldest, would you?"

The stare was hard, but knowledgeable. "No," replied Giuseppe. "I am not into chubby or fat women."

"If I ordered you to rape her..." started Apollonia.

"I am not a rapist," interrupted Giuseppe, "I am not a pedophile. I am an old incestuous bastard that had the love of his life taken from him. They're just children. They have not done anything to hurt you. In fact, based upon what I heard, they are the victims of their parent's despicable sexual desires."

"I want you to take Valentina to Marco's cell," said Apollonia. "I want you to show her what happens to people who do not respect the Moretti family. Tell her that her brothers and sisters lives depends upon how truthful her mother and father are. She needs to hear it from someone who has lived a life of total despair because he chose to love his sister in contravention to societal norms."

Giuseppe was no dope. "Yes I did," said Giuseppe, "but I am not like you. I have not murdered in the name of the Moretti family. I have not cause pain to a child. I am not a sociopath or a psychopath. I know I was wrong to fall in love with my sister. I would have ceased if she did not return the love I gave her. I do what I do for you as a penance for breaking Moretti morals. But, I pray every night before I lay my head down to sleep that I God will forgive me for my sins. If you want her to see what you have done to Marco, take her there yourself."

"You've grown a set of balls, have you now," said Apollonia. "You know too much for me to simply end your life. There are things I need you for. Once Pricilla knows everything she needs to run this household without you, I will personally strap you to the X-frame and torture you for my evil, demonic, sadistic pleasure." Apollonia did not wait for an answer, she turned and called out, "Valentina, get your fat ass out here now!!!"

"Stay here and keep quiet," was her admonition to her siblings as she stood and departed the cell. She stopped by Apollonia and said, "Yes ma'am."

"Come with me," said Apollonia as she placed her left arm around the eleven year old's shoulders.

They walked together down the hallway to the cell where Marco was kept. Apollonia placed Valentina next to the door with her back against the wall. She opened the door and looked inside. Per Pricilla's description, Marco's genitals lay just inside the threshold and the emasculated faggot lay on his left side in a pool of blood, hands between his legs by the cot that served as his bed. Apollonia could tell Marco was dead.

"Close your eyes," said Apollonia. "Good girl. Keep them closed." She moved Valentina to the threshold of the cell. With her hands on her arms at her biceps, Apollonia said, "Open them."

The McCool daughter did as she was told. What she saw did not come into focus immediately. When it did she cried, "OH MY GOD!!!" Her legs grew weak as her body began to shake uncontrollably.

Apollonia supported the young girl. She held her until she began to calm down and regain her ability to stand. She allowed the girl to fall backwards against her body. "Look at him," said Apollonia. "That is Marco Marinelli. He was nineteen years old. He used to live in Texas. He is here because he raped a five year old girl that was related to me by blood. She is my half-sister. She lives with my sister now protected from people like him. Pricilla, his former girlfriend, gave up her life to move here. There were two reasons why she decided to come to New York. First, to get away from her abuse parents. Second, so she could give her life to me. She is an indentured servant. Her life depends upon how she performs her duties. The genitals on the floor just inside the door were removed by her. She did it because I commanded her to."

"I-I-I d-d-don't un-un-understand," whined Valentina.

"You and your siblings will end up like Marco if your parents do not tell me the truth," said Apollonia.

"Y-Y-You sa-sa-said t-t-that y-y-you wo-wo-would n-n-not hurt us," cried out Valentina.

"I lied to you," said Apollonia. She felt the child lose her ability to stand. Instead of trying to hold her up, Apollonia let her slide to the floor.

"We did not do anything wrong," cried Valentina. "My father is a pig. My mother did not have the strength to stop him. Please do not hurt us. If anything, hurt me and not my brothers and sisters. Please..."

"Giuseppe," shouted Apollonia. "Pick her up and carry her back. Then go upstairs and call Uncle Gino. The child rapist is dead."

Ming and Nathan returned two hours and twenty-two minutes after they left. They checked the parlor and found it empty. They went into the kitchen and down the stairs to the basement. Giuseppe was standing against the wall opposite the cell where they knew the McCool children were being held. Ming looked into the cell and felt a bit of relief that they were all there and unhurt.

"Where is Apollonia?" asked Ming of Giuseppe.

"She is inside," replied Giuseppe.

"Alessandro?" asked Ming.

"Upstairs," said Giuseppe. "I believe he is on the fourth floor taking a shower."

"Ok," said Ming trying to understand why Alessandro was taking a shower. She eyed Nathan, nodded, and they both entered the dungeon. Nathan carried the shoe box which was found exactly where Apollonia said it would be. Upon making entry they went to where Apollonia stood between the strapped down Marshall and Theresa McCool playing a form of Russian roulette.

"What the fuck?" said Ming as she neared her lover.

"Just playin' to pass time," said Apollonia. She flipped the remotes into the air and caught one in her left and the other in her right hand. She then did a child's game of one potato, two potato. When it was finished, she flipped the winning switch and laughed as the loser was jolted with electricity from the dildo embedded in their rectum.

"I have the shoe box," said Nathan. He handed it to her and asked, "Per your instructions, I did not open it. But, what is so important inside?"

"I promise you'll find out," answered Apollonia, "and, I will give you opportunity to use it to its maximum potential."

Apollonia placed the dildo remotes on the table before she took the shoe box from Nathan. She did not hide it from either Marshall or Theresa. In fact, she made it painfully obvious that she had it in her hands. Apollonia did not look inside, instead she pushed the shoe box up to Marshall's face and spat, "Before I open the shoe box to reveal its contents, do you want to save your children?"

Marshall McCool's eyes flew open. Snot shot out of his nose. He coughed as he tried to breathe. His muscles tightened as he tried to fight the straps that held him impaled on the sixteen inch electrified dildo. Nothing in his life prepared him for what was about to happen. The truth was about to come out. He regained a modicum of control and spat, "THERESA!!! YOU FUCKIN' BITCH!!!! YOU SHOULD FUCKIN' DIE!!!! I GET OUT OF HERE AND I AM GOING TO FUCKIN' KILL YOU!!!!"

"Hmmm," said Apollonia. "Seems we've got an issue between the hippos Marshall and Theresa. Care to respond to your husband, Theresa?"

"No," replied Theresa. With a great amount of fortitude and strength, she said, "FUCK YOU MARSHALL!!! I GAVE HER THE KEY TO SAVE MY CHILDREN. NOT YOURS!!! MINE!!!"

"Don't you want to give him the opportunity to save himself, Theresa?" asked Apollonia.

A bit more relaxed now that the psychotic bitch had the goods on her husband, Theresa responded, "All I want is to leave here with my children. I want to return to my life as I knew it before this afternoon."

Apollonia stepped behind Theresa and whispered, "If I let you live, you are going to serve me. I am going to take your father, mother; who I believe is in a nursing home, and any siblings from you. You are going to kneel and suck my asshole while thanking me for letting you live. Your children will become fodder for whatever I decide to do with them. You decide to forgo the opportunity to live and I will disembowel you right here and now."

Theresa McCool found her inner chi. She nodded her head as she said, "Whatever you want, Miss Moretti. My father is a pig. Just like my husband is a pig. To save my children's life means me becoming your slave, I'm all in."

"Prove it..." said Apollonia.

"Marshall," said Theresa, "I just saved my life. I just saved my children's lives. My scumbag father is a dead man. So is my mother, my sister, and my brother. I have just given this psychotic bitch my family to save my life. So, you can fuck off and die."

"FUCK YOU!!! YOU FAT COW!!!" cried Marshall.

Apollonia returned to a position between the battling husband and wife. She opened the shoe box and looked inside. Exactly as she had been told, there were pictures and letters inside. The first thing she pulled out of the box were a stack of pictures that were rubber banded together. The top picture showed a family of African-Americans. They were all dressed in their Sunday goin' to church attire. It was as obvious as the nose on one's face that one of the family members was different. Apollonia removed the rubber band and flipped through the pictures. On the second go through, she pulled out one and handed it to Nathan.

"Can you see the lie?" she asked Nathan.

"Holy fuckin' shit," replied Nathan astounded at the telling difference between people in the picture and one individual.

"Care to elaborate on the meaning of this picture with Marshall?" asked Apollonia.

"It would be a pleasure Miss Moretti," replied Nathan. He had no fear about using her name as it was already out in the open.

Apollonia went to Ming, stood behind her, and placed her hands on her breasts. She leaned in and whispered, "This is going to be a great show. I also want to tell you that we're staying here tonight. I will explain in detail later. Let me hold your titties while Nathan breaks the asshole."

Ming did not answer her lover.

Marshall McCool watched with growing anger as Nathan went through the entire contents of the shoe box. He flipped through the pictures multiple times. He read each letter three times. When he was done he segregated the ones he deemed important to getting Marshall to run his mouth as if it was his asshole releasing pulses of diarrhea. When he was done, he stepped behind Marshall. The main intent and purpose was to keep the asshole from looking into his eyes.

"So," said Nathan in a quiet and soothing voice, "time for you to spill the beans. But, I want you to answer this question first. Do you know how quickly I could end your life?"

'FUCK YOU NIGGER!!!' cried Marshall.

"Damn!!!" retorted Nathan. He placed his hands on McCool's shoulders and moved them to his neck as he said, "Martin Luther Washington is your real name. You were born in a backwater farming town in Mississippi. You are one of seven." Nathan paused, squeezed McCool's neck and spat, "YOU'RE A FUCKIN' NIGGER TOO BITCH!!!"

"NO-O-O!!!" cried McCool.

"Can't face the truth anymore," spat Nathan. "I'm not into fuckin' fat assholes like you up their asses, but I am attempted to bring about thirty friends here to do my bidding. They'd love fuckin' a nigger like you up your fat ass. Why? Because you forsook you heritage. You're a nothing more than a liar and a thief. Stole an identity and began your life. Time for you to come clean. Give us what we need or watch your children die in front of you."

Nathan turned to Apollonia and said, "Bring the children to me."

Three minutes later, the McCool children were standing just to the side of the open space between their mother and father. Nathan picked up Angela from the baby carriage. He held her under rump for a moment before he took her by her ankles and let her fall to a head down position. The child broke out crying.

"Fuck..." whispered Ming.

Nathan picked up the cattle prod and pressed the activation button. He made sure he was positioned so both parents could see what he was about to do. He waited for reactions and got none. The cattle prod was placed against the left buttock of the upside down crying child. He looked at Marshall and saw nothing. He activated the cattle prod. Angela stiffened and cried out in renewed pain.

Valentina screamed. Vincent, Aurora, and Roberto pissed in their pants. The only verbal reaction came from Valentina, "YOU PROMISED NOT TO HURT US!!! YOU FUCKIN' PROMISED!!! YOU LYING CUNT!!!"

Nathan turned to the girl and spat, "Who taught you to curse like that??? Is it because you know you're a nigger like I am?"

"NO!!!" cried Theresa. "NO!!! PLEASE!!!"

"Wh-Wh-What???" stuttered Valentina.

Nathan smiled as he continued to hold Angela upside-down by her ankles, "You don't know. Your father is a nigger. The proof is in this shoe box. Pictures of his family. Black as the ace of spades. That means all of you are one half nigger." Nathan turned back to Marshall and spat, "How much more do you think she can take, nigger. Give it up or I promise I will kill the only purebred Italian child you have."

"Enough!!! Enough!!!" cried McCool. "Give Angela to Valentina. I will tell you everything."

Nathan handed the infant to her oldest sister. He turned to Marshall and asked, "Where does Dr. Yurlov modify the DNA kits?"

McCool laughed and growled, "FUCK YOU AND THE HORSE YOU RODE IN ON!!!"

"Asshole," said Nathan. He grabbed Angela from Valentina by her neck. With his right hand wrapped fully around the crying infant's neck, he used his left hand to rotate her head with such force as to snap vertebrae one, two, three, and four. Angela McCool died instantly. Nathan dropped the baby onto the floor as if she was a piece of trash.

"NO-O-O!!!!" cried Theresa.

The McCool children fell to the floor unable to support their bodies after seeing their infant sister murdered and dropped like a piece of trash.

Nathan stepped in front of Marshall's chair and with open hands began to slap his face with such force that the chair lifted off the floor. When he had enough, Nathan went to the table and found a nice sized pruning shear. He returned to Marshall, placed it around his right pinky finger, and asked, "Do you believe that we are serious? I am going to remove a finger from your hand. Then I am going to take Roberto and snip off the same finger. I will alternate until you both have no fingers. Where does Dr. Yurlov modify the DNA kits?"

Marshall looked at his wife, then to his children, before gazing at his dead bastard daughter, and spat, "FUCKIN' KILL THEM ALL!!!"

Nathan changed his mind. He moved the pruning shear to McCool's right thumb. "Where does Dr. Yurlov modify the DNA kits?"

"FUCK YOU NI... YEOW-W-W!!!" cried Marshall. "YOU FUCKIN' CUT MY THUMB OFF!!!"

Nathan grabbed Roberto by the scruff of his neck, picked him up, and deposited the pissing and shitting seven year old on Marshall's left thigh. While keeping the child in place with his left hand, Nathan positioned the open shears around Roberto's right thumb. Nathan knew he would have no issues controlling the boy because he was so scared that his body was frozen in place.

"Open your eyes, fat boy!!!" demanded Nathan. When McCool opened his eyes and saw where the shears were placed, Nathan asked, "Where in the Adirondacks' do you take the children?"

McCool's eyes were bulging out of his head. Snot coated his face below his nostrils. Blood poured from the wound where his right thumb was severed from his hand. The pain in his crotch was diminishing which signaled to the fat asshole that his genitals were near dead. Somewhere inside he brought forth some sympathy for his children's plight especially Roberto. The groan came from deep inside Marshall's fat body, "Remove the shears and I will tell you."

"No fat man," retorted Nathan. "Tell me and I will not remove his right thumb. Answer another question with a falsehood and I will cut it off."

"MARSHALL!!!" screamed Theresa. "YOU FUCKIN' PIG!!! YOU KILLED MY SWEET ANGELA. I'M EARLESS BECAUSE OF YOU'RE STUPIDITY. YOU'RE A FUCKIN' NIGGER. ANYTHING HAPPENES TO ROBERTO AND I WILL PERSONALLY BEG THEM TO RELEASE ME SO I CAN TORTURE YOUR FAT ASS."

"Seems your wife is on our side now, Marshall," said Nathan. The tone of his voice was in total contravention to his desire to hurt whoever he had to, to gain the information his boss required. "Where does Dr. Yurlov modify the DNA kits?"

"FUCK YOU MARSHALL!!!" cried Theresa. "DR. YURLOV MODIFIES THEM IN A SMALL WAREHOUSE IN RIVERHEAD."

Apollonia moved like a rocket to where Theresa was strapped into the smaller version of the oak chair her husband was similarly situated. Theresa was taken by her speed and her deft ability to pick up the twelve inch carving

knife from the table. Without warning, Apollonia pressed the pointed end of the knife into Theresa's hairy cunt. She did not force the entire length of the knife into Theresa's fuck hole. Her knife handling ability allowed her to insert just an inch of the blade. She twisted it which scraped the first inch of Theresa's opening which caused a small amount of blood to begin to flow. Not the dark red blood of menstruation, but the rich red blood of her life force.

With the knife situated just in the opening of Theresa McCool's cunt, Apollonia demanded, "QUIT LYING TO ME!!! YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU'RE LETTING ON!!!! FOR EACH LIE YOU TELL, I WILL FORCE MORE OF THE KNIFE INTO YOUR FUCK HOLE. IF YOU SURVIVE, YOUR TEENAGE STUD WILL LEAVE YOU FOR BETTER HOLES TO FUCK." To make her point, Apollonia pulled the knife from Theresa's cunt, showed it to her, and with just enough force to cause pain, reinserted it to exactly one inch. "WHO KNOWS MORE??? YOU OR YOUR NIGGER HUSBAND???"

"PLEASE NOT MY CHILDREN!!!" begged Theresa. "You've taken my sweet Angela from me. I know more than enough to give you everything that occurs on Long Island and in the city. I know there is a large tract of land in the Adirondacks, but I do not know its exact location."

"How many players do you know besides the bitch and her husband?" asked Apollonia.

Gaining adrenaline strength, Theresa answered, "I can give you at least half of the executive council. I also know of a couple of low level players that pay for the ability to abuse the children."

Apollonia turned to Marshall and asked, "Do you want to deny her knowledge? Be careful how you answer."

McCool's head lolled and bobbed on his shoulders. The loss of blood from the severing of his right thumb was beginning to take its toll. He looked past his son and said, "SHE'S A FUCKIN' CUNT!!! I NEVER REALLY LOVED HER!!!"

Apollonia sneered and growled, "Take his thumb."

Nathan did not hesitate to remove the boy's thumb on his right hand. Together Theresa, Roberto, and Marshall screamed at the sight of the boy's right hand bleeding. Nathan placed the severed thumb on Marshall's thigh next to his. Roberto fainted from the pain. Marshall blubbered nonsense. Theresa closed her eyes knowing the next lie would be felt by her. Felt because the crazy psychopath would push the entire knife up her cunt.

"Nathan, move the boy," said Apollonia. She removed the knife from Theresa's cunt and stepped between McCool's legs. She looked between them and saw his cock and balls were a deep purple. For all intent and purpose they were dead from lack of blood. She stared directly into Marshall's eyes and spoke not to him, but to his wife, "Your husband is emasculated. His cock and balls are dead."

"Prove it," demanded Theresa.

Apollonia moved slightly to her left, positioned the knife against Marshall's scrotum, and pressed the knife into his right ball. She moved the knife so Theresa could see and confirm that it had transected her husband's testicle. While still looking at Marshall, Apollonia said, "He is useless to anyone he had sex with except for men that would like to fuck his fat nigger ass. What I want from you is the location of the land in upstate New York. Give me that and all you know and I will allow you to live."

"Take me off of this insidious dildo," said Theresa, "and I will give you all that I know. Including the information I have about the land upstate. Deal?"

"Only until you lie to me," replied Apollonia. She hadn't broken eye contact with Marshall. The look on his face told Apollonia that his wife was being truthful. "I'm not sorry Marshall," said Apollonia as she sliced off his cock and balls. To add insult to injury, she placed his meager package on his thigh next to the severed ear flaps and thumbs.

Marshall McCool had not felt any pain when his genitals were removed from his body. His reaction came from seeing the crazy bitch, who had to be a total sociopath and psychopath, placing them on his fat thigh. Where he got the tears from he could not say, but they rolled down his cheeks and dripped from his fat jowls. He heard Apollonia laugh at his dilemma.

"Fat bitch," growled Apollonia, "time to spill the beans."

"The executive council is made up of only six people," said Theresa. "Marjorie and her husband are at the top of the pyramid. Next in line is a woman she went to college and law school with. Her name is Wendy..."

"You know her last name?" demanded Apollonia.

"Give me a second please," begged Theresa. "Wendy... Wendy McIntyre!!! Her husband is Sean." She paused, shook her head as if to clear her brain, and then said, 'Bingo!!! The third in line is a couple from New York City. She owns a high-end toy store on Madison Avenue at 58th Street. Damn... Yes!!! Her name is Patricia Hernandez. Her husband is Jesus Hernandez. I believe he played professional soccer in South America. That is the executive counsel."

"Who helps Dr. Yurlov with the DNA kits?" asked Apollonia.

"He works by himself," replied Theresa, "except when he forces students to help him. But, mostly they're there to suck his cock while he works. If he is alone, then I know from a confidential informant he jerks off constantly just like Michael Margolis does."

"The address of the facility in Riverhead?"

"It is on Old Country Road next to the Peconic Bay Medical Center. The building has several doctor's offices located in it. His laboratory takes up the entire top floor and is protected by state-of-the-art security," answered Theresa. "The exact address is 897 Old Country Road."

"Kara Gold?"

"Kara provides computer programming help to Marjorie," said Theresa. "I know she is a competent hacker. She also helps with the children. I know for a fact that she had no choice but to help Marjorie. Kara is her husband's bastard love child."

"Just like the dead infant Angela was yours," counted Apollonia to rub some salt into her wounds.

"Yes, just like sweet Angela," answered Theresa. "Kara is one very pretty girl. She has a body that I only wish I had. I believe she prefers pussy to cock, but I could be wrong."

"Where does she live?"

"Yeah," said Theresa. "The bitch has a magnificent house at the end of Montclair Avenue on Shelter Island. She lives there alone in a seven bedroom, eight-and-a-half bath, mansion that is right on the water."

"I'll assume she makes it all from Marjorie?"

"Yeah," said Theresa. "For her programming and hacking skills and her ability to suck Marjorie's twat nonstop for hours. Also, she has an uncanny ability to calm the children."

Apollonia frowned, "And, how would you know that?"

"I-I-I," stuttered Theresa. Then a blood curdling scream passed through her lips.

Apollonia Moretti shoved the entire length of the twelve inch carving knife into Theresa's fat hairy cunt. The cunt that Marshall fucked and made fat children. To be sure she did not bleed to death, Apollonia left the knife embedded as she returned to calmly questioning Theresa.

"You are part of the sexual trafficking gang, aren't you?"

Swaying and rotating in the chair, Theresa responded while trying mitigate the pain that was throbbing up her body from her defiled cunt, "Y-Y-Yes."

"That is why you allowed your children to be used"

"Yes, but only by Marshall, Peter, and me," responded Theresa.

"Who else knows how to get to the Adirondack facility?"

"I can take you there," responded Theresa scrunching up her face in a vain attempt to ease the pain she was feeling. "Marjorie, Marshall, and Peter. My teenage gigolo knows how to get there. Marjorie agreed that we needed a back up to transport the children."

"Directions. I need directions."

"You'll never find the entrance on the main road," said Theresa. "The guests are blindfolded and flown via helicopter from the Lake Placid Municipal Airport. No one is allowed to drive there. The guests only know they were in upstate New York and they are flown a very circuitous route to make sure they had no idea of where they were headed. There are only four people who know how to get there by automobile. Marjorie, Marshall, me, and now Peter."

"The helicopter company?" asked Apollonia.

"It is owned by Marjorie," responded Theresa. "The owner and second pilot are boy lovers. They know what would happen to them if they failed to keep her activities private."

"Guess I'll just keep Peter alive," said Apollonia. "He'll break like a bough in the wind."

"Are we done?" asked Theresa. "Please... I want to be with my children."

"Two questions," said Apollonia. "What goes on in the Hell's Kitchen whorehouse? And, tell me as much as you can about the Adirondacks facility."

"Children are vetted at the whorehouse," replied Theresa. "The working girls are oblivious to what goes on, on the top two floors."

"Vetted???"

"Vetted," replied Theresa. "Each child is given a physical exam. Girls are segregated into virgins and non-virgins. Boys are divided by those that can ejaculate and those that cannot. The girls that are not virgins are started on a cocktail of heroin and ecstasy. Boys that can ejaculate are put in chastity devices so they cannot jerk off. Prepubescent virgins both boys and girls are protected as they are the most expensive for a player to have sex with. They are kept at the whorehouse for no longer than two weeks. Trips are made upstate on a weekly basis. Marshall and Peter are the trusted drivers. To maintain order among the children, they are sedated. Marjorie never drives children to the property."

Nathan interrupted, "Then why did Marshall's entry code not work?"

"I would guess the idiot keyed in the wrong sequence of numbers," replied Theresa. "The code is twelve digits long."

"Who protects the whorehouse?" asked Nathan.

"Just a bunch of hoodlums given a chance by Marjorie to not do prison time," replied Theresa. "I believe that at any given time there are six security hoods in the building. They're not in uniform."

"Did not expect them to be," said Nathan. "Are they aware of the happenings on the top two floors?"

"No," said Theresa. "There is a private secure elevator from the basement to the fifth floor. Access to the sixth floor is by a staircase. A passkey operates the elevator and opens the door to gain access to the sixth floor."

Apollonia took Roberto by his arm and pulled him over to where Theresa was bound. She lifted the youngster so he was standing between his mother's outspread legs. With her fingernails pressing against the soft smooth skin of his scrotum, she closed her hand into a fist. The boy screamed. When he calmed down, Apollonia asked Theresa, "Where is your passkey?"

"Oh my God!!! Please don't hurt him," pleaded Theresa. "Marshall's pass key should be in his wallet. My passkey is home in my jewelry case. Peter's is there too. We do not let him keep it because we are unsure of his ability to keep it secure." Theresa stared into Apollonia's eyes and begged, "Please release his testicles. Please. I'm begging you."

Apollonia twisted her hand sending waves of pain throughout the youngster's body. Roberto cried and screamed. The pain finally took its toll and the boy fainted. Apollonia released her hold and let the boy fall from his mother's lap onto the floor in a heap. Ignoring the boy, Apollonia turned to Marshall and said, "How do you want to die?"

Marshall was in no condition to speak. His eyes could not focus as they were a bright red from having all the capillaries burst. His tongue hung out of his open mouth. His attempts to escape his bonds were over. The essence of his life was all over the seat of the oak chair as well as pooled under it. Marshall grunted not knowing what to answer as he could not comprehend what was asked of him.

Unbeknownst to Apollonia, Ming departed the dungeon to seek out Marshall's clothing. Just as his wife said, inside a secret compartment in his wallet was the keycard for the elevator to rise to the fifth floor. "Appy, I have the fat pig's keycard. Ask the fat bitch if the entry codes are sequenced to the passkey codes?"

"No," replied Theresa not waiting to be asked by Apollonia. "They're not that sophisticated."

"Do you know the entry codes? All three of them?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," said Theresa.

"Give them to me," demanded Apollonia.

"Let my children go," retorted Theresa.

"FUCK YOU," growled Apollonia. She pulled Roberto up by his hair and tossed him in front of his mother. She turned to the table and selected a slightly larger than needed butt plug. Holding the butt plug so Theresa could see it, she pulled Roberto to a standing position before she pushed him over his mother's lap. Apollonia, sans lubrication, placed the tip of the butt plug between the boy's ass cheeks. "Give me the codes or I will shove this plug up his ass without lubrication. I will tear his asshole apart. Then you can watch him bleed to death on your lap and you will not have any ability to save his life."

"OK!!! OK!!! OK!!!" cried Theresa. The codes are: 938459838218, 650196435406, and 216574866456."

Apollonia repeated them once which committed them to her memory. She smiled at Theresa and summarily shoved the butt plug up Roberto's ass. What Theresa did not know about the butt plug was it contained a simple ingenious razor system that would open when the sex toy was fully seated. The cry from Roberto was proof that the six razor blades had opened and were slowly spinning inside his rectum. It was impossible for the toy to keep the pooling blood inside the boy's body. Like a pressure relief valve being opened, the butt plug slid upwards and out. A volcano explosion of blood and fecal matter erupted from the youngster's asshole. Roberto McCool died for his mother's and father's sins.

'WHY???' screamed Theresa.

"Because you do not deserve to have your wishes agreed to," replied Apollonia. "You really think you are going to leave this place alive?"

"NO-O-O!!!!" cried Theresa as she tried to free her hands so she could console her son. His life ended by a sick psychopath at the age of seven. "I FUCKIN' HATE YOU!!!!" cried Theresa over and over again.

Marshall McCool's body finally gave way. He twitched in his bonds. His head reared up and he belched a disgusting odor from deep within his fat body. His eyes opened, rolled to the back of his head, and his last words were unintelligible.

Theresa McCool was unconscious. She was breathing, but it was labored at best. A small trickle of blood seeped from around the knife that was embedded into her sex. The blood running from her ears had begun to slow as it began to congeal. Her eyes flew open and her head snapped back from the smelling salts that were placed under her nose by Apollonia.

"Marshall is dead," said Apollonia. "Angela is dead. Roberto is dead. You are close to dying. Give me a reason to keep Valentina, Vincent, and Aurora alive. Or, should I just put them on the party bus to the Adirondacks?"

Tired and losing her voice from screaming and crying, Theresa responded, "I cannot give you any more as I have given all of it to you. Search my house. Tear it apart if you have to. Marshall may have hidden incriminating evidence there, but I don't really know. Give the other three a chance. My sickness is to blame. Find my father, his brother, and their sons. Take them one hundred miles out into the Atlantic Ocean. Seal them in fifty-five gallon drums. Toss them overboard while they are still alive. Have enough weight to take them to the bottom. Break the cycle of child abuse and trafficking. When you get the Margolis, McIntyre, and Hernandez couples together make sure Marjorie dies last. If you would accept my dying wish, it would be for Marjorie to watch the others scream and plead for their lives as they are tortured to death. Marjorie Margolis deserves nothing better than to die a very slow painful death. As for my three, please let them live."

"I will take it under consideration," said Apollonia. "But, if they do survive, they will be give doses of heroin to addict them and then they will be sent to some backwater city in a third world country where they will sell their bodies to make enough money to buy their next dose of heroin. They will not last longer than three to five years. They will contract AIDS and die a slow horrible death. And before you beg me to let them live, it is Marshall and you who are responsible for what happened here today. I'll ask you now, how do you want to die?"

"Mercifully," replied Theresa. "Please make it quick. I've suffered enough."

Apollonia reached for the knife but did not remove it from Theresa's cunt. She turned to the table, picked up the remote control for the twenty-two inch electrified dildo that was embedded in Theresa's ass, and showed it to her.

"NO-O-O!!!!" cried Theresa. "PLEASE NOT THAT!!! I'VE SUFFERED ENOUGH!!!!"

Nodding to Theresa, Apollonia picked up the barber's straight razor from the table. She stepped behind Theresa, pulled her head back by her hair, and with a single motion severed both her carotid arteries, her jugular vein, and nearly decapitated her. Blood gurgled from her mouth and the severed trachea and esophagus as she tried to

speak. The time to her death was short. Theresa McCool succumbed knowing that her entire family would never see the light of day ever again.

"What do you want to do with the remaining children?" asked Nathan.

Apollonia looked at him, then to Ming, and said, "We cannot let them live. Even if I addict them to heroin, they will never forget this day. They've heard their mother admit to abusing them. As much as I want to give them a chance, I can't. Question becomes – how do they meet their end?"

"Let's at least make it merciful," said Ming. "We can lace their food and drinks with a powerful sleep sedative. They'll eat, drink, and fall asleep. They'll never wake up. At least, they'll expire somewhat pain free."

"I agree," said Nathan.

Apollonia screamed, "GIUSEPPE!!!"

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe.

"Bring the children into a cell," said Apollonia. "Keep them calm by telling them you are going to feed them. Then go upstairs and make up food for them. Lace it with the strongest sleep sedative we have in the medicine cabinet. Lace it with enough to put them to sleep so they'll never wake up. When that has been accomplished, call Uncle Gino. I want no traces of the McCool family to be found. I want it as if they've never existed."

"Yes Miss Moretti," said Giuseppe. Once he was not facing his wife's murderer, he made the sign of the cross and said a silent prayer for the innocent children.

"Let's go upstairs," said Apollonia. "Nathan, I'll have Pricilla show you to a room where you can shower. If you need clothing let her know and we'll get it for you. Ming and I are going to sit in the kitchen and put to memory all of the information we have. Naturally, we will give it to you too. The only piece we are missing is the exact location of the road, but Peter will give that to us. Let's go."

When Apollonia, Ming, and Nathan exited the basement they were not surprised to see that the sun had set. It was a long very tiring day, but they all knew if push came to shove none of them would drop a dime on the others.