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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 95

#### Saturday – Lower Manhattan – The Tombs – 1 March 2003

The modern version of the Manhattan House of Detention commonly called The Tombs was built in the early 1970's on the same city block that the original Manhattan House of Detention was built bounded by Centre, Elm, Franklin, and Leonard Streets in lower Manhattan. The original House of Detention was a massive gray building built between 1835 and 1840 over what used to be a small marsh that divided the East and West sides of the city. The original building housed prison cells for men, women, and young boys who decided to gravitate to the wrong side of the law. Construction of the prison over the marsh caused numerous problems over the years from the building sinking to cracked walls and falling ceilings. When capital punishment was meted out at The Tombs the gallows was built in the central yard underneath a wooden bridge that connected the two sides of the building. The bridge was nicknamed the 'bridge of sighs' because the condemned prisoners had to pass over it on the way to the gallows.

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith spent a sleepless night in the main holding cell of the prison still colloquially called The Tombs by native New Yorkers. He was housed with the dregs of New York society. Pimps, male prostitutes, drug addicts, rapists, and murderers like himself. The racial makeup of the common cell was twelve black and Hispanic males and one lonely white male - him. It was several hours before the other prisoners stopped trying to beat the shit out of him or rape his white ass. The key to his success was using his medical knowledge to stem the flow of blood from a wound in a prisoner's right side just above the man's kidney. When they saw him stem the flow of blood by repairing the sutures and the torn bandage to a man they backed away and give him his space. The only question they asked him to answer was the reason he was incarcerated. He admitted to rape and murder and that set his level of acceptance to the top of the criminal hierarchy. Being a murderer in detention or prison was a sign of masculinity that could in time be turned into a lesser form of prisoner, but for Joshua's sake the men understood him to be a cold hearted killer.

Seven o'clock could not come quick enough for Joshua. Howard Cohen said either he or another attorney from his law practice would be at the Manhattan House of Detention to stand with him for his out of the ordinary Saturday morning arraignment. The judge asked to hold the Saturday morning session was beholden to the Moretti family and Howard Cohen who used their contacts in Europe to save his son who was arrested in Turkey for possession with intent to sell several kilos of Nepalese temple ball hashish. The corrections officer called Joshua's name and at five minutes past the hour he was standing at the defense table in a makeshift courtroom pleading not guilty to all charges.

The Assistant District Attorney was none too happy about having to appear in Arraignment Court early on a Saturday morning and her face showed her contempt for the proceedings. She felt that Dr. Goldsmith should have rotted in the Manhattan House of Detention for the weekend or cruelly suffered by being transferred to the hell hole called Rikers Island.

Judge Crocker couldn't care less about the ADA's anger at having to appear before him early on a Saturday morning. He was there, the defendant was there with his attorney, and the ADA would have to just suffer getting up early on her day off to plead the state's case. He had reviewed the preliminary data on the case and knew that he could not release the doctor on his own recognizance. Judge Crocker knew he'd have to set bail, but how high would depend upon the circumstances of the crime.

"How do you plead," stated the judge.

"Howard Cohen for the defense, your honor. The defendant pleads not guilty to all charges. Dr. Goldsmith is a preeminent cardiothoracic surgeon," intoned Howard, "he is not a flight risk and has roots in the city. I ask your honor to release him on his own recognizance. The circumstances of the event are not of his making..."

"Save your remarks for the trial counselor," said Judge Crocker. "Miss Winston?"

"Your honor, Dr. Goldsmith is charged with rape in the first degree, involuntary deviate sexual intercourse, aggravated indecent assault, sodomy, and murder in the second degree. There will be other charges filed when we have the full police and medical examiner's report. We request he be remanded to Rikers until trial, your honor," said the ADA.

"Remanded, Miss Wilson?" asked the Judge.

"Yes your honor. The crime is so heinous your honor he does not deserve to walk free," replied the ADA.

Judge Crocker eyed both the prosecution and the defense before making his bail ruling. He picked up the paperwork, straightened it by gently taping it on the table, and declaring, "Bail is set at two million dollars - cash. No bond. See the bailiff to make payment Mr. Cohen. This court is adjourned."

Howard Cohen turned to the ashen Dr. Goldsmith and said, "You'll be out of here by nine."

True to his word, Dr. Joshua Goldsmith was released into Howard Cohen's custody at 9:01AM Saturday morning, 1 March 2003. The two men descended the steps in front of the Manhattan Detention Center to the street where a black Cadillac limousine awaited them. Joshua Goldsmith was working on less than an hour's sleep and all he wanted was to get home shower and go to sleep. He was guided by Howard Cohen to the rear of the limo where he opened the door and waved his hand for him to get in.

Sitting on the back seat next to the rear passenger door was Apollonia Moretti. She was wearing a short mink fur coat, knee high black high heeled leather boots, stockings, and a very tight black wool dress. Joshua was stunned to see his sister-in-law sitting in the back of the automobile. Her eyes said all he needed to know and he quietly slipped into the car.

"Howard," said Apollonia, "you coming? Need a ride anywhere?"

Howard smiled, nodded his head, and said, "Thanks Miss Moretti, but I'll just take a slow walk up to my office. I believe I have some work to finish for you."

"You also have to call me first thing Monday morning," said Apollonia. The authority in her voice cutting through the air like a hot knife through butter. "I have some Moretti business that needs tending to immediately. On the phone precisely at 8:30AM Monday."

Howard Cohen heard his employer. "8:30AM Monday morning without fail." He nodded to Joshua and closed the door.

"Drive north," Apollonia ordered the chauffeur, "to the address in the Bronx."

The limousine pulled away from the curb and headed north. As soon as they were in the light morning traffic, Apollonia closed the black colored glass partition that separated the passengers from the driver. She turned to Joshua and said, "I just posed two million dollars in cash to get your release. Not a bond, but cash..."

Joshua interrupted, "I would like to thank you Apollonia. I had nowhere else to turn."

"As did Elizabeth," said Apollonia, "because she approached me to help her facilitate an armistice between you two."

Joshua's face showed his surprise at hearing his wife had made inquiries to Apollonia of all people to mediate a truce between them. He realized that she had to have called her brother because she really had nothing but disdain and contempt for Apollonia Moretti and the whole Moretti family. Elizabeth Goldsmith really did not like her sister-in-law. It proved her desperation to keep Sarah and Jason close to her.

"I, I, don't know what to say, Apollonia," said Joshua. "I'm fine with what I did to Elizabeth. Yes, I am a cold hearted bastard who has demons that I have fought since childhood. Yesterday... Yesterday was..."

Apollonia finally turned to face Joshua and made no bones about opening her legs to show him she was sans panties. He tried to restrain his reaction to her obvious ploy to make him sexually stimulated or afraid of her insane personality. The one thing he could not stop was the simple act of licking his lips to keep them moist and to fantasize about how she tasted.

"I need you to tell me what happened, Joshua," said Apollonia. "Don't leave out a thing. Your candor will set the tone and the foundation for this one sided relationship. Don't even try to make this into something it will never be, Joshua. Two million dollars cash gets me what I want, when I want, how I want, and without question. Don't try to counter my argument that I will get the bail money back when you are acquitted. All I have to do is make a call and change the direction of your trial. Answer me, what happened?"

Joshua began to sweat. He thought maybe he would have been better off just contacting a top flight criminal attorney and taking his chances with the justice system. He stared straight ahead because he didn't want to have to hold his gaze on Apollonia's beautiful face when she still sat exposing her vagina to him. Joshua Goldsmith had no choice.

"Jessica Silverstein and I had a relationship," he started. His voice was soft and the words trembled when they were enunciated, "It wasn't the type of relationship I thought it would evolve into a long term situation, but I hoped it would at some point. It turned out Jessica was a very troubled young girl. Her sister was murdered in a middle school in Brooklyn, but that was not the foundation of her psychological troubles. Jessica was abused by her sister from a very young age. I thought I could help her deal with her psychological, emotional, and sexual issues."

"That doesn't tell me what happened yesterday, Joshua," said Apollonia.

"Yesterday she came to my office after a failed transplant on a newborn," said Joshua. "It would have been a precedence setting transplant. She wasn't dressed for classes. She was dressed for sex. Jessica Silverstein had a predilection for young girls. Underage, prepubescent children. She preferred performing orally on them. Her sister made her lick her while she watched neighbors have orgies in their backyard. Last week we had a sexual interlude where she took the dominant role and I took the submissive. She came to my office expecting me to be the kowtowing submissive I was when we were together last. She had met my daughter Sarah and now she expected me to allow her to have sex with her in my own home."

Joshua paused, looked over at Apollonia, and saw she was still exposed, "Would you mind shifting your position, Apollonia. I would really like to look at you when I speak to you, but I'm a bit put off by having to see your sex so obnoxiously displayed. You know I am a doctor and I've seen more pussy than I care to think about." What he wanted to say to her was that hers was nothing special, but he knew he was wrong. Apollonia Moretti had a pussy to die for.

Apollonia smiled, shifted her legs closing her thighs, and gave Joshua a chance to face her without having to restrain himself from staring at her vagina. "So, cut to the chase doc. You raped her anally and choked her to death. Right?"

"Yes," he replied. "I tried to get her to fellate me, but she was disgusted by the male penis. I forced my cock down her throat and she vomited. While she was lying on the floor retching I pissed on her. I told her to go into my private bathroom to clean up. When the orderly left I went into the bathroom to see if I could get her to fellate me. She was adamant about never taking a cock into any of her orifices. I went ballistic. I shoved her against the bathroom sink, pulled down the scrubs she had changed into, and had a choice. Vagina or anus. I took her anally. I had my hands around her neck while I fucked her. I ejaculated while she fought me. Then I added insult to injury. I urinated up into her bowel. She cried and fought. I took control by squeezing her neck. I felt her die and I ejaculated a second time."

"Is that the truth, Joshua?" asked Apollonia astounded that a man of his education and background got off sexually murdering a teenager. "You had a second orgasm when you felt her life leave her body? Were you behind her when you choked her to death?"

"Yes," replied Joshua adding nothing more to his narrative.

Apollonia Moretti reached behind her and pulled out a manila folder. She opened it and laid it on her lap. She looked up at Joshua and said, "Are you sure you want to maintain the story that you were behind Jessica Silverstein when you ended her life?"

"Yes," replied Joshua, "I went ballistic, but I thought it was a game. I thought she wanted the thrill of being raped and having the flow of oxygen to her brain reduced to enhance her sexual pleasure and her ultimate orgasm."

Apollonia turned the manila folder so the paperwork inside faced Joshua. "Do you know what this is, Joshua?"

He leaned across the backseat and stared at the only page that was visible to him. He knew immediately from the header that Apollonia had a contact in the Medical Examiner's office. He leaned back and slid against the back of the leather seat until he was in the corner of the rear seat against the driver's side door. Dr. Joshua Goldsmith felt his heart begin to palpitate, his breathing begin to shallow, and a coating of sweat form on his forehead and face. It took him a few minutes to regain control of himself before he answered.

"I believe," he said close to breathless from fear, "that is the preliminary Medical Examiner's report."

"Yes," replied Apollonia, "and do you know what it says?"

Scared shitless, Joshua lied, "No."

Apollonia knew he had just lied to her. She saw it in his face, his body, and heard it in his voice. "It says Jessica Silverstein was lying on her back when she died. The bruises and fingerprints on her neck showed that your thumbs were on her Adams apple and not on her spine. Your fingers left marks on the side and back of her neck. Jessica Silverstein was not standing or bent over getting fucked up her ass when you murdered her Joshua. It is all here in the report."

"I guess I might as well put my affairs in order," said Joshua, "because I'm headed to prison for the rest of my life. If the Medical Examiner's report has my hands around her neck from the front, then I'm hard pressed to defend

my position that I committed the crime in the throes of her desire to be choked when I was in her from behind. The prosecution is going to have a field day with that report in court."

"So, you're telling me that you did not choke her from behind. How did it happen, Joshua?"

"After I urinated in her bowel, I instructed her to sit on the toilet to let gravity and some pushing by her to expel the mixture of sperm and urine. I told her that she needed to clean me with her mouth. She refused and I hit her sending her sprawling onto the floor. That's when I dropped to my knees, straddled her body, and choked her to death."

"And that is when you ejaculated for the second time?" asked Apollonia.

In the midst of recounting his descent into depravity, Joshua blushed, "No, it was the third time. I had an orgasm the when she refused to suck me in my office. I hit her and I ejaculated in my underwear. You have to understand that I went to a side of my personality that I fight to keep from surfacing every second, of every minute, of every hour, of every day of my life Apollonia."

"Well Joshua," said Apollonia, "you're going to have to rely on me and my connections to make this little problem of yours go away. It will go away and your life will return to normal except for one thing, Joshua."

"And, what is that, Apollonia?" asked Joshua knowing in his heart and mind he sold his soul to the Moretti devil incarnate – Apollonia.

"I say jump, you say how high," she said. "As of the phone call yesterday and the payment of two million dollars cash to secure your release this morning, I own you – lock, stock, and barrel. You are nothing without me, Dr. Goldsmith. If you haven't already noticed, the newspapers have nothing on your little sexual sadistic murder of a beautiful, intelligent, and rising academic star within the nursing community. That is the power I can and do wield in this city, Joshua."

The intercom crackled interrupting their conversation, "Miss Moretti, we've arrived at the destination in the Bronx."

Joshua looked at Apollonia trying to figure out where in the Bronx she had taken him. He had figured she would transport him back to Westchester where he would have to confess his sins to Elizabeth. The windows were so dark that he could not see where she had taken him, "Where are we?"

Apollonia did not answer him. She closed the manila folder and slipped it into a large soft leather case that she apparently was also using as a handbag. Her door opened and she exited. She watched as Joshua slid across the leather backseat, exited the limousine, and fell back against the opening to support himself. Apollonia Moretti had taken him to the hospital he owned at the corner of Third Avenue and East Tremont Avenue.