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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 102

Sunday Morning – Townhouse East 84<sup>th</sup> Street, New York City – 2 March 2003

Sonny Rossi woke up from his drug induced haze to find his body strapped down to a bed in a room rather than naked and chained to the wall in a cell in the basement. He could raise his head off the pillows, but his arms and legs were bound to the bed with the use of wrist and ankle straps. The pain he originally felt between his legs was reduced considerably. His stomach growled and thankfully he did not have to urinate because of the catheter that was inserted into his urethra. Sonny looked from left-to-right several times trying to see if there was a clock radio so he could ascertain the time. He knew by the light coming through the curtains it was daylight, but he had no idea how long he'd been asleep or anesthetized.

"HELLO!!!" he yelled. With his mouth feeling like it was full of cotton, "ANYBODY HERE??? HELLO???"

Several minutes later Sonny heard the whine of the elevator and knew someone was coming to the room. His thoughts went to who was going to enter the room. He shook when her name came into his consciousness. Sonny Rossi took a deep breath and waited. He calmed down when Giuseppe Moretti entered the room.

"Good morning, Sonny," he said. "I see you're awake. I need to check you and the urine bag. We can do this the hard way or the easy way. Your choice."

"If you are telling me you'll release me from being bound to the bed, I will not try to escape or hurt you."

Giuseppe smiled knowingly, "I'm not going to release you, but I will loosen the bindings enough to make you comfortable. When I'm done and if you're hungry, I'll bring you some breakfast."

Sonny closed his eyes and it sunk in that no one in the Moretti family trusted him even an old man living as man and wife in an incestuous relationship with his sister. "I'm not going to do anything stupid. Please do what you have to do and I would like something to eat. One, question, what are the time and the day?"

"It is 8:32AM on Sunday. I brought you here last night around 7:30PM," replied Giuseppe.

Giuseppe Moretti stepped to the bed and relaxed the bindings on Sonny's right wrist and right ankle. He moved to the other side and did the same. He watched as Sonny flexed his hands and arms as he tried to pull them free. It did not take long for him to realize that it was a futile effort. Giuseppe returned to the other side of the bed,

bent down, and checked the urine bag to see if it needed to be changed. The process to change the urine bag was short and he thanked his lucky stars that he did not have to check the catheter. He did pull the blanket and sheet down to check the bandage that was between Sonny's legs. The bandage looked good to his eyes so he pulled the sheet and blanket up covering Sonny.

"I'll be back in a few minutes with something for you to eat," said Giuseppe. "Sienna has to make it, so it may take ten or fifteen minutes for me to return. Just to reinforce what I told you earlier – you cannot free yourself. You can try, but then I'll have to use the anesthetic on you."

Sonny resigned somewhat to his fate shook his head agreeing with what he was just told. His arms could move enough so he could bend his elbow to a ten degree angle. His lateral movement was severely restricted which reinforced what Giuseppe told him about not being able to escape. He could feel the bandage between his legs and nothing else. He heard the door close and began to silently cry knowing Apollonia had done more than taken her pound of flesh from him. Sonny did not know how long he lay crying before Giuseppe returned pushing a cart that had his breakfast.

Giuseppe pushed it next to the bed and said, "I can feed you or you can man up, take your punishment, and promise me that you'll do nothing stupid. If you agree, I'll remove the restraints from your arms and legs."

Sonny's first instinct was to become physical but the restraints kept him from doing as he wanted. His second instinct was to begin a verbal tirade, but he knew that Giuseppe was just doing what that cunt Apollonia ordered him to do. Should he wait to be released or should he just resign himself to the fact that his life as he knew it was over. His freedom was more important than taking revenge on an old man who had nothing to do with his predicament.

"Ok, Giuseppe," said Sonny, "I promise. You can trust me."

Giuseppe Moretti saw the resignation in Sonny's eyes. He released Sonny's right leg first and when he did not try to kick him he stepped to the other side of the bed and released his left leg. Giuseppe waited and when Sonny nodded his head telling him he was not going to do anything he released his left arm and then his right. Sonny Rossi tried to sit up which was his first mistake. The dizziness from lying down and the residual effects of the anesthetic forced him to put his head back on the pillows. Sonny groaned from the room spinning and the ascension of the renewed pain from his altered crotch.

"Take it slow," said Giuseppe

He moved to help Sonny sit up and was surprised when Sonny allowed him to help. It took a few minutes for the huge man to feel comfortable enough to try and move his legs over the side of the bed. Another mistake as the pain that emanated from his crotch stopped him cold. Sonny sat for a moment before he slid backwards so his back was resting against the headboard. He closed his eyes and concentrated on getting the pain to reduce itself enough so he could slide to the left side and eat. Giuseppe watched as Sonny concentrated and succeeded at getting close to the food. Giuseppe uncovered the dishes to reveal scrambled eggs, bacon, and white toast.

"Thank you," said Sonny as he picked up the fork and a small morsel of food.

"Don't thank me, Sonny," replied Giuseppe. "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Would you mind staying here and talking to me while I eat?"

"Sure, but I don't know what we have to talk about," said Giuseppe.

Sonny eyed him and said, "Do you know how long I'm going to be living here?"

"No," replied Giuseppe.

"Will I be seeing a doctor?" asked Sonny.

"I believe the doctor will be here sometime today," said Giuseppe. "If not, then one of the nurses will be here. They do have to check the surgery and probably change the bandages."

Sonny paused his eating, shook his head in the negative, and said, "I had the golden ring in my hand and tossed it into the toilet. Maybe she was right. I might be the dumbest fuck ever born. Now, I'm a physical oddity."

"Physical oddity?" said Giuseppe.

"Yeah..."

All Giuseppe knew was Sonny had surgery. He thought at most Apollonia castrated the big man. Worst case she removed everything between his legs. His curiosity was peaked.

"What did she do to you, Sonny?" asked Giuseppe.

Sonny could see he really didn't know. "I have a vagina." The thought and his saying it out loud brought out his verbal anger, "That cunt made me a human oddity. She fuckin' removed my cock. Not my balls because she fuckin' wanted the testosterone to remain in my body. According to that fuckin' demonic bitch, I have a fully functionally vagina between my legs and my balls to keep me masculine. How's that for retribution and revenge?"

"Jesus Christ," said Giuseppe as he genuflected. "I knew she was crazy, but that absolutely takes the prize for insanity. Lucia had a deviant streak, but Apollonia seems to be moving the bar higher up the scale of insanity and deviance. Sorry, Sonny. What did you do to deserve such treatment?"

"I beat the shit out of her sissy husband," replied Sonny. "Two black eyes and a split lip. She told me if I ever hurt her husband she'd take her pound of flesh..."

Giuseppe swayed for a moment, steadied himself, and thought about his sister and wife. Apollonia had kissed her in the traditional Sicilian '*Kiss of Death*'. He knew she had the backbone to make good on her sentence of death. Giuseppe knew he would have to approach Apollonia with kid gloves and hope he could convince her to change her mind.

"Am I missing something here Sonny?" asked Giuseppe. "Whatever possessed you to beat the shit out of her husband?"

Sonny finished the meal and sat back against the headboard with a cup of coffee in his hands. He was feeling better. The dizziness had disappeared and the pain was nothing more than a dull ache. A strange feeling began to rise from his crotch as he felt the phantom feeling his cock was there. Sonny closed his eyes and prayed that he would survive Apollonia's cruelty.

"I was chosen by Apollonia to replace her husband. I was chosen to father her children. Her husband decided to remain in the marriage as a sissy cuckold because he loved her too much to leave and never see her again. There were things I did not know about the Moretti family even though my brother is married to Apollonia's older sister. She knew things about my family and used that information to test me and..." Sonny paused, sipped his coffee, and continued, "I failed. Miserably. I can't believe I am as calm as I am sitting here..."

"I can help you with that," interjected Giuseppe. "Your food was laced with an anti-anxiety and anti-depressant. You don't have to tell me anymore about what happened. I was born into the family. I've suffered, but not like you. My error was falling in love with my sister. It took many years, but Mario Moretti took pity on me and Sienna. He allowed us to live as husband and wife, but under certain conditions. Maybe Apollonia will allow you to live a prosperous life as long as you live according to her rules and regulations."

"Fuck," said Sonny. "Please explain to me how I'm going to live some fifty or sixty years with a vagina. I might as well go to the Brooklyn Bridge and jump. Damn, you put anti-depressants into the food."

"Sorry, but I'm no dope. The next question for you is this Sonny, can I leave you alone unrestrained or do I have to knock you out and restrain you?" asked Giuseppe.

"No, you don't, Giuseppe," replied Sonny. "I do have one question for you. Think I could make a phone call?"

"Sorry Sonny. No phone calls. Direct orders..."

"FROM THE CUNT!!!" shouted Sonny.

"Do I..."

"No, Giuseppe, you have nothing to worry about. I promise," said Sonny.

Giuseppe Moretti left the carafe of coffee and pushed the wagon out of the room closing the door behind him. Sonny Rossi sat somewhat high on the anti-depressant and decided to see if he could feel anything between his legs. He put the coffee cup onto the small night table that was next to the bed and slipped his right hand down between his legs. He touched the bandage and found it to be thinner than he thought it would be. The pain was tolerable because he did not press too hard against the surgical site. He closed his eyes and gently explored what was between his legs. He felt the puffiness and the distinct outline of the labia that had been formed surgically. He rolled to his right, carefully pulled his knees up and into the fetal position, and cried uncontrollably.