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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 49

Tuesday Late Afternoon – Judge Hillman's Chambers, Criminal Court Building, Manhattan – 18 February 2003

Judge Walter Hillman sat in his cramped office on the third floor of the Criminal Courts Building in Lower Manhattan. The case he was working on took a recess for the afternoon after the defendant decided to make numerous outrageous remarks about his murder victim's family. The judge ordered the man to be silent or he would remove him from the courtroom. His admonition was not heeded by the defendant which resulted in an altercation with the court bailiffs, the removal of the defendant, and the judge cancelling the rest of the day's session.

Judge Hillman responded to the knock on his door and wondered why his court aide had not intercepted what could only be an interloper. "Yes, who is there?"

The door opened, Judge Hillman was taken and surprised to see a beautiful young woman walk into his office. Apollonia Moretti stepped up to his desk, offered her hand, and said, "Good afternoon, Judge Hillman. I'm Apollonia Moretti and I believe my father was waiting for a response from you concerning a private matter."

Walter Hillman stood, took Apollonia's hand into his, held it for a moment before releasing it, and responded, "I was going to call your father tomorrow. We had agreed that I would let him know by Wednesday. Why are you here? It is not appropriate for you to be here to discuss what I believe is something between Mario and me."

Apollonia noticed the chairs in front of his desk, sat down without asking, and responded to him, "I'm going to apologize this one time because I know that people at your status in life should not be surprised. But, my father is in no condition to take your call. My mother died unexpectedly last night and my father is taking it quite hard. So hard, that I've taken over the reins of the family."

Judge Hillman leaned forward, looked at Apollonia wondering why she wasn't broken up about her mother's untimely death, and said, "Lucia is dead?"

Apollonia replied, "Yes. Dead as a proverbial door nail, judge."

He leaned back, still wondering about Lucia's death considering she was a very healthy woman, he stared at the vision that sat across from him and said, "Let's cut to the chase, Miss. What do you want from me?"

The decision was made just as soon as Apollonia heard the question come out of the judge's mouth. She could see his face defy his calmness when he was told Lucia was dead. Apollonia reached into her oversized handbag and tossed a nine by fourteen envelope onto the judge's desk.

"I'll sit here while you open it Judge," said Apollonia no longer peaches and cream.

Judge Walter Hillman tore open the envelope and pulled out several eight by ten color photographs. When he saw the top one of him impaled into a young black boy he recoiled back into his chair. Sweat began to form on his forehead. His hand shook as well as his legs under the desk. He picked up the pictures anew and flipped through them. He put them back into the envelope and tossed it onto his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I believe you wanted my father to believe you were a first time pedophile, but Judge he knew better. Your little basement pedophile lair has been under surveillance by people my father has in his employ. We even know how you acquire the boys you like to fuck on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. Quite ingenious telling drug addicted mothers that the only way they'll avoid jail is to let you take your pederast desires out on their sons. What is even funnier – that fact that you'll only let little girls suck your cock because you can't get it up to fuck them."

Judge Walter Hillman's face was soaked in sweat. His breathing was shallow and his face became quite pallid. His shirt under his arms began to soak through with sweat borne of fear. He knew if any of the information that was just given to him by Mario's daughter was made public his goose would be cooked. He feared going to jail even if he was kept in protective custody which is just another form of solitary confinement. Pedophiles did not last long in jail. He tried to keep himself from crying, but the tears just rolled down his face.

"Please tell me what you want from me?"

Apollonia stood, leaned across the desk into his face, and said, "From this moment on Judge, I own you. You can continue fucking your boys, but when I tell you I need a boy or a girl you will supply them to me. No one else will ever make a request to you Judge, just me. If there is a case I want adjudicated in your courtroom, you will make sure it is and you will make sure the verdict is as I desire."

"And if I don't?" he said.

He regretted asking her that when he saw the cold stare and her head pierce his personal space.

"If you don't comply, prison will be a holiday for you. Do you understand my implication? We have over ten months of you fucking little boys up their little asses. Ten months of you sucking their little cocks. Ten months of you making threats to their mothers when they did not want you to fuck their sons. We've also made arrangements with several of the boy's mothers to come forward about how you induced them to let you take your pedophilic desires out on their children."

Walter Hillman saw that Apollonia Moretti was one cold bitch. She stood in his office the day after her mother's death holding the proverbial gun to his head with her pictures and accusations to get him to comply with her demands. He wondered if Mario Moretti was planning to subjugate him to his will by using the material that was inside the envelope lying on his desk. He had no choice but to accept her coercive demands.

With his voice shaking, "Yes, I understand and accept. But, I have to know was your father going to use the material as you have?"

Apollonia returned to her seat, and said, "I don't think so. He was more interested in fucking your wife's ass on the days you were putting your rather meager cock into those boy's asses. My question for you Walter is does she know that you really do fuck little boys?"

"Please, don't say anything to her. She thinks I have this fantasy about having sex with young boys. She wanted me to tell your father that I wasn't interested in his offer. I'm of the opinion that if I did he wouldn't do what you've just done by blackmailing me with those pictures."

"No Judge, I'm not blackmailing you. All I'm doing is making sure that I have the necessary people in my pocket to solidify my position as the head of the Moretti family. If you want me to go public, just be an asshole and not comply with my wishes. Are we in agreement?"

Judge Hillman knew she had him. "Yes, Apollonia, I'm in agreement. Just don't let my wife find out about my insatiable desire to fuck young boys."

Apollonia stood, turned, walked to the door, and said as she exited, "Don't forget Walter what you've agreed to and be sure that our little secret will be just that, our little secret."

Tuesday Late Afternoon, Jon Parks Manhattan Office – 18 February 2003

After making sure the No Tell Motel owner agreed to let him bug the room, Jon Parks completed the task in ninety minutes. Sitting in his office quite satisfied with his work, he phoned Dr. Goldsmith.

"Dr. Goldsmith... Yes, Jon Parks... I followed your wife to a small motel near Valhalla... Yes, she met a black man and what appeared to be a young preteen boy... No, I did not get pictures. I simply made sure that the non-descript motel was their meeting place and it is... I've already greased the palm of the owner and I've prepared the room... I'm sure that this is the only place they meet... Don't worry Doc, as soon as I have clear proof of her infidelity I will show it to you... Thank you Doc, I appreciate your confidence in me... Good-bye..."