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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 116

Tuesday Night – Apollonia and Viviano – 4-5 March 2003

Once inside her room, Apollonia released her hold on her brother-in-law's rampant erection. She stepped away from him, turned to face him, looked into his eyes, and began to laugh uncontrollably. Viviano Rossi stood, open mouthed, and finally understood how his younger brother felt when he was living with and courting his crazy sister-in-law. The thought of fucking her brother-in-law had always coursed through her sexually induced thoughts, but acting on them was something she would never do to her sister. It was one thing to have an incestuous relationship with her, but it was totally against her moral code to have an illicit relationship with her husband. Fucking him at a Moretti celebration of a customer's insemination could happen, but she wasn't really into fucking him in front of a group of people celebrating the pregnancy of a paying customer. It took a few moments for Apollonia to regain control of emotions and her laughing fit. Viviano knew it would be best if he just wished his cock to a flaccid state and put it back into his pants.

Apollonia watched her brother-in-law fix his clothing and when he was done she said, "Did you really think I was going to bed you tonight?"

"Um..." replied Viviano.

"P-I-e-e-e-a-a-s-s-s-e-e-e-," cried Apollonia as she rolled her eyes the way a comic does to emphasize his words. "I know you lust after me because I see you trying to surreptitiously lick your lips as you think about gaining entrance to my charms. Just so you know, hell would have to freeze over for me to bed you down behind Raffy's back."

"Then why all the sexual come on, Appy?" asked Viviano.

"Why don't we return to the kitchen," said Apollonia not answering his direct question. "I'll make a pot of coffee and something to nibble on and we can talk. I really need to talk to someone."

Viviano stood his ground. He made it obvious by spreading his legs and placing his hands on his hips. The one thing he would not let happen was his humiliation by his genius, but absolutely crazy sister-in-law. He glared at the woman who removed his youngest brother's genitals and said, "Enough of your bullshit, Appy. If you don't already know, Colin and Sonny watched you take me by my cock and pull me up the staircase. Just give me a straight answer."

"I will," said Apollonia. "Let's just do it downstairs. In fact, why don't you go downstairs so I can change. Please..."

Viviano relented, "You are my sister-in-law and one crazy cunt." He held his breath for a moment waiting for some illogical and over-the-top reaction from Apollonia. It did not come much to his surprise.

Apollonia watched as he turned and let himself out of the room. She removed her clothing taking care to place those items that needed to go to the dry cleaner separate from those that would be hand washed and ironed by her sissy husband. Underneath her pillow she found a pink with red hearts sleep set which she took with her to the area she used to put on her makeup. Her rings, necklace, and earrings were next to be removed and placed on the table. She could not stop from looking into her makeup mirror and wondering what she would look like several years from today. Sighing, she stood, pulled up the light wool sleep pants and pulled the spaghetti string top over her head. She found her thick cotton bathrobe with a hood, slipped into her shearing slippers, and made her way downstairs to the kitchen.

Viviano stood in front of the coffeemaker adding tablespoons of fresh ground coffee into the brewing basket. He heard the shuffle of his sister-in-laws feet, turned, and made a high sign that he at least had the coffee under control. Apollonia took her seat at the head of the breakfast table and waited patiently for her brother-in-law to finish preparing the pot of coffee. Neither of them spoke as the sound of heated water filled the room and then the aroma of brewing coffee. Thankfully, the coffeemaker had the ability to remove the pot before the cycle was finished. Viviano watched the pot and when he thought there was enough coffee to fill two mugs; he did so. He picked up the mugs and walked to the breakfast table where he sat in the seat that was designated for Apollonia's husband.

Apollonia accepted the mug of coffee, placed it in front of her, and put both hands around the outside circumference of the ceramic mug. She stared into the black of the coffee and watched the rainbow colors swirl around. The arcs of colored light held her gaze as she tried to forget the incidents of the day. Viviano sat quietly and just as silently sipped the hot brew. For the first time in a very long time, Viviano drank his coffee without any sugar, milk, or cream. The bitter taste took a bit to get used to, but he could sense why Apollonia drank it black with nothing added. He waited for her to break the silence. Apollonia on the other hand wished he would say something so she could respond to his question rather than asking one herself or just saying something out of the blue.

"Where is the young girl from Texas?" asked Viviano making an attempt to break the silence.

Thankful that he broke the silence, Apollonia took a sip of the coffee before she responded, "Pricilla is next door with Ming. I couldn't have her stay here tonight. I would have done something I know I would have regretted in the morning."

"You'd regret using one of your harnessless dildos on her," said Viviano in more of a statement rather than a question. "That has to be a first, Appy."

"The first time she kissed me I nearly flooded the hallway outside the dungeon with my fluids. I decided it would be best if my Ming taught her," sighed Apollonia. "At least she'll learn from the one person who really knows how to please me. But, most of all in my thoughts, I would have faced a rape charge the next morning. I so want to fuck her, but..." Apollonia shook her head knowing that she wanted to taste the fluids of a sixteen year old virgin.

Viviano's coffee mug dropped from his mouth and a small amount rolled over the top and onto the tabletop, "You mean to tell me that you were just playin' with my brother when it came to making love to him. You're admitting to me right now that you'd rather have Ming as your lover than a big cocked Italian stallion. As you said earlier, p-l-e-e-e-a-a-a-s-s-s-e-e-e...."

"Are you hungry?" asked Apollonia trying to deflect answering her brother-in-laws question about preferring a lesbian relationship to a heterosexual one.

"Yes," he replied, "but I want an answer before I get up to prepare us something to snack on."

"Don't get up," said Apollonia, "I'm feeling domestic. Hmmm, wonder what Colin and Sonny are up to, but I don't want to interrupt or wake them." Apollonia stood, walked to the Sub Zero, opened it, and said to Viviano as she looked at the contents inside the refrigerator, "Ever kill anyone Viv?" She did not turn around when she heard Viv's mug hit the table with a loud clunk.

Silence was his response. Apollonia found a bowl filled with bite sized fruit and decided that would suffice for them to eat while they chatted. She moved to the counter where she uncovered the bowl, balled up the aluminum foil, tossed it into the sink, and came around to the breakfast table. She placed the bowl on the table, sat down, and repeated her question, "Ever kill anyone Viv?"

"Yes," he replied adding nothing to his response. The finality of his answer was indicative of his desire not to embellish his answer to her question.

"The reason I'm here with you now, Viv" said Apollonia, "is my need to talk to someone about today. I couldn't talk, no wouldn't, talk to Mario. Colin and Sonny needn't be involved. Raffaella would try to understand, but she'd probably break from the stress of knowing what I did. Ming, she's one tough cookie, but I have no desire to burden her with today's events."

"From my side of the room," said Viviano, "you seemed in total control of the situation. I also question your mental state because this was not the first time you had to take a life."

"Outward appearances are deceiving," said Apollonia. "No one ever taught you that? In a matter of weeks, I've become a murderer. I committed matricide and premeditated murder. I'm not feeling too good inside, Viv. Doing my mother was actually a spur-of-the-moment ending of a life. I could not balance her devious sexual predilections against my thoughts that I grew inside her body and was nurtured by that cunt. But, today, I took a life with malice aforethought. First degree murder, Viv. Planned and executed."

Viviano Rossi also committed premeditated murder, but it was all in the name of the Moretti family. As much as Apollonia and Raffaella wanted to push aside the criminal aspects of the family's endeavors, the truth of the matter was when it came to or necessitated the taking of a life, Mario Moretti was not bashful. Once Viviano was married to Raffaella, educated, and a trusted part of the family; he learned to the true inner workings of the Morettis. It wasn't long before he was asked to relieve a lowlife scumbag of his life. He was given a throwaway, untraceable .22 caliber Saturday night special handgun and told to simply put two bullets into the back of the guy's head. Viviano knew it was preferable to take the person's life with two shots to the back of his head. Viviano was not so lucky his first time. He had to stare into the man's eyes as he realized he was going to die. Viviano never forgot what he saw and made it a point to always prepare to take the individual from behind.

Their eyes met and Viv said, "You're telling me that growing up on Columbus Place in the Moretti family you had no idea concerning the efforts your father and his kin went to keep certain information from seeing the light of day. I'm not buying that you never once knew that your father removed impediments to his maintaining control of the Moretti family and the family's investments."

Apollonia was not fazed by his direct shot at the underbelly of the Moretti family. What she wanted to know more than anything was how he handled the taking of another person's life. Although she was trained in the martial arts, Apollonia never thought she'd use a choke hold to break her mother's neck; but, the idea of inserting a six-sided razor sharp tapered knife into Teresa Conti's rectum was more than she could fathom. Lucia's death was quick, but Teresa's death was slow compared to her mother. The rattling sound of Teresa's last breaths still resounded in her head. The sight of her blood, the essence of her life, running from her opened and defiled anus actually turned Apollonia's stomach.

"It was kept from us as children," said Apollonia. "The first time I knew of anything criminal was when I was a sophomore in high school. I accidentally walked in on a meeting in the dining room and heard my father discussing the need to," Apollonia paused searching for the right term, but decided to just let it flow from her memories, "remove the owner of a competing construction company. With a nod from my dad, one of his trusted men picked me up and carried me from the room into the great room. I was told, gently, to never enter the dining room or any room that was

being used to hold a Moretti meeting. Amazingly, he kissed me on the top of my head and called me beautiful before he returned to the meeting.”

Apollonia paused to finish her mug of coffee whereupon she rose, went to the coffeemaker, and poured herself another mug. She returned to her seat and continued, “I had confirmation my freshman year of college. My mother and father had a down-and-out argument about the reason he needed to confirm his authority by murdering a cousin and his wife. This was several months into her burgeoning sexual depravity where the death of a child was nothing more than a celebration because the tender meat of their muscles and organs would be used to feed the sick throng of perverts that paid tens of thousands of dollars to be part of her illness. After they finished screaming at one another, my mother sat with Raffaella and me to explain that what we heard was never to be repeated under the penalty of death.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” cried Viviano, “your mother threatened you and your sister with death?”

Calmly she replied, “Yes, with a cold heartedness that frightened both of us for several years. Viv, the bottom line, I don’t know if I’m falling into my father’s and mother’s trap. I know Mario killed the housekeeper. There is no way that he didn’t. The consummate liar that he is cannot pass my truth test. I saw it in his eyes and his body language. If I wanted to be a true cunt, I’d fuckin’ take him out to the middle Atlantic and feed him to the sharks. I’d have no problem making him into chum. I asked you what I did because I’m hoping you’ll help me with the rise and fall of my emotions and my need to maintain an emotional balance.”

“I have to invoke a form of client / attorney or doctor / patient privilege here, Apollonia,” said Viviano. “I admitted to you what I’ve done for your father in the name of the Moretti family and you have more than enough to put me on death row.”

The telltale darkness that preceded an explosion of anger began to form in Apollonia’s eyes. Viviano, attuned to his sister-in-law’s explosive nature, flinched when he saw the darkness begin to take over her beautiful turquoise colored eyes. The twitch of his body was not lost on Apollonia. She grabbed hold of the coffee mug, leaned forward, and spat, “You insolent mother fucker. How dare you say that you’re worried about my ability to hold this conversation confidential? I do have the ability to run you out of this family. Fuck my sister, fuck your children, and fuck you Viviano Rossi!!!”

He knew she misinterpreted what he meant by saying he needed confidentiality. The only other living individual who was aware of his role within the family was Apollonia’s father. The work he performed for Mario was something that was just between them. Viviano’s hands came up, palms out, and he said, “Don’t go off on me Apollonia. Mario and I have this understanding about when and where we discuss the phase of my allegiance to the Moretti family we’re discussing here. I just need to know that the agreement I hold with your father will continue with you. You know that I’ve done nothing to keep you from assuming the mantle of the head of the Moretti family. I also know that nothing was written down and the only two people who know what I have done are your father and me. I expect the same from you.”

“So, just how many people have you taken care of for my father?” asked Apollonia.

Viviano shivered in his seat. Apollonia noticed his physical reaction to her question. She stared hard at him as she waited for his response. The thought of him beating up potential Moretti adversaries was more within the realm of his duties within the family, but committing multiple murders for the family was beyond her intuitive thoughts about her brother-in-law. What concerned her; was and what she wanted to know from him was; was how he was able to keep what he did from her sister. The reason she was sitting at the oak breakfast table with him was her need to come clean about her murderous thoughts, actions, and emotional well-being after committing premeditated murder.

“More than I care to think about,” replied Viviano. “Truth be told, Apollonia, I have removed thirteen individuals and three families at your father’s request. I’m not proud of what I did when it came to the families.”

Apollonia’s jaw dropped when she heard the word *families* come from his mouth. Immediately the one question she did not want to ask came out of her mouth, “How many children?”

Intuitively, he knew she would ask that, "No children as you're thinking. All of them were adults. If there were youngsters involved, certain clandestine meetings were held and the parents told that they had one option to see their children grow into adulthood. It never failed."

"Have you ever murdered the parents after the children reached adulthood?" asked Apollonia.

"Never," replied Viviano. "Every son or daughter knew their parents were given a reprieve because of the age of their children. The children knew their parents failed to keep certain promises to the Moretti family. I had one daughter kneel and fellate me in front of her husband to prove she would do anything to keep her and her family alive. I do keep tabs on those that are still alive. It reinforces the aura of the Moretti family."

Apollonia rose from her seat, walked over to the Sub Zero, opened it, and found what food she was looking to use to satisfy her hunger more than the fruit salad. She returned to the table with a plastic zip-lock bag of Italian salami and a separate bag of sliced Provolone cheese. She opened each, pulled a slice of salami and a slice of cheese out, rolled them together, and popped the entire thing into her mouth. Viviano watched as she did this four times before she leaned back in her oak chair and belched. The darkness that had begun to fill her eyes was gone and the beautiful turquoise and golden flecked eyes returned signaling she was no longer on the edge of a grand mal explosion.

"How do you cope? How do you keep what you've done in the name of the Moretti family from my sister?" asked Apollonia. "I'm here because I need to talk to someone. But, I know that you know we can't go to a psychologist as Tony Soprano did on HBO."

Viviano reached across the table and took Apollonia's right hand into his. He grasped her hand and with his thumb he gently rubbed the palm as he said, "I don't have anyone, Appy. I have learned to force the things I've done in the name of this family from my consciousness. I have steeled myself and cringe every time your father calls me to the house knowing that another person or family could be sent to their demise. I know from experience how hard it is to weigh the good one does with the bad to maintain a sense of righteousness in one's daily life. The justice I serve in the name of the Moretti family has always been righteous and justified in my mind. Maybe, that is how I deal with what I have done. All I can say to you is that I'm here for you. I only wish I had someone to confide in when I felt the way you do."

The sincerity in his voice, the look in his brown eyes, and the feel of this thumb on the palm of her hand was enough to prove to her he was telling the truth about how he felt. "You still haven't told me how you keep it from Raffy," said Apollonia.

"Thankfully, she does not press me on the times I have left with only telling her I have to tend to some private Moretti business," he said. "The one thing about Raffaella is her ability to keep things in perspective. She knows what you've told her about your mother's journals. She knows what she's learned growing up on Columbus Place. She loves you dearly and I know she wants to experience on a regular basis intimate times with you. Raffaella is the one person you can confide anything in the world to and I don't mean any slight against Ming."

"I do not want to discuss my obvious issues with what I've done with my sister or Ming," said Apollonia. "Maybe, sometime in the future I will, but at this juncture, I want to know that I have your ear and that you will do for me what you've done for Mario. I want you to verbalize and show me you're committed to me and no one else when it comes to Moretti business no matter how nefarious."

Viviano was shocked at what she was asking of him when he already proved his allegiance everyday when he undressed, knelt, and kissed her feet. He took a deep breath and said, "I don't know what you want from me Apollonia. I have proven myself to you each and every time I remove my clothing and kiss your feet. I have never, except for my problem with Sonny, said no to you about anything you have requested of me. If you need me to prove myself to you, I'm hard pressed to show you what you already know. I love your sister. I love the children and have taken your half-sister into my house and love her like my own. I tried to make it work for Sonny, but his thick headedness was his downfall. I'm heartbroken that you emasculated him, but I am a Moretti. The hours are passing and I have not been home to sleep next to my wife. I did not kiss my children goodnight. I'm here at your behest. What more do you want from me, Apollonia?"

"I want you to commit in whatever way you feel comfortable," she replied. "You kiss my feet as you should. You have done as I asked, but I've never asked you to take a life for me. I need to know that if I do ask you to perform such a duty, you will without question just like you have for Mario."

Viviano Rossi slipped off his chair onto his knees and moved over to Apollonia's seat. He reached for her legs, turned her body to face him, removed her shearing slippers, and kissed the bottom of each of her feet. He made it a point to kiss them more than once and when he was done he replaced her shearing slippers. He looked up at her and said, "If you want me to, I'll do whatever you ask. I'll even go so far as to lick your ass after you've taken a shit. You can piss on me. You can ask me to masturbate, cum on your feet, and lick it off. I am committed to you because I love your sister and our children."

Apollonia Moretti reached with her right hand, caressed Viviano's left cheek, and said, "Even if I tell you that it has become necessary to remove your brother Sonny from this household?"

The dread on Viviano's face was immediately apparent. Taking his younger brother's life in the name of the Moretti family was something that never crossed his mind. He did conjure up that she would ask him to take his medically made vaginal virginity, but taking his life was another issue altogether. He knew he was at the precipice of completing his transformation into Apollonia's confidant and assassin or finding himself tied up and thrown overboard some one-hundred miles off the coast of western Long Island. Knowing her, she'd probably do it while he was still alive so he could feel the fear and the water entering his lungs as the weight pulled him to the bottom of the Atlantic. He shivered and for the first time in years almost peed his pants.

Viviano closed his eyes, felt Apollonia's hand on his cheek, and said, "I don't want to, but if I must, your wish is my command. My fealty to the Moretti family is attached to you and no one else. I am honored to serve you Apollonia Moretti as I am honored to be married to your sister, Raffaella."

"Open your eyes, Viviano Rossi," commanded in Apollonia in a soft voice so as to not wake up her sissy husband and his whatever, Sonny. Viviano opened his eyes to see the bright eyes of his sister-in-law staring down at him. "Return to your seat and we'll continue this conversation. You understand what you've committed to, Viv?"

As he moved back to the chair, he said, "Yes, Miss Moretti. I live on Columbus Place at your behest. I wish only to serve you and keep my family close. I want only the best for the Moretti family."

"Good," said Apollonia. "When I want your council I will ask for it. Do not think you have the authority to give it without first hearing a request from me. Do you think the young man from Texas can replace Giuseppe and Sienna at the townhouse?"

"I'm not sure," replied Viviano. "He's a headstrong individual. I don't know how you'd completely break him of his need to be independent."

"What if I have him castrated?" asked Apollonia. "What if I have him emasculated so the only thing between his legs is smooth skin?"

"Shit," said Viviano, "it would work if the removal of his genitals is enough to calm him and make him thankful for your generosity. That generosity being his life to live as an emasculated slave to you. One has to consider that he is knowledgeable in all things surrounding Umberto and Teresa Moretti."

"I'm going to tell Joshua Goldsmith to check in on Marco Marinelli," said Apollonia, "and if he's up to it, I'm going to order him to emasculate the asshole. If he physically survives the operation and emotionally accepts his new role on this earth, I'll let him take over cleaning and caring for the townhouse. If not, you know what I'm going to ask you to do."

Viviano did not respond. He sat and nodded in the affirmative which was enough for Apollonia. He knew he was no longer bound to Mario Moretti. Viviano Rossi was from the minute he kissed and licked his sister-in-law's feet bound to her in a way he would never be bound to his wife. He knew if she demanded him to take Raffaella's life he

would be duty bound to do so. His life now belonged to Apollonia Moretti and yes, he wanted to fuck her more than anything, but knew she would kill him if he tried. "I need to ask you where I fit in your plans. You're bossing me around and yet you're confiding in me in things that only natural born Moretti should discuss."

"If you weren't fuckin' married to my sister, I'd consider starting a relationship with you, but," sighed Apollonia, "I'm going to use you as male sounding board. You will take over the reins of Moretti Construction. You will be the face of the business. I will continue to watch from the sidelines, but remember, I know everything there is to know about Moretti Construction and its subsidiaries. Fail to keep me in the loop and you'll be sleeping with the fishes."

"What about Colin?" asked Viviano understanding where he was being placed in the family hierarchy by his sister-in-law.

"He is my husband and will always be my husband," said Apollonia. "No matter what anyone thinks, I do love him and will always love him. He is committed to me and his life as my sissy. He also will provide any and all administrative assistance to me as the head of the Moretti family and businesses. He will oversee the family investments and legal affairs through Howard Cohen. You will respect him and if you desire as a Moretti you may with my consent use him for your pleasure. Other than that, why do you ask?"

"I asked because I understand he's providing his sissy milk to a fag hag that wants to get pregnant," said Viviano. "Instead of using a Moretti man. Is that going to be something that you will be expanding or is it just a onetime event?"

Apollonia laughed, "No, Viv it is not a new endeavor for the Moretti family. Mrs. Rheingold was such an obnoxious cunt that I saw through her like she was a thin pane of window glass. She used her position of power within her marriage and her self-centered ego to try and cover her real motives."

"Which were?" asked Viviano.

"To humiliate her husband by having sex with a well-endowed man, to hide her own lesbian desires, and to indulge in her need to have intercourse with a sissy or homosexual so she could be dominant," said Apollonia. "The money was paid and she knows the only person I'll let her have intercourse with is Colin while he is dressed."

"You know you have to review the number of active couples we're dealing with," said Viviano. "At this time, I believe we're well below the number that is considered monetarily meaningful."

"I'm well aware of the reduced number of couples," replied Apollonia. "There is a backlog of couples that need to be contacted and interviewed. I've been remiss, but there are events that are pulling me away from that area of the business."

"You willing to accept an idea?" asked Viviano. "I don't want to overstep my bounds or authority, Apollonia."

"I'm listening," replied Apollonia.

Viviano stood, strode to the coffeemaker, and poured the last of the coffee into his mug. He decided that it would be beneficial to his relationship with his new Moretti Master to prepare another twelve cups. Apollonia watched as he prepared the coffeemaker and started brewing a new pot. Viviano returned to his seat, sipped the bitter brew, and said, "I think it would be smart to give the interview aspect of the couples business to your sister, Raffaella. She has the intelligence and the intuition to perform the interviews and make solid decisions. You still could have Colin make the calls, set up the interview dates, times, and prepare the documents. I think it would be something she'd love to do and take a small piece of the Moretti business off your plate. Something worth thinking about Apollonia."

Apollonia finished her coffee, ate two more pieces of salami and provolone cheese, sat back, and stared up at the ceiling. She pondered the idea presented by her bother-in-law. Raffaella would be a great choice to guide the sexual insemination of wanting couples under the auspices of the Moretti family. Her personality would be perfect

when it came to reducing any tension or stress concerning the need to use a Moretti man to start a family. She absentmindedly put her right hand between her legs and it didn't take long for her to remember she was not alone. Apollonia jerked her hand back to the table top, sighed, and just closed her eyes.

"Viviano Rossi," she said, "there is another issue. It concerns our brother-in-law the good doctor. When you drove him home tonight, did he say anything to you?"

"No Appy," replied Viviano. "He was quiet as a dormouse. He actually just sat staring out the passenger side window as if he was in another world. The only movement I witnessed was his hands moving on top of his thighs as if to calm his nerves. He was calm as a cucumber when he did the surgical and dental work on Adelina Moretti. Is there something I should know?"

Apollonia opened her eyes, looked at her bother-in-law, and said, "There is, and I'm hard pressed to keep it from you based upon our new relationship. He didn't say anything to you at all? He did not respond when you told him to stay at home and not call his in-laws to talk to his children? Did he ask about tomorrow?"

"No Apollonia," answered Viviano again. "Joshua did not say a word. I walked him to the front door and watched him enter his house. I told him that he would receive a call from you or me in the morning. You know, he does have to go to the hospital. Doesn't he have patients to take care of?"

"Actually Viv," said Apollonia, "he has to be very careful. You know he is facing a second degree murder charge in the death of the nursing student. Well, he is also facing another felony charge of murder..."

"What the fuck!!!" cried Viviano. "What the hell did he do now?"

Apollonia saw her coffee mug was empty so she went and retrieved another cup. When she returned she did not sit. Instead she leaned against the granite countertop, scratched her stomach, and said, "Doctor Joshua Goldsmith anally raped and then murdered his wife today." She stopped, looked at the clock on the microwave, and continued, "To be exact, it was yesterday afternoon considering the sun will be coming up soon. He broke Elizabeth's neck. Instead of letting her live as a paraplegic, he put a pillow over her face and smothered her to death."

Viviano sat back in his chair, his body grew taut, and his mind began to ponder what insidious mental illness had taken hold of the preeminent doctor's mind. Joshua Goldsmith was and is a world renowned cardiologist. There had to be something more to his descent into murder. "Elizabeth is dead? How come you haven't said anything to Colin? Where is..."

"Stop," said Apollonia. "You are not to repeat what I just told you. The only people who know are Howard Cohen, me, and now you. The cleaners fixed up his house. Her body and car are now somewhere in the Adirondacks waiting to be found by the state police. For all intent and purpose, Elizabeth Goldsmith took a drive by herself to sort out the unraveling state of her marriage. Ultimately, her wrecked car will be found and she will have died from a broken neck. Dr. Goldsmith is owned by me and the Moretti family."

"I don't understand how such a highly educated and regarded individual could do what he has done," said Viviano.

"All I'll say," continued Apollonia, "is Dr. Goldsmith is one very sick individual. Let's just say he is related to some of the sickest serial killers that have inhabited this planet. One day you'll hear it from him because I need you to know and understand what I'm going to do to save him from his own demise." Apollonia changed the topic to Viviano's surprise, "Tell me Viv, is it true you're fuckin' Julie Vincent from accounts receivable?"

"No," he replied. "I would never do anything like that to Raffaella. I get to fuck all sorts of women for the family. Shit, I get paid to do it, well, the family gets paid and reap the reward of filling strange pussy with my seed. I have to laugh at your attempt to get me riled up over some falsehood and stupidity."

The smile on his sister-in-law's face was enough to relieve his angst at being accused of something he would never do in a million years. Sunrise was upon them as the morning rays broke through darkness that surrounded the house. The color of the sky began to lighten and the blue began to show as the winter cloud cover dissipated over the land. The clock read six zero four and both Apollonia and Viviano knew they had spent the night doing what neither of them really wanted to do. Apollonia wanted to be between the legs of one Pricilla Smith while Ming Zheng performed orally on her. Viviano wanted to be spooned behind the love-of-his-life so his morning erection would slip easily into her as it did almost every morning. The silence was deafening except for the hum of the Sub Zero refrigerator and the sound of the gate guard dropping the morning newspapers on the front porch.

Apollonia Moretti walked from her place against the countertop to where Viviano Rossi sat. She placed her right hand on his shoulder, leaned down, and whispered, "Thank you. Let yourself out the back door and go to my sister. When you make love to her this morning, think of what you've gained by spending the night with me. When you cum make sure you tell her that you love her. Viviano Rossi, you have but one life to give to me and it will be through my sister that you show how much you want to live and be part of this family. You will never make love to me, but I know that when and if you do, it will be because Raffaella Moretti is no longer with us. Now go and don't say anything to ruin this moment."

Viviano Rossi nodded his assent, stood, and made his way quietly to the backdoor to return to his house across the street.

Apollonia Moretti went to her bedroom, removed her bathrobe, slipped under the duvet, and before her right hand could find her clitoris she was sound asleep.