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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 118

#### Wednesday – Areas of Concern – 5 March 2003

Jon Parks arrived at his office to find an envelope with his name in bold letters taped to his door. He noticed the return address and knew immediately his landlord was looking for his rent which was only six month in arrears instead of its normal eight to ten months. The reason the landlord did not start eviction proceedings was the eight-by-ten manila envelope that was hidden in a recess within the built-in bookcases. The contents of the envelope were also stored in a safe deposit box at his bank. The bookcases were the one luxury he gave himself when he leased the office space. The landlord was one of New York's wealthiest businessmen, philanthropists, and a dedicated family man. What the world did not know about him was his predilection for exposing himself to young women and preteen girls. Jon Parks had the only proof of the man's sexual deviance in action. He nodded to himself and made a mental note to send at least one month's rent although he knew he could stay in the small dingy office forever. He also knew that his new employer would salivate to know he had something on the internationally known landlord.

It took a few moments for him to make room on his desktop to renew his search for something to use against the Nassau County District Attorney. The woman was as clean as the room used to manufacture computer chips and hard drives. Nothing stuck to her, her husband, or their families. Jon Parks knew from his years as a homicide detective that no matter who you were, there was always something to break the façade of perfection that surrounded certain untouchable individuals. Melanie Margolis had that level of perfection which only made him want to uncover some untold aspect of her life, love, or employment.

Beside his phone was a dust covered answering machine which since the day he installed it never had any important messages recorded. He knew his clientele preferred face-to-face meetings. They would never leave even a simple message because they felt it was not confidential nor secure. Jon noticed that the number one was blinking on his machine. He thought that it had to be someone who he'd never dealt with before. His curiosity would not let him ignore the fact he actually had a message on the machine. He pressed the play button and listened to a prerecorded message about reducing his overdue accounts receivables. Jon relaxed, laughed, and immediately deleted the recording.

The ancient IBM laptop that resided on the top of his cluttered desk took an inordinately long amount of time to start. One day he'd break down and purchase a 'state of the art' machine, but for now, he'd have to suffer with its slowness because he needed to begin searching for something he could present to Apollonia concerning the Nassau County District Attorney. He sat and mindlessly stared at the screen waiting so he could open a browser and begin a Google search. Jon Parks new it was going to be a futile endeavor. Why? Every time he did a search on one of

several Internet search engines, he always came up empty. Today would be another day of frustration, but his commitment to his employer made him keep his nose to the grindstone to find anything that would give her leverage.

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith awoke later than he expected, but the previous day's events were immediately forefront in his consciousness. His sister-in-law took total control of his life since learning that he'd taken his Elizabeth's life in a fit of psychotic rage over her vomiting on the floor and his shoe. His morning erection did nothing to placate his emotions about the state of his life. Normally, he'd have Elizabeth or use his hand to relieve his sexual needs, but this morning the only thing he did was get out of bed, urinate, and begin his daily routine of getting showered, shaved, and dressed. He paused for a moment before getting into the shower and listened for the sound of his children preparing to go to school. The silence in the house made him stop and reflect upon how quickly his life was swirling down the drain that culminated in a pool of excrement and urine. Forty minutes later, Joshua Goldsmith was showered, shaved, and dressed to go to work.

The one thing he noted was the cleanliness of the house. He knew that certain people had come to his residence to clean up after the incident, but he did not know they would make sure the entire house was immaculately clean and pristine throughout. Before Joshua looked in the refrigerator, he saw the smiling faces of his two children and recently deceased wife and decided it would be better to eat in the hospital cafeteria. Fixing something to eat would make a mess of a very tidy and clean kitchen, but more importantly he had no drive to cook something as simple as eggs over easy. He found his coat and keys where he dropped them when he came into the house. Surprisingly he saw the carpet his wife had vomited on resting on the floor like nothing had happened the day before. There was no residual odor on the carpet or in the house. His stomach felt a touch of nausea when he remembered what caused her to regurgitate and it was not from his act of murdering her.

Joshua remembered that he was supposed to receive a call from Apollonia or Viviano before he left for the hospital. He paced the kitchen and breakfast room trying to decide his correct course of action. Wait for the phone call or call either one of them. The indecision was killing him. Standing next to an operating table with a patient's chest wide open, Joshua Goldsmith made life and death decisions at the drop of a hat. Wondering whether he should wait or call was a decision that weighed on him. Apollonia Moretti used her family's connections to help him in both of his criminal cases. Not abiding by her wishes or commands would have only one result and it wasn't living the rest of his life in prison. He pulled a chair from the side of the breakfast table, sat down, and stared at the clock on the microwave. The fear of his sister-in-law's retribution was more than enough to make him wait before not acceding to her wishes.

Howard Cohen received a call from an ADA in the Manhattan District Attorney's office as he was driven by a car service company from his home to his office. The call was short and to the point. It was the decision of the District Attorney to charge Dr. Joshua Goldsmith with second degree murder, rape, deviant sexual intercourse, and a host of additional minor charges. He informed Howard that the grand jury returned a true bill and a trial date would be set. The DA's office inferred a plea agreement could be discussed, but the minimum the doctor would serve would be the maximum for the second degree murder charge. Their phone call ended amicably with nothing being resolved because Howard knew he had to talk to Apollonia Moretti before any decisions could be made. He knew the doctor faced a minimum of twenty-five years to life without the possibility of parole for murdering Jessica Silverstein.

There were two things on his plate concerning the Morettis and the call from the ADA made it three. He had to finish the transferring of the Texas Moretti's assets by the end of the morning. The second issue was keeping a lid on the murder of Elizabeth Goldsmith while her untimely accident was finalized in the more rustic regions of the Adirondack Mountains in upstate New York. He wondered why he hadn't heard from the Nassau County District Attorney concerning the death of Adelina DeTomaso, but it was probably due to her not getting a true bill back from the grand jury. That thought brought to his mind what Jon Parks was up to concerning finding damaging information on Melanie Margolis. He decided to call him late in the morning to find out.

Jon Parks' laptop computer finally finished booting. He opened a browser session, paused, and before he entered search terms he pondered his conundrum. Where should he start searching for something or anything detrimental about Melanie Margolis? Every search he performed always brought up nothing that raised a red flag, but he knew persistence would pay off. Crimes not solved within the first twenty-four hours always were always solved through the dogged persistence of the detective assigned the case. The façade of perfection surrounding Melanie Margolis and her family had to have a small imperceptible microscopic hole that needed to be found and opened. Jon Parks knew Mario Moretti murdered Angelina DeTomaso. His employer also believed it, but his employer wanted him acquitted or not charged so she could have the opportunity to end Mario Moretti's life. To this end, she would do anything to keep him out of the clutches of the judiciary and prison system of the State of New York.

Jon entered search terms starting with her married and maiden names. The list had to be culled to produce just the entries that dealt with his prey and not women with the same or similar names. He wished he could gain access to the local, state, and federal databases, but he also knew that a red flag would be raised. That red flag would force the departments to visit him, take him into custody, and question him about his unauthorized access and reasons for his search.

The hours flew by at a snail's pace with no resolution to his predicament. He received a phone call from Apollonia's attorney and reiterated his frustration and nose-to-the-grindstone attitude at finding something to help Miss Moretti's cause. When he finished the conversation the news was on the radio and he heard something about the arrest of an individual for hacking the Defense Departments computer systems. Jon Parks immediately entered 'hacking' in the Google search box and was surprised to see over one hundred thousand pages returned by the search engine. His frustration grew when he went to websites and did not understand one word of the language of hackers. The only way he would be able to get a feel for the underworld of computer hacking was to talk to someone with more knowledge than he possessed. Jon Parks could create a bug, install it, and take digital photographs with the best of the operatives the CIA and NSA had to offer, but he could not build the hardware nor could he program their brains.

He noticed the time and decided to call his gal pal down at the New York Crime Laboratory to see if she was interested in lunch and a quick exchange of oral pleasures. His day was headed down the tubes when he received voice mail, but he left a polite message nonetheless. His stomach decided to co-operate and not force him downstairs to one of the local hot dog carts to satiate his hunger. Instead he decided to create a list of keywords to use as search terms. When he was finished he had three double-sided pages of words and phrases. Jon Parks' frustration grew anew. Futility was part of his work, but finding zero, zilch, nada, nothing on the Nassau District Attorney was becoming the bane of his existence.

Twelve thirty-five PM the cell phone lying on his desk chirped signaling an incoming call. Jon looked at the small display and saw a phone number he did not know. He debated on letting it go to voice mail, decided against it, flipped open the phone, and answered the call. The voice on the other end told him he made the correct decision. The sad part came when he was told she could not see him because the backlog of work was keeping her from leaving the building for even a quick hot dog on the street. He asked her what was going on and her response caused him to want to get off the phone as quickly as possible without ruining his relationship with her.

What Jon's friend at the crime lab told him about the backlog of work opened a new avenue of possibilities to find something on Melanie Margolis. Seems the New York City Crime Laboratory had a backlog of DNA samples to be processed and this backlog was giving the District Attorney fits. With each passing week, defense attorneys were partitioning the courts for court dates under the Sixth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States requirement that all defendants are entitled to a speedy trial. The question he forgot to ask his friend was how the lab was coping with the backlog, but knowing how the City of New York worked he knew that the work was being outsourced to third party companies.

*'First things first'*, Jon thought; time to study up on DNA testing. According to his minimal knowledge, DNA testing was the end-all and be-all of criminal forensic science. He entered *'DNA testing'* into the Google search engine and was presented with several thousand pages sorted by relation to the search term. On the list was something interesting to Jon, apparently there were errors. Before he clicked on the first DNA errors html connection, he decided to read as much as he could on the topic of DNA, DNA testing, its use as forensic evidence, and its evidentiary impact upon legal proceedings.

Joshua Goldsmith received a call from his sister-in-law just before ten thirty AM; several hours after he was due at the hospital to begin his rounds. He would make sure to fall on his sword and apologize profusely for not calling to advise all concerned he would be late. The lie would have to be carefully formulated as not cause a rise in anyone's suspicions about his predicament and inconsiderate attitude. The call from Apollonia contained several requests or commands.

First, he was to continue to keep away from his children. Only a phone call and short conversation at dinner time would be allowed. His lie to his in-laws was his need to keep focused on some rather involved medical cases.

Second, he was to continue making his rounds, seeing new and continuing patients, and continuing to be the best cardiologist in the world.

Third, he was to go to the townhouse and check on the young man held in the basement. He was to verify his health and his ability to take anesthesia so he could perform a total emasculation.

Fourth, he was to call her immediately with his diagnosis of the young man's ability to survive surgery.

Fifth, he was to return home after work and no matter what time it was he had to call her to report he was at home and ready for bed.

Sixth, failure to perform as requested, actually commanded, would result in the cancellation of his bail and his incarceration on Rikers Island.

The sixth request essentially told the doctor that she would make sure that his failure to comply would result in his death at the hands of some inmate who had nothing to lose.

The sociopath in him wanted to travel to Nassau County to use a paralytic drug such as succinylcholine on her so he could perform excruciatingly painful procedures on her without allowing her to scream or move her body. The only sign of her pain would be in her eyes as she would not be anesthetized, but wide awake and paralyzed. Her eyes would be wide open and bulging from the pain. The thought of hurting the only woman who could save his life didn't matter to him. His cock grew hard at the thought. As he fantasized, he opened his pants, lowered his underwear, and masturbated to the thought of torturing Apollonia Moretti in a way she would never have thought possible. His resulting orgasm was powerful enough to force the first two ropes of cum to splatter high on his chest

just below his collarbones. Joshua Goldsmith sat in his breakfast room in the afterglow of self-induced orgasmic pleasure conjuring a way he could free himself from Apollonia Moretti's control by murdering her.

Jon Parks called Howard Cohen before he called Apollonia. Their discussion was short, because Howard believed it would be best if they met face-to-face with Miss Moretti. The flip of a coin was won by Jon because he lied when Howard gave him his answer as to heads or tails. They agreed to meet at Howard's offices between 4:00 PM and 5:00 PM.

"Miss Moretti please," said Jon when he heard Colin's voice on the other end of the connection.

"Jon," said an apparently tired Apollonia. "What have you got for me?"

He immediately understood she was not in any mood for pleasantries. "Howard and I need to meet with you today. Is somewhere between 4:00 PM to 5:00 PM at Howard's office good for you?"

"I was not planning on leaving my house today, Jon," said Apollonia. "Give me a reason to come to the city other than to castrate Marco Marinelli."

"Jesus," breathed Jon, "you not going to..." He stopped, thought about what was going to come out of his mouth, and decided against it. "One word and hopefully you'll read between the lines." He spelled the word, "D-I-R-T."

"Dirt," she repeated, "on someone I wanted dirt on?"

"Yes," he replied in a voice that covered his excitement to a point.

"See you in the city," Apollonia said and hung up the phone.