

*The Italian Gourmet-Baby-Food Baron's
Ironically Pregnant Virgin Mistress*



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Ironically, Chastity was toiling on her hands and knees, scrubbing the orphanage floor, when he strode past. The supple Italian leather of his boots looked strangely familiar...had she been near those boots before? And his bellowing voice, commanding her stepmother, Gladys, to *show him the babies, please, the bella, bella babies*, sounded familiar, too.

But it was those powerful thighs, rippling and bulging as he walked, that confirmed that this was the man who had shown her the torrid pleasures of the flesh nearly two years ago now.

Oh! Never could she forget the way his thighs looked that night, bared in the candlelight—proud thighs that were crowned, like a gloriously prancing unicorn, by his throbbing manhood. She had ridden his glossily romping gloriypole clear up to the sky, to the stars, which had glittered and shattered, exposing the very heavens to her in a soul-wrenching orgasm that had produced her two wonderful twins, Miracle and Marvel.

Yes, it was none other than Italian gourmet baby food baron, Cesar Machismo!

The petite redhead scrubbed furiously. Why was he here? Surely Cesar hadn't discovered her secret! No, it had to be a coincidence—and she mustn't let him recognize her.

Furtively, she reached into her smock pocket and drew out the hairnet that she wore when serving lunch to the babies. She had no choice but to put it on in order to disguise her flowing titian locks. And then she found the black marker, whose smell was such a solace during her days of drudgery, and penned a large mole on her right cheek. Blushing, she remembered how he had complimented those cheeks, *so unblemished, like the finest Italian marble*, he'd said. He would not recognize those cheeks now, she thought darkly.

His interest in the babies distressed her greatly. She scrubbed his muddy boot prints as fast as she could, trying to keep up with the man as he walked from crib to crib alongside her stepmother, who owned the orphanage. His assistant hovered some distance away, taking notes.

What were they saying? She could only make out his occasional exclamation - *O, poverina! Poverina!* And Chastity was slowing in her progress toward them—why wasn't her furious scrubbing getting out his boot prints? She looked down and realized she had balled her fists in anger.

Cesar had made it only too clear that fateful night, as she'd danced with him, what his views of gold diggers were—*mama mia!*—who set out to get themselves a meal ticket for life by

getting pregnant. When she realized she was pregnant, she knew she could not tell him, not after she had laughed in scorn along with Cesar: *Mama Mia!* She'd repeated, *Such women are whores!* What else could she say? She'd had no choice. And he'd laughed, and she'd wrapped her arms around his neck, eyes constantly drawn to the betraying bulge in his pants.

No, she'd had no choice. She could never tell him.

Her stepmother Gladys was scandalized to learn of her behavior. Tearfully, she'd taken Chastity's cheeks in her hands. "No, please God! My baby, my virgin child, you cannot be pregnant. We will be ruined!" Grudgingly, Gladys had allowed Chastity to stay at the orphanage, as long as she hid her pregnancy under a shapeless smock. Once the babies came, Gladys put them with the rest of the orphans. She said that if Chastity wanted to be near them, then Chastity would work for that privilege: she must keep the place clean, and tend to all of the orphans. What could Chastity do? She had no choice but to go along with her stepmother's demands.

On her hands and knees she scrubbed, following Cesar and Gladys as they approached the crib that Miracle and Marvel shared. She prayed he would not notice their brown eyes and their titian hair, and the many other ways in which they resembled the girl he'd known that night. She had just given Mira and Marv a book of art prints to look at to help promote their amazing artistic talent, which was demonstrated daily by the way their attention was drawn to colorful objects. She prayed the twins' attention would be absorbed in the book as Cesar passed by, so that he would not glimpse their little faces.

Cesar Machismo followed the insufferable woman from crib to crib. None of these children even remotely resembled his image of the ideal baby. But he needed no less than the perfect, ideal baby to be the "*Discerning Baby*" - the new face of the Machismo Gourmet Baby Foods Firm. It was critical he find a truly lovable baby, especially after what had happened with their previous ad campaign, "*Babies with Good Taste.*" The commercials had featured the humorous misunderstandings of halfwit parents who thought '*babies with good taste*' meant babies who '*taste good.*' People had become outraged. *Un disastro!*

The *Discerning Baby* campaign was not going much better. All the babies he'd been shown him were grossly sub-par. None exemplified lovability, as well as discernment for the finer things in life! For the *Discerning Baby* must show discerning taste in all things. *Mama mia*, but one had to do everything oneself!

He felt sure he wouldn't find the right baby in an orphanage, but he'd exhausted all his options in this region of the country. What's more, it was impossible to concentrate with the scrubbing girl dogging his steps. She seemed to become agitated as he drew near the last crib.

"Why are these poor creatures stuck in the same crib?" He barked menacingly. The babies began to cry, and then they both spit up.

"*Dio mi Salvo!*" Cesar exclaimed.

"Please, forgive them," the proprietress said.

"Oh, it merely distresses me to see babies become sick! Why did you spit up, little ones?" He had his suspicions, though. He reached into the crib and swiped a finger through the glistening yellow substance, then brought it to his lips and sucked. "Pah! You fed them the substandard applesauce produced by my competitors. Not even fit for carrion-eating crows!" He glared at the proprietress.

"I'm sorry, but we cannot afford your brand."

"And these babies are suffering for it. Don't you see? This food is an affront to their dignity." He gazed at the babies with their titian hair, their big brown eyes; there was an ineffable quality to their looks that pleased him greatly and reminded him of happier times. And then something in the crib caught his attention. "What is this?" He reached in and pulled out the art book, which had lain open to the page with a picture of the Mona Lisa; her face was obscured by the contents of the baby's stomachs.

"*Per Meravaglia!*" he exclaimed, gazing rapturously at the infants.

"Please, do not be angry with them," the woman begged.

"How could I be angry? My dear woman, everybody knows the Mona Lisa is the most overrated piece of art in the history of the Western World—pure *rifiuti* not fit to line the bottom of a rabid squirrel's cage. These children were offended by the sight of it, but they do not yet possess the motor skills to banish the image from their sight by turning the page. So they covered it with the regurgitated food of my competitor! A fitting tribute, don't you agree?"

The woman looked confused.

"I have found them," Cesar announced to the room. "Not one, but two Discerning Babies. My good woman, I'll adopt the pair of them! How does a hundred dollars sound?" His assistant drew near, spouting some drivel about adoption legalities and such.

"Nonsense!" Cesar turned to the proprietress. "It's okay with me if it's okay with you."

“No, I beg of you!” The scrubbing girl stood. “You cannot adopt them! You cannot!”

“And why is that, my *bella*?” Cesar said.

“Because...because they...they need a sense of continuity!” She blurted out.

The old woman narrowed her eyes. “I’m afraid she’s right. I must insist that this girl come along as a condition of their adoption. The babies have a certain bond to her.”

The assistant touched Cesar’s arm, mumbling on and on. “...potential baby trafficking charges...”

Cesar waved him away. “*Basta!*” He eyed the scrubbing girl.

“She is a virgin,” the proprietress added.

He didn’t doubt that for a second—the poor girl was all hairnets and moles as far as he could see. Just as well. He didn’t want any distractions in his home. “Well then, if the Discerning Babies prefer the company of this girl, then she is worthy to be their nanny. I’ll take all three.”

Chastity went quietly to pack her bag. She had no choice! There was no way anybody would believe her over Gladys. Her stepmother had told everyone she was mentally disabled in order to explain why a woman her age would be content scrubbing up orphan vomit all day long. But the truth was, Chastity would do anything to stay close to Miracle and Marvel.

To make matters worse, Gladys had destroyed all the records relating to the twins' birth. Oh, if only she hadn't consented to this pretense! If only she'd been strong enough to stand against the shameful stigma of being that lowliest of lepers in their quaint but friendly hamlet near Piddlehinton, which lay on the road between White Lackington and Higher Waterston: an unwed mother. If only she'd been daring enough to break away and seek her fortune with her darling babies in the comparative metropolis of Bramblecombe.

But Chastity was not known for her strength. Quite the contrary.

She removed her hair net to pack it. Perhaps Cesar would want her to work in his kitchens in addition to taking care of the twins. It was only right that she pay for the shameful way she had yielded to him. Only a whore would have acted in such a way! She bowed her slender neck, and the weight of her mass of titian curls spilled forth in a glorious profusion only rivaled by the autumnal majesty of the trees in Bloomington, Indiana on, say, October 23rd.

Chastity gazed at her reflection in the mirror and instead of a bedraggled servant, she saw her image as she'd been the night of the ball superimposed over the top. Oh, it had started so beautifully, but she should have known that anything that began in trickery could only end badly, like asking a blind man to hold her dog's leash for a minute, when the dog in question was really just a furry seat cover full of rotten tomatoes and packing peanuts. Despite regrets too numerous to mention (even though, they in fact, numbered nine) she lost herself in memories. Her mind drifted away, lost in the magical twinkle of fairy lights.

Two years before...

"I can't do this," Chastity protested to her friend. "They'll never believe I belong there, Ferris. The Annual Friends of the Orphanage Ball is far too grand an occasion for me. Ever since Papa died, Stepmama has made it clear that she'll find a way to cut off my school funds if I get in her way. She'll be furious if she catches me!" She tugged fitfully at the silver lame'. "And

I'm... too small on top to wear this dress. It's showing my chest!"

"What chest?" Ferris asked cheerfully. "You look like a broomstick. Now quit complaining while I finish these princess seams. Just don't raise your arms and nobody will ever know the difference."

What could Chastity do? She had no choice; she never won arguments with Ferris, who was everything she would never be: voluptuous, bold, and beautiful. If Ferris thought she should crash the ball, then she'd crash it. Perhaps she could find a quiet corner to hide for an hour or two. All she really wanted to do was quietly finish her Geology program, but nobody ever asked what she wanted.

Hours later, she felt even sorrier for herself as she mounted the white marble stairs to the private club where the event was being held. Chastity checked to make sure her disguise was fully in place. Yes, she still had on the tiara. Nobody would recognize her now!

The other women all had glamorous escorts, but who would ever look twice at such a tiny, petite little woman like herself? Men wanted curves, not coltish angles. These massive steps were more than twice the length of her tiny feet, and the gown was narrow at the bottom, so she struggled with her arrival.

"At this rate I will never make it to the top," she muttered.

"Allow me, signora?" The dusky man's accented voice sent a chill down her spine.

"I... I'm not married," she stammered, overcome by the pure vision of manly beauty that had manifested beside her. She set her fingers, light as a dove's wing, against the black sleeve of his jacket, unless of course said dove had hit a window moments before.

"No?" His tone became rich with satisfaction. "Such a fiery English rose... the men of your country must be blind."

"Well, some are," she said, confused that he would want to talk about disabilities on such a romantic night. It must be a defect in her tiny delicate person that made men's thoughts turn away from passion. "Some are deaf. Others have lost limbs and what-not. I understand yet others are born with bits missing—"

The man threw back his head and laughed with such vigor that Chastity's eyes were drawn to the rugged bulge in his trousers. "Your sense of humor, signorina, it is...*affascinare*." He lifted her delicate wrist to his beautifully molded mouth. "You enchant me. Will you permit me to escort you to tonight's function? Lamentably, my date had to cancel at the last minute, for

she needed to groom her poodle.”

This couldn't be happening, not to shy, diminutive Chastity Bliss. They'd made up such a cruel rhyme to taunt her with at school: “Chastity Bliss! Chastity Bliss! Gonna die before she's kissed!” She gazed way up at him, taking in his strong shoulders and chiseled features. Why, she was pretty sure she'd seen his nose on a coin somewhere. Maybe one of those golden wrapped ones. Those were delicious. It had to be a sign!

While the tiny minx considered his invitation—as was proper—for only a whore would go with the first man who asked her, Cesar Machismo gazed down at her succulent yet dainty breasts. They looked to him like two tiny infants wrestling beneath a shiny space blanket. He had a great fondness for shiny space blankets, having grown up watching Buck Rogers reruns as a child. In fact, there were only two things he liked better than shiny space blankets: baby food and women, generally in that order.

He had never seen a woman who could match her for pure radiance. Lust surged through him like improperly cooked carrots forced through a colander. If he did get her in his arms and soon, the pulp of his love would pop with a terrible squelch. And his trousers felt tight too.

“I suppose I'd like to escort you,” she said, timid as a shy hare who was about to be turned into a particularly plebian fricassee.

Escort! His heart fell. Only a slut would use such a word to describe her company. She must be yet another gold-digger, lying in wait for him. Someone must have told her he couldn't resist coming to the aid of a lady in distress, for he was every inch (especially the best inches) an Italian gentleman.

But no! It was a truth fit to break his lonely but insanely wealthy heart. Despite her dainty magnificence, her fragile features and her perky yet lush breasts, she was nothing but a dirty whore. On the plus side, it meant he could take her outside during the appetizer course and bang her in the shrubberies. His wee general saluted the idea.

Even knowing what sort of woman she was, he felt himself moved by the way she struggled to mount the giant stairs. She was so tiny! So fragile! He was reminded of a dainty bird trembling in the palm of his hand.

Overcome, Cesar tucked her beneath his arm and carried her the rest of the way. She smelled deliciously like the apple cobbler he'd been experimenting with for his line of gourmet

baby food, and it was all he could not to take a bite right out of her then and there.

“Would you like to dance, *signorina*?”

She peered up at him through a tumbled red fringe with eyes as sweet and guileless as a vat of blueberry puree. Even the ridiculous false tiara she wore amid her tousled curls made him think of bedsport. “I don’t know how.”

“I will teach you,” purred Cesar. “Everything you need to know, *mi tartufo di amore*.”

And so they danced. Slowly, he began to realize she had no idea who he was. Her artless chatter entranced him. Perhaps she was not without conscience, decency or morals after all, unlike so many of the dirty whores who had come before her, although never before him. He must have one deliciously sweet kiss from her full yet innocent mouth.

“May I show you the gardens?” He breathed the question into her shell-like ear, only to find that was a particularly vexing accessory.

Meanwhile, his date peered up at him in confusing. “You like my earrings? My friend Ferris said it made me look like a mermaid. Oh, yes,” she added hastily. “The gardens. Please!”

Oh yes! The shell earrings, silver dress, creamy skin, Titian hair and at-sea expression did make her look like a mermaid. This woman could surely lure sailors to their doom, and Cesar felt himself falling. He’d never met anyone like this enchantress.

They walked outside together, hand in hand. The stars looked like crushed diamonds on black velvet overhead, which assumes anybody would be stupid enough *crush* diamonds. It was a warm night, but Cesar used the pretext of body heat to draw her close.

He’d had such a good intentions, but when his lips touched hers, he was maddened in a fit of lust. Cesar moaned uncontrollably as he ran his tongue against the sealed virginal seam of her lips. Oh, an angel! She did not even know how to kiss properly.

That made him want to screw her sideways.

He lost all control of himself, yanking at her dress, and ravishing her breasts with his mouth like a teething toddler. The woman whimpered, soft little sounds that could have been arousal or distress. Cesar decided that as long as she didn’t actually say no, it must be the former.

Her underpants tore in his hands. How did that happen?! He’d only meant to kiss her, like the delicate flower she was. When he lifted this tiny dainty female into his arms and impaled her on his rampant rod, she sobbed in ecstasy. That meant she felt the connection too, body to soul! He thrust quickly, utterly undone. Her tiny hands dug into his shoulders, urging him on. Cesar

Machismo came, roaring his pleasure. The whole world ceased, just the two of them pinwheeling together in endless ocean of sweet creamery butter.

Afterward he breathed, “*L’amo. Sarei piuttosto unto nel burro e nel miele e sinistro per le formiche di vivere un altro momento senza lei dal mio lato.*”

.....Or so Chastity guessed, two years later. She’d run off, leaving only a jar of baby food behind from her handbag. She liked to eat the strained peas when she was nervous.

She started as someone banged on the door. “Are you done in there, idiot girl?! You better not be daydreaming again.”

Chastity hurriedly finished packing. She couldn’t imagine how her life could possibly get worse.

Chastity picked up her suitcase. It was more of an overnight bag really, so small that even her delicate arms could bear its weight. It was all she needed for her pitifully small number of possessions: a few drab clothes, some overalls for heavy cleaning, her precious marker pen - almost dry now but still with that soothing smell that calmed her troubled spirits - and finally, her most treasured possession, a small crumpled photograph of her giving birth to the twins, her titian curls plastered to her sweating, beetroot-coloured face. Not the most flattering of photos, true, but oh so precious!

The only thing that could have made the miracle of their birth more perfect would have been to have their father at her side - but that could never have been! Cesar had made it only too clear that he would have thrown her onto the cold wintry streets if she'd gone to him. No. She'd had no choice but to secretly install the twins in the orphanage and masquerade as a mentally deficient cleaner.

It was imperative that Cesar should not make the connection between herself and the delicate silver mer-creature he had made sweet passionate love to a full two years ago. The hair net had been useful as a temporary disguise but she needed something more permanent now. And she must hurry - Cesar was waiting for her in his luxury limo!

Swiftly Chastity raced to Gladys's room. Her stepmother had a breathtaking collection of wigs and hairpieces. Gladys turned as she entered, a black hairpiece dangling from one hand.

"Chastity? I thought you were packing?"

"I need to borrow one of your wigs" Chastity replied breathlessly.

"Why?" Gladys took a step back, hugging the black hairpiece to her, her other arm going protectively to the door of her armoire. She loved her wigs like children. More than children. Certainly more than she'd ever loved Chastity, Chastity thought sadly.

"If Ces- Mr. Machismo sees my hair he might guess I'm the twins' mother," she explained. *And that he's their father*, she added silently. Gladys had no idea who the father was and Chastity would never tell her. Gladys would try to force Cesar to marry Chastity to rescue her from her shameful fate as an unmarried mother. Chastity could not bear that! The one thing she had left was her pride!

"You're right," Gladys agreed reluctantly. She opened the armoire and rifled inside,

finally bringing out a shapeless blonde mop. Gladys only wore it when she was bathing her miniature schnauzer, Mr. Bickerstaff.

It wasn't even real hair, Chastity thought sadly. Just nylon.

"This will do," Gladys said briskly. "Come here".

Chastity walked forward obediently and allowed her stepmother to jam the unattractive hairpiece over her gloriously rioting titian curls.

Half an hour later, she descended the orphanage steps for the last time. She had drawn on a few more blemishes with her beloved marker-pen to add to her disguise. The marks weren't quite as dark as the one she'd drawn on before - the blasted pen was running out! She would have to get a new one. But how? Would Cesar let her have a little pocket money in return for looking after the twins? Maybe if she offered to scrub the floors he'd let her have a few coins each month? For a small measure of financial independence, she'd gladly scrub Cesar's solid Italian marble floors until she could see her own unhappy face in them...

Cesar shifted his powerful frame impatiently as he waited for the nanny to arrive. His limo was custom-built and extra-long to accommodate his powerfully muscular body with ease. With its built-in bar, TV, hip-bath and chocolate fountain, he wanted for nothing, no matter how long the journey.

Per meraviglia! Where was the girl? The babies were getting fractious, their small faces brown and sticky from their frolics in the chocolate fountain. Cesar glanced at the newly-purchased car seats the babies sat in, the harsh features of his powerful face forming a frown. When he got them back to the *palazzo*, he would have luxury car seats custom-built for them from the finest silks and satins money could buy. And his money could buy *a lot*, he thought with satisfaction, stroking his powerful chin with the strong brown fingers of his powerful left hand which were lightly dusted with crisp dark hair. His Discerning Babies would have nothing but the best!

At last the door swung open and the nanny climbed inside, stammering incoherent apologies.

"*Rapidamente!*" Cesar urged, seizing her wrist in his powerful grip and pulling her inside. The girl fell against him heavily. Close up, he saw how plain she was. She had several large moles and out of the hairnet, her hair was an ugly mess. And yet for *un momento* she

seemed strangely familiar. Something about her smell? Strained peas and - what was that? - nail polish remover? No! Something else....

“*Chiedo scusa*,” Cesar murmured in a low, throaty, yet powerful growl as he held the girl against his powerful broad chest. She was so slender, so fragile! He could barely feel her weight against him! Despite her plain face and unforgivable hair, Cesar felt his powerfully pulsing love-member harden in his trousers like a newly-smelted iron bar. The girl scrambled off his lap, her delicate hands pushing at the powerfully rippling muscles of his straining thighs. Alarmed as she was, her eyes lingered on the massive betraying bulge in his trousers.

“Fasten your seatbelt,” he advised tautly.

“Y-yes, s-sir,” she stammered. But her slender fingers were trembling too much to obey his command. Sighing with frustration, he reached over, enveloping her small hand in his much larger, more powerful one which was lightly dusted with crisp dark hair. Smoothly he guided the hard, searching buckle into the willing depths of the slot with his strong hard fingers. It fastened with a satisfying ‘click’.

“You see, *signorina*?” Cesar husked, still covering her small hand with his own more powerful, darker one which was lightly dusted with crisp dark hair. “The buckle was made for the slot. They fit together *perfetto*.”

The airport at Bramblecombe was like a bustling metropolis, filled with families going on holiday and business commuters. To Chastity’s amazement, some of the business commuters were women! She stared at the unfamiliar creatures with undisguised curiosity, earning an unpleasant frown from one hard-looking woman with dyed blonde hair and razor sharp nails painted scarlet.

Chastity gasped at the loathing on the woman’s face, hugging tiny Miracle a little closer.

“Don’t worry, *signorina*” Cesar murmured, curving one powerful arm protectively around her slender shoulders. “She is jealous. Maybe she thinks you are my wife and that these children are our *bambini*. Who could blame her for being envious?”

Chastity stumbled, almost dropping Miracle.

“Our children?” she said faintly as she readjusted her grip of the baby. “How ridiculous!”

To her consternation, Cesar laughed too, a powerful booming guffaw that echoed throughout the airport building. “*Si, si!. Ridicolo!*” he exclaimed as tears poured down his

handsome powerful chiseled cheeks.

Cesar was still chuckling as he rushed them all through airport security and onto his luxury private jet. Once on board, Chastity couldn't stop staring. The jet was the first word in luxury. And everything was white! White leather seats, white shagpile carpet, and, taking pride of a place in the centre of the cabin, a white marble jacuzzi!

"It's - it's - " she stammered.

"Very expensive, *cara*" Cesar drawled, running his strong brown fingers that were lightly dusted with crisp hair through the dark hair atop his powerful head. "The fuel alone is five times more expensive than for a regular aircraft." He raised one powerful eyebrow. "Italian marble is heavy."

"I was going to say *beautiful*" Chastity whispered. Her eyes searched the cabin for a stain without success. "What do you do about spills? This white leather would mark so easily!"

"Simple. I rip it out and start again, *signorina*. Maybe I'll do that anyway after this flight. I'm tired of white. I yearn for something more vibrant, more passionate! Orange perhaps. Like the hair of these *bella bella bambini*..." He reached out a powerful hand to gently stroke Miracle's little head with strong brown fingers that were amazingly gentle for all their powerful strength - and lightly dusted with crisp dark hair. As he looked at the child, tears welled in his ebony eyes. "I knew a woman with hair that colour once. She was - "

"Mama! We fly aeroplane! We go Italy"

Cesar's reverie was interrupted by Marvel's baby voice speaking with uncanny clarity. Cesar and Chastity turned as one to the child who grinned at them triumphantly.

"*Dio!* He speaks like a three year old!" Cesar marveled, his powerful chiseled cheeks taut with amazement.

Chastity picked up the 15 month old and turned to Cesar, her eyes shining with tears of happiness. "That's the first time he's ever said Ma-". She stopped just in time. "M'aeroplane" she finished, lamely.

"*M'aeroplane?* He didn't say *m'aeroplane*! He distinctly said *aeroplane*. I heard him as clear as day and Cesar Machismo's hearing is known to be more than normally acute! I think you need your ears syringed, *signorina*. Come, let us sit. Soon we will be taking off and I have arranged the finest airline meal you or these babies will ever have tasted!"

Chastity didn't tell him she'd never been on a plane before. She was too busy wondering

what he'd been about to say about the titian-haired woman he'd once known. Probably that she was a filthy whore, Chastity thought sadly.

The meal was indeed extraordinary. It started with an *amuse bouche* of lobster cappuccino, then roast scallops with an oyster *veloute* then braised lamb's tongues with celeriac and sweetbreads then - well, after that Chastity lost count of the dishes. In truth, she wasn't overly fond of the rich food, being more used thin vegetable soups and gruel. But the babies seemed to take to the gourmet fare with remarkable ease. And when she suggested that perhaps *carpaccio* of milk-fed Kobi beef was not suitable for tiny tummies, Cesar waved her protests away with his powerful hand that was lightly dusted with crisp dark hair.

"Look at them, *signorina*!" he bellowed. "They love the *carpaccio*, and who would not? It is one of the finest dishes in all Italy!" He masticated his own *carpaccio* with his powerful white teeth.

True enough, when she looked at the babies, their small mouths full of wafer-thin raw beef, they did look happy. Besides, what could she do? She had no choice but to let Cesar feed them what he wished.....

"Wake up, *signorina*."

Chastity stirred awake, only to realise with mortification that she had fallen asleep on Cesar Machismo's powerful shoulder. Furtively she checked that her wig was still in place - it was - and lifted her head. Cesar was staring down at her with inscrutable ebony eyes.

"Look out of the window, *signorina*," he ordered.

She did - and was almost dazzled.

"Wh - what is it?" she cried in wonder.

"My *palazzo*," Cesar announced proudly, his powerful profile turned to the cabin window. "Ten thousand tons of finest white Italian marble, one thousand metres of gold leaf and half a ton of crushed diamonds." He turned away from the window to fix her again with his powerfully hypnotic gaze. "And that's just the runway".

Chastity averted her eyes, unable to stare into those black eyes a moment longer, only to be confronted with an enormously powerful and betraying bulge in Cesar's trousers. Thankfully, Cesar didn't seem to notice the direction of her gaze.

"Fasten your seatbelt, *cara*," he said. "It's going to be a bumpy landing. "

Chastity stepped from the private luxury jet onto the sparkling white Italian marble tarmac of Cesar's private airstrip. Chastity's delicate sea-green eyes were more accustomed to toiling indoors scrubbing floors and changing diapers than cavorting on private Italian marble runways owned by virile Italian billionaires, beneath the overwhelming heat of the bright Italian sun. Her beautiful sapphire orbs began to water.

"Well, *signorina*," Cesar said. "What do you think of my *palazzo*?" He leaned down from his great height to look into her streaming eyes. A strange expression crossed his handsomely rugged face.

Chastity wanted to ask him to return her sunglasses, which he had placed on his face before deplaning, but he silenced her by laying a finger across her lips. His finger was so strong, so masculine, so exotically Italian. She had no choice but to remain silent.

"*Shh!* Do not speak, *signorina*. I can see that you are overwhelmed by the size and beauty of *mi palazzo*. Your emotional reaction does you credit—unlike the gold-digging whores I have known in the past who mutter envious words like, 'tacky,' 'garish' and 'overcompensating' when they see my beautiful home."

Mutely, Chastity nodded. Cesar's Palace was as magnificent as the man, himself. In addition to the polished marble, crushed diamonds and gold leaf, Cesar had decorated the grounds of his palace with many tasteful reproductions of Michelangelo's David and the Venus de Milo.

"Come," Cesar ordered forcefully as he led her into the palazzo. "We will film the first commercial right here in *mi palazzo*. The camera crew awaits, and my fine team of chefs has prepared a grand buffet fit for the likes of a Roman emperor or a middle-income tourist."

Windows lined the walls of the grand dining hall. In the center of the room was a long table bearing delicacies like chilled shrimp, lobster bisque, and some adorable little baklava made with walnuts, peanuts and honey.

Chastity gaped in awe. She had never eaten at a buffet. High class meals like buffets were too sophisticated for a simple girl from the lesser Piddlehinton metropolitan area.

For the second time since deplaning, tears came to Chastity's eyes. But this time it was not the powerful Italian sun which caused them. No, it was the powerful Italian man by her side.

The man who cared so much about her little babies that he spared no expense in making sure they were well fed and cared for while he filmed them for commercial purposes.

“Your eyes are leaking again, *signorina*. Perhaps you have the hay fever? Let me see.” Cesar grasped her delicately pointed chin in his large, masculine hand and tilted her heart-shaped face up to his.

Their eyes met. An electric connection sparked between them. The sensation that raced through Chastity’s body was not unlike the many times she had accidentally walked into the electric fence that bordered the pasture behind the orphanage.

She could not free herself from the powerful pull of Cesar’s dark, exotically Italian eyes. Cesar did not look away. He stared at her. His nostrils flared and the masculine bulge in his pants grew as straight and as hard as a pillar of fine Italian marble.

When he spoke, his rugged voice was low, seductive and suspicious. “I once knew a woman with eyes like yours. Her eyes were the color of the sky outside this window, or perhaps they were the color of the strange-smelling blue liquid my janitors use to clean this window—my memory is somewhat hazy because I was drunk. But I will never forget that her eyes were blue.” Cesar pinned her with a powerful, suspicious stare. “Your eyes are also blue, *signorina*. Don’t you think that is a strange coincidence?”

With a gasp, Chastity tore her heart-shaped face from Cesar’s strong grasp. What if Cesar recognized her? If he discovered Chastity had once shamelessly yielded to his ruggedly handsome good looks before running away to bear his children and toil in abject poverty, he would surely reject her as a gold-digging whore.

He would take the babies from her, and there was nothing she could do about it. No one would believe she was fit to raise her precious angels. She’d had sex! With a man! How could anyone trust two innocent babies to the care of a woman who had done such a thing?

Chastity bit back a sob of sorrow. She had to keep her identity a secret if she wanted to keep her babies. She had no other choice.

“I—” Chastity stuttered as she tried to think of some way to shield her true identity from Cesar. “I have the hay fever!”

She covered her face in her hands and ran in the direction of the nearest restroom. After locking the door behind her, Chastity dried her eyes and took a few huffs of her beloved permanent marker to calm her nerves before straightening her wig and returning to the grand

dining room.

The buffet was in chaos when she returned. The film crew was arguing in Italian. The tables were overturned, chilled shrimp, lobster bisque and baklava bits littered the floor. In the center of it all, Cesar stood holding the twins in his strong, masculine muscular arms. The sight of such a handsomely rugged man holding two small babies would have been as heartwarming as an Anne Geddes photograph, if not for the fact that Miracle's little face was swollen and blue.

"Mi bambino," Cesar shouted. "We must help him."

"He's in allergic shock!" Chastity cried as she rushed forward, drawing the epipen she always kept in her pocket. With the efficiency of a professionally trained and licensed nurse, she administered the precious medicine.

Within minutes, Miracle was breathing normally again. Chastity followed Cesar up to the nursery his staff had prepared for the babies, and they put the precious angels to bed.

"I am fortunate you were here to administer their medication." Cesar whispered as he came to stand beside her at Miracle's crib. "You acted not like a nanny but like a—what is the English word for a lady doctor?—a *nurse*."

"Thank you, Mr. Machismo." Chastity smiled at Cesar's compliment.

In fact, she *was* a nurse. She had earned her degree by taking night classes when the babies were asleep. After graduating at the top of her form, she'd thought about finding a job as a nurse, but she could not bear to leave her babies behind.

Chastity could not have cared for them on her own, either. Who had ever heard of an unmarried woman caring for two children by herself? No, she'd had no choice but to stay at the orphanage.

"I do not understand what happened," Cesar said as he watched Marvel rest peacefully in his crib. "We began to feed them the delicacies from the buffet—the chilled shrimp puree, the lobster bisque, the walnut and peanut baklava pudding made with organic unpasturized honey—and this one turned blue. I do not understand. I give them only the best foods, and feed them with silver spoons. What could have gone wrong?"

Chastity looked up at Cesar. Her heart wrenched at the look of concern on his ruggedly handsome face. He was so upset. She did not have the heart to tell him that little Miracle was allergic to nuts, shellfish, honey and silver.

She couldn't hurt Cesar's feelings by telling him that he had been responsible for

Miracle's allergic reaction. Cesar would be devastated, and the fault was really hers. *She* had been the one to leave the *bambini* unattended with no one but Cesar, several waiters, and a commercial camera crew around to watch out for them.

It was not Cesar's fault he had not noticed the medic alert bracelet on Miracle's wrist, or the medic alert necklace he wore. Or the child's custom-printed t-shirt which read "Please don't feed me nuts, shellfish, honey or silver." She would just have to hide the truth from him, and watch her babies more carefully in the future. She had no other choice.

"These things happen sometime, Mr. Machismo. You mustn't blame yourself." She dared lay a gentle hand on his broad, masculine shoulder and awareness jolted through her like electricity from an accidental brush with her old nemesis, the electric fence.

"*Signorina*," Cesar whispered seductively. He cupped her cheek with his right hand.

Chastity met his hot, sensuous gaze. "Yes." She answered him in a breathy voice.

Without another word, Cesar pulled Chastity to him, crushing her fragile body into his powerful, masculine embrace. Chastity knew she should try to resist him, but her heart was beating so fast. His strong arms held her so tightly. She seemed to be having difficulty breathing.

Spots swam before her eyes as Cesar's tongue pressed insistently against her closed lips. It pressed against her lips almost as insistently as the hard, masculine bulge in his pants pressed against her waist.

Her lips yielded to the insistent pressure of his tongue. Cesar ravished her mouth with his, claiming it like an explorer thrusting a flag into the soft, fertile soil of an undiscovered land, only not so painful as that analogy might imply. The important thing here is the implication that soon, Cesar would thrust a pole of a different kind into Chastity's soft and fertile parts. Because Cesar Machismo's pole was more than ready to be planted.

Chastity disgraced herself with a wanton moan and Cesar thrust his hand into her hair to tilt her head further back so that he could continue to ravish her delicate pink lips. Just when Chastity was about to break off the kiss and explain that her neck would not bend to such an acute angle, she felt something pull loose from her hair, and the pressure eased.

"What is this?" Cesar growled.

Chastity opened her eyes to find Cesar staring at her while holding Gladys's dog-washing wig in his left hand. His right hand was open, but stained with a black mark of not-quite-permanent ink that had rubbed off from the mole she'd drawn on her cheek.

Anger darkened Cesar's features as he looked from the cheap wig to the ink on his palm to Chastity. "That hair! Those eyes!" he roared, throwing the wig to the ground.

"You! You are mother to *mi bambini*! You are the filthy whore I thought I loved, two years ago! Which means *mi bambini* are truly *mi bambini*." He glared at her. "I cannot believe you let me exploit my own children for crass commercial purposes."

Chastity stood, shocked. "You thought you loved me...?"

"Never mind. It is in the past, now. I was foolish to ever harbor tender emotions for a scheming gold-digger like you. You are a cold hearted stage-mother who thinks nothing of exploiting her children by putting them in commercials. But I won't let you exploit my children. Not *mi bambini*!"

Cesar threw the tatty wig to the ground. "I know exactly how to deal with a harpy like you!"

Chastity hung her head. He would send her back to the orphanage and never let her see her babies again. She had no hope of fighting him. She had no choice but to do as he said.

"You're sending me away?"

Cesar's angry face grew angrier. "Of course not. Cesar Machismo would never put the mother of his children out on the streets." He stalked to the door and jerked it open. "Tomorrow, we will get married."

Chastity took one last sniff of her marker and eyed herself in the gilt-edged mirror. An artful array of red-gold locks were piled high atop her head, while an artful spray of white rosebuds nestled within the curls and whorls, artfully framing her heart-shaped face and wide, childlike eyes.

In all, very artful.

Not that she could take credit, for the hairdresser hired by the wedding planner had made her beautiful for the big day. Chastity would never be able to create something so lovely. No, her children were all the beauty she'd ever create—her perfect, lovely, red-gold-headed darlings with life-threatening food allergies.

She was doing this for their futures.

If marrying Cesar was what it took to make sure her babies would enjoy the material niceties that only a man could provide, that's what she'd do. She had no choice! And if thinking about her honeymoon with Cesar gave her a sinful little thrill—particularly the part where she'd eat Italian ices and then see his strapping body with no clothes on—then it was best she got married. Only dirty whores thought like she was thinking, so the sanctity of marriage was a probably good thing for her, salvation-wise.

A knock startled her. She capped the magic marker and slipped it into her white silk clutch, then answered the door. "Delivery, *signorina*," said a fresh-faced peasant lad.

Chastity accepted the package, then fretted about the tip. Who knew how much these foreign coins were worth? He smiled broadly when she gave him a huge handful of the strange money. But she had other things to think about, like special presents!

After tearing into the package, Chastity was briefly distracted by the bubble wrap. But then a note caught her eye. Cesar's manly yet elegant hand had written, "*Alla mia puttana amorale, che soddisfa me sessualmente almeno.*"

She was really going to have to learn Italian.

Upon flipping the card over, she found another inscription that read, "In English it means: to my amoral whore, who at least satisfies me sexually. Wear this beneath your deceitful white dress. I'll know it's there against your skin."

Chastity pulled out a silken, floor-length, fire-engine red negligee. "Oh," she said to

herself, for she was alone, without any people around. “I can’t wear this beneath my wedding gown! God will see!”

Maybe she wasn’t so alone after all.

But it did feel really nice along her fingertips. She bet it would feel even better against, well, other parts.

A clock on the mantel chimed. Ten minutes! She shrugged out of her robe and slipped the red negligee over her artfully piled hair. It skimmed along every womanly curve of her tiny yet voluptuous body, hugging her like Cesar would hug her. She shivered, then stepped into the giant white meringue of a wedding dress and pulled it up over the wanton red silk.

She felt very naughty.

Eschewing the need for one last sniff from her magic marker, Chastity left the dressing room and found Gladys waiting with Miracle and Marvel.

Oh, they were so adorable that she almost couldn’t look at them, like when Chastity stared into the sun until she got those funny black spots in her eyes. Mira wore a pure white gown, one she surely deserved because she was so pure and innocent, unlike Chastity. Marv wore a little white suit that made him look handsome like his father, except not in that robust, sexual way, because that would just be disturbing and really wrong.

Only the large medical ID placards they wore around their necks—now big enough to read from across a room—threatened to spoil the look, but that was for their own safety.

“You wook bootiful,” said Miracle, standing prettily.

“Sì, *molto bello!*” shouted Marvel, jumping and randomly running about.

Chastity sniffed. So beautiful, and so smart. Already her little man knew more Italian than she did. But they’d never know what a deceitful, wicked woman she really was. She felt like King Midas, but only if Midas were a painfully regular yet petite floor-scrubbing girl who’d borne the secret babies of an obscenely wealthy Italian entrepreneur, and instead of turning everything into gold, it was poop.

Terrible! She shouldn’t think *poop*. The appropriate name was *Number Two*.

See? She was useless and very, very dirty.

Tears threatened. She feared ruining her make-up, which would make her look more like a whore to Cesar. She thought about taking some of it off, but then the absurdly long stretch limo arrived. She had no choice but to head to the church.

Cesar paced in the cathedral's anteroom like a caged beast—maybe a lion or a very large elk, the kind that had huge horns and did lots of rutting. *Per la grazia*, he wanted to get this over with! He was marrying a whore, and his body wanted her the way a man should want a whore—rough, often, and with very little respect. Oh, yes, he liked the sound of that.

But something gave him pause. He remembered that mermaid dress and her innocent, wide-eyed laughter. On that faraway night of hope, dreams, and standing-up sex, Chastity had been...precious.

No, she deserved none of his attempts at reason and human sympathy.

The priest entered. "Ready?"

"Father Apollo, good to see you." Cesar extended his manly hand. "Glad you could make it from Greece."

"And I brought some friends!" the abnormally handsome priest said, smiling.

Nico Lefkas, the unfeasibly tall hummus magnate, and his beautiful yet ordinary wife, Molly, entered the anteroom.

"Cesar! Good to see you," said Nico, who had been Cesar's roommate throughout prep school. They loved each other in that way only prep school roommates can love each other, with unflinching loyalty and secrets born of sexually experimental yacht parties.

Cesar and Nico embraced, slapping hard on each other's broad, muscular backs. "And you, Molly," said Cesar, clearing his throat. "*Come bella!* I'm glad you could attend on such short notice."

Molly blushed. "We understand about...unconventional weddings. I'm just glad—"

"You received my supply of hummus for the reception, yes?" Nico asked, his arm still across Cesar's shoulders.

"*Certo*," said Cesar. "*Grazie* for your generosity, *mio amico molto, molto, molto caro*."

Father Apollo, who'd just won Greece's Hottest Priest for the fourth year in a row, cleared his throat. Cesar and Nico ended their embrace with one last manly slap.

The priest ushered Cesar into the cathedral, while Nico and Molly found space on a pew with their passel of perfect babies—not as perfect as Cesar's *bambinos*, but they might do well as stunt doubles for Miracle and Marvel and their fickle digestive systems.

On either side of the aisle, peasants from the local village who'd been cleaned and

scrubbed and dressed in his staff's best cast-offs held baskets of flower petals on their arms, ready to bestow them like manna on his chosen bride. In the choir, Father Apollo's musical prodigy Michael Grecopholopolis readied his big band of talcum-powdered orphans, for they would play the wedding march and later, at the reception, the tunes for disco dancing.

Perfezionare. Like his life. If only his bride weren't a whore.

The wedding march began. The cathedral doors opened. And Chastity entered. The light from outside framed her like an angelic halo, all fluffy toile and shimmering silks. She looked radiant and innocent and very, very sexy. Her flaming Titian locks reminded him of the bright red negligee he'd sent, and Cesar wondered if she wore it now, a layer of sin between her angelic exterior and her wanton, devilish body.

The peasants threw their flower petals, which sort of ruined his luscious mental picture.

Although he discreetly adjusted the trousers of his rather expensive tuxedo, Cesar noticed how Chastity's eyes were drawn to the distinctive bulge of his desire. She blushed so hard that he could see her cheeks go pink beneath her gauzy veil.

He waited until Chastity stood beside him. She even smelled angelic, like cotton candy and baby birds. He lifted the sheer veil and found those sea-green eyes looking at him with a little fear, a little lust, and a little...dare he think it?

No. Certainly not love.

Father Apollo opened the ceremony with random words and stuff, but it was all Greek to Cesar. He couldn't stop thinking about Chastity. He resisted tugging at the collar of his tuxedo, although the church felt unbearably warm.

"And now, do you have your vows prepared, Chastity?" the priest asked.

Maledetto! The vows! He'd forgotten to tell Chastity they were going to write their own vows. Cesar hated conformity of any kind, just like he hated sub-standard food products.

Chastity blanched, the color draining from her face like water from a colander. "Um, vows?"

"Yes," said Father Apollo, his robes barely concealing the burly, built man beneath. "Personalized, well-considered, memorized vows that declare your love for your intended in an original and highly creative manner. Was I unclear? I know my English, sometimes—"

"No, you were clear," said Cesar. "Well, Chastity? If you plan to honor me in marriage, I expect you to do this."

Chastity looked like Miracle had just before going in to anaphylactic shock, so he wondered if he should stab her with that magic doctor pen thing. But no. She cleared her elegant throat, straightened her supple back, and said, “Yes, I’m ready.”

She turned to Cesar. “In the immortal words of the love anthem from the classic film *An Officer and a Gentleman*: ‘Love lift us up where we belong, where the eagles cry on a mountain high.’”

Cesar swallowed hard. He loved that song! He loved that movie—a story of triumph and improbable endings! Without thinking, he began to sing the remainder of the chorus. Michael Grecopholotopolis’s big band played the accompaniment, and Chastity twinned her voice with Cesar’s in a loving, melodic dance. “‘Love lift us up where we belong, far from the world we know, up where the clear winds blow.’”

When the song drew to an end, Cesar found himself pressed against Chastity’s massively fluffy white dress, clutching her hands. Tears glittered in her priceless sea-green eyes. Oh, what a woman! What a love!

But then he remembered the truth. She was a deceptive, deceitful, lying, achingly tempting whore who was only good for *sessò caldo*. For a beautiful moment, she’d had him fooled. Again. No more.

“And you, Cesar,” said the priest. “Your vows?”

“Yes, my vows.” Cesar stepped back from the tempting lushness of Chastity’s lush yet trim figure. Her eyes dipped to check out the bulge in his—did she ever get tired of that? Anger flooded his veins like a really big wave. “I will also quote lyrics, *mia angela sporca*, from the popular American rap star Kanye West. ‘Now I ain’t sayin’ she a gold digger, but she ain’t messin’ wit no broke—’”

“Ah!” interjected Father Apollo. “Well, all right then. Shall we proceed? Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife...?”

An enormous four-poster bed loomed darkly behind her as Chastity plucked the last fragrant petal from her riotous titian curls. Compared to the softness of her lustrous, silky tresses, the petals felt rough against her tiny slender fingers.

Not that a whore deserved any better!

Guiltily, with a faint pink blush flushing her delicate porcelain skin, Chastity averted her luminous aquamarine eyes from her pale reflection in the ornate, gilded mirror covering the wall of the master suite's opulent bedroom. Those peasants had done their best to welcome her with their inferior petals, she thought sadly. Though they couldn't have known she'd once scrubbed the dirty floors of an orphanage, they must have recognized Chastity as one of their own. Yet if they had known the full truth, they would have contemptuously thrown rotted peas scooped from a jar of generic baby food at her, she mused aching--if they had known how wantonly she'd behaved that wondrous evening two years ago, overwhelmed by the devastatingly handsome Cesar Machismo and the betraying, powerful bulge in his expensively tailored trousers!

Beneath the luxurious crimson of her sensuously silken negligee, her nipples hardened into throbbing coral pearls. Her gaze returned abruptly to the bed, roaming up the long, thick marble posters at each corner, from which hung luxurious drapes of crushed gold velvet. Fat cherubs perched atop each column, their innocent bright-cheeked smiles reminding Chastity of her Miracle and Marvel, who were now being lovingly tucked into their gilded cribs by their powerfully handsome father, his commanding hands smoothing caressingly over their curls and feeding them an epicurean bedtime treat of *foie gras* and honeyed date pudding, hands that two years ago had arousingly torn the siren's dress from Chastity's delicate, untried body and brought indescribable pleasure to her shocked virginal senses, creating the pair of darling children who were more innocent and beautiful than the lifeless winged cherubs!

As their mother, how desperately she wanted to be the one tucking them tenderly in and smoothing their cherished discerning brows! But what could she do? She could not appear before them wearing a whore's negligee! She had no choice but to await Cesar in his sinfully luxurious den of pleasure for their first night of his powerfully skilled lovemaking.

The first of many sensuously sinful nights!

Her slender yet lushly curved body instantly heated in aching aroused anticipation as

she thought wonderingly of the traitorous bulge in Cesar's tailored black wedding trousers when he had ruthlessly pushed her into their lavishly decorated suite and authoritatively commanded her to prepare herself for their wedding night.

"You will be on your beautiful knees again tonight, *mia bella puttana*! But you will not be scrubbing floors!" he had informed her mockingly.

But although he had wedded her and would bring her to indescribable heights of ecstasy with his powerfully muscled body when he bedded her, he would never love her, Chastity acknowledged despairingly.

Her dismal thoughts led her to search for her Magic Marker in the vanity drawer, having already opened it when she'd retrieved her brush. When her seeking fingers didn't find it, she bent over and inserted her delicate arm deeply into its darkened recesses, completely unaware of the erotically appealing picture her petite body made when Cesar Machismo entered the lavish suite on the silent feet of a prowling feline predator!

Per meraviglia! An angry bolt of lust shot through Cesar as his eyes were drawn to the small globes of her buttocks, straining beneath the crimson silk like two tart pomegranates, their perfection only rivaled by the pomegranates whose juice was used to cut the alcohol content of his newest gourmet baby food sensation, *Bambino Vino*--for what discerning baby would not spit out milk or apple juice if those vile drinks were paired with his fine foods? No *bambino* of his!

His treacherous wife made a small, satisfied purr. At that silky sound, Cesar's body hardened!

Dio! How did this flame-haired *stregghetta* inflame him so?

Infuriated by the betraying bulge in his trousers, Cesar strode forward on his powerfully long legs. His lean face dark with sensual tension, he stood toweringly behind her as she withdrew her tiny arm from the drawer, her slender fingers clutching a permanent marker.

Did she think to draw another mole? To conceal her sensuous beauty from him? She could give herself a *sifilide* of black dots and he would not be deterred until she was sobbing in his arms from the pleasure of his possession.

Sobbing and pleading for more!

"You have no need for that, *signora*," Cesar growled throatily.

Chastity whipped hesitatingly around, her blueberry eyes wide and guileless, displaying an innocence that he knew very well was false.

As proven by the guilty blush staining her translucent porcelain skin!

Her delicate fingers--*Dio! They were no larger than a child's!*--wrapped themselves protectively around the marker. The sight of her tiny hand around that hard shaft inflamed his lust, and he suddenly comprehended the reason for her guilt. He caught her slender wrist in his lean, powerful grip.

"You do not need to prepare yourself for me with this, *cara*. We already know that I will fit inside your tiny, lovely body." A fit that was...*perfetto. Incredibilmente* tight. Cesar had only been inside her a few seconds before he had come, roaring his pleasure. Her other lovers must have been men no larger than this marker! "You will not need this *fallico* writing instrument or any other man to give you pleasure, *bella*. Not as long as you are my wife!"

What had she done wrong? Chastity stared beseechingly up at Cesar's sardonically handsome face. A vein at his temple throbbed arrogantly, reminding her of the exotic passion that boiled fiercely within his hot Italian blood.

Passion that would overtake her, until she cried out her love for him!

But she could never allow that to happen! If he knew how lovingly she felt toward him, he would make a mockery of it -- or worse, pity her! What could she do? She had no choice but to conceal her feelings.

Even if his powerful and masculine body swept her to a plane of shattering ecstasy!

Nervously, her fingers began rubbing up and down the shaft of the marker. *Up, down. Up, down.* Just like wiping out a spot. It was a technique that had soothed her nerves during those horrid days at the orphanage!

His eyes narrowed to hot slits. "Do not tease me, *cara*. If you play with the bull, the horns you will get!"

Chastity trembled in erotic fervor, and her little pink tongue darted out nervously to moisten her lips. "Cesar...?" she whispered askingly.

Her husband groaned as his gaze followed the wet path of her tongue. "*Cara...*"

Chastity's lips parted on a gasp. "Please, Cesar...! I don't understand..."

"You do not need to understand, *signora*," he husked sensually. His lean dark hand, lightly dusted with crisp hair, buried itself commandingly in her softer, luxurious tresses. "It is not your coldly calculating brain that I am interested in."

And neither was it her heart! Chastity thought achingly as his mouth took hers in a

punishing kiss.

A soul-shattering kiss! Without love, this would destroy her!

No! Chastity thought wildly, and her weak hands battered feebly at his wide, powerful shoulders. Cesar laughed mockingly and deepened the kiss, using all of the erotic knowledge he'd learned from hundreds of treacherous, gold-digging mistresses to sweep away her protests. Her small fingers clutched at his arms, holding her against him instead of pushing him away, and her head spun in a dazzling frenzy of need.

"*Cesar...*" she groaned needingly as he lifted his hard, masculine lips from hers.

And not appearing half as affected as she was!

Except for the betraying bulge in his trousers!

"*Lentamente,*" he grated harshly. "Slowly, *mia bella moglie*. We have all night, and there are many things we did not do in the few stolen moments we had in the garden that I would love to do to your small, luscious body tonight!"

Chastity blushed. She had heard whispers of other pleasures that a man and a woman shared -- shocking, illicit acts that she'd never thought she would participate in, being English. But Cesar was exotic, a dark and swarthy Italian. He would want to do all of those forbidden things. His mouth on her aroused and aching nipples, in that secret feminine place between her legs, and more...

She quivered inwardly. What could she do? If her new husband demanded it, she had no choice but to let him take her up the--

"Come, *bella,*" he ordered commandingly, breaking into her tumultuous imaginings and sweeping her into his powerful arms. "To bed, where we will begin our nights--and days--as husband and wife!"

An unloved wife, Chastity thought sadly. *Only wanted for her body, and because she was the mother of his bambini*. And then his mouth came down on hers and she could think no more.

Only gloriously feel!

He laid her on the deep, luxurious bedding, his lean dark hands caressing her arousingly. Chastity arched gaspingly to his touch as sensations raced shiveringly through her sensitized body.

"You respond to a man's touch like a flower to the sun!" Cesar said accusingly. He reared back, his handsome lean face a harsh, unyielding mask. "You have been taught well,

cara... But I have more to teach you!”

His powerful lean hands gripped the silky neckline of her crimson negligee, and with hardly more than a tug of his ruthless masculine strength, ripped the beautiful whore’s nightgown from Chastity’s slim body.

Chastity flopped upward like a fish--*a cold English fish*, she thought sadly--before falling back to the bed.

Followed excitingly by the lean, powerful body of Cesar!

“*Mia bella...*” he murmured whisperingly, kissing her face caressingly, and lowering his dark head shockingly to the aching coral bud that yearned for his masterful touch. “*Mia dolcissima...*”

Charity cried out sensually as his mouth moved lickingly down. She realized wonderingly that he’d removed his trousers, and the bulge behind them was now a powerful bulge behind the tiny Lycra underpants that Italian men favored, but it was just as betraying.

As was her heart!

She could not resist his practiced caresses! She did not even want to try anymore, she realized achingly...

Hungrily, she returned his caresses with her slender fingers and soft mouth.

Cesar lifted his dark head. “*Cara!*” he cried in tortured wonderment. “*Sì, bella! Touch me with your tiny, delicate hands!*”

For an instant, Chastity could almost believe that the expression on his sardonically handsome face was *love*. But that could not be! She was nothing to this billionaire Italian gourmet baby food magnate, only a wanton he’d impregnated and who had spent years scrubbing the floors of an orphanage. He had even forgotten that her name was Chastity, not Cara, she thought sadly.

But she didn’t care! With his expert caresses, he had made her a helpless wanton again...

Tremblingly, she opened her creamy thighs to his heavy desire. His powerfully lean, dark arousal thrust deeply inside her welcoming softness. His hard thighs, lightly dusted with crisp hair, began moving erotically against hers in a sensual rhythm as old as time.

“Cesar!”

His name tumbled wonderingly from her parted lips as his masculine thighs moved powerfully between hers. Chastity spun dizzily into a hazy world of arousing desire, moving as

one being with her powerfully sensual magnate. His painfully arousing caresses continued and his hand moved down to where they were joined to rub the nub of her desire, and Chastity exploded, crying out his name wonderingly as the stars shot through the ceiling and became fireworks in the beautiful Italian night sky, raining down their light in a golden shower of sensation, a supernova of sensual delight.

Cesar came, roaring his pleasure!

My love, she thought aching, kissing his lean, chiseled face in the aftermath of their indescribable ecstasy.

“*Mama mia...!*” Cesar husked erotically. He lifted his head, his eyes moving over her expression searchingly. His sensual mouth curved in a sardonic smile. “What do you have to say now, *bella?*”

Chastity bit her sensuously full bottom lip with her small white teeth. Had he realized her feelings? Had she cried out her love when he’d taken her to the heights of ecstasy?

“Well...” she said hesitantly. “It was better than scrubbing floors.”

“*Dio!*” Cesar cried, his dark handsome face contorting into a harsh mask. “Then we will do it again and again, *cara*. Until you have more to say than that!”

And he did.

Again and again...!

At three am, Chastity woke and found herself alone. She left the huge, empty bed and searched for her husband for an hour, going from room to room. At last she found him in his office, sitting at his gold filigree desk feverishly scribbling notes.

“What are you working on?” she ventured softly.

“New flavors,” he growled. “Sometimes difficult.”

She smiled, delight flooding her that he willingly shared with her the heavy troubling load of his workaday whirl of wonder that was his baby food kingdom.

“I have wondered,” Charity said hesitatingly. “A flavor such as artichoke royale,” she stopped and picked at the hem of her gossamer gown, “it could be *molte bene*.”

He grunted and scribbled the words *artichock royal moltebene*. He didn’t look up nor did he acknowledge that the lass from Bramblecombe had spoken words in his native tongue.

“Go away,” he grunted. “Go back to bed. I will service your insatiable needs later.”

Her delicate skin grew hot and yet her love channel moistened, as the contemptuous words rang in her ears. *Insatiable*. He mocked her love for him even as he inflamed her senses with his low, rumbling voice that seemed to vibrate her very core.

She fled to the bedroom to find comfort, but her pen lay on the floor, uncapped and dried now, a victim of their rapacious love play. She trailed down the hall to gaze down at and sniff the cherubically angelic sleeping forms of Marv and Mirc.

Yet when she entered the nursery, instead of two small huddled forms in the canopied four-poster cribs, she encountered two forbidding hulks that emerged from the shadows. They came toward her, chuckling and smelling of garlic, sweat and rampant male lust. “No! my babies!” she cringed. Her wisperly scream died in her throat as the world went black.

Cesar showered and dressed in his best white silk suit that showed his tanned skin to perfection. He slipped on the gold chains and gleaming patent leather shoes and went in search of his errant wife. The servants didn’t wish to tell him the truth but at last he wormed it out of them. His family had vanished in the early hours of the morning.

Chastity, that whore, had fled, taking his babies with her. *Putta! Prostituta!* He stormed through the vast house, slammed down marble corridors past tinkling fountains as he plotted his

revenge on her. He would have her thrown in prison. No! Not harsh enough, for if she was not near, he would not have access to her body nor would he witness her misery. He alone must punish her for her betrayal. He paused in the bedroom door and looked at the rumpled silk sheets. Yes, she would be chained to the bed, her writhing, tiny body naked and blushing red with shame. Her adorable bottom would burn red with the marks of his handprints. No, no. His thoughts faltered and faded as if they'd never existed: the line was not ready for this. They'd only recently managed oral love play and weeping slits on iron hard manhoods. Naked and bound to his bed with fur-lined handcuffs would have to do. He absently adjusted his rock-hard manhood before he kicked open the mahogany and stained glass front doors of his palazzo.

Cesar glared around him as he furied across the well-groomed grounds. Upon his return from his restless walk, he paused outside the house. Who left that ladder out under the babies' nursery window? He picked up a cloth stinking of chloroform that some careless servant must have flung out a window. Such a horrible scent should never be allowed to pollute his kingdom of vegetables roasted to perfection and pureed. It was her fault. He'd allowed himself to be bewitched and standards around the place had gone to hell.

Behind him, someone cleared a nervous throat. "Sir! Perhaps you should take a look at this!" A trembling underling of a peasant thrust a crumpled note at him.

Cesar read aloud. "We have the bitch and her two pups. We require one million American dollars and all production ceased on the new Cherished and Discerning lines or you will never see them again."

His heart stopped.

After being dragged indoors and resuscitated, Cesar lunged to the phone but his hand, the wrist sprinkled with crisp dark hairs, froze an inch above it. They hadn't written the words "don't call the authorities" but he knew such matters inside and out. After all, hadn't he, Cesar, held his rival, Carl Bambinorino founder of Bravado Baby foods, in this very villa until the villain spat out the secrets of his trade?

His precious auburn-haired offspring! Captured! And....his breath caught in his throat causing him to moan like a man...no, like a fool....in love. His *cara puta*. His wife. His woman. His *amore*.

"*Oh, ché sciocco sono stato,*" he whispered. He whirled on his underlings, his black eyes snapping. "Quick! We must replenish the bar on the jet! No that will not do. The helicopter! We

will find them!”

They scampered off, scattering like so many dried leaves in front of the hurricane of his ferocity. He crumpled the note in his hand, as fury raged from his every pore. Wrath at the evil men who’d stolen his family, yes, but he saved a measure of that anger for himself.

Too late he was learning what mattered in life. He glanced at his watch and noted the date. So near the holiday season, too. That his heart should expand so many sizes only to be broken into three parts. One for each of his darling children and the last, greatest chunk for his delicate delicious Chastity.

He paced, his footsteps ringing out on the marble floor of his office. Cesar could not even bring himself to care about anything related to his vast baby food empire, not even the frightening news that a particularly nasty bacteria *e bactolacampheriola* had been discovered in several hundred cases of Turkey Feasting Delight.

“Artichoke,” he choked out when he looked down at his desk and saw the notes he’d absently scribbled the night before. His vision blurred. If only it was Chastity sprawled across the top of his desk, creamy thighs open and inviting—her body, instead of only her interesting idea lying there, cold and spiritless on the page. Granted, even her tiny weight would collapse this antique desk, yet, he wished it was she. His Chastity. So beautiful and yet also brilliant. Why had he not seen more than her lustrous curling soft auburn hair, alabaster skin, shy sparkling eyes and peach-perfect perky breasts? She had a mind as well. Artichoke Royale! O, he could only hope he was not too late to find her and tell her what he suspected: that she might not be only a whore after all.

Chastity awoke to the sensation of strong hands roughly tweaking and circling her breasts. “Cesar,” she murmured, but the harsh laughter that greeted her ears was not the low music that signified her love’s glee.

She opened her eyes and saw with horror an old man with mossy, crooked teeth and a hooked nose leaned over her. The dirty old man leered down at her as he pawed her. “I am Bambinonion” he sneered. He gave a wheezy chuckle and added, “Your husband ruined me and for years I have made plans for revenge. I will ruin all that he loves.”

“No, no,” she sobbed.

“Yes,” he smirked and his vile touch trailed down her body. She flinched away and he

sniggered. "I will enjoy my revenge."

"It does you no good. I meant no, no, he does not truly love me. You waste your time, Mr. Bambinioni."

His filth encrusted fingers kneaded her thighs avariciously, his uneven dark nails a startling contrast to her snow white skin. "I disguised myself as a gardener to spy on your precious Cesar, *mia cara*, and I have seen how he looks at you, the desire smoldering in his eyes."

Cara? This filthy fiend even knew Cesar's secret name for her. She vainly tried to push his hands away and sat up. "Desire is not love," she opined and he laughed again, a low, dirty gargling.

"Where are we?" She been tossed onto a straw pallet tucked into a dark corner of a rancid room. Huge stacks of plaster gnomes crowded one corner. In another, sacks of dirt were arranged on a pallet.

"The gardener's hut on your husband's estate. Even now he roars away in a helicopter. We will wait for dark and hustle you away from here."

"He will come for me no matter where you take me," she blazed. "He may not love me but he does not allow anyone to toy with that which he considers his own. He will find you and destroy you." Then she recalled the garlic scented monstrosities in the nursery and she cried out in horror. "The babies."

"Oh, yes, I have the brats too." For the first time amusement vanished from his twisted sneer of a face. "They would not cease their endless wailing so I sent them to the basement with Paolo and Picayune."

Panic seized Charity, tossed her about, left her gasping. She pressed her tiny fingers to her throat where her heart beat painfully. "What are you feeding them?"

His scornful thin lips drew back from greenish teeth. "Nothing but Bravado's Best. Naturally."

"My babies," she shrieked and transformed into a tigress. "My bundles of sweetness! You must take me to them at once."

"Of course," he tittered. "But you will find that they are thriving on my pureed goodness. No allergens or bacteria, *mia cara*."

"No. Never," she hissed.

“Why not? It’s so delicious even I eat it.” He giggled and brandished a half finished jar of Bravado’s Best strained peas. She felt an ache in her heart recalling the many times she’d turned to peas as comfort food. *Oh, Cesar.*

“I meant never call me *Mia Cara*. Never. Do you understand?” Tears blinded her.

He guffawed at her defiance. “You will give in eventually, my porcelain goddess. Your Cesar has abandoned you. I made sure that he’d be distracted from his personal affairs by inoculating a batch of his precious product with a particularly virulent bacteria. If I know him, and oh, yes, I do, *mia cara*, he has rushed off today to perform damage control. By the time he returns, you will be far away.” He inched across the straw pallet shaking with silent amusement. She shrank away but soon he had her trapped against the rough bare hewn wall of the stinking cottage. “He will never find you. Will you be able to resist a man’s touch forever? You are a lovely young thing with strong appetites that must be fed, and not just with strained peas,” he breathed in her ear followed by a quiet derisive snicker.

“Never,” she vowed, even as her loins quivered with unwelcome shivers of interest.

She might not come out of this man’s clutches unsullied and if she escaped, no doubt Cesar would believe that she welcomed the old devil’s caresses. But her heart would remain pure, touched by one man and one man alone.

The old man led her to the squalid basement, where Marv and Mirc slept on straw pallets even smaller and more uncomfortable than the one upstairs. The two babies quivered and whimpered in their sleep as innocent and cute as shiba inu puppies on puppy cam and even less able to care for themselves. Their tear-stained faces were streaked with green from the strained peas. The sight of the green spooge in their auburn locks broke what was left of her spirit and she sank to the dirt floor, shaking with fear.

Soon it would be Christmas and she would spend the most festive time of the year trapped in the basement on her husband’s estate while her beloved Cesar wrestled with the weighty issues of damage control.

Charity fell asleep on the hard-packed floor between her babies and didn’t wake until the gunshots and the screams rang out above their heads.

Charity gasped awake, shrinking desperately against the filthy wall. A looming, ominously dark shadowy man filled the doorway. Undoubtedly it was Mr. Bambinioni, come to wreak his terrible revenge before the fighting overhead prevented him. What could she do if he ripped her blouse away? She'd have no choice but to submit to his lascivious demands. Should her body betray her by responding, it would only be due to her thoughts of Cesar, her one and only love, and her cherished memories of his strong, manly body.

But no! Her gaze was drawn to the betraying bulge in his trousers. It was Cesar, come to rescue them!

He stepped over her tiny, yet still slenderly curvy legs and bent down to the babies.

“*Mama mia, mi bambini!* How glad I am to see you safe!”

“*Voi figlio-di-battona! Che cosa ha preso così lungamente?*” groused Marvel.

“Oh, you adorable thing. So brilliant!” Cesar tousled his riotous titian curls. “Just like your papa, though not so much like your mama. But at least she is beautiful, *si?*”

Charity's breath caught in her throat like an unchewed piece of apple. Cesar still thought her beautiful, even though she'd been abducted and manhandled by such villains. Her soul sang with joy, the thumping bass beat of Kanye West driving her aching heart.

Cesar scooped Miracle and Marvel into his strong left arm, then turned to Charity. He picked her up with his free right arm and cradled her small, delicate body just like a third baby. Not his baby, though, because that might be a little creepy.

“Oh, Cesar,” she breathed, daring oh so bravely to trace her fingers over his thick wrist and the sprinkling of dark hair there. “How ever did you find us? It must have been so difficult.”

He chuckled as he went up the stairs, carrying their small family out into the brilliant sunshine. Charity winced against the reflection of the sun's blinding rays off the crushed diamond pathways, then tucked her face into the immense planes of his chest.

“Oh, it was easy, *mia prostituta dolce*. After all, I have every millimeter of this estate wired for both sound and video! Even all twenty-two bathrooms. Not to watch my guests in their private activities, because that would be strange, not manly, but for security purposes!”

“But then wh-” Charity choked off her ungrateful question like she were choking a chicken. He'd rescued them, that was all that mattered. Not how long it took. She should count

herself lucky he hadn't left her to fester in that damp basement, at the mercy of Mr. Bambionini's rough hands, with only sub-par baby foods to eat. Still, she couldn't help but say, "I heard the helicopters leave."

"Of course you did," Cesar replied.

His voice rumbled through her body where she was tucked up against his side, sending unwanted trembles of pleasure through her flesh. This wasn't the time, nor the place for Charity to be overwhelmed by her own whorish nature. Her gaze tried to drop to the bulge behind his trousers, but she found only her own knees and the pink, precious toes of her babies. Well, they were surely pink and precious beneath the layer of grey and green goop.

"The helicopters were merely a diversionary tactic," Cesar continued, as his long, thick legs strode up the miles of garden paths toward his magnificent house.

"So Mr. Bambionini wouldn't know you and your men were about to swoop in and rescue us? Oh, Cesar you're so amazingly smart."

"I know, *mia cara*. But that's not what I meant. It was so I would have time to prepare this."

One of Cesar's half dozen assistants darted in front of them and threw open the monstrously tall doors to reveal an indoor, magical, winter fairyland. Every surface was draped in jewel encrusted evergreen boughs, or had thick, white candles, which lent the room a pale yellow glow. Charity wondered how many candles it had taken to light the enormous room, which was half the size of a football field. And how long would it take her to scrape up all the fallen wax tomorrow? At one end, flanked by two massive fireplaces, was a Christmas tree that stretched nearly all the way to the ceiling. Myriad jars of Machismo Gourmet Baby Foods dangled from thick branches by way of glistening ribbons, as ornaments.

What could this mean? Had Cesar discovered her secret hatred of the commercialism of Christmas and designed this scene to torment her? Of course not, since she'd never breathed a word of how she felt about the holidays, knowing it would brand her a heathen trollop who didn't deserve to have such beautiful babies. Heavens forfend, it could even get her two precious children taken away, surely!

So Cesar thought he was making a grand gesture. Though he'd always think her a gold digging whore, she'd take what she could get, even if that meant faking a love for the sickening pseudo sweetness of the Christmas season. What could she do? She had no choice, for to tell

Cesar how much she hated the 25th of December would be equivalent to saying she hated him, which was not at all true.

“I knew you would be speechless,” Cesar smirked. He handed the Miracle and Marvel off to an assistant with brisk orders to have them evaluated by a male doctor. Then he carried Charity to their bedroom and deposited her on the enormous four-poster bed. Her gaze was drawn to the betraying bulge in his trousers. “You are not ready for that yet, *mia cara*. Soon, however, I will satiate your powerful lust.” His voice was rough edged, yet tender in a way she’d never heard from him before. “First, you will be examined fully, so that I may know the full extent you have been sullied.”

A fiery blush pillaged her skin, much like Cesar soon would with his demanding caresses. “But I haven’t – that is, he didn’t –”

“*Per meraviglia*, I understand, with your tender sensibilities you do not wish to reveal the truth. It is ok, the doctor is right here.” He stepped out of the room, allowing a short, round man to enter past him.

The doctor was as kind as possible, searching every inch of her body, and apologizing all along. Charity didn’t understand why. What could she do? She had no choice but to allow herself to be checked like a run away puppy. Finally, the doctor gave her a small pill and beseeched her to swallow it with a draught of cool water from the crystal glass beside the bed.

“What was that?” Charity asked, after she’d taken it.

“Valium. You needed it after such a traumatic day. I’ve left a bottle right here for you, and I’ll refill it any time you like. Just call.” He stuffed his stethoscope away in his black doctor’s bag and muttered, “I’m sure you’ll need plenty, living with *him*.”

She blinked, confused at what he could mean. Any woman would be lucky to live with Cesar. She was blessed that he would have any interest at all in her coltish, too-teeny self. The doctor let himself out, and Cesar swept past him, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

“*Mi innamorato*, are you ready to hear my declarations?”

“As you wish, Cesar.” Now he would berate her. She should have fought off the cruel men who had abducted her and the babies. As punishment, he would send her away to some horrible place. She wouldn’t even be lucky enough to scrub floors. She’d be forced to actually work as a nurse, away from her poor, sweet babies and without the loving support of any man. How could a woman survive like that? It was horrid to think of.

“I have decided to keep you right next to my side forever! I will dazzle you with an amazing Christmas display each and every year, each one grander and more lavish than the last! For you are not a whore, at least for no man but me. And you love me, I know you do!”

Charity gasped. It was so much more than she’d dared hope for! Cesar knew she loved him and was not disgusted! A lovely lassitude stole through her bones, much like how she used to feel when she smelled her beloved marker. She wondered briefly if it was due to the doctor’s little pill, then decided it had more to do with the soul-quaking love that wrapped through her.

“Cesar, it’s true! I love you. I love you more than I love Miracle and Marvel, even!”

Cesar gave a rough, masculine gasp, and put a hand to his heart, crisp dark hairs sprinkled over his wrist. “Don’t say such a thing! Our babies are the most precious *bambinos* in the world.”

“Of course, Cesar, I’m sorry.” She dropped her gaze, which was drawn to the betraying bulge in Cesar’s trousers. Was it healthy for a man to walk around like that all the time?

“Now that, I can help you with!” He bore her back into the massive piles of pillows, her narrow shoulders dwarfed by his, which were more than three times as wide. “I swear, by *la Madre Santa*, to satisfy your unnatural lusts! Forever!”

~Epilogue~

Christmas, One Year Later

Charity leaned back against a brocaded sofa in their large living room and shifted uncomfortably. The quail egged sized rubies set into the center of the embroidered flowers looked beautiful, but made for a painful seat. One seemed to be attempting to dig into her most delicate flesh, which was a bit tender after Cesar's rough attentions the night before.

"Look, mama, look! It's an impressive display, is it not?" asked Miracle, from where she and her brother were assisting Cesar in placing the custom made topper on the newest Christmas tree. They were up to three, in this room alone. Wonder and Vision, their three month old, newest set of twins, toddled unsteadily around the bottom of the ladder.

"Amazing, my sweet," she cooed. She dug in her pocket for her pill bottle and rattled it before fishing one out to swallow dry. She was running low on her prescription. No worries, one call would solve that.

Cesar threw himself onto the seat next to her, pushing her over so that a ruby dug into her spine. "I fulfill all my promises, do I not, *mia cara*?"

"Certainly," Charity murmured.

"Then know this! We will be just this happy, forever!"

"Oh, gee. That's wonderful."

The End