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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 123

Thursday Late Morning –Hospital for Special Services - 6 March 2003

Joshua Goldsmith arrived with the ambulance at the emergency entrance of the Hospital for Special Services. Several nurses and an emergency room doctor were waiting for the ambulance's arrival. Colin was immediately taken from the vehicle and transported to the radiology suite. Joshua had made a call to the hospital director when Viviano told him that Apollonia agreed to move Colin to Manhattan. Everything was set in motion to make Colin whole again. He would have x-rays and a MRI performed then he would be taken to his private room where his face would be packed in ice to reduce the edema and swelling. He already had an IV of saline in place so all the nurse had to do was inject the antibiotic directly into the IV line. Once the antibiotics were administered and Colin taken for his x-rays and MRI, Joshua went to his office. He would check on him in an hour.

Upon arrival at his office, Joshua could see the backlog of patient reports, requests for second opinions, and other hospital administrative minutia piled on his desk. His first thought was to take the neat piles and throw them on the floor, but he knew better. The loss of privileges at the hospital was not something he wanted to face. Keeping himself under the radar was the most prudent course of action until his legal issues were settled. He noted there was a manila envelope from the nursing school separated from the other piles on his desk. This peaked his interest enough for him to sit down and open the correspondence.

The letter contained in the envelope was the standard request form from a nursing student to become his shadow for the last two years of her education. The young lady wanted to specialize in cardiopulmonary medicine. Joshua read her Curriculum Vitae, reviewed her high school and nursing school grades, and when he saw her picture his cock jumped. The five by seven photo of the young lady took his breath away. She was the product of an interracial marriage. He surmised it was a South American woman and a European man. Her facial features were astounding to look at. The length of her blonde hair had to end somewhere just above the top of her buttocks. He immediately rifled through her paperwork to find out more about her physical attributes. His eyes bugged out of his head when he read she was five foot eleven inches tall and weighed a svelte one-hundred and twenty pounds. Felicia Dwyer would be his next student. If he wasn't preoccupied with the trouble of his faggot brother-in-law, Joshua was predisposed to lock his office door and jerk off looking at the picture of this beautiful nineteen year old Brazilian girl. Instead, he took a deep breath, put the data back into the folder, and made a note to return a positive response to the nursing school later that day.

The piles on his desk were not going to get any smaller, so he decided to attack them one-at-a-time. Joshua started with the least pressing because his mind was not attuned to reaching for solutions to impossible questions.

The hospital minutia consisted of approving purchase orders, reviewing building operations as they pertained to the cardiology groups, and replying to notes concerning patient disapproval of hospital rules and regulations. He plied through the pile and when he was done his out basket was no longer empty. Just as he was placing the pile of patient reports in front of him, his cellular phone rang. He noticed it was his dead wife's mother. Without thinking he pressed the ignore button to send the call to voice mail.

As he started to review the patient reports, he heard a knock on the door to his office. He looked up and in a curt manner and voice said, "Enter."

Standing in the doorway to his office was a breath of fresh air. He closed the file and placed it back on the top of the patient review pile. Joshua wanted to stand but his growing erection precluded him from doing so. The young girl remained just outside his office and he decided to just throw caution to the wind. He stood, walked over to the young girl, offered his hand which she took, and said, "Come in. Don't be shy."

"Thank you, Dr. Goldsmith," said Felicia Dwyer. "It is a pleasure to meet you. I have been waiting for this moment."

"Well, Felicia Dwyer," replied Joshua all gushing and close to out-of-control, "come in and please, take a seat." He pointed to one of the two chairs that sat in front of his desk. No sooner than she stepped in his office, his mind went back to the moment in time he had Jennifer Silverstein trying to coerce him to being her bitch. His cock jumped when he remembered how she fought and finally succumbed to the pressure he applied to her neck. Joshua Goldsmith was reliving the murder of Jennifer Silverstein right in front of the young girl he wanted to do more than teach how to be a good cardiological nurse. As he returned to his leather chair, he said, "To what do I owe this interruption?"

Felicia blushed, "I wanted to introduce myself to you, doctor. I did not know if protocol prevented me from introducing myself, because I did not know how many other students applied to work with you. I hope I have not overstepped my bounds."

Joshua could not help but move his erect cock so he would be more comfortable and made no bones about just raising his hips so he could facilitate the move. When he was relaxed and much more comfortable, he said, "Not at all Ms. Dwyer. In fact just a few minutes ago, I reviewed your application and supporting documentation. Very impressive. Why do you want to specialize in cardiology?"

Felicia Dwyer noticed the uncouth move the doctor made and wondered if she made the right choice when applying for one of the few spots available to work with specialists in their field. She decided to make nothing of it and not pursue asking the good doctor if he had a problem. She was dressed like all the nursing students. A pair of well-worn denims, blouse, clogs, and her light pink lab coat which signified she was a nursing student. Her hair was parted in the middle and fell down the sides of her face to her shoulders where it was captured and set into a loose pony tail. She placed her hands on her thighs and responded, "Cardiology is the area of medicine where a patient can be laughing one minute and dead the next. The ability to diagnose, react to, and provide lifesaving medicines and actions is where I want to use my nursing knowledge. Also, my father died from a myocardial infarction that was not treated properly at the small hospital near where I lived."

"Where was that?" asked Joshua.

"I was born in Brazil," she responded. "We lived in the rural area many kilometers outside the city of Ciuaba in the province of Mato Grosso. My mother and I moved to the United States when a photographer came and said I could be a model. I was only ten years old."

"You are a beautiful young lady," Joshua said. "But, you're attending a top notch nursing school. May I ask what happened to your modeling career?"

Felicia looked down at the floor, which immediately told Joshua that she was embarrassed over the reason she was not modeling. He did not press her for an answer, but after a moment she looked up, caught his gaze, and

said, "The man who was going to introduce me to the top modeling agencies demanded I spend a weekend with him at his farm in Virginia. He wanted my mother to give me to him for my eleventh birthday. To make a long story short, I'm still a virgin, and not a model."

The cock encased in Joshua's briefs twitched at the thought of pushing it into the never before entered cavity between this lovely lass's legs. He so wanted to stand up, move to the front of his desk, grab his crotch, and demand she suck him off to get the coveted internship with him. Joshua knew it was the last thing he would ever do with her. Instead he nodded his head and said, "I understand your mother's position completely. My oldest is only seven and I would never allow anything like that to happen to her. Your high school grades and college entrance examination scores are high enough that you could have attended any university of your choosing. I imagine you would graduate college at the top of your class and then attend the medical school of your choice."

Felicia shifted in the chair and said, "I could not afford medical school. My mother works two and sometimes three jobs to allow me to attend nursing school. Believe me, Dr. Goldsmith; I know I have the capability to be an excellent doctor. Sometimes, one has to walk before one can run. Maybe, I can afford medical school when I finish my training."

"There are opportunities for scholarships and other ways you can reach your dream of attending medical school," he said. "If I take you on as an intern and you prove yourself to be more than capable, I do have the connections to make your entrance into one of several top level medical schools as easy as making a phone call. The decision to do what is necessary to gain entrance is up to you."

She looked at bit quizzically at the doctor. Felicia wondered if he was intimating that if she had sex with him, he would make it easy for her to attend a prestigious medical school. The idea of fucking her way into medical school never crossed her mind. She was saving her virginity for her husband to take on the first night of their marriage. She thought to herself, "*Why are men such pigs?*" She shifted again and said, "Thank you, Dr., Goldsmith. I will consider your offer of help. I just wanted to introduce myself to you."

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Dwyer," replied Joshua. He totally missed the young girl's repugnance at his sexual innuendo. "I will take into consideration your seeking me out to introduce yourself. I can count on one hand the number of students that have taken the initiative to present themselves for a quasi-off-the-record interview. If I can be of service, do not hesitate to seek me out."

Felicia Dwyer stood, offered her hand, and after the handshake said, "Thank you Dr. Goldsmith. I can see myself out." When she exited the office she rubbed her hands on her thighs as if she was trying to clean them. She walked to the elevators, pressed the down button, waited, and watched the numbers ascend or descend towards her floor. The elevators made several stops and finally the one on the left passed the sensor which turned off the button, emitted a sound, and a moment later the suicide doors slid open. Felicia Dwyer stood mouth slightly agape when she saw the lone individual inside preparing to depart the elevator cab.

Viviano Rossi paused, but did not physically show his interest in the young beauty that was waiting to enter the elevator. He placed his hand on the edge of the door to keep it from closing, stepped aside, and said, "Here, let me hold the door. My name is Viviano Rossi and yours?"

Felicia was taken by the tall dark haired man with the hardened and handsome face that had an infectious smile showing from ear-to-ear. She looked down at her feet across to his and then scanned his body up to his bright smile and twinkling eyes. Her heart stopped, not literally, but figuratively. After spending a few moments with the perverted cardiologist, she was relieved to have to respond to this hunk of a man, "Felicia. Felicia Dwyer."

"Nice to meet you Felicia," said Viviano as he stepped out of the elevator and removed his hand from holding the door open. "Are you a medical student?"

Felicia did not care that she missed her elevator, "No, Mr. Rossi. I'm a second year nursing student. All the nursing students wear light pink lab coats with the name of the school over the pocket on the left."

Invited to look at her chest, Viviano did so and saw that she was indeed a nursing student at the school associated with the hospital. He also couldn't help by notice the size and shape of her breasts. "I see that now," he said. He wanted to get to know this girl and since he had to spend time waiting on Colin's status what better way to waste a day than to spend it with a beautiful young woman. "I have to make a quick stop at my brother-in-law's office to find where my other brother-in-law's room is located. I was wondering if you like to accompany me to the cafeteria or a deli for some coffee and anything else you'd like?"

'Decision time, thought Felicia, 'He's older, confident, and extremely good-looking'. It turned out to be an easy decision for the young nursing student, "It would be nice, but I have some errands to run. How long are you going to be here? I mean at the hospital?"

Viviano smiled, "Probably well into the night. If you're amenable, please wait here for a moment. I have to go to Dr. Goldsmith's office. When I return I'll tell you my brother-in-law's room number so, when you're done with your errands, if you want to, you can come back, and we can pick up where we left off. How's that sound?"

Felicia wanted to run when she heard the hunk of a man mention the sleazebag doctor's name, but she wanted to get to know this man. The bright lights of the hallway, the sounds of the hospital assaulting her ears, and for the first time in her life she felt something course throughout her body was enough for Felicia Dwyer to say, "I'll wait for your return and we can go down to the lobby together."

Inside the office, Dr. Goldsmith went into his bathroom with the five by seven photograph and jerked off into the toilet as he stared into her unseeing eyes. Just as he finished he heard the door to his office open without first hearing a knock which was hospital protocol. Joshua stepped out of the bathroom his face tight with anger. He dropped the picture when he saw Viviano standing just inside the door to his office. All his tough guy bravado melted away as if he was a pat of butter placed into a warm frying pan. He didn't walk, but slunk back his desk after he picked up the picture. He placed the picture face down on the desk, sat down, and said, "Viv, I didn't expect you to come to my office. Hospital protocol is for all persons to knock before entering a doctor's private office." Joshua saw the *'fuck you'* look on Viviano's face and knew he'd made a major faux pas. He stood and said, "Excuse me, for my stupidity. You're here..."

Viviano stepped to the front of Joshua's desk. He kept his hand by his side, his eyes burning a hole in Joshua's soul, and said, "Where is Colin's room?"

Trying to maintain his stability as a man, Joshua sat down in his leather chair, picked up his phone, and dialed the administrative number to find out in which room Colin Cathcart was placed. Two minutes later he hung up and said, "Colin is in a private room in the maxillofacial surgery suite. Go downstairs to the lobby to the main bank of elevators and the maxillofacial suite is on the ninth floor. I'll meet you there in a few minutes. As you can see, I have a bit of administrative work to catch up on."

The corner of Viviano's mouth curled up in a sneer as he realized that this preeminent doctor was a frightened little boy that could only take his anger out on women. Viviano decided not to make an issue of his hospital protocol stupidity. Instead he said, "I have to call Apollonia in less than fifteen minutes. I want you in the room with me when I do. Make me come and find you, Joshua Goldsmith, and I will with surgical finesse shove her head so far up your ass you'll turn inside out. Are we in agreement?"

Viviano saw the shiver of fear flow through the Joshua's muscles. It caused him to smile at the obvious fear he had induced in Colin and Apollonia's brother-in-law. He didn't wait for an answer. The smell of fear was turning his stomach. Viviano Rossi turned his back on the doctor, walked to the door, and after he opened it said, "Just remember Joshua, one or two phone calls and you'll be face down in lower bunk of a prison double bed taking some huge nigger cock up your murdering Jewish ass. I will not be hard pressed to tell Apollonia that you did not comply with her wishes."

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith heard what was just told to him and when he saw and heard the door to his office close, he fell into his chair, covered his eyes, and moaned to himself, *'I'm fuckin' cooked.'* He had no desire to attack the work load on his desk. The only thing that took control of his mind and body was his need to jerk off which he did without caring that the door to his office was unlocked. Joshua opened his pants, pulled down zipper, and lowered his

pants and briefs to just below his knees. He turned over the picture of Felicia Dwyer, licked his right hand, and placed it around his flaccid cock. He began to stroke it as he gazed upon the face of his next intern. His cock grew to full erection. He didn't need to wet his fingers anymore as a copious amount of precum oozed out of the piss slit to lubricate both the inside of his fingers and outside of his cock.

The last thing Joshua remembered before ejaculating all over himself was the door opening and the Hospital Administrator walking in asking how he and his patient were doing.

Viviano Rossi and Felicia Dwyer rode down together in the elevator, but much to their relief they were not alone. The hospital lobby was filled with people headed to visit friends or relatives, to doctor's offices, or to other areas of the hospital to complete their business. Viviano took the initiative and guided the young nursing student to a bench that was separated from the hubbub of the lobby and would provide a small amount of privacy for them. The more he gazed upon the bronze skinned beauty, the more he wanted to bed her. Make love to her. Not caring about how his body or feelings. He wanted to be the man who made her realize that all before him were amateurs.

"Would you consent to meeting me after you're done with your errands?" asked Viviano.

"I would," answer Felicia, "but I have to get home to my mother. I never miss dinner with her unless there is something much more important to accomplish. Meeting you has been a very nice experience, but I have my priorities. Also, I'm estimating but you have to be several years older than me."

"Is my age a problem?" he asked.

"Maybe," she replied. "The killer will be if you're married. I have never dated a married man and I never will. That moral compass will never change."

Viviano could see she was telling the truth about the no cheating moral compass; but, for him it just added to the chase. "I understand and support you in your decision, but I would like to see you again. Would you consider exchanging e-mail addresses or cell phone numbers so I can maintain contact with you? I promise I'm not a criminal."

Felicia Dwyer sat for a moment gazing into Viviano's eyes. She felt as if she was losing her balance and realized very quickly that she was experiencing the first feeling of attraction beyond a casual friendship for this hulk of a man. She caught herself, opened her notebook, and wrote down her e-mail address and phone number. The paper ripped from the notebook with a resounding sound, not because it was loud, but because both of them knew by doing what she did they were going to meet again. Felicia stood, handed the piece of paper to Viviano, and without saying a word left him sitting on the bench in the lobby of the Hospital for Special Services.

Viviano Rossi made his way to the maxillofacial surgery suite and to Colin's private room. It was situated at the far end of the patient room hallway and was decorated beyond the standard bed, closet, side table, and visitor chairs. The room was bright because it had two walls of windows like an executive corner office. The hospital bed was situated against the wall that was part of the outside wall of the hospital building. Two sleep sofas were present, several cushioned wing chairs, coffee tables, and a forty-two inch plasma flat screen television. The room was painted in a soft blue color to provide a neutral and supportive psychological color scheme.

Colin Cathcart lay in the bed covered to the neck in sheets and blankets. The saline IV was still in place and he was attached to a heart, pulse, and respiration monitor. His face was covered and packed in soft cloth bags of crushed ice. He had regained consciousness soon after he was placed into the private room. He could not speak and his only means of contact was the bell that was taped to his left hand. If anyone needed to ask him questions, they could only ask yes or no questions because he could only respond with a motion of his right hand meaning yes or no. His mind kept wandering back to the incident, but he had lost all sense of time. Had he been unconscious for hours, days, or weeks? He knew he was in a hospital, but how long did he lay in the bed incommunicado? Was Sonny alive or dead? Where was Apollonia? That question was the one that repeated in his head the most. Where was Apollonia?

Viviano stepped up to the bed and said, "Colin, I know you can hear me. The nurse told me you can answer only yes or no questions. Are you awake?"

Colin raised the index finger of his right hand. Viviano knew that was the yes signal.

"First, Apollonia is distraught," said Viviano. "She will be here this evening. We did not know if you would be in surgery all day, but we know now that you will not undergo the reconstruction for a few days."

Colin's hand and fingers started to flap up, down, and around. His frustration began to show as his body began to jump from muscle spasms. Colin groaned which only caused pain to shoot from his jaw up to his nose, eyes, and skull. His right hand continued to flop around trying to express his words.

Viviano saw his frustration, grabbed Colin's hand, steadied, it, and said, "Calm down Colin. Everything is fine at home. Apollonia is doing everything in her power to facilitate your recovery. Everyone is praying for you."

How he did it, Viviano could not understand, but Colin gurgled one word, "Sonny?"

"Sonny is dead, Colin," said Viviano.

"A whine, groan, and cry of indeterminate origin exited from beneath the cloth that covered Colin's face. His hand sought something to hold and Viviano realized Colin wanted to feel his hand in his. He placed his right hand in Colin's and used his left to cover and surround his wrist. The contact immediately calmed the nervousness that coursed throughout Colin's body. Summoning strength from someplace within, Colin gurgled, "How?"

Decisions. Viviano had to tell Colin the truth or wait for Apollonia. Viviano decided it would be best if he told him. He was Sonny's brother. As much as he wanted to choke the shit out Colin, he knew it wasn't Colin's fault his brother was being cremated as they spoke. Viviano squeezed Colin's hand just enough to let him know he still with him, "Sonny fractured his skull. There wasn't anything anyone could do to save him including the best doctors who are working on you. I authorized the pulling of the plug on him Colin. It was the only sane solution." Viviano felt Colin's hand and body go limp. "From the way you and he were situated in the room, we surmised that Sonny beat you up and while you were unconscious he sat in the corner and beat his head against the wall. He beat it hard enough to fracture his skull."

Again Colin groaned. His leg muscles began to twitch as the thought of Sonny's death took its toll on Colin's body and being. He pulled his hand from Viviano's and made a waving sound. A god awful groan came from the area of his mouth and then with a broken jaw he clearly said, "GET OUT!!!"

Viviano Rossi was at the precipice of unbridled anger and just about to throttle the shit out of Colin, when the duty nurse who heard the patient cry out walked into the room. The two looked at one another and before anything was said Viviano nodded and stepped out of Colin's room forgetting that Joshua was supposed to be there shortly. He made his way to the visitors lounge, found a seat, a magazine, and scanned the material waiting to make his next call to Apollonia. His anger abated. In his head he thanked the nurse for interrupting and he looked into his own soul knowing that Colin was not the cause of his brother's death. To get retribution for pulling the plug on Sonny, he would have to take on his sister-in-law. His balls were big, but not big enough to ruin the one thing that made him who and what he was. Viviano Rossi placed his hands over his face and cried mourning the death of his youngest brother.