

© Copyright, Emanon\_Pen, 2008-2012. All Rights Reserved.

The stories on this website are works of fiction. Any characters resemblance to persons living or dead is purely and entirely coincidental. Any actions taken by the characters or the portrait of such actions never occurred and if they mimic any form of reality, it is purely and entirely coincidental.

These stories contain explicit descriptions of sexual activity and may be perceived by some as being pornographic. If you feel that literary erotica is pornographic, then do not continue surfing this website or begin reading any of the stories posted here. If you inadvertently or with willful intent download a story to your computer or receive it as an e-mail attachment, then you should DELETE IT NOW AND LEAVE THE WEBSITE. The author assumes no responsibility if a minor downloads this story, is caught, and prosecuted by his parents or the federal, state, and/or local government.

This copyrighted material may not be freely distributed onto any website or newsgroup without the express written consent of the author.

Commercial websites that post this copyrighted material without the express written consent of the author and payment of royalties to the author will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

You may download this story for personal use. You may make no changes to the story and the copyright statement must not be removed. The author grants no other permissions to you or your successors.

## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 129

Friday - 7 March 2003

Raffaella felt her husband's arm lay across her right hip as the morning light hit her eyes waking her from a fitful sleep. She wanted more than anything to give him her pussy, but the fact that she was only two days past the minor surgery to fix her torn perineum precluded her from fucking her husband. Her anus was also off limits which left a blowjob which she offered Viviano last night. She was surprised when he refused. She moved just enough so she could position herself to slide down the bed and take his morning erection into her mouth. Although she preferred vaginal sex in the morning, taking her husband's cock into her mouth was an acceptable alternative. She pursed her lips and kissed the broad head of his perfect cock. She reveled in the musty smell of his manhood. Her own pussy began to wet in anticipation of being filled, but Raffaella knew the only orifice that was going to get filled was her mouth.

Just as she took her husband's cock into her mouth, he woke, and pushed her away from his morning erection. He rolled away from her as she tried a second time to engulf his cock with her mouth. Viviano wanted nothing of her sucking his cock. "Stop it, Raffy. I'm in no mood for a blowjob," he said.

Raffaella moved from the middle of the bed so they were lying next to one another, but not looking into each other's eyes. She watched as his cock began to deflate and ultimately soften to the point where it lay on his right thigh. Raffaella rolled to her left side so she could face him and said, "When are you going to forgive me, Viv? I'm trying to make things right. Ask me, no, tell me what you want from me. I can only apologize so many times before it becomes meaningless. Please..."

Viviano continued to stare up at the ceiling, "After your sister kissed me last night and we sat together on the floor of the family room and cried, I knew I had to try and make things right between Apollonia and me."

"Not us," asked Raffaella.

He did not turn to look at her, "Is there still an us, Raffaella? I did nothing to you. All I've ever done is love you. Unconditionally. Now I have a dark cloud hanging over my head."

Raffaella lifted herself up so she was leaning on her left arm. She reached with her right and turned Viviano's face towards hers. She said, "We both do, Viv. Me for accusing my sister and you of sleeping together. That is all on me, but you cannot put what you did to Antonio in my sphere of influence. I would have cowered in front

of you waiting for a beating I knew I deserved. My sister would have made noise, but she would have respected your position as the head of this family and your right to make me understand the error of my ways. We need to work together to change what was done by Apollonia. Otherwise..."

"Otherwise," he sighed, "I'll be dead and you'll be between her legs sucking her cunt to show her how much you're indebted to her for allowing you to live."

"No," spat Raffaella. "Apollonia would not take you before me. She lusts for your cock, Viv. She'd give anything and everything to have you knock her up. She looks at Antonio and Carmen and wishes they were hers. If we don't do something soon to ameliorate what has happened, I'll be next to my mother, you'll be living in her house, and Antonio and Carmen will be raised by her. This I know to be true."

"How?" grumbled Viviano.

"She as much told me, Viv," replied Raffy. "She plays at being the good sister, but given the chance, she'd steal you from me in a New York minute. When Sonny failed to live up to her expectations, she knew that the only Rossi for her was you. Unless some Italian God walks into her life, she's going to do everything in her power to take you from me. She's already told me she wants to fuck our son. Don't you see what she is doing?"

Viviano finally looked over to where his wife lay and said, "Why would she fuck Antonio? She isn't into boys."

Raffy smiled at Viviano and said, "She talks a good game, Viv. She knows he thinks about her sexually and it would be an ego boost for her to give him a taste of her body. She'll fuck him and then she'll own him. Antonio Rossi will be beholden to her because she allowed him to have sex with the head of the Moretti family. As much as she claims to hate the idea of pedophilic sex, she loves the taste and feel of young boys and girls. Apollonia Moretti is an enigma and in my estimation a closet pedophile."

"That does not unburden us from the cloud that hovers over us Raffy," said Viviano. "I really don't want to live the rest of my life wondering if she is going to take my life or take my manhood. Dying is one thing, but living my life as some asshole faggot for men is not to my liking. I willingly sucked your father's cock and other Moretti cock because I am part of this family. Somehow, someway we need to get your sister to undo what she has done."

"I know Viv," sighed Raffaella. "Why don't you just accept that we have to work together to get it done. Mario is not someone we can go to, because he has no influence on Apollonia. We need to do this together. I love you. I always have. I say this with all my heart Viv, if it will save your life to become my sister's lover, then so be it. I will gladly suck her shit filled asshole to keep our family together. Just tell me you love me. Tell me you forgive me and I will open the way into Apollonia's bedroom for you."

"How many times do I have to say this to you? I do not want to become Apollonia's lover or male bitch," moaned Viviano. "What I want is a return to normalcy here in the Rossi family. I'm also seeing a decline in the number of couples we've interviewed since she became matriarch of the family. We need to think about our financial future."

"Then let me suck your cock," said Raffaella. "I wish I could give you either of my other orifices, but I can't. Of course, you could go to Antonio or Carmen. Although Carmen can only give you a hand job, I would be more than happy to do that for you."

Viviano chuckled, "Yes, but you forgot the little whore from Texas. I could always take her upstairs into the attic and fuck her silly. The little minx would probably like to have my hard cock shoved into her body. But, I'm not going to do anything to incite the crazy bitch living across the street."

"Then let me suck your cock, Viv," said Raffaella again.

"No," he replied. "I'm going to get up, take a shower, and get dressed for work. Then I'm going to take the children to school, pick up Mario, and head to Astoria. We'll talk later, but I'm not going to let you use sex to satisfy the division that is growing between us. You need to think about how you're going to get your sister to relent, because if

you don't, we'll both be at the bottom of the Atlantic feeding the sharks. You also need to look at and review our present and future clients. I haven't inseminated a client in weeks. And for that matter, neither has Antonio."

Raffaella Moretti did not answer her husband. She lay on the bed and watched him stand up in preparation to go into the master bathroom. Instead, he turned to face her, took his cock in his hand, and began to masturbate. She moved help him and was taken when he slapped her hand away. Viviano Rossi masturbated until he shot his morning load all over the bed. When he was finished, he turned, walked into the master bathroom, and said just before he closed the door, "Until you settle the problem with your sister, the only sex you'll get from me is watching me spend the sperm that makes us money."

Raffaella Moretti did not react to her husband's masturbation nor did she react to his statement that sex would not occur between them until she settled the issues with her sister. She rolled onto her back, closed her eyes, cupped her sex, and fantasized about how sweet it felt to have Viviano's cock ravaging her cunt. Sadly, the fantasy was not enough to get her off. When she heard the shower stop Raffaella rose from the bed to begin her day.

Neither Raffaella nor Viviano thought about Apollonia or the operation that was scheduled.

Apollonia rose from bed at the ungodly hour of 3:30AM. The time she arose was more akin to the time she got into a bed to get some sleep rather than rising from one. After her private family meeting, she phoned Ming to tell her she was coping with Colin's situation and that more than anything she wanted to be lying next to her. Not to make passionate love, but just to feel the warmth of her body and revel in the smell of her hair and skin. Ming Zheng knew when to let her lover have her space, but inside she knew the Italian beauty she gave up her way of life for was in turmoil over the beating of her husband and the craziness she was causing within her own nuclear family. The lover's bid each other a goodnight, expressed their love for one another, and Apollonia assured Ming that she would keep in contact as the day passed.

Although she could have awoken at a time closer to the arrival of Nathan Childress, Apollonia knew she would want to prolong her time in the shower which meant she would masturbate several times before actually washing her body, shaving her legs, and then fingering herself just for the hell of it. She stood next to her oversized, special order bed, stretched, and felt the tightness of her shortened night's sleep leave her muscles, but not her brain. She felt a pang of guilt course through her body when she gazed upon the empty bed and knew that the man she loved was beaten to a pulp because of her, but he still loved her unconditionally. Again she thought where her life would be if Colin Cathcart was an alpha male and not a sissy. She took a deep breath, held it, and forced her mind and body to prepare for the day.

Apollonia Moretti slid out of her cotton sleep pajamas and as naked as the day she was born strode into her bathroom. She opened the shower door and set the controls for a good forty-five minutes of steam and hot water. She set the spray heads to pulse intermittently to massage the remaining muscle pain from her body. Apollonia entered the shower, stood over the drain nearest her entrance, squatted, and relieved her bladder just as the computer controlled water began to wet her body. The heat rose and she went to the tile floor to allow the water to bathe her in its heat. Her right hand slid between her thighs between the lips of her luscious womanhood to uncover the center of her sexuality. Moving ever so slightly she positioned her body so one of the wall showerheads cascaded water pulsed against her clitoris. She raised her hips and felt the waves of pleasure rise from her crotch. In the midst of her rising orgasm she cried out for her husband and without thinking slammed three fingers into her cunt. She fucked herself until the tidal wave of orgasmic pleasure consumed her body leaving her spent and sweating in the midst of a hot, steam filled shower.

Forty-seven minutes later, Apollonia Moretti stood refreshed and sexually spent in front of the two sinks brushing her teeth making herself ready to spend the day at The Hospital for Special Services. Her wardrobe for the day was not laid out, so she turned on the television and tuned it to the weather channel. When she heard the high for

the day was only going to be thirty-nine degrees she decided what she was going to wear. Apollonia went into her closet and retrieved a black silk and wool business suit. She chose a feminine light blue blouse with a rounded collar and pearl buttons. To keep warm, she added a sleeveless crew neck sweater vest to wear under the one button suit jacket. She opted for a pair of black lambskin shoes with five inch stiletto heels. Once the outer clothing was chosen, she went to her bureau, opened the top drawer, and paused for a moment. She looked at her lingerie and thought about whether or not she would meet the young girl who entered Colin's room in search of her brother-in-law. Felicia Dwyer, as did Pricilla Smith, made an impression on her. Instinctively, Apollonia chose a pair of black lace bikini panties that came with a matching bra. On her legs she decided to wear a pair of sheer black silk lace top thigh high stockings. She got wet when she hoped to contrive a meeting with Felicia Dwyer so she could entice the young girl into her arms.

At four forty-five Apollonia Moretti was dressed and waiting with a full sixteen ounce travel mug of hot black coffee. Her obsessive personality made her check the coffeemaker three times to assure herself that it was turned off. She sat in her seat at the kitchen table and waited for her driver's arrival. Without the daily papers to read, Apollonia sat staring into the great room through the hallway that separated the front of the house from the back. Not being able to reign in her constant thinking of important and unimportant matters, Apollonia started to review all the balls she was juggling. Colin's surgery, murder indictments against Mario and Joshua, the establishment of a DNA lab, Marco Marinetti stewing in a cell in the basement of the townhouse, Pricilla Smith, and Felicia Dwyer ran through her thoughts. How she would realign her relationship with Raffaella and ultimately Viviano was something she had to fix immediately. The only person she could confide in would not take kindly to what she begat upon her family. Apollonia Moretti knew she would cross that bridge something later in the evening.

Five minutes to five, the guard house phone rang to announce the arrival of Nathan Childress. Apollonia had not instructed him to pull into the driveway, but was surprised when she saw through the crystal windows in the matching front doors, the black Lincoln Town car turn into her driveway and head towards the garage. She returned to the breakfast room, picked up her small handbag, briefcase, black merino wool topcoat, and made her way out to the driveway through the rear door.

Nathan Childress stood next to the passenger side rear door which he opened when he saw his employer exit the rear door of her house. "Good morning, Miss Moretti."

"Good morning, Nathan," replied Apollonia as she made her way into the back seat of the vehicle.

Nathan closed the door and returned to the driver's seat. He did not have to start the vehicle as he had left it idling while Miss Moretti entered. He turned to check behind him, placed the gear lever into reverse, and backed down the driveway. As he drove down Columbus Place, Apollonia could see the lights coming on in her sister's and Ming's residences. She knew they were rising to get their children ready for school. A pang of motherhood rose from her belly as a tear pooled and rolled down her cheek at the thought of her childless marriage. Her mind continued to race, but she was growing tired of the feelings surrounding her need to procreate. Maybe the only resolution to her problem was to fulfill her threats and take Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa as her own. When the idea came to fruition in her mind she moaned, "Noooo..."

"Excuse me, Miss Moretti. Is there something I..." said Nathan.

The fact that they had not left Columbus Place and that Nathan had heard her quite denial of her threat to take her sister's and her brother-in-law's life shook Apollonia out of her stupor and addled state-of-mind. She looked forward, saw the car was not moving, and the gate was not opened. Apollonia Moretti surprised Nathan when she opened the passenger side rear door and quickly made her way to the guardhouse. Inside she found the guard with his head on the counter sound asleep totally forgetting that minutes earlier he had let the black Lincoln Town car onto the private street.

"WAKE UP, ASSHOLE!!!" she cried. 'WAKE UP AND GET YOUR FUCKIN' ASS OUT OF MY GUARDHOUSE."

The flustered young man fell off his chair and onto his knees. He rubbed his eyes and immediately began to beg and whine for his job, "Please Miss Moretti don't fire me. This is the first and last time it will ever happen. I don't know what happened!!! Please Miss Moretti!!! I'll do anything you ask, but please don't fire me!!!"

Apollonia saw the fear in the young man's face and in his eyes. She quelled her anger, reached for his chin, lifted his head, and said, "You ever sleep on the job again I'll rip your balls from between your legs and then I'll shove them so far up your ass you won't shit them out for a month. Open the fuckin' gate now asshole."

"Yes, Miss Moretti," said the young man relieved that all his employer's youngest daughter did was berate and humiliate him by expressing her awful but not realized punishment for his transgression.

Apollonia returned to the vehicle, entered, closed the door, and watched the wrought iron gate slide open allowing Nathan to begin the trip into the city. She leaned back into the supple leather seat, turned her head, and watched the beauty of Lawrence, Long Island turn into the broken homes and rundown businesses of Queens as the car made its way up Rockaway Turnpike to the Van Wyck Expressway. In less than ten minutes, Apollonia Moretti was sound asleep.

Colin Cathcart awoke to find his wife seated next to his bed. Apollonia Moretti arrived at The Hospital for Special Surgery sixty-seven minutes after she departed Columbus Place. Nathan Childress did not argue when she told him to drop her off, find a parking space, and return to wait in the main lobby until she was ready for him to take her someplace. Colin turned his swollen face to his wife and mouthed, "I love you."

Apollonia took hold of his hand, stood, leaned in, and kissed his head. She whispered, "I love you too, Colin. I always have and I always will."

She did not know where he got the strength, but his speech was considerably better than the previous day. Colin asked, "Is the family here?"

"No. Raffaella is home. Viviano and Mario are at the offices in Astoria," she replied. "Doesn't it hurt to talk?"

"Some," he replied, "but I want to. What about Ming?"

Apollonia closed her eyes, thought for a moment about the other person she loved so completely, sighed, and said, "She is home also. I did not ask her to come. I wanted to be alone with you. I'm here for you Colin."

His breathing became ragged for a moment. He exhaled, and said, "My parents... My sister..."

The time was here for her to tell Colin she did not call them. "Colin, I did not call them. They do not know that you're in the hospital again because of something I put you through. Once you're out of surgery and I know you're on the road to recovery, I will call them. I promise." What she kept from her husband was her knowledge that his sister was dead at the hands of her sociopath husband.

"What time will I be headed into surgery?" he asked.

"Dr. Morgenstern said you'd be under by nine this morning," replied Apollonia. "He told me it should take some six hours for him to make the repairs. I've been warned about hitting you in the face. Dr. Morgenstern said one punch and you're done. Not dead, but ruined."

"For the rest of my life?" asked Colin.

"I don't suppose," she replied. "I'd venture to guess a few months to a year. I just want you back whole again sweetie. The most important thing right now is getting through today."

Apollonia turned when she heard, "That right," come from Dr. Goldsmith's mouth. "The most important thing is to make sure that you come through today without any problems."

"You're here early," said Apollonia.

"After yesterday," he said without a trace of anger or sarcasm in his voice, "I knew the only way to prove myself to you was to be here at the crack of dawn. I'm surprised that you're here this early, but then again, you're always an enigma or a surprise to me."

Apollonia turned to Colin and whispered in his ear, "I'm a bit famished. Would you mind if I went and got something to eat?"

Colin did not respond verbally. He shook his head in the affirmative which was enough for Apollonia to signal Joshua to follow her out of the room. Once the pneumatic door to the hospital room closed, Apollonia took Joshua by the elbow and guided him to the elevators. She turned to him and asked, "Where can we go to get a bite before they take him to surgery?"

"The cafeteria is downstairs on the main floor. The food is tolerable at best," Joshua replied.

Apollonia pushed the down button on the wall and waited for the elevator to arrive.

Ten minutes later they were sitting together at a small round table surrounded by the hubbub of the early morning nursing shift change, nursing students arriving, and people just like Apollonia waiting for something good or bad to happen to a loved one. Sitting in front of Apollonia was a single sixteen ounce paper cup of black coffee. Joshua had a small bottle of orange juice and a plain unbuttered bagel. He watched as his sister-in-law eyed the comings and goings of specifically just the female nursing students. His anger began to rise at the thought of her getting to Felicia Dwyer before he could. Nothing was said for a good ten minutes before he could no longer keep his desire for Felicia bundled inside.

"So," he said breaking the silence, "I take it you're interested in the young Felicia Dwyer. You know I can help you make contact with her."

The stare was hard and quite pointed. Apollonia actually witnessed her brother-in-law flinch. "Last night when I squeezed your small Jewish balls was not enough for you to learn your place when it comes to our relationship? Do you actually think I need your help?"

"No, I don't think you need my help," said Joshua. He tried and succeeded at keeping his anger at bay. "I'm just trying to open a dialogue. I'm trying to make up for the error of my ways when it comes to you, Apollonia."

The paper cup in front of Apollonia rose from the table and Joshua prepared himself to be covered in steaming hot coffee. Instead, she placed it to her lips, blew to cool it a bit, and took a small sip. The coffee was extremely hot and satisfying. Once the cup was back on the top of the fake wood table Apollonia said, "You're a very intelligent man, Joshua. Sometimes I think too intelligent for your own good. You have only one thing to do and that is being at my beck-and-call when it comes to medical issues. I know you're a sociopath and a serial killer. I know you're looking to kill me with your own hands. I can see it in your eyes."

Joshua leaned back, rested his hands palms down on the table, and said, "Really. When did you become clairvoyant? What makes you think I want to kill you?"

"You can't accept being owned by a woman, Joshua," replied Apollonia. "You showed your true colors when you castrated the men your wife fucked because she was tired of not having you. In fact, isn't it true that they're all dead now, including the boy, because you haven't been keeping up with the administration of the habit forming drug

cocktail you got them addicted to? Don't you think for one minute that you're going to get over on me? You fuck up this surgery and your life will end publicly and very messily."

Joshua shivered in his seat. Powerful women, ones with authoritarian personalities made him very uncomfortable. His own mother humiliated him whenever she could especially in front of her friends. She had no problem embarrassing him by calling him names and physically abusing him. Joshua shivered again when he thought of the times he had to masturbate in front of her while she laughed at him. His thoughts returned to the time spent with Apollonia before Colin's surgery. He wanted the time to be constructive, but no matter what he tried to do to smooth over their rocky relationship it failed. Ever since Apollonia took over the reins of the Moretti family, he has done nothing right outside of his medical expertise to gain any respect from her.

"I'm at a loss, Apollonia," he said with a voice that sounded like a little boy. "I've certainly tried to make you understand that I'm on your team. I didn't have to perform the surgeries I did for you at the townhouse. I didn't have to use my influence to arrange for a world renowned sexual reassignment surgeon to perform his specialty on Sonny Rossi. I can go on Apollonia, but all I want to do is earn your respect and keep it."

The paper coffee cup rose from the table as she eyed the highly intelligent but sick individual that sat across from her. She filled her mouth with the cooling coffee and swallowed it making sure she held his gaze as he thought about whether or not she was going to toss the coffee in his face. Shaking her head from side-to-side, Apollonia countered, "Friendship? I don't think so Joshua. You've proven on too many occasions to be more interested in your own wellbeing than that of your family. Sure you have the ability to save a life, but you're just as capable to take one to feel a surge of sexual release pulse through your circumcised Jewish cock. I had my problems with your wife, but she did try. You are not..."

"Try!!!" he cried. "You call what I did not trying??? Please Apollonia, don't insult my intelligence. I've admitted that I have issues, but if I have someone to keep me in line, I know I can perform like any sane or neurotic individual. I love my children and I don't want to see anything happen to them. I want to raise them and give them every opportunity to succeed in life. All I ask of you is your ability to keep me from going to prison. In addition, if you can and will allow me to satisfy my need to feel the life force of individual ebb away as I fornicate with them, I would be beholden to you for the rest of my natural life."

Apollonia Moretti was stunned. She fell back against the chair, eyes bulging, and her mouth agape. No one in her short life had ever asked anyone in the Moretti family to accept their need to murder another individual for the sole purpose of sexual gratification. Joshua Goldsmith was one shrewd, conniving individual. He took his chance by offering his allegiance in return for her giving him opportunity to life his sociopathic life murdering people for his own sexual gratification. Lucia Moretti and Joshua Goldsmith were both cut from the same cloth. When he died he would probably end up in hell right next to her mother. Hopefully he'd end up in the room filled with shit and he would have to stand on his head in it for twenty-three hours out of a twenty-four hour day.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," cried Apollonia, "that is a first. You want me to give you a free hand when it comes to satisfying your sociopathic need to kill an innocent person." She finished her coffee in three gulps, put the cup on the table, and continued, "I know I'm a sick cunt myself, but accepting your offer would make me an accessory to any of your crimes. I cannot condone what you're asking, but it intrigues me having you commit to my ownership of your life. One question, does it include your children?"

Now it was Joshua's turn to be flabbergasted. He leaned forward, ground his teeth, and snarled, "They are not part of the equation. Sarah and Jason are not to be involved with our engagement. I may not be able to fight you directly, but I'd have no problem taking you on behind your back. I'm pretty good at fuckin' up people's lives without any form of physicality. Keep away from them."

Apollonia broke out laughing. When she calmed down, she said, "If I remember correctly, Elizabeth mentioned to me your desire to fuck your own daughter. How many times did you lie on top of her and think you were fornicating with Sarah or take her from behind and think you were inside your son. I think it would be best if we just kept our relationship as it is and when you feel the need to murder you come to me. Depending upon the situation, I just may have someone who needs your type of coercion. Agreed?"

Joshua thought for a moment and nodded his head in the affirmative.

Apollonia said, "I need to hear it, doc."

"I agree, Apollonia," he said. He looked at his watch and said, "I think we should get back to Colin's room. It is getting close to the time for his surgery."

Apollonia and Joshua stood, picked up their cups and plate, tossed them into the proper receptacle, and made their way to the elevators and up to Colin's room.

Fifteen minutes before nine AM, Colin Cathcart was wheeled from his hospital room to the operating room at the other end of the Maxillofacial Surgery Suite. Prior to his departure, Apollonia kissed him and whispered that she would be waiting for his return. Joshua Goldsmith walked with the orderlies and nurses to the operating room. When he was satisfied that everything was under control and Dr. Morgenstern was prepared for the six to eight hour surgery he returned to Colin's room. Upon entering he saw his sister-in-law lying in the bed sound asleep. His base instinct was to close the privacy curtain and choke the living shit out of her. Instead, he found a blanket and covered Apollonia. He left a message with the duty nurse to page him if and when she awoke.

Inside the operating suite, Dr. Morgenstern viewed the X-rays and MRI scan. He decided to make an incision across the top of Colin's head starting just behind the right ear and transecting his skull to just behind the left ear. With the precision of a watchmaker, Dr. Morgenstern gently raised the skin that covered Colin's skull and peeled it away from his face. The exposed bone proved to be a lot more stable than the x-rays showed. Dr. Morgenstern began the process of harvesting bone and repairing both eye sockets. The next part of the surgery required him to release the jaw bone from its socket. He then placed thin a titanium plate that matched the size and curvature of Colin's jawbone and used four small titanium screws to secure the plate against the broken jawbone. He reset the jawbone and rewired it shut. The entire surgical procedure took five-and-a-half hours to complete. By 2:45PM, Colin Cathcart was back in his bed with his wife sitting by his side.

"Ms. Moretti," said Dr. Morgenstern, "the surgery went better than planned. Your husband will have a full recovery. There will be associated pain with the healing of the bones and the fact that I had to place a titanium plate on his jawbone to maintain its shape and aid with its healing. Colin should recover just fine."

"Thank you," said Apollonia. "I don't know what to say, but thank you. I can offer my family's services if you ever need anything that you cannot secure through traditional channels. Contact Dr. Goldsmith and I will respond to your request as you responded to help my husband."

Apollonia offered her hand which Dr. Morgenstern took and held for a moment. He smiled, crinkled his eyes, and said, "Thank you Ms. Moretti. I will check in on Colin later this evening. If you need anything, call me." He turned to Joshua, nodded, and departed the room.

"Joshua," said Apollonia, "How long will he be unconscious?"

"If you want to leave to get something to eat," replied Joshua, "I don't think he'll miss you. In fact, if you want to go home, I would suggest it. He'll be in and out throughout the night. He won't miss the fact that you're not here."

With a quizzical look on her face, Apollonia said, "Are you sure?"

"You can trust me," he replied.

"Ok then," she said. "Guess I'll head over to the townhouse to check no things there. In fact, why don't you join me? I believe there is a young man that needs tending to."

"If it would not be an imposition..." he began.

Apollonia frowned, "It isn't a request Joshua."

"Then allow me to meet you there," he replied. "Let me show you that I can be trusted. Why don't we schedule my arrival for five PM?"

"Five," said Apollonia. "One second late and I'll disembowel you myself."

Nathan Childress spent the entire time in the main lobby of the hospital watching the comings and goings of people who were employees or family members of patients. It was during that time he caught sight of Felicia Dwyer walking towards the bank of elevators that would take her to the nursing school. He made his way towards her, excused himself, and asked if she was interested in meeting his boss later that day. Felicia Dwyer acknowledged the huge black man with a smile, but she tried failing miserably to get him to not tell Apollonia he had met her that day. Nathan Childress would not take 'no' for an answer. Felicia Dwyer could see he would not back down from securing a meeting with his boss. The two agreed to meet at four in the main lobby to see if the surgery to Apollonia's husband was completed.

Apollonia approached Nathan, "Time to go. You need to get the vehicle and take me to East 84<sup>th</sup> Street. I own a townhouse on that block."

"I know," he replied, "but I suggest you wait until four before you leave."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Let's just say I made an appointment for you," Nathan replied smiling from ear-to-ear.

What Nathan didn't know about Apollonia Moretti could fill the Pacific Ocean. He did not see the darkness begin to cloud her beautiful turquoise eyes. He could not sense the rising anger. Nathan did not see her muscles tense as she prepared to strike out at him. Just as she was about to make herself known to him, a voice shattered her anger.

"Ms. Moretti," said Felicia Dwyer. "How did your husband's surgery go?"

Before she could respond, Apollonia heard Nathan say under his breath, "You're early."

Felicia turned to him, smiled, and said, "I saw you two and decided to come over. I hope that is ok."

"Of course," interjected Apollonia. "How nice to see you again Felicia. I was hoping we'd run into each other today." Apollonia felt a small amount of vaginal fluid wet her panties. She hoped the same happened to Felicia when they met. "Oh, from what the doctor told me, everything went much better than planned. Thank you."

"Dr. Morgenstern is a wonderful surgeon," said Felicia. "He really knows his business. I'm sure your husband will come through the surgery as good as new."

"I'm going to be forthright," said Apollonia. "I'm headed to a townhouse residence I have here in the city. I would like you to join me. The caretakers at my behest will prepare a meal for us and we can use the time to get to know one another. I won't take 'no' for an answer."

Felicia's eyes widened at the 'will not take no for answer' stated by Miss Moretti. The obvious strong-willed woman had thrown down a verbal gauntlet to which Felicia responded, "I'm sorry to burst your bubble Miss Moretti, but the only two people on the face of this Earth to make demands of me are my mother and my father. But, my father is dead, so only my mother has the power to demand I do what she says. Respect who and what I am or you can go fuck yourself."

Controlling her anger because she wanted more than anything to have her sexually, Apollonia nodded her head and said, "Strong willed and just like me. Ok, I'll relent for a moment and invite you to join me if you'd please."

The smile on Apollonia's face was a bit forced, but the turquoise color of her eyes and the twinkle was enough to give Felicia a feeling of safety. She nodded back and said in a voice filled with womanly power, "Lead the way."