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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 185

Saturday - 84th Street Townhouse – Well After Midnight - 23 March 2003

"What time will your Uncle Gino be finished?" asked Nathan.

"He never tells me," replied Apollonia, "but historically the number of bodies tell me his people will be here until late Monday."

"I imagine there is nothing to worry about," said Nathan. "Considering they are cleaning up eight bodies."

"Two of the four working downstairs will be joining the other eight once they are finished here and have returned to the funeral home," said Apollonia. "The other two are Moretti family. I am not in the least bit worried."

"Would it possible to see Pricilla before I leave?" asked Nathan.

"I don't see why not," said Apollonia. "She helped Alessandro get cleaned up." She turned to the Italian stud and said, "Isn't that right."

"Jesus Apollonia," retorted Alessandro, "nothing happened. She took me to a bedroom on the fourth floor, gave me some towels, and showed me the bathroom. When I was finished she was nowhere to be found."

Apollonia frowned, "Nowhere..."

"You know what I mean," groaned Alessandro, "she was not in the room."

"Her bedroom is the rearmost bedroom on the fourth floor," said Apollonia. "Go..."

"Thank you," said Nathan.

Nathan gently knocked on the door jamb and said, "Miss Pricilla, are you awake?"

A few seconds later, the door opened, and Pricilla said, "I am now Nathan."

"May I come in for a second?" asked Nathan.

Pricilla pulled her robe around her skinny body, stepped back, and opened the door so Nathan could enter. She smiled at him and used all of her energy to stop from causing a scene. To make sure Nathan was comfortable, she moved backwards until she was literally standing next to and pressed against the edge of the antique bed.

Nathan stepped to the middle of the room, looked around at the furniture, and said, "Nice room..."

Pricilla for some strange reason, blushed, and said, "Considering I was in the basement when I first arrived; yeah, this is one hell of an upgrade. Did you know that the furniture in this room and the rest of the house is over one-hundred and twenty-five years old? I cannot believe that I am sleeping here."

"Miss Moretti does love you, Pricilla," said Nathan. "Everything ok? I am leaving so I wanted to check in with you. I want to be sure you are ok with what happened today."

Again, Pricilla blushed as she moved her eyes to the floor, "I am fine Nathan. I am astounded that Miss Moretti ended the life of an entire family. The children did not have anything to do with what she was pursuing. I don't know how I am going to resolve my participation in the craziness that is the Moretti family."

"How so?"

"I delivered the meals and drinks to the children. I watched Giuseppe spike both the food and the drinks. I knew better than to ask what he was doing. Also, I was shaken at his total lack of caring that he was poisoning innocent children with lethal doses of a sedative. When the children fell asleep as quickly as they did, I knew they were not going to wake up. I helped murder them. I'm not a killer."

Nathan did not hesitate to move to the teenager and wrap his arms around her shoulders. He pulled the shaking teenager close to his muscular body. For a split second, he thought how sweet she would be under him, legs akimbo, and his massive black cock splitting open her sex. He held her for a moment longer before he moved his head back, lifted her chin so they were eye-to-eye, and he softly said, "Pricilla, my sweet girl. You are not a murderer. If you had placed the narcotic into their food, I would agree with you. You were but the delivery person. I have to know you will be able to accept the seedier side of your commitment to Miss Moretti." He squeezed her to him and felt her breathing. Her small pert breasts pressed into his abdomen. If he wasn't so bound to her as a father figure, he would without a second thought, toss her on her bed and fuck the living shit out of her. Nathan took a breath and continued, "You have to understand that if you tell her that you are uncomfortable with things she is going to ask you to do, you will be but another individual to succumb to her murderous ways. She will kill you without a doubt and without any remorse. I have to know that you will accept the bad, no matter how extreme it is, with the good."

"Nathan," whispered Pricilla, "I know that she is going to ask me to do things that are patently illegal. Per her command, I took Marco's life today. She hated that I still felt love for him. I know she would have tossed me to the fishes if I had given myself to you. I want you to know that I still love you but understand our age difference as well as our racial difference preclude our getting into a deep relationship. I will use your strength to bolster mine. I will be ok."

"Promise me."

"I promise."

Nathan broke the embrace, looked directly into Pricilla's eyes, and asked, "Do you have my cell phone number."

"Yes," replied Pricilla, "and I know I have your permission to call you anytime. Day or night."

Nathan kissed Pricilla on the top of her head. He touched her face and said, "I am here for you. I am going to protect you no matter what happens."

Not saying anything else, Nathan turned, and walked out of Pricilla's room.

Nathan stuck his head into the parlor and said, "I am out of here. Will you need me today," he laughed and said, which just happens to be Sunday since it is well past midnight."

"Not at the moment," replied Apollonia. "Are you headed to Golda's?"

"I am. My phone will be on and I will have the car with me," said Nathan. "Good night all."

Apollonia did not answer him knowing it was a general good-bye. She returned her gaze to Ming and Alessandro upon which she said, "Best we sleep here tonight. The master bedroom is on the third floor. I am going to the fourth floor for a period of time. You two can sleep together or apart."

"Together..." mumbled Alessandro frowning at the same time.

Ming gently slapped him on the side of his face and said, "Tonight, I get to feel that large Italian cock skewer a hot Asian cunt. I cannot wait for you to pound the shit out of me."

"Jesus," was all Alessandro said.

Apollonia decided to take the stairs to the fourth floor. She did not want to awaken anyone with the whine of the elevator. It took her about four minutes to climb the steps. Pricilla's door was down the hall towards at the back of the building from the central staircase. With tradecraft expertise, Apollonia opened the door, slipped inside, and as quietly closed it. She made her way to Pricilla's bed, removed her clothing, and slipped under the duvet next to the young girl. Lying on her left side, she gently placed her right hand on Pricilla's hip. The girl's back was towards Apollonia. She scooted forward and pressed her body against Pricilla's. Once they were bound together by Apollonia's arms, she placed several kisses on the girl's neck and right ear.

Pricilla froze because she felt someone behind her. The kisses were gentle and loving. Whoever was behind her knew how to use her tongue as she finally relaxed and shivered with the beginnings of sexual desire. The girl moved her right hand to the hand that was placed flat against her teenage abdomen. It took a half of a nanosecond for Pricilla to realize that her mistress was behind her. The sigh that emanated from her half-closed mouth could only be interpreted as one of acceptance, desire, and total submissiveness.

"My Mistress," sighed Pricilla.

Apollonia's hand rested on her abdomen just below her belly button. Her lips and tongue made circles inside and outside of her ear. Pricilla started to move her head to give her mistress access to her lips, when she heard, "Stay just as you are. All I want it to feel your body pressed into mine as I caress your ear and neck. My hand will rub and pat gently on your abdomen. I want you to think about who is behind you. How much you love her. And, what it will take for you to rise to a full body orgasm just by feeling me behind you as I press my body into yours."

"Oh my God," cooed Pricilla. "Please touch me..."

Apollonia moved her hand to Pricilla's mons. Her thumb and index finger pressed on the outer lips of Pricilla's virgin vagina. She did not push a finger between the lower part of the girl's vagina where it would have been easy for her to insert a finger into Pricilla's sex. Apollonia's movement was gentle which allowed the labia major and the labia minor to put pressure on Pricilla's clitoris. The massage lasted only a few minutes before Apollonia's hand slipped north to Pricilla's bellybutton.

As her hand rested on the girl's taut abdomen just below her ribcage, Apollonia asked, "Did you want to fuck Alessandro?"

"Please..." moaned Pricilla.

"Answer me or I will leave you to your own devices," said Apollonia. The edge in her voice brought Pricilla back to her reality that she served at the whim of Apollonia Moretti, a totally psychotic woman.

"I would have if you ordered me to," replied Pricilla. "He did not make me feel like he wanted to have sex with me. I just followed his lead." Pricilla paused, placed her right hand on her Mistress', and said, "What I want more than anything is to be with you. I'd follow you anywhere. Serve you unconditionally. When Giuseppe leaves this world, I will be alone. Mistress, I do not want to be alone. Please..."

Pricilla felt her Mistress move her hand and with just the right amount of force cause the girl to roll so they were face to face. She was taken by her Mistress' beauty. The low light entering the back bedroom from outside was just enough to soften Apollonia's facial features. Her dark hair fell over her face before she flicked it back. Pricilla just about died when she saw the gold flecks in Apollonia's eyes shimmer in the light. Her body froze in expectation when Apollonia placed her hand on her cheek. Her breath for all intent and purpose was non-existent. Her mind raced with the possibility of losing her virginity to the one person in the world she would readily admit to loving unconditionally.

"I may do things to you that are hurtful," said Apollonia as she caressed Pricilla's face. "I usually regret having hurt you. I want you to grow up to be a strong woman. I want you to have the best education in the world. But, I need for you to understand and accept that I am not perfect. You are a beautiful creature. I am so in love with you. I want more than anything to have you in the way only another woman can. Yet, I see things you do thinking you are performing for me and I want to rip your head from your shoulders. I know you are fighting within yourself over me asking you to take Marco's life. Is there anything you want to say to me?"

Pricilla closed her eyes and said, "I am too afraid my Mistress."

Apollonia's hand slipped from her face. It descended to her left breast. She caressed the breast to find Pricilla's nipple. While staring into her eyes, Apollonia used her index finger and thumb to savagely twist her nipple. To add to her infliction of pain, Apollonia held the twisted nipple for several tens of seconds.

"Ow-w-w-!!!" cried Pricilla. "Please let go!!!"

Apollonia having heard the pain she inflicted in Pricilla's voice relented and released the nipple. She did not move her hand from Pricilla's pert breast. "What did you just learn?" asked Apollonia.

"That I should never fear talking to you," said Pricilla. "You are my priest. You are the one individual on this earth that I can confide anything to."

"Yes," said Apollonia. "What do you want to talk to me about? Marco? The children?"

"I know you want me to open up about my feelings Mistress, but right now all I want is to feel you hold me," said Pricilla. "I need to feel your body next to mine. Breast to breast. Crotch to crotch. I have been so long since I have had the touch of another person in my bed."

Not falling into her honey trap, Apollonia asked, "Marco ever spend time with you in this bed?"

"No," wailed Pricilla. "When would he have the time? His days were filled with cleaning. His nights were spent locked in his cell."

"During the day my sweet Pricilla," said Apollonia. "It doesn't take long for two lovers to complete an act of love. I can feel it in you. Bringing him here, undressing, laying on the bed with your legs hanging down at the knee, Marco crawling to you, and opening your legs and sucking your cunt until you orgasm. Isn't that what happened?"

"No," retorted Pricilla. "I do not know how many times I have to tell you that I am yours. The only sex I've had since moving here is when we have kissed and petted. I come to bed every night and masturbate thinking about how sweet it would be to have my head between your legs. Other times, I think of looking up at you as you press a dildo into my love hole." Pricilla paused, licked her lips, touched Apollonia's hand that was still surrounding her left breast, and said, "The only time I would ever have sex with anyone other than you is when you command me to or you have presented to me the man that will be my husband. Please do not doubt my commitment to our relationship."

Apollonia smiled, leaned in and gently kissed her lips, and said, "Tonight we are alone together. Tonight I command you tell me things that you have been holding inside. Talk to me, Pricilla."

Mistress," said the teenager, "I am fraught with pain over bringing the poisoned food to the children. I am not a murderer. I had no reason to be part of their demise. Add to that, I emasculated the boy I loved. I held his cock and balls in my hand and when he looked at them, I tossed them aside as if they were garbage. That is not me Mistress. I do not know how I am going to survive living your kind of life."

"It is going to be very difficult," stated Apollonia. "You are going to have to toughen up. It will become necessary for you to learn to defend yourself. I want you to become what Ming and I are – cold-blooded killers. People who know of the Moretti family understand how caring and loving I can be, but fuck with me and I will have no issues ending that person's life. I am offering you something that people in my family would die to be part of. You are not Moretti blood, but you listen to me, work diligently, and you will become a Moretti woman. I have that power."

"If I decide that I do not want what you are offering me?" asked Pricilla.

"The answer is simple," said Apollonia. "Get out of bed, accompany me to the basement, and I will end your life. You will never know the love of another woman or the feeling of a man ejaculating into your vagina. Uncle Gino will not care how many bodies he has to dispose of. I am more than sure that I will find cousins that are as fucked up as Giuseppe and Sienna were to take over caring for this beautiful house. Throughout the time the Moretti family has owned this townhouse, there has always been a chosen couple to inhabit and care for the building. What I am offering you is beyond just living here as its caretaker."

Out of the blue, Pricilla asked, "Will you take me tonight?"

"No," said Apollonia. "When I take you it will be when I am one-hundred percent confident that you are committed to living your life as my indentured servant even if you become a Moretti woman."

"I do have one question," said Pricilla.

"Ask," said Apollonia.

"What happens when you die?" asked Pricilla. "Who do I belong to then?"

"When I die," said Apollonia having to face something she never thinks about much less in relation to a girl she owns, "you will become the property of Ming Zheng. If she predeceases me, then you will become the property of the next individual that takes control of the Moretti family. You are nothing more than a piece of property to be bought and sold at my whim. For now, you will never leave this building. Naturally, you will go outside, but you will never really be free of me. The only other alternative is for you to lay next to me on my death bed and end your life to show me how much you will not be able to survive without me."

"I understand my Mistress," said Pricilla. "I will do anything for you. But, I need someone to talk to about what is bothering me psychologically and emotionally. The only other person that would fit the bill is Nathan." She saw the look on her Mistress' face and quickly added, "I know he is not the person I should confide in about my feelings because of the Tunisian history with the Sicilian people. Nathan represents someone who is kind and caring as well as being one tough individual. I can see that he has no compunction at taking another person's life. After you, I trust him completely."

"I am your priest, Pricilla," said Apollonia. "After me, you may talk to Ming. Everything you confide in to her will only come back to me. The one thing I will instruct you about is if you have a problem with me, I want you to tell me to my face. The strength of your conviction will show in your body language. I will be able to interpret your inner meaning and react accordingly. When the proper time comes, talk to Ming about confronting me. She knows me better than I know myself."

"I know, but to be honest, I could end up dead if I do," said Pricilla.

"That is a possibility," said Apollonia. "Remember, I know everything about you. You learn and your fear of me will disintegrate to a point."

Apollonia moved her hand to the back of Pricilla's head, pulled it close to hers, and placed her lips on the young girl's. They did not miss a beat as their mouths opened and their tongues began to dance between their oral cavities. Apollonia could feel Pricilla relax as they kissed. Their passions rose and without a nudge, Pricilla pressed her body into Apollonia's. The older woman stopped Pricilla's hand from migrating down to her very wet pussy. It was understood by the teenager that the total sum of their sex would be a simple but very loving make out session. If either of them was to experience an orgasm, it would be because they were so involved with their kissing that clitoral caresses would not be necessary.

Twenty-five minutes later, Apollonia stopped the make out session. While staring into Pricilla's eyes, she reached down to her soaking wet pussy, slipped two fingers inside, and gently coated them with her vaginal excretions. Pricilla kept her eyes on her Mistress as she opened her mouth and took her fingers inside. She gently sucked and caressed Apollonia's fingers. When the taste and slime were no longer hanging from her fingers, Pricilla opened her mouth, removed them, and said, "Just push my head down to your sex. Let me make oral love to you. Let me show you that I am yours forever. Please..."

"No," said Apollonia. It was time to test Pricilla again. "I am going to call Alessandro to come up here. I know that he's probably fucked Ming at least once but knowing her, I would say three times. I want you to clean his cock. With Ming present, I want to watch you suck and lick my lesbian lover's cunt from his manhood. When he is clean and hard, I want you to roll over onto your stomach and tell him to fuck you up your ass. Correct me if I am wrong, but you've never had a cock much less a dildo up your ass."

"That is very true, my Mistress," said Pricilla. "If that is what you want me to do, then I will perform as you request."

"That is fine," said Apollonia. "What I want to know from you right now is, if you had a chance to have a relationship with Alessandro that would culminate in marrying him, would you?"

"There are two responses, my Mistress," said Pricilla. "If you're ordering me to, then yes. If you are asking me to asses my desire to be with him long term, then I have to say no. Alessandro is handsome, but he is not my type of man."

"What physical type of man do you like?" asked Pricilla.

"If I may, Marco was not swarthy. His skin was much lighter than normal Italians," said Pricilla. "I have always been attracted to men with fair complexions. That would be the only change I would make to Alessandro. He is tall, very handsome, and to make you happy, I would go crazy on his cock every day of my life."

"I see," said Apollonia. "Trouble is, I am going to do everything in my power, after I've made love to you as my slave, to have him start and maintain a relationship with you. He is the man I want you to marry. He is the man I want you to have children with."

"I don't think he'll abide by your desires for him," said Pricilla.

"Then he'll go the way of the dodo bird," said Apollonia.

"I believe he is madly in love with you," said Pricilla.

"Did he say anything to you?" asked Apollonia.

"No," replied Pricilla, "but you can see it on his face and how he acts around you. Please forgive me Mistress, but he has had sex with you. Are you telling me it was not satisfactory?"

Apollonia leaned close and kissed Pricilla's cheek and said, "Oh, he fucks like a madman. He has stamina. He know how to use it more than simply sliding it in and out of your sex. The few times he has fucked me, I was sore for hours after we finished copulating."

"I'm only sixteen, but I am sensing there was no love between the two of you," said Pricilla.

"Let's just say it was one-sided," said Apollonia. "I am just like you. I love cock. I love big, hard, and thick cocks. I love cocks that spew gallons, albeit not literally, of cum. I just don't think I am in love with him. He tries to be tough, but I sense a bit of fear of what I represent and do as the head of the Moretti family."

Pricilla realized that her Mistress was opening up to her. Her body shivered with desire as her virgin vagina grew wet. The girl could not stop from licking her lips before she said, "You were mad that he decided to come upstairs rather than wait and watch downstairs with what ultimately would happen to the McCool family."

"You learned their names?" asked Apollonia.

"Yes," replied Pricilla. "I imagine it would have been harder on my psyche if I never knew their names, but I had to know to ease my conscience."

"You are correct about my feelings," said Apollonia. "As much as he said he wanted to help, I knew he was not telling me the whole truth. But, I had to temper my disillusionment when I saw him sitting in the parlor. Still, I was not a happy with his decision."

"He knew it," said Pricilla with confidence. "He did not confide in me, but I could sense his doubt about not remaining in the basement. Knowing what you just asked of me about him, I would do as you ask. Correct me if I am wrong, but I sense you want him to be more of a submissive than an alpha male. Would you like me to have a feminine dominated relationship with him?"

"That would be preferable," answered Apollonia, "but, I do not think that would be possible."

"Is it a trust issue?" asked Pricilla.

"Really..." said Apollonia. "You are definitely smarter than your year's young lady. That is part of the totality of my relationship with him. For me, he is an exceptional human being. He is everything I would have wanted in a

physical body. He is very intelligent and somewhat street smart. But, he is not crazy enough to partake in certain activities that are endemic to the Moretti family.”

“I understand,” said Pricilla. “I heard you tell him he could have me and the look on his face was one of sheer fear. The only conclusion that I could come up with that coincided with his reaction was my age and the possibility of his being arrested for statutory rape. He is definitely a person that likes to walk the straight and narrow. I think you know that I have no such qualms. My asshole parents taught me to fend for myself.”

Apollonia smiled, licked her lips, and said, “I know. Now spin around, let’s spoon, and try to get some sleep.” To Apollonia’s consternation, when Pricilla was cupped into her body, her hand could not stop from migrating to the girl’s pussy. As the lay together, Apollonia diddled the teenager to several orgasm before they finally fell asleep.

Ming Zheng and Alessandro Bruno did not just jump into bed and fuck like a pair of rabbits.

“Listen Ming,” said Alessandro, “I am very much excited by the possibility of having unbridled sex with you, but…”

“You fuckin’ scared piece-of-dog-shit,” growled Ming. “I’m here ready to fuck your brains out and you’re worried about Apollonia.”

“I am,” said Alessandro. “I am because I am head-over-heels in love with her. I do not want to put asunder our budding relationship.”

“You fuckin’ dumb ass,” said Ming. “She isn’t in love with you. All she wants is your cock. Ten-and-a-half inches of Italian cock. She wants to be fucked and fucked good and hard. She doesn’t fuckin’ love you and never will.”

Alessandro sat up in the bed, turned to Ming, and said, “Then why am I here?”

Ming laughed so hard she started to cry, “Bruno, you are here for one and only one reason – cock.” Unbelievably Ming saw him blush.

“Please just bear with me,” said Alessandro. “When we first met we were so into one another. I thought we were building a relationship. I subsequently learned that there was more to her than I ever expected. Yet, I want to be with her and not necessarily fuckin’ twenty-four seven. Why does she need my cock when she has all of those custom made dildos?”

“Custom made dildos do not ejaculate hot male sperm,” answered Ming. “Getting fucked by an ersatz cock is satisfying. The different lengths and widths give us a variety that cannot be beat, but there is still an innate need to feel a man’s erection pulse and ejaculate. The better the man is as a sexual partner, the better the end result. I know for Apollonia and me, there is nothing sweeter than feeling a man’s hot cum slide out of our just fucked pussies.”

“Ok, I can understand that concept,” countered Alessandro, “but then why does she make me go down on her after I’ve filled her with my cum?”

Ming looked at Alessandro’s cock and was disappointed to see it in a very flaccid state. Truth be told, even in its totally soft state, it was a magnificent piece of fuck meat and with all this bullshit verbal interaction and no heavy petting, her cunt was still very wet with expectation. “My fuckin’ god,” said Ming, “you are telling me you do not understand why she does that to you? Really??? I do it too. I make my man go down on me after he’s spewed the

essence of his body into mine. The reason is quite simple. It's a form of female dominance. You fucked me now clean up your mess."

The groan that emanated from Alessandro's mouth came from deep within his body and his soul. Accepting a role of a man with a cock over a man that was loved in return for giving his love was beginning to wear on him. He looked at Ming's crotch and was enthralled by how sweet it looked as bare as it was the day she was born. He also saw to his amazement a sheen of vaginal fluid covering her labia. His body twitched knowing it would be a hell of a night if he fucked her. His gut told him he would be fucking her mouth, ass, and pussy at least once each. He took a deep breath and asked, "Then why does she constantly tell me I am responsible for keep Colina satisfied? I am not bisexual. I do not get any pleasure from male-to-male contact."

"My dear Alessandro," said Ming, "you need to grow up and get your head out of your ass. If I covered your eyes and had a man or woman blow you, would you know the difference?" Ming held up her hand to stop his response. "I will bet you all the gold in Fort Knox that you would not know the difference. Same goes for butt fucking a man or woman. You would never know the difference and you would only happen know you were not fucking a woman is if the man had a hairy ass. You ask why she asks you to satisfy Colina. That is simple. Bisexuality is not something we frown upon. Every Moretti I have ever been introduced to or have come to know, accepts bisexuality or homosexuality as a normal course of human life. If you have a problem with satisfying Colina, then I suggest you roll over, go to sleep, and consider your relationship with Apollonia as over and done."

"What would happen if I were to throw you down onto your back, force your legs open, and push my cock into your body without a single care for your wellbeing?" asked Alessandro.

"I'd react very negatively," answered Ming. "When I freed myself from you, even after you raped me, your cock and balls would no longer be between your legs. I do not consider rape to be a viable sexual encounter."

"What about roleplay rape?" asked Alessandro.

"Rape is rape," answered Ming. "Roleplay rape is just as nasty as real rape."

Alessandro nodded understanding her response. "What about rough sex?"

"Rough sex is an agreed upon sexual encounter," said Ming. "Levels are established and adhered to. If a partner states the safe word, then all sexual activities cease. They return to the equal positions in their relationship. Rarely will a couple have a singular form of a female or male dominated relationship. They are built on mutual respect and in some cases, on love."

"Apollonia wants to control me," said Alessandro. "She want full ownership of my mind, body, and soul. I am not ready to relinquish who I am to have access to what is without a doubt one the most beautiful women in the world."

"Should I put on some clothing?" asked Ming. "Are we going to fuck or what?"

"I do want to fuck you," said Alessandro. "I want to give you what you want, but if I do, I will surrender who I am to Apollonia. She wanted me to fuck Pricilla. The girl is only sixteen. I'm not a pedophile."

"Do you know where Apollonia is right at this very moment?" asked Ming. "Don't answer. Miss Moretti is in bed with Pricilla. I am not one-hundred percent sure they are going to have sex, but I would not put it past her to masturbate several times with her. If Pricilla was younger, she would not be in bed with her. At sixteen, Apollonia feels she is old enough to know her own mind. She believes Pricilla has the ability to express herself sexually. If you were to have accepted Apollonia's offer, the only downfall would be your relationship with her."

"What???" asked Alessandro.

"If you were to bed Pricilla," said Ming, "I would guarantee that you would be marrying her in the near future."

"I don't want to marry Pricilla," said Alessandro. "I want an adult relationship with Apollonia."

"Correct yourself," said Ming. "An adult relationship with Apollonia includes me, Colina, and whomever else she wants you to have sex with,

"Does that include fucking women that come to the family to have babies?" asked Alessandro.

"If you are selected to become a Moretti man," said Ming. "Having sex to procreate is not considered part of a relationship with her. Impregnating women is a business. A money making operation. Because of the male Moretti gene pool, they are extremely virile and to complement their virility is their oversized means of injecting their sperm into women's vaginas."

"Oh," was all Alessandro said.

"Time to shit or get off the pot," stated Ming. "Fuck me or I'm going to find another room to sleep in. Your choice."

Alessandro moved his head to Ming's. His lips met hers. They kissed for the first time and it was a home run for Alessandro. Before he knew it, Ming was on her back, legs akimbo, and his head was being pushed to her bare sloppy cunt. He kissed the insides of each thigh. His hands raised and pressed her thighs back towards her head. His tongue went directly to her slit whereupon he swiped it up through her labia. His mind exploded with her taste. Although she could not see it and revel in its growth, Alessandro's cock sprang to full attention after just one swipe of his tongue through Ming's very wet cunt.

"Eat me," moaned Ming. "Lick the cunt you are going to fuck like a horny satyr. Oh, yes..."

Alessandro felt Ming's hands on the back of his head. It did not take a rocket scientist to understand that Ming wanted control of their oral lovemaking. To show that he was not a bitch, he fought her for just long enough before he relented and allowed her to move his head in concert with her hips. His tongue found her clitoris and after a few swipes, Ming opened her legs wider so he could gain complete access to her love button. He gently sucked it into his mouth. Per a bit of instructions and training from her lesbian lover, Alessandro sucked Ming's erect clitoris just like it was a very small cock.

Fireworks exploded in Ming's head. The work he was doing on her cunt and clitoris was more than acceptable. She was ascending the ladder to attain an orally induced female orgasm. "FUCKIN' EAT ME BITCH," cried Ming. "Savor my juices. Shit!!! HERE IT COMES!!!"

Alessandro was taken aback at how quickly Ming rose to and completed an orgasm. His mouth filled with her juices. He was not at all offended by her taste. He did savor it by rolling it around his tongue to solidify and make permanent in his memory the taste of her sexuality. When she relaxed he slipped up her body. He did not lay completely on top of her because he knew he could smother her due to their size difference. He used his thighs to push her legs open and to keep them open. He took hold of his raging erection, looked Ming in the eyes as he positioned the head at her opening, and as they stared into each other's eyes, he slammed his cock into her fuck hole in one giant push.

Ming's eyes flew open as she felt Alessandro's full ten-and-a-half inches slid balls deep into her body. 'Fuck,' she thought, 'Appy was right. This guy knows how to fuck.' Her only verbal acknowledgement to him that she was ok with his immediate deep fucking of her cunt was a loud growl and grunt of satisfaction.

The look on Ming's face did not phase Alessandro. He moved slightly to get a better hold on Ming's hips and as she had demanded, he fucked her hard for a good seven minutes. On the last inward thrust, he did not immediately pull back. He pressed his hips into hers. He performed a Kegel and the length of his cock jumped inside the rather tight confines of Ming's sex. Alessandro leaned down and said, "Time to see how you like being fucked like an animal." Before she could answer, Alessandro pulled his cock from her body, moved so he had a reverse hold on her hips, and flipped the amazed Ming onto her stomach. He pulled her hips up which caused her knees to move forward.

Alessandro timed it perfectly. The moment her knees were supporting her body he thrust his harder-than-steel erection back into her cunt.

"F-F-F-U-U-U-K-K-K!!!" cried Ming. The cock that was positively raping her cunt was the best real cock she's ever had inside her. A quick thought passed through her fuck addled brain as she contemplated what it would be like if Apollonia fucked her every day the she was being fucked by Alessandro. Her body was ravaged with sexual pleasure and pain. She wanted to beg him to keep his cock deep inside, but could not speak as she felt the ten-and-a-half inch length of mancock pulse inside her body. "FUCK!!!" she cried with every thrust.

"Yeah, bitch!!!" growled Alessandro as he copulated with Ming as if she was a four legged animal. "Nothing better than a big hot cock fuckin' your hot cunt."

"Pound me!!!" cried Ming. "Give it to me you fuckin' Italian stud. Fuck me like you want to push your cock inside my cunt and out through my mouth. Jesus!!! Apollonia was fuckin' right. Your cock is amazing!!! Fuck me!!!"

Alessandro froze mid-stroke and removed his cock from Ming's cunt. He fell back onto his haunches and said, "Just my cock??? What about the rest of me???"

Ming could not believe he pulled himself from her body. She flipped around and before he could respond to protect his face, she bitch slapped him three times. She screamed, "YOU FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!!! HOW COULD YOU STOP???"

His hands were on his face as it showed the shock of being bitch slapped. He was enjoying fucking Ming. He was very close to ejaculating. "What the fuck, Ming," growled Alessandro. "I was giving you what you wanted. What the fuck???"

The sneer on her face was scary as she growled, "I was into your cock fuckin' me. What is so wrong with that?"

"Look at me!!!" cried Alessandro. "I'm a human being. I have a body, arms, legs, a head, and a brain. Part of me is a cock and balls. They're larger than the norm. But, don't make them into a separate individual. They are part of me. I give them to you because I want to. They have no decision making power. I do. It was me, Alessandro Bruno, who was fuckin' you. Not Mister Ten-and-a-Half Inch Cock!!!"

Ming fell back against the headboard. Her legs were splayed out in front of her. Her red and very puffy pussy was exposed to Alessandro. Ming could care less that she was wide open. She waited for a few minutes before she spoke. "What the fuck, Alessandro??? I'm not in love with you. I really don't fuckin' care about you except for the possibility of getting royally fucked by your ten-and-a-half inch Italian cock. We weren't passionately kissing. We weren't whispering sweet nothings to each other. I wanted you to fuck me like we were two farm animals. All you had to do was to use me to masturbate. Shoot your load, relax, and repeat the activity until you were too fuckin' tired to fuck. But no. you want to make love." She saw the look on his face as he was about to answer, Ming held up her right hand, and said, "Get the fuck off the bed. Go find another room to sleep in. I really do not want you near me. Now, get the fuck out."

Stunned, Alessandro got off of the bed, retrieved his clothing, and naked as the day he was born, departed the room he was supposed to spend what remained of the night with Ming.

Apollonia woke at exactly 8:00AM alone in the bed. Before she could call downstairs, Pricilla entered her room. She was dressed for work which surprised Apollonia. "Excuse me Mistress," said Pricilla as she stood in the

middle of the room looking down at the floor. "I rose early to make sure everything was prepared to feed your Uncle, your guests, and you."

To Pricilla's surprise, Apollonia commanded, "Lift your skirt."

Pricilla raised her skirt, parted her legs, and exposed her smooth teenage pussy to her Mistress.

"Good girl," said Apollonia. "Please find my gym bag and bring it to me. I am getting into your shower. I want it here by the time I am finished."

"Yes Mistress," said Pricilla. "May I please show my allegiance to you Mistress?"

"Later," said Apollonia.

Pricilla departed the room saddened by not being asked to suckle her Mistress' asshole. She backed out of the bedroom knowing her Mistress' gym bag was in the basement.

At 8:49AM, Apollonia, Ming and Alessandro were seated around the small kitchen table drinking coffee and eating three very well made cheese and mushroom omelets. For the most part, they were quiet. Pricilla went about her Sunday morning chores. Giuseppe returned to the basement to help Uncle Gino reduce and remove the bodies. Just as Apollonia was about to ask Ming and Alessandro how their night went, her cell phone rang.

"Apollonia."

"Appy," said a very agitated Colina. "Have you seen the news? Read the papers?"

"No. What has got you in a tizzy, Colina?"

"Jack Greenstein blew his brains out yesterday. It is all over the news."

"Fuck!!! I'll call you a back."

Apollonia ended the phone call, sat back, and screamed "FUCK!!!" three times at the top of her lungs. She picked up the empty coffee mug that was in front of her and savagely threw it towards the doorway to the back staircase.

Ming waited a moment and then simply asked, "What happened?"

"COFFEE!!!" screamed Apollonia.

Thankfully, Pricilla was nearby. She went to the proper cabinet, retrieved a mug, filled it with steaming hot black coffee, and placed it in front of her Mistress. The teenager was smart and intuitive enough to back away after placing the mug on the table.

Apollonia drained the mug and without a second thought screamed, "FUCK!!!" and violently threw the mug towards the spot where the first mug had hit and exploded into a thousand small pieces.

"COFFEE!!!" screamed Apollonia a second time.

Ming stood, stopped Pricilla from retrieving another mug, and said, "Enough. I will get you another mug of coffee but it will be for drinking and not throwing when empty. What did Colina just tell you?"

With her hands held up and palms outward, Apollonia calmly said, "Coffee please." When Ming gently pushed Pricilla to get another mug, Apollonia said, "Jack Greenstein committed suicide sometime yesterday."

"What!!!" cried Alessandro.

"Dead???" said Ming her brow furrowed because she knew her letter could be part of the reason he ended his life. If so, it would have to be discussed with Apollonia when they were alone.

"I do not have the complete story, but Colina informed me that he blew his brains out yesterday," said Apollonia. "Apparently, it is all over the news. We're fucked!!!"

Like some deity was listening in on their conversation, the doorbell sounded. Three minutes later, Nathan walked into the kitchen. He saw the concern on everybody's face, and quickly asked, "Did something happen?"

Quite a bit calmer, Apollonia said, "Jack Greenstein blew his brains out yesterday sometime after you dropped him off. And, I did not call you to come here, but I'm glad you are."

Nathan leaned against the counter across from the small kitchen table and said, "I needed to get away from Golda. Nothing bad, just needed my space." He paused for a moment and then said, "Concerning Jack, I did not see that coming."

The statement by Nathan confused Apollonia. She thought a moment before she asked, "Did something happen between the two of you when you drove him home?"

"Kinda. Sorta. Fuck, yeah, something did happen," said Nathan as he moved to stand more erect before he let the cat out of the bag, "Seems Jack had a fetish for, um-m-m..." Nathan was frustrated and it showed on his face.

"Nathan Childress," said Apollonia, "nothing you will say about Jack now will have any consequences on what we were going to use him for as well as get from him. So, just spit it out."

"Jack Greenstein was a big black cock sissy," said Nathan. "He asked to sit up front with me when I drove him home. I could see him glancing at my crotch. I remembered his stating that an uncle of his forced him to suck black men. The uncle broke him psychologically and brainwashed him into believing the only true male as a black male. He fuckin' came close to beggin' me to let him suck my cock. He was crazy with lust."

"I hear what you are saying," said Ming, "but, I'm not completely in agreement with you as that being the sole reason he committed suicide. There has to be more."

Apollonia stood and said, "Time to get back to Columbus Place. We have a lot of work to get done now that Jack is no longer a good source."

"I disagree," said Nathan. "I think it is rather obvious as to what we need to do. First, we need to get to the McCool house, find, and retrieve the two other key cards. Second, we need to find and make that sixteen year old gigolo understand that he is ours. Then and only then, third, we get inside and truly find out what is goin' on inside the so-called executive whorehouse."

"What about..." started Apollonia who was immediately interrupted by Nathan.

"What we need to ascertain about Jack's death," said Nathan, "is if he left a suicide note. If he did, we need to somehow get a copy of it. If he didn't, then we need to sit around a table and try to figure out what made him go over the edge. While Jon is making inquiries, we need to get the kid, get the key cards from the McCool house, and figure a way to get into the whorehouse. I believe we should work from here. If you need something from Columbus Place, I can get it or your sister can gather it together and have a delivery service bring it here."

Apollonia looked at Ming and simply said her name, "Ming..."

It took a couple of seconds for Ming to think about what Nathan proposed before she said, "I agree, but at the same time I have the boys to worry about. I know Raffy can take care of them, but..."

"Easy decision," said Nathan of all people, "we go to Columbus Place. As we drive there, we get ahold of Jon and have him meet us there. I am sure from this moment forward we do not want to use any form of cellular phone communications. Then we plan on capturing this Peter kid. Probably best if I do it alone. Once I have him, I will call and head directly back here. That should give you time to put all of your ducks in a row before you return here. Then we attack, figuratively, the whorehouse in Hell's Kitchen."

"I'm in agreement," said Ming.

Alessandro just nodded his head not knowing what they would ask him to do considering he did not take part in the torture and murder of the McCool family.

"Ok," said Apollonia, "first things first. Alessandro, you stay in the city. Do what you need to do as if nothing was happening. When you are done return here. When you return here it does not matter if we have not. Just spend some time with Pricilla. I want you to talk to Giuseppe. I want you to learn from both of them. Also, just know that we will be returning."

With his face scrunched up because of his not understanding why Apollonia said what she did, he simply said, "What the fuck??? What gives???"

"I don't believe you want me to do it here," said Apollonia. "Just do as I tell you, Alessandro."

"I won't," he countered. "I'm a big boy, just fuckin' tell me."

"Ok, I'll tell you why," said Apollonia. You had a chance to fuck my lover all night. But, did you?" She paused, placed her hands flat on the tabletop, and screamed, "NO!!! YOU'RE IDEA OF SEX IS BOUND UP IN LOVE. ALL SHE WANTED FROM YOU WAS YOUR COCK. AND YOU DID NOT GIVE IT TO HER. IF YOU'RE WONDERING HOW I FOUND OUT, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS LOOK AT HER AND I KNEW SHE WAS NOT FUCKED INTO OBLIVION LAST NIGHT."

"That is a fuckin' lie!!!" screamed Alessandro. "I was balls deep in her Asian cunt when out of the blue she fuckin' bitch slapped me. Bitch slapped me because I stopped trusting when she told me how wonderful my cock felt. Not how adept I was at keeping my big body off of hers. How I spread her legs so far apart she was doin' a split in the air so I could fuck her with abandon. Do not put her not getting fucked all night on me. She was as much to blame as I was."

"Can this wait," said Nathan.

"FUCK NO!!!" screamed Alessandro. "YOU TWO BITCHES WANT A REAL COCK EVERY NOW-AND-THEN??? I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU WITHOUT HAVING TO CONSIDER IT MAKING LOVE. I'LL FUCK THE BOTH OF YOU UNTIL YOU ARE IN TEARS WITH PAIN. JUST TREAT ME LIKE A MAN AND I'LL GIVE BOTH OF YOU WHAT YOU WANT. HARD COCK AND GALLONS OF CUM!!!"

Apollonia shrugged her shoulders and deadpanned, "Ok. But, you still stay in the city. Do whatever chores you need to do before you return here. Is that clear enough for you?"

Frustrated, Alessandro replied, "Yes."

"Good," said Apollonia. She then screamed, "PRICILLA!!!"

The whirr of the elevator signaled that she was on one of the upper floors. Two minutes after she screamed a somewhat frightened Pricilla entered the kitchen. Keeping her eyes on the floor she said, "Yes Mistress."

As Apollonia stood she said to the others, "I'll meet you outside." She then went to Pricilla, but waited until she heard the front door close. She wrapped her left arm around the girl's shoulders, pulled her close, and with her right hand she lifted the front of the cotton work dress. Her hand sought Pricilla's privates. She was ecstatic to find she was not wearing panties although earlier that morning she had asked to see her naked privates. "I see you are naked as I commanded," said Apollonia

Before Pricilla could answer, her knees buckled just a bit as her Mistress' index finger slid over her clitoris. Her breath left her lungs at the unbelievable feeling that was coursing up to her brain from just a simple caress of her clitoris. She remained silent because of her inability to control her emotional and physical being.

"I will be back," said Apollonia. "I want you inform you that Alessandro will most likely return before I do. You are to take care of him. But, more importantly, if he shows any desire to kiss you, fondle you, or have sex with you, you are to comply with his wishes knowing I told you to do it. I will not be mad if he takes your oral, vaginal, and anal virginity. If nothing happens, then just treat him like a very special guest. He asks questions answer them. Make sure Giuseppe does likewise. Understood?"

"Yes, my Mistress," answered the young girl.

Apollonia removed her hand from between Pricilla's legs, wrapped both arms around her, and kissed her as if she was her lover. When the deep French kiss was completed, Apollonia said, "Do not deny him. But, I want you to know that you are mine forever."

"Y-Y-Yes, my Mistress," said Pricilla as she felt a small stream of virginal fluid escape the confines of her tight virgin vagina.

Nothing more was said as Apollonia released the girl, turned, and walked out of the kitchen. When she exited the townhouse, Alessandro was nowhere to be found, and Ming was standing by the driveway cut out. She went to her, wrapped her in her arms, and said, "I love you Ming Zheng. If it were possible, I would divorce Colin and marry you. I have no intention of maintaining a relationship with Alessandro. You are who and what I want, need, and desire."

"He is going to be one very mad individual," said Ming. "But, I will say, that for the short time his was thrusting in my body it was fuckin' amazing. I'm just so fuckin' sad that he had to emotionally join the act fucking with love."

"He'll be around to fuck us," cooed Apollonia. "If I play my cards right, he'll end up living here with Pricilla. They will marry. He will procreate with her. He will have the opportunity to provide seed for Moretti customers. And, he will fuck us when we want because if he doesn't, I will castrate the bastard."

Ming laughed and said, "Sure... I believe that as far as you can throw the Empire State Building. Truth be told, I think he'll leave and never return. His unrequited love for you is the only magnet to bring him back to you."

Nathan pulled up to the cut out and before he could get out of the Lincoln Town Car, Apollonia had the door open. The two lovers entered the vehicle and just as soon as the door was closed, but before the women were fully belted in, Nathan pressed the accelerator sending them down 84th Street on a route back to Columbus Place.