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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 82

Monday Evening – 84th Street Townhouse – 24 February 2003

Apollonia and Ming walked east on 84th Street from Park Avenue to the front of the townhouse. They had taken a cab from the Flat Iron Building and directed the driver to drop them at the corner of Park and 84th. Apollonia checked the street for any possible problems as they walked arm-in-arm to the townhouse. Ming was anxious to get home to see her children. She had explained to Apollonia that every afternoon she would sit with the boys and read to them. She also had them learning to do simple math. Apollonia now had the reason for her lover's desire to change the time of the meeting with the attorney.

The sound of her key entering the lock and the door opening was enough to get John Gleason down to the first floor of the residence. Apollonia could not fathom how he got around the residence so quickly but decided it wasn't important enough for her to ask him. Just after they handed him their winter coats, Ming's sons rushed from the elevator to where she was standing. Apollonia noticed Mary Gleason standing in front of the closed elevator door and nodded to her acknowledging the woman's motherly care of the boys who were not related to her at all.

"Mommy, mommy!!!" cried the boys.

Ming Zheng knelt down and took one boy into either of her arms and gathered them into her body. She kissed them on their heads several times before she said, "I missed you and I love you." She looked over to Mary Gleason who made a sign to advise Ming that the boys had their after school snack. Ming kissed the boys one time each before she stood up and said, "Time for me to read to the boys."

"Yea!!!" cried the five year olds.

Ming with her sons in tow walked to the elevator to head to the third floor where she would sit for at least an hour reading to them. Apollonia remained standing in the entrance way trying to decide if she should stay or return to Columbus Place. It was a quick decision, "Ming..."

Ming stopped in front of the elevator, turned, and said, "Yes?"

"I have to talk to John and Mary for a moment before I leave," said Apollonia. She then opened her arms and said, "Come here and give me a kiss good-bye."

Ming Zheng froze for a moment and then realized she needed to show Apollonia it wasn't a bad thing to kiss her in front of her kids and John and Mary Gleason. She pushed the boys over to Mrs. Gleason, walked to where Apollonia stood, and offered her lips to the taller woman. Apollonia did not embarrass Ming. She leaned down placed a peck on her lips and embraced her instead of instituting the desired French kiss. When she released Ming the Oriental woman looked up to see a look of total admiration and love in Apollonia's eyes.

"Go," was all Apollonia said.

Once Ming and her children were safely on their way to the third floor Apollonia spoke to the Gleasons, "Please give me a moment. I need to speak to you both."

Mary and John exchanged glances, stood together, and John said, "What may we do for you, Apollonia?"

Apollonia looked around and asked, "Where can we go and sit?"

John reached into his pocket and removed a small key chain. He pointed to a set of double doors down the hall. Apollonia followed Mary and him into a nicely sized sitting room that overlooked a small private garden. The room was elegantly furnished and although it was spotlessly clean, from the look of it hadn't been used in a number of years. There were two couches, several chairs, and all forms of tables and bureaus in the room. John pointed to the four chairs that sat in front of the rear windows and they each sat down.

"I need to know everything you know," said Apollonia. "You hold back from me and I find out, it will not be pleasant or pretty."

Mary Gleason put her right hand to her mouth and gasped. John sat stoically and just stared at Apollonia. They both could see the same hard look on Apollonia's face as that of the man that took them in and gave them their life. Mary reached for her husband's hand. He could feel her stress. He squeezed her hand just enough to try and let her know he would take care of whatever Apollonia wanted.

"I think it would be easier for all concerned if you asked questions, Apollonia. We have been in your father's employ for just over thirty years. He found us on The Bowery. We weren't married, but we were together. He saved our lives and for that we owe him," said John Gleason while keeping his wife's hand in his.

"He found you on The Bowery? Mario did not habituate that part of town nor has any of his companies performed any work there, John, so, cut the bullshit," said Apollonia.

Again the pair looked at one another as if to pass information, John responded, "We are a very special case. We..."

Mary Gleason cried out, "Please, Miss Moretti, please don't." Tears welled in her eyes and coursed down her cheeks.

Apollonia wasn't shocked, but she was even more curious. "Spit it out John."

Mary cried harder and John had no choice but to tell Apollonia the truth. "Our last name is not Gleason. It is Moretti. My real name is Giuseppe Moretti. Mary's name is Sienna Moretti. We are brother and sister. We married against the wishes of our family. We tried but failed numerous times to have children. We were disowned and cast aside. Your father, Mario Moretti, took it upon himself to make us whole but only if we accepted his conditions. All of his conditions."

"What conditions, John?" inquired Apollonia as she wondered what he meant by whole because they were not acknowledged anywhere in the Moretti family tree.

He took a deep breath, squeezed his wife's hand, and replied, "Mary had to undergo a complete hysterectomy and I had to have a vasectomy. The Mario Moretti allowed me to keep my genitals in lieu of my

accepting a lifelong inability to procreate. We were expected to perform without question any and all requests from Mario and Lucia. For accepting his conditions, he allowed us to live here as husband and wife basically rent free. We had to keep to ourselves and not make any friends except for the people we'd meet in the course of doing everyday shopping."

"I need to know what they asked you to do. I need to know now, John," demanded Apollonia.

John began to shake as the stress of what he was about to tell Apollonia could ruin the life they were living. "It begins and ends in the basement. It is divided into rooms. It was used by your mother for things I'd rather not repeat. I was required to find and if necessary kidnap families and/or children for your mother and her sick associates. I was ordered to travel the country in a specially designed van to find and bring back to the basement mainly children. We were ordered to keep them and care for them, if you want to call it care. Mary and I never got used to the whining, crying, and screaming of the children and the occasional adult. We wanted to call the police, but your father made it plainly obvious that we would not live to see the next day if we did."

Apollonia stood, pointed, and growled, "Show me, now!!!"

Ten minutes later, Apollonia stood in the central hallway that divided the basement into two sections. The left section was divided into twelve separate rooms that could only be classified as cells. Each room had a ratty mattress on the floor, two buckets, and several lengths of chain that were bolted to the base of the walls. There was no running water or modern day sanitary facilities. The right section had several doors to enter and leave through, but the room itself stretched the length of the building from front to back. Built into the center was a rectangular stage that had bolts and cutouts for all forms of sadomasochistic torture furniture and apparatus so they could be easily affixed. Each of the walls, including the one that had commonality with the center hall had chains affixed and hanging from different heights. The height of the chain determined the type of locking device that was attached. The lowest had leg irons, the middle had wrist irons and restraints, and the highest had iron neck collars. Twelve by twelve beams were secured below the beams that held the first floor floorboards. From these beams ropes, cables, and chains were affixed and hung towards the floor. The rear wall contained an immense walk-in closet that stored all the implements a sadomasochist would use to inflict all levels of pain on those who chose or did not choose to partake in the activities.

Apollonia spent fifteen minutes exploring the basement making sure the Gleasons were right behind her. She had to keep herself from vomiting when she saw the remaining outlines of rather large pools of blood. When she had enough, but before she ascended to the first floor, she turned to them and fulminated, "YOU TWO PIECES OF DOG SHIT!!! YOU FUCKING ALLOWED THAT LOW LIFE CUNT TO CONVERT THIS PLACE INTO A DEN OF INIQUITY AND DEPRAVITY!!! HOW MANY FUCKIN' CHILDREN DO YOU ALLOW TO DIE HERE???"

Mary Gleason fell against wall after seeing and hearing the anger spew from Apollonia's mouth. John Gleason attempted to calm the agitated woman down but learned quickly she was no one to mess with. Apollonia Moretti not giving a care about his age took him by his throat and pressed him against the cold damp brick of the central hallway wall. She pressed just as her sissy husband did against his carotid arteries temporarily stopping the flow of blood to his brain. Mary Gleason began to wail uncontrollably. John Gleason tried to remove Apollonia's hand from his neck but due to his age his strength was not enough to break Apollonia's hold on his neck. Just as he was about to lose consciousness and fall to the floor, Apollonia released her grip and allowed more blood to flow into his brain. He regained a semblance of consciousness.

John Gleason eyes bugged out of his head, right hand rubbed his neck, as he found his voice, "Please, Miss Moretti, we were trying to survive."

Apollonia who had released her hold on John's neck said, "Survive you will, but under my rules and regulations. Upstairs the both of you, now!!!"

John and Mary Gleason stood next to the door that led to the basement which was located in a small hallway just off the kitchen. They were scared. Apollonia walked in a small circle trying to keep her anger under control. She knew in her heart that they were the product of their insane relationship. To enable their love, they allowed themselves to be sexually neutered and ultimately enslaved by her parents. Various scenarios ran though her head, but she was

most interested in what Mary's obligations were. Apollonia Moretti forced herself to reduce her stress and calm herself down. She walked into the kitchen and pointed to the small table that the Gleasons used for their meals.

"Sit," commanded Apollonia.

John and Mary Gleason did as they were told. Apollonia looked at her watch and shook her head in disgust. She placed herself about a foot from the small round table and just stared at the two elderly people.

"I have to leave for my place, but I have some questions that need to be answered," said Apollonia. "John, did you keep a journal of your kidnapping activities?"

John did not look at Apollonia when he answered, "No, but I..."

Apollonia placed her hand under his chin and forced his face up, and said, "Never, ever not look me in the eye when I speak to you, John. Do not make me take the love of your life away from you."

Mary began to cry anew. John tried to look at her, but Apollonia's hand kept him from moving his head. He replied, "I understand, Miss Moretti." Apollonia released her hold on his chin and he continued to look into her eyes. "I believe Lucia may have documented her deviance. I know there is nothing in the building as I have been through every room, nook, and cranny."

"Mary, what did you do?"

The question set her off. She laid her head on the small table and would not look up or answer Apollonia's question. John interjected knowing he may suffer for his indiscretion, "Please talk to me, Apollonia. I don't think Mary can face what she was coerced to do."

"Well?" was all Apollonia said in response to John.

John closed his eyes, made the sign of the cross, and opened them, "Mary was forced to take certain body parts, butcher them, and then cook them. Lucia called it human haute cuisine. She was made to create dishes from cookbooks using the children's body parts. Your mother would sit in the middle of the dungeon being sexually stimulated while she told the other children and adults what part of the person they witnessed die she or the other invitees were eating. What the captives didn't know was their meals were also comprised of human parts."

"Fuck me," was all that came out of Apollonia's mouth. She felt herself begin to get sick, but she forced herself to keep from vomiting. "What else do you know?"

"I know that neither Mary nor I took part in any of the sexual deviance. We are not and never were cannibals. I believe with a good amount of certainty that your mother did keep some form or journal, but where it is hidden I could not tell you," said John.

"One last question before I give you your instructions. Who else knew or was involved?"

"The participants always wore full face masks," answered John. "The only way identification could be possible would be through genitals or body markings like scars, moles, et cetera. If Lucia kept a journal, that is where she may have noted who the invited participants were, but I would guess that you can count them on two hands. The one thing I will confirm is the small number of men and women who participated. I will repeat that neither Mary nor I were actively involved."

Apollonia shook her head, "Let me reiterate my absolute abhorrence at what I've seen and heard. You do anything to Ming Zhen and her children and the suffering you witnessed or heard will pale in comparison to what I will do to each of you."

"We understand, Miss Moretti," said John. Mary kept her head on the small table as she continued to whine and moan as if someone had ripped her abdomen open.

"Next, order of the day for each of you. You are no longer human beings to me. You are no longer held in the high esteem I held you in before today. Both of you are no more than pieces of calcified dog shit, therefore both of you will show your fealty to me but sucking my asshole when I arrive and when I leave. Both of you will do as I command. Hesitation will result in the immediate cessation of your life. You no longer work for Mario Moretti. You work for me. Understood?"

Mary Gleason raised her head, looked at her husband, and said, "I'd rather die than kiss your ass."

"Then die you will," said Apollonia, "but not tonight. When? Sometime when you least expect it, Sienna Moretti. The one thing you can bet on just as the sun will rise in the East and set in the West, you'll either be sucking my asshole or you will be dead. And let me strongly reiterate to you Sienna, you lay one fuckin' finger on either of those boys and Ms. Zheng I promise you will watch yourself die a most horrible death."

John quickly interjected, "Miss Moretti, can't you see she is distraught. We've been keeping this disgusting secret for a very long time. Please, we know the rules and accepted the conditions of your parents. Give me some time to talk to her. I beseech you to give her some time."

"If I didn't have to go back to Columbus Place, I'd have stayed for dinner." Apollonia looked into Mary's eyes and with a cold voice said, "I get hungry after I take a life. Never ceases to amaze me that two things happen when I snap a person's neck. I have a tremendous full body orgasm and I get extremely hungry. Your call, Sienna."

Apollonia turned towards Giuseppe, "I will no longer address you as John and Sienna as Mary. I will expect you to show your wife what I demand. Nothing will happen to Ming and her children. I find on hair on any of them as much as a millimeter out of place..."

"Don't worry, Miss Moretti. I promise, with my life, nothing will happen to any of them," said Giuseppe.

Apollonia nodded, turned, and offered her backside to Giuseppe. Mary Moretti watched as her husband knelt behind the youngest Moretti daughter and performed his duty to his Mistress. Apollonia saw the disgust on Sienna's face and made a decision to keep her on a very short leash. She stepped away after feeling Giuseppe's tongue on her anus, because she did not want Ming or one of the children to walk in on Giuseppe's show of fealty.

Apollonia stepped from the kitchen into the central hallway, flipped open her cell phone, and called for her car and driver. She ignored the two elderly people who were now standing at the entrance to the kitchen from the central hallway. Fifteen minutes after she made her phone call the front door bell sounded. Giuseppe Moretti made a move to answer the door only to be stopped by the cold, hard stare he received from Apollonia Moretti. Giuseppe and Sienna Moretti watched the youngest daughter of Mario and Lucia Moretti leave the townhouse and when the front door closed they grabbed on to each other relieved that Sienna was still alive. Nothing needed to be said as they both understood their lives were now under the control of one very sick individual.