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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 133

Saturday – 8 March 2003

Howard Cohen received the phone call at 3:46AM. He swung his legs out of the bed, stood, pulled his sleep pants askew so his erection would not poke out through the fly, and made his way downstairs so he would only give his wife one small thing to bitch at him about. The New York State Police found Elizabeth Goldsmith's car cradled in the branches of an old growth oak tree. They said if she had crashed a few feet to her left, the car would have careened into a gorge and broken up upon impact. Because it was lodged in the branches, the body was intact instead of being broken into who knows how many pieces. Howard was told that the county coroner declared her death an accident. Howard pressed his contact to convince the coroner to not call her husband, but to accept that he was his attorney of record and would take care of retrieving the corpse. He held on for a moment. When the contact returned, he confirmed the coroner would allow Howard as the attorney of record to take care of the arrangements for picking up Elizabeth Goldsmith's remains.

Howard looked at the clock in the kitchen and decided everything could wait for daybreak. Then he thought about it a second time and made the call.

Apollonia Moretti was awakened at 4:05AM by the ringing of her cellular phone.

She had no idea what time it was or how she made it to her bedroom after initially falling asleep on the couch in her family room. She rolled to the night table, reached for the ringing cellular phone, pressed the answer button, and with a sleepy voice said, "Hello."

"Sorry to awaken you Miss Moretti," said Howard, "but you instructed me to call the moment they found Elizabeth Goldsmith's body. Well, the State Police found the car and her."

Apollonia sat bolt upright in her bed and although she was waiting for this call, she was still surprised by it all the same. Maybe it was the time or that fact she was sound asleep after receiving the bombshell news from her lover, but nonetheless she was surprised. "What is next," she asked.

"I convinced the coroner to release the body to me," stated Howard. "I related to him that I was the family attorney and I would be responsible for picking up her body."

"Have you called Joshua?" asked Apollonia.

"You should know better, Miss Moretti," stated Howard. "You told me the first call was to you and only you. Therefore, I have not called anyone; just you."

Apollonia did something that surprised Howard. "I apologize, Howard," she said. Then with the sleepiness out of her brain in a solid Moretti voice she asked, "What's next?"

"I will make a call to a funeral home and have them pick the body up and return it to their establishment," he said. "At daybreak I will call Joshua, unless you don't want me to. Since there will not be an autopsy, the Jewish law is for Elizabeth to be buried within twenty-four hours. Joshua will have to make the final arrangements. That is about the sum of it, Miss Moretti."

"Sounds like a plan," stated Apollonia. "Call him at six. I'll call him at six thirty. I am going to the hospital to see Colin, so I can arrange my day around what we need to do to make sure this does not explode in our faces."

Not wanting to, but doing it anyway, Howard chuckled before he said, "I wouldn't worry about that. Once I convinced the coroner to release the body to me, no one will say anything to anyone. Her death was an accident. Case closed. By the way, how is Colin?"

"Thank you for asking," said Apollonia. "According to the surgeon he came through with flying colors. The only caveat is one good shot to anywhere on his face and he's ruined. It will take at least twelve months for his face to completely heal, but that does not mitigate what could happen to his face if he has an accident after the year. I'm sure he'll be fine. He's under my protection as my husband and sissy."

"Give him my best," said Howard. "I know we'll be speaking to each other during the day. Sorry to have awoken you."

Apollonia responded, "You did as I instructed. Thanks and I'll speak to you later this morning."

Apollonia rolled out of bed, stretched, and made her way into the master bathroom. She hadn't made arrangements to be picked up at a specific time because she thought she would be waking up next to Ming. Sighing and realizing she wanted to be with someone rather than alone in the shower, she decided to forego her morning ritual masturbation. Thinking she needed to get her ducks in a row for the day, she turned, exited the master bathroom, and stark naked walked to her atelier. Apollonia sat at her desk and the first call she made was not to Ming, but her sister.

Raffaella Moretti did not have to move to retrieve the ringing telephone. She reached for the cradled handset, pulled it off, and placed it next to her ear. She, as her sister did earlier with the attorney, whispered still half asleep, "Hello."

"Raffy," commanded Apollonia, "wake Viviano. Have him come to the house. I need him to help prepare my day."

Hearing her sister's voice, Raffaella opened her eyes and looked at the digital clock on the radio next to the phone. "Appy," groaned Raffaella, "it is 4:30 in the morning. What in God's name could be that fuckin' important?"

"They found Colin's sister. Dead," she breathed, "in upstate New York. I am going to the hospital and I have to make sure Joshua doesn't do anything stupid. Wake up Viv if he isn't already up. Send him here, please."

Hearing that her sister was informed that Elizabeth Goldsmith was found dead cleared the cobwebs out of her brain. The reason for the call was more than enough for her to understand why her sister phoned at such an early hour. "Is there anything I can do?" asked Raffaella.

"Not at the moment," replied Apollonia, "but, I may ask you to go to the hospital and stay with Colin. At this time, I'm just trying to get the day sorted out now that I have to make sure nothing untoward happens when Joshua is informed that his wife and mother of his children is dead. So, Viviano. . ."

"He's up," said Raffaella. "I will send him to your house. I will remain home until I hear from you."

Apollonia did not say good-bye. She hung up the phone and returned to her room. For a moment she thought about greeting Viviano totally naked, but thought better of the idea. She pulled a pair of boy short panties, bra, and a pair of ankle socks from her bureau drawer. She put them on and retrieved from one of her two walk-in closets a pair of denim jeans, a simple button down collared preppy shirt, and a pair of gray running shoes. Apollonia went into the master bathroom, rinsed her face, brushed her teeth, and decided not to wear any makeup.

She made her way to the kitchen where she prepared a full pot of coffee and before it finished filled a mug for herself. Apollonia noticed that it was close to 4:55AM and was surprised at how fast she could get ready for the day if she did not masturbate, shower, or put on makeup. She pursed her lips in a bit of consternation because the hour of the morning precluded her from going down the driveway to retrieve the morning newspapers. For a moment she thought of going into the family room and putting CNN on, but that was short lived. Just as she was going to migrate to the family room, she heard the back door open and close.

"Apollonia," shouted Viviano. "Where are you?"

"Where else," announced Apollonia, "in the kitchen drinking coffee."

Viviano Rossi came through the doorway to find Apollonia pointing to the coffeemaker. He smiled, went to the cupboard, selected a mug, and poured the black coffee into his chosen receptacle. He made his way to the breakfast table and by instinct sat in the seat that Apollonia would have told him to if he asked. He smelled the coffee, closed his eyes, and took a mouthful to swallow even though the liquid burned his tongue. Apollonia watched quietly which made Viviano comfortable considering she called at 4:30 in the morning. He wasn't up that early on a Saturday in ages. He was aware that Elizabeth Goldsmith was deceased, but that was the extent of his knowledge.

"I understand that Elizabeth Goldsmith is dead. She is related to you," said Viviano, "so, why are you bringing me here to discuss what is Joshua's issue. I'll wager that you'll tell Colin, but I'm. . ."

"You know I should stand up, pull down my jeans, and tell you to suck my ass, Viviano," said Apollonia with a bit of incredulousness tinged with anger in her voice. "You really think I requested your presence this early in the morning because I wanted to bust your stones?"

Before he could answer, Apollonia stood, turned her back to him, opened her jeans, and pulled them to her knees. She bent over and pulled the boy short panties down around her thighs. With a tone and growl that could wake up the dead she said, "You fuckin' lousy piece-of-shit. Respect me when you talk to me and because you didn't; suck my asshole out of respect."

Viviano Rossi did not hesitate to do what was expected of him. If he didn't, Apollonia would send him back to her sister with the minimum of a broken nose and a pair of testicles that would be five times their normal size. He pushed off the chair, got on his knees behind his sister-in-law, and placed his hands on the cheeks of her ass, pulled them open, and pressed his lips on her asshole. He simply kissed her and knew he had to do more to satisfy her as his superior. The second time he touched her anus he formed his tongue into a point and pressed it into her asshole. Viviano was not at all concerned about tasting any fecal matter because all Moretti's took special care after they defecated and when they showered.

Apollonia did not acknowledge his actions by moaning or wiggling her behind. She kept quite still as Viviano tongued her asshole. In her head she counted to sixty and give or take a few seconds she knew by instinct that she had made Viviano suck her asshole long enough. "Enough," she said as she stepped away from her brother-in-law. She pulled up her panties and jeans, turned, and returned to her seat. Viviano did not wipe his mouth. He stood and returned to his seat. Both Apollonia and Viviano took a sip from their coffee mugs before acknowledging anything to each other.

"Now, where were we," said Apollonia. "I have you here because you are my second in command. You're the man that I need to know has my back and can assume control when needed. Is there anything you want to say to me before we begin?"

Viviano did not hold his tongue. Yesterday he sucked off his father-in-law. This morning he was going to mentally fuck his sister-in-law. "Actually, Apollonia there is something that needs to be said. Last night I fucked a customer for the first time in a couple of weeks. You wanted me to make a decision concerning them and I wouldn't. You needed to make the command decision concerning them and you ultimately did. The end result was a customer who could not walk because she was well fucked and her vagina was dripping cum." He watched Apollonia's face and especially her eyes for telltale signs of an impending nuclear breakdown. Seeing her remaining cool, calm, and collected, he continued, "Now I'm here a five AM to discuss some activities that I'll surmise have to do with the death of your sister-in-law. But, I am functioning under your *Sicilian Kiss of Death*. Why should I do anything at all, if you're going to use something against me to make good on the adumbration of the kiss. I might as well just pick up the meat clever from your knife set and hand it to you now. I'm assuming that the wrong answer or inappropriate movement on my part will result in my sleeping with the fishes. I don't need to live under a threat of death. I don't."

Apollonia sipped her coffee. She stared at her brother-in-law. The silence grew as did Viviano's fear. Apollonia began to tap her foot which was totally unlike her. Her mind was categorizing and filtering what Viviano just said to her. The amazing part was his open and fearless expression of his status considering she did kiss him in a way that signified that she was going to take his life. His brother had a chance to be the man in her life, but he failed because he was too stupid to respond effectively to her mental games. Viviano was a different story, but, she did express her anger by kissing him while holding his head and expressing her desire to end is life as he knew it. Yet, she was sitting here with him waiting to discuss and make arrangements for the Morettis part in the funeral of her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Goldsmith.

Her answer was unexpected, "I'll rescind the threat if you come with me to my bedroom and fuck the shit out of me."

Viviano sighed, "Are you ever going to stop asking me to fuck you?"

"I know you want to," she replied.

"Yes I do," he replied, "but, I would want it if it was under different circumstances."

"Different circumstances?" she queried with a quizzical look on her face.

"Yes. Like if it was part of a pregnancy party or some Moretti event. A Moretti event would make it public therefore everyone would witness and possibly take part in screwing you. I will admit that I have lusted after you, but not at the expense of my marriage," he said.

"Interesting," she responded. "What if I ordered my sister to force you to fornicate with me?"

Viviano shook his head from side-to-side as he responded, "Knowing Raffaella, she would allow it to happen or she would tell you to take her so after a period of mourning you could marry me. By marrying me, you'd inherit an instant family." He stared at Apollonia for a moment before he said, "I'd never let that happen. I'd tell you to fuck off and ruin your day by taking my own life to save Raffaella's."

"You love her that much?" she asked

"I'm surprised you're even asking, Apollonia. You have to remember, I'm not Sonny," he said. "Whatever your game is I've decided not to play. The choice is simple."

"Your life to save my sister's life," she said without any emotion.

"Yes," was his single word answer.

Apollonia purposely did not answer or ask another question concerning the threat that hung over her brother-in-law's head. She glanced over to the kitchen to see what time it was and decided to make Viviano stew a bit longer. She stood and used the phone to dial Nathan's cell phone number. When he answered she told him to be at Columbus Place within the hour, but no longer than ninety minutes. Viviano calculated that she would be leaving the compound no later than six thirty. After she hung the phone up, she continued to ignore his presence by going to the coffeemaker and adding some hot coffee to her mug. She did not offer to do the same for Viviano.

Sitting in her seat, sipping the brew that could easily replace the blood coursing through her veins, Apollonia said, "I am not going to rescind the meaning of the kiss for either of you. What I will do is hold it over your heads for assurance that neither of you will take sides against me in the present or future internecine family battles. Raffaella will always do as I say or command, but you are another story. Don't think I haven't noticed you staring at me wondering what I would be like in bed. My question which is rhetorical in nature is did you ultimately choose the wrong sister?" Apollonia paused. She continued when Viviano did not respond, "I brought you here to discuss the coming events, but I have realized that you do not want to be a confidant . . ."

Viviano groaned, caught his breath, and said, "No, Apollonia. Not in the least. What I want is to serve this family the way I did prior to your wresting the reins power from your father. I have done things for him that I know you are aware of and I would do the same for you unconditionally. But, what I want more than anything is a return to normalcy. This family has been more than good to me. I give to this family because I am indebted to their accepting me as one of their own. I don't know what you want me to do to prove my allegiance to you Apollonia; but, ask and it will be done."

"Really now, does that include giving me a roll in the hay?" she asked with a smile on her face and a twinkle in her eyes.

"Sure," he replied. "Just as long as the hay is in a barn and we're not engaging in coital activities. I really wish you would give it a rest."

"Howard Cohen is making arrangements to pick up Elizabeth's body from Ballston Spa which is upstate near Saratoga Springs," she said ignoring his rejoinder to her sexual innuendo. "I am going to call Joshua approximately one half hour after Howard gives him the news."

"Again, what do you want from me?" asked Viviano.

"I want you to go to Colin's family," she said. "I want you to be the face of the Morettis when you tell them that their oldest child is no longer with us. While you're doing that errand of conscience, I will be with Colin telling him that his sister is no longer with us. If they ask why you're telling them, tell them the truth. Tell them their son is in the hospital, that I am with him, and they will be able to see him as soon as he is able to have visitors which should be as soon as this evening or tomorrow. Joshua Goldsmith is going to be a major problem for the family."

"How so?" asked Viviano.

"If you don't already know," she said, "Joshua Goldsmith is a certified sociopath. He is a fuckin' serial killer clothed in the guise of a world renowned cardiothoracic surgeon. You know he is facing a murder trial which I am personally involved and overseeing with the help of Howard Cohen. And, the death of his wife was no accident. He murdered her when she refused to suck his shit covered cock after he butt fucked her against her will. He is going to be a major problem for us and I'm going to be a major pain-in-the-ass for him."

"What do you want me to do, that you can't do yourself," asked Viviano. "You have the ability to do with him what you please both physically and mentally. I've seen you make him cringe in terror and come close to pissing his pants."

Apollonia closed her eyes, waited a moment, and said, "I need you to go from the Cathcarts to the Goldsmiths. To Joshua's parent's house and pick up his children. I do not want them near him. Bring them back to Columbus Place. Use whatever lie you need to, short of physical pain, to get them separated from their grandparents. Just make sure I know what you said so I can maintain the charade."

"What are you afraid of Apollonia?" asked Viviano.

Apollonia looked at the digital clock on the microwave and without turning to face Viviano said, "I'm afraid that Joshua will take out his anger on his daughter and son. I'm afraid he will sexually abuse them. His thing is to get off watching the life ebb from his victims eyes. I have an intuition that his masturbatory fantasies deal with his sexual abusing and ultimately murdering his children. He claims to love them, but . . ."

His baseline knowledge and intuition concerning his sister-in-law's ability to read people was enough for him to accept what she just espoused. Viviano said, "I understand your concerns. What else?"

"Felicia Dwyer will be coming to Columbus Place late this afternoon," she deadpanned. "I thought I would be home when she arrived, but I'm sensing that I will be spending a long time at the hospital with Colin. Nathan. . . ."

Not caring how she would react, Viviano spat, "the NIGGER. . . ."

Apollonia did not take his bait. The words just rolled off her back like water off a duck. "Nathan is supposed to pick her up at the hospital at three PM. I don't think I will be able to run around so I've decided to do what needs to be done via surrogates and the phone while spending the day with Colin. Means, I will definitely see her at the hospital and we'll arrive here together."

"Why are you telling me this?" asked Viviano. "If you're trying to rub the fact that you're going to sleep with her in my face, I'm not taking the bait. If she opens herself to you and I'm guessing Ming, then if I get a chance to do her it won't be a true form of sloppy seconds. If not, I tried. What I'm hoping is that my attempt to bed her will be kept from your sister. No reason to add insult to injury."

"I thought you'd like to be here for her if I wasn't," replied Apollonia. "You could introduce her to Raffy and maybe if you use your Italian charm get her into bed with the both of you."

"Um," he said, "No. My intention was to keep her for myself. It's been awhile since I felt the hymen of a virgin breaking as I entered her. Anyway Raffy and I have plans for the evening with friends. We're supposed to gather at Lisa and Michael's house with another couple for dinner."

"What time are you expected there?" she asked. Then supplied the expected innuendo, "Dinner and sex?"

"We're expected at eight for dinner," he said. "After dinner, I expect we'll be either watching a movie or playing a board game. We have a babysitter coming to watch the children. If I complete what you asked me to do, is it ok for us to attend the dinner party?" Viviano did not address her sexual innuendo.

Apollonia nodded her head in the affirmative. Checking the digital clock again within moments of doing it Apollonia sighed, turned her head, and looked at her brother-in-law. A pang of guilt and sexual need coursed through her body. As much as she loved Ming, she was still a woman who needed a good man between her legs. The wave of emotion passed and she said, "I'm conflicted about you Mr. Rossi. You are my brother-in-law. You have become an important cog in the workings of this family. I know you'd like to have sex with me, but your allegiance, excuse me, wrong word; your love for my sister keeps you from acting on your desires. I cannot fault you for that, but I can also see the look in your eyes and on your face when you see something you want. Get out of my house because if you stay any longer I'm going to jump your bones."

Viviano stood, carried his mug to the kitchen sink, and as he exited the kitchen for the backdoor, he said, "I'll keep in touch throughout the day." Viviano also knew there would be the possibility of additional guest at their house that evening. Felicia Dwyer would be sitting in the family room or the great room and all he could do was be a gentleman. Hopefully, Apollonia would not let it slip that he tried to bed the girl behind his wife's back.

Nathan Childress dropped Apollonia off in front of the Hospital for Special Surgery a little more than thirty-two minutes after he picked her up at six ten AM. The drive from Lawrence to East 70<sup>th</sup> Street was uneventful due to the hour and the reduced amount Saturday morning commuter traffic.

"Nathan, park the car," Apollonia said, "then come up to my husband's room."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

Apollonia did not wait to watch him drive away. She made her way into the hospital, went directly to the elevator bank, and unlike everything else she waited for the elevator to arrive. Once inside and rising to the seventh floor, she steeled herself for the upcoming conversation she was about to have with Colin. The walk to his room was interrupted by the nurse sitting at a computer behind the counter of the Nurse's Station.

"May I help you?" she asked.

"I'm Apollonia Moretti," she replied.

"Just doing my duty, Ms. Moretti," she said, "Mr. Cathcart is probably still asleep. Ring if you need anything."

"Thank you," was Apollonia's reply as she made her way down the hall to Colin's corner room. She immediately took notice that the curtains were drawn keeping the room closed from prying eyes. The pneumatic door slid open after reading her presence and she stepped in to find Colin lying on his side sound asleep. Apollonia stepped to the bed, looked at the gauze covered face of her husband, wiped a tear from her eye, and thought it would be better to let him sleep. She exited his room for the Nurse's Station.

"Excuse me, but, could you tell me what time the doctor is expected?" she asked.

"Which doctor, Ms. Moretti?" she asked. "Doctors usually do not make rounds on the weekend, unless it is a special case."

Apollonia chuckled, smiled, and said, "Believe me, this is a special case."

"Then," she said, "I would guess he would be here no earlier than ten, Ms. Moretti."

"Ugh," replied Apollonia. "Thank you."

Checking her cellular phone for the time she decided that being a half an hour late for her call to Joshua was enough. She found his number, highlighted it, and pressed the call button. The phone rang four times before it was answered.

"Hello," said Joshua.

"Dr. Goldsmith," said Apollonia, "Apollonia Moretti."

Joshua Goldsmith took a deep breath, held it for a moment, released it, and said, "Howard said you were going to call a half hour ago. They found Elizabeth."

Apollonia thought she heard a small bit of sadness in his voice, but a sociopath is always a great actor. "I know," she said keeping the rising anger out of her voice. "I believe you are expected at the hospital this morning."

"You're not going to make me come there?" he asked more rhetorically than anything else. "My wife is dead and I have to make arrangements."

"Arrangements will be made," she said. "Don't fuck with me Joshua. We both know that Elizabeth's body will not be returned to Westchester before later this evening."

"Yes, I know, but I have to get the children," he intoned.

"No you don't," replied Apollonia. "Your responsibility is to me and Colin. If you're not dressed, get dressed, and make your way to the hospital. I expect to see you in Colin's room within an hour."

"You can't be serious," growled Joshua. "I have to call my parents, tell them, and then go there to pick up Sarah and Jason."

"No you don't Joshua. Sarah and Jason will be in good hands later this morning," she said.

"What the fuck are you telling me?" he asked.

"What the fuck I am telling you doc is," Apollonia paused for effect and continued, "Sarah and Jason are going to be picked up by Viviano and taken to Columbus Place for safekeeping."

"SAFEKEEPING???" he screamed into the phone.

Apollonia did not respond in kind to his anger. She simply replied, "I expect you here within the hour. Failure to arrive is not an option Dr. Goldsmith. And, do not call your parents. If Viviano arrives to find your parents in a moribund state over you telling them your wife is dead, I will personally find you and I will choke the living shit out of you. I will take great pleasure in watching you die."

Joshua Goldsmith heard the connection end and knew the bitch had made a move to keep his children from him. He could call his parents and get them to not give Sarah and Jason to his brother-in-law, but he knew that his mother would see right through him. In his mind he knew the only way to protect Sarah and Jason was to let them be taken to the Moretti compound in Lawrence. At least they would have other children there to play with while he was meeting with Apollonia. Disgusted, pissed off, and without any way to stop Viviano, Joshua Goldsmith went upstairs to his room and changed into clothing more appropriate for his visit to the hospital.

Colin Cathcart awoke to find his wife sitting in a chair near his bed. "How long have you been here?" he mumbled still finding it impossible to speak with his jaw wired shut.

Apollonia stood, walked to the side of his bed, leaned in, and kissed the open spot of skin on his forehead. She smiled from ear-to-ear, and said as she sat on the edge, "I arrived here a little before six forty-five this morning. You were sound asleep so I did not disturb you. How are you feeling?"

"Pain is reduced and it is hard to speak with my mouth wired shut," he mumbled.

"No pain is good and you'll get used to having to speak without opening your mouth. Anyway, it is only for six short weeks." she said. "Would you like me to raise your head?"

"Doesn't matter," he said.

Apollonia found the button that would raise the head of the bed, pressed it, and released it when he was at an angle that would make it easier for her to speak with him. She turned to where Nathan stood and said, "Please wait in the hall."

Nathan quietly excused himself from the room. When the door slid shut Apollonia took Colin's right hand into hers. She sat quietly holding Colin's hand as she pondered the best way to break the news to him that his sister was dead. The only sounds in the room were the incessant beeping of the heart monitor. Colin was beat up, but he wasn't stupid. The silence and the beeping of the heart monitor finally got to him.

"Ok, sweetness," he mumbled, "what gives?"

"I could never hide my emotions around or from you, Colin," she whispered. "I have bad news."

"What could be worse than what is in this bed in front of you?" he said the question more as a statement. "The bad news is lying right here in front of you."

"No Colin," she whispered. "You will never be bad news to me. Sure, you have in a way broken my heart, but you could never fall so low as to make me want send you far away from me. It does not matter that you decided to live as my cuckold. I love you more for allowing me to make you into the woman you so wanted. In fact, I admired the way you screwed that rich Rheingold bitch I thought you could be the sissy headliner for women like her."

"Thanks, but no thanks," he said. "So, what do you have to tell me?"

"I might as well just come out with it," said Apollonia. "Colin, I was informed very early this morning that your sister Elizabeth was found dead as the result of an automobile accident."

Colin just stared at his wife. He blinked his eyes a few times before a big tear formed and rolled out of his right eye. He squeezed his wife's hand as he mumbled, "That fuckin' asshole. I'll kill that bastard if he hurt my sister."

With a questioning look on her face, Apollonia said, "What, who are you talking about?"

"Joshua is who I am talking about," he said. "I know she had come to hate his guts. She tried to talk me out of becoming a sissy and within the conversation hinted at her growing hatred for her husband. I always thought he was a weasel, but I kept it to myself."

"Colin, believe me when I tell you," Apollonia tried her hardest to make him believe, "Joshua had nothing to do with her passing. She lost control of her car, went off the road, and crashed into an old growth oak tree. She died on impact."

"Where did this accident happen," he mumbled.

Apollonia was amazed at his control especially since he had a very close but sometimes rocky relationship with his sister. "Upstate near Ballston Spa. Apparently she decided to take a road trip."

"Bullshit," growled Colin. "She never took road trips for any reason. If she was on the road by herself, it had to revolve around that asshole she married." Colin paused, took a deep breath, and when he was calm again said, "I have to call my parents. Jesus Christ!!! My parents are going to have coronaries. Where is the phone?"

Apollonia saw the agitation growing and tried to alleviate it, "Colin, Viviano is headed to your parents as we speak. He is going to break the news to them about Elizabeth and you. They do not know you're in the hospital. They especially know nothing about what Sonny did to you. Please sweetheart, let me take care of everything."

"ARGHH!!!!" he screamed through his wired teeth. "That bastard is going to bury her in a Jewish cemetery with his name on the headstone. I will not stand for that. I want her buried where she belongs. In the Cathcart family plot." Colin began to thrash and move his body in an attempt to stand up. Thankfully, he pulled one of the heart monitor leads off his chest and the duty nurse came into the room.

"What is going on here?" she asked.

Apollonia replied, "Some bad news about his family. Can you give him something to calm his nerves?"

"Be right back," the nurse said.

Two minutes later, the duty nurse injected two milligrams of morphine into Colin's right bicep. Apollonia and the nurse watched as the opiate took effect. Colin's breathing slowed and his muscles relaxed. Apollonia turned to the nurse, "Thank you. Please let me know when Dr. Goldsmith arrives."

The nurse nodded her head and kept her mouth shut concerning Colin's rise in blood pressure and anxiety. She departed the room making a mental note to be wary of the woman who claimed to be the patient's wife but used her maiden name.

Joshua Goldsmith arrived forty-seven minutes after he was hung up on by Apollonia Moretti. Throughout his drive to the city from Westchester he grumbled and spat at how he was going to get his pound of flesh in retribution for what she was putting him through. Their deal was to keep the truth of Elizabeth's death between them. He was livid that he had to drive to the hospital and moreover, her kidnapping his children from his parents was more than abhorrent; it was reason to commit murder. He made his way to the seventh floor, made a bee line to Colin's room, and when the pneumatic door finally slid open he barged in. His anger blinded him from seeing the tall muscular African-American standing a few feet inside the door.

Nathan reacted quickly, without making a sound, and with just enough strength to pick Dr. Goldsmith a few inches off the floor. He held him there, turned to Apollonia, and said, "Miss Moretti, do you know this individual?"

"I do," replied Apollonia. "Put him down. Gently, because if he makes any trouble, I want to be the person that sees his essence of life ebb from his body as I choke the living shit out of him."

Nathan released his hold on Joshua's neck and watched with a bit of glee in his eyes as the good doctor tumbled to the floor. Seems Dr. Goldsmith was not prepared to be dropped like a ball. Apollonia, Colin, and Nathan chuckled when Joshua hit the floor and rolled to his side protecting his genitals. When he understood that nothing physical was going to happen to him, he grunted, and stood up. Before he said anything, he used his hands to brush the unseen hospital dirt from his clothing. Satisfied he was clean, he said, "Hell of a greeting."

"Next time," growled Apollonia, "walk in like a gentleman and not some blind angry asshole." While still staring into Joshua's eyes, Apollonia said, "Nathan, please leave us alone."

"Miss Moretti. . ." was all Nathan said before he heard from his employer.

"GET THE FUCK OUT, NOW," growled Apollonia.

Nathan knew better and made his way out of the hospital room by backing out while keeping eye contact with his employer. Once the pneumatic door slid shut, Apollonia approached Joshua and stood no more than a few inches from him. She purposely invaded his space. The eye contact between the two said it all. Joshua tried to cover his fear, but failed miserably. Apollonia saw and knew she had the upper hand now and for the foreseeable future. Her intuition was right on the mark as his eyes and body confirmed his fear of a dominant woman. Dr. Joshua Goldsmith would forever be her bitch if she decided to allow him to live. Joshua did not see any form of anger in her eyes. Instead he saw the scowl on her face, the taut lips, and most amazingly the enhanced the turquoise color of her eyes due to her state of serenity. His internal fear grew even more as she stood in front of him staring.

"Apollonia," he said. His leg muscles beginning to fail to keep him erect.

Apollonia noticed his body beginning to sway ever so slightly. Colin remained calm knowing that his wife would be the instrument of his revenge. Joshua tried to break eye contact with his sister-in-law, but failed miserably. To keep some form of manliness, he clinched his jaw and tried with all his physical and emotional being to remain steadfast in his need to confront the woman who has replaced his mother as his most hated individual. He licked his lips, but really did not make them moist as his mouth was as dry as the Sahara Desert.

"Apollonia," he croaked, "please. . ."

Still calm, Apollonia stated, "Joshua Goldsmith, I know and I will forever use it against you. Your mother is the root of your insanity, but I am the present target of your anger at women. You don't have Elizabeth to mentally batter anymore. When you married her you transferred your hatred for women from your mother to your wife. To Colin's sister. You used your medical knowledge to hypnotize Jessica Silverstein and ultimately put her in a no win situation."

Joshua started to say something in his defense, but was stopped cold when Apollonia slapped him across the face. He froze, thought about responding, but knew he would not win any physical battle with Apollonia Moretti. He decided against any physical response. He just glared at his sister-in-law.

"Good boy," she said. "You're learning. Just the way you learned from your mother. You murdered Jessica Silverstein in a fit of sexual desire and anger. You are going to apologize to Colin. I am going to stand next to you as you explain to him in detail what happened. Then you are going to beg his forgiveness. Failure to do so is not an option."

"Beg forgiveness?" asked Joshua.

"If you'd prefer," answered Apollonia, "you can suck his cock."

"No fuckin' way!" he growled.

Apollonia moved her mouth next to Joshua's left ear and whispered, "If I tell to suck his cock. You'll suck his cock. In fact, I may just make you his bitch. I don't fuckin' care that you're some world renowned surgeon. To me, you're the lowest form of life on the planet. Now, explain to him what happened, apologize, beg forgiveness, and suck his cock."

When Apollonia moved away from Joshua's ear and looked into his eyes, she saw the anger that would result in his going over the deep end and culminate in a psychotic event. Joshua Goldsmith was seething inside. His body showed his anger. Besides his eyes, his hands were in constant motion as an expression of his need to strike out at his sister-in-law. He turned to her and his sexual tension and desire to hurt someone was blatantly obvious. Joshua's cock was tenting the front of his dress pants. Apollonia nodded her head imperceptibly at Joshua's confirmation of the sexual component to his sociopathic personality. She decided to make him understand that his life was totally in her hands and under her control.

Due to his blind anger, Joshua did not respond at all to Apollonia's assault on his genitals. The kick was swift and well placed. The pain he felt was the result of the instep of her right foot making perfect contact with his

scrotum and the testicles encased within. The upward arc of her leg forced the soft tissue to move upwards and make contact with the Pubic Symphysis of Pelvis and the Inferior Pubic Ramus of Pelvis of Joshua's skeletal area around his crotch. The pain caused him to lose his breath as well as his balance. Dr. Joshua Goldsmith careened to the floor after Apollonia's foot returned to help support her weight. Both his hands cupped his genitals as he gasped for breath. Tears formed in his eyes and tumbled down his face. He was not crying, but the intense pain of the crushing blow to his testicles was more than he could endure.

Apollonia looked over to see Colin with a crooked smile on his face. The look in his eyes was enough to satisfy her knowledge that he was happy with what he had just witnessed. He quickly closed his right hand into a fist and raised his thumb in the universal sign of approval. Apollonia returned the gesture before returning her gaze to the broken man lying on the floor. It was then she heard a grunt and groan from the area of Colin's bed. She turned to see him using his hand to beckon her near. She moved to his bed where she kept an eye on Joshua while listening to her husband.

He spoke through his wire bound teeth, "Don't hurt him. Make him more afraid of you. Take out your phone, dial the private line in the house, and make like you're talking to..."

The bulb went on in Apollonia's head, "The Manhattan District Attorney. Make him think I'm throwing him to the wolves." Apollonia turned to Colin, embraced him, kissed him on his forehead, and said, "God, I love you." She went to her purse and retrieved her cellular phone. Apollonia dialed the private number in her house and let it ring as she faked a conversation with the Manhattan District Attorney.

"Yes," she said, "he is here with me now. I have the proof that he willingly murdered her." Apollonia paused looked down at Joshua and saw he was coming out of his pain induced stupor. When she caught his eye she continued, "I also have information that pertains to another murder committed by him." Again she paused. Noting no response from Joshua, she used his name, "That's correct. Dr. Joshua Goldsmith the world renowned cardiothoracic surgeon."

Once she stated his name, Joshua rose to his knees and pleaded with his eyes not knowing that his sister-in-law was talking to the answering machine on the private line in her house. He listened for a moment longer before he begged, "Please... Please, whatever you want."

Apollonia pulled the phone from her ear, "Anything?"

Joshua Goldsmith closed his eyes, took a deep inhalation of breath, exhaled, and said, "Anything."

Faking her ending of the conversation with the Manhattan District Attorney, Apollonia ended the call, and said, "Tell me again what you just committed to?"

"To do as you say," he responded.

Apollonia tossed her cellular phone onto Colin's bed, stepped to where Joshua was kneeling, and slapped him across the face. "You will do as I command for the rest of your life, Joshua Goldsmith. You fail to act and I will personally make sure you spend the rest of your life in a jail cell servicing your cellmate which I assure you will be some muscle bound Nigger with a big cock. Now, you go to my husband and tell him what you did. One error and your life as you know it is over."

Joshua Goldsmith, world renowned cardiothoracic surgeon, serial killer, and now submissive bitch to another dominant woman said, "To do as you command, Apollonia." He stood, wiped his pants, went over to his brother-in-law, and said, "I murdered your sister in a fit of anger over her not sucking my cock after I raped her anally. I pressed my fingers into her neck as I watched her life ebb from her eyes. I ejaculated in my pants. I'm a sexual pervert and a confirmed serial killer. I beg your forgiveness. When I get that angry with a woman, I relive the humiliation my mother put me through as a child. Please, Colin, forgive me."

Colin looked at Apollonia not for guidance, but to make Joshua squirm and wait for his response. He held his gaze with his wife for longer than she expected. Then with a flourish, Colin pushed the blanket and sheet that covered him down, pulled up the hospital gown, and pointed to his cock. As if his sister was channeling through him, he said, "I wish I had just pulled it out of your fuckin' ass, prick, but it will suffice that you will gain a modicum of forgiveness every time I ejaculate into your mouth. Now, prove your worth by doing as the head of the Moretti family commanded. Culmination of the first of many future blowjobs will begin the slow march of allowing you live and continuing to be a doctor."

"I can't," moaned Joshua. "I'm not a cocksucker. I..."

Apollonia picked up her phone, hit redial, waited a moment, and said, "Manhattan District Attorney's Office please."

"NOOO!!!" cried Joshua. He moved to the bed, placed his right hand around the base of his brother-in-law's cock and his lips around the head. Joshua held his mouth there as he began to use his hand to masturbate Colin. This did not sit well with both Apollonia and Colin.

"Suck it," said Apollonia; whereupon she placed her hand on the back of Joshua's head and pushed.

The blowjob was not a thing of beauty or desire on the part of the sucker. Joshua gagged and cried though out the entire act, but when he tried to spit out Colin's cum, Apollonia used both hands to hold his head and cover his mouth until he swallowed. When the act was completed she allowed him to stand.

"Remember, the cock you just sucked owns you, doc," stated Apollonia. "Sarah and Jason are bound to me as are you. I own you. I will not end your life, but I will make it a living hell in prison. Run and I'll find you. The only way you'll end your servitude to the Moretti family is to commit suicide. Understand?"

Broken anew by a more dominant female, Joshua Goldsmith said in a little boy's voice, "Yes."

"Good," said Apollonia, "Now you can leave and take care of whatever arrangements you need to bury your wife in the Cathcart family plot. That is the wishes of your new owners. You don't deserve to place her where she wasn't truly loved."

Joshua Goldsmith, wide eyed, tense with renewed anger, backed away from Apollonia. He looked deep into her eyes and saw what he needed to calm his body. He nodded his head and said, "I don't know anything about the Cathcart plot. Who do I call? What funeral home?"

Colin said through his bound teeth, "Just let me handle it. You're not worth doing anything for my sister. In fact, just get the fuck out of my room, asshole."

Joshua looked to Apollonia for confirmation.

"You heard him," scolded his sister-in-law.

"But..." he whined.

"No, buts, asshole," growled Apollonia. "You have things to take care of and one of them is to make sure the surgeon who worked on Colin comes here today. I would like to know when he can have visitors and ultimately go home. I want you to keep in contact with me. She looked at the clock on the wall and made her decision. "You call me at noon and again at three. Go about your business and make sure you stop by the townhouse to check on our friend. When you are done I want you to present yourself at the gate to Columbus Place. Now, get the fuck out of here before I rip your balls off and give them to your children."

Eyes wide, fear again coursing through his body, Dr. Joshua Goldsmith felt the urgent need to urinate. He did not want to expel his bodily fluids on the floor so he nodded and made a beeline out of the room. No sooner than

the door closed, Apollonia stepped in front of it, poked her head out, and said to Nathan, "Quick. Follow him. Report to me every place he goes. Hurry!!!"

Nathan did not respond to his employer's command. He turned and made his way down the hall just in time to see his prey enter the men's room. Nathan checked the hallway and decided the best vantage point to begin his surveillance was just a few feet past the door. He did not have to wait long as the good doctor made his way to the elevator which they rode to the first floor together. Nathan allowed his prey to disembark first, waited a moment, and then using his training began the clandestine tailing of his employer's brother-in-law. Although his size made him standout in a crowd, his training afforded him the knowledge and ability to fade into the background of any crowd as he trailed and gathered information about his prey. Nathan Childress was again feeling like a person with a mission.

"That was weird," said Colin.

"Not as weird as it could have been," replied Apollonia. "I was seconds away from crushing his skull. As much as I had my differences with your sister, underneath it all she was still a good person. She watched out for you, my love."

"I know," he replied. "I'm tired. Guess this healing thing takes a bit out of you. Do you. . ."

"No, Colin," she whispered. "Just as long as you're ok if I don't spend the entire day with you. I had planned to be here, but with the passing of your sister and some other errands. . ."

He smiled as best he could, held up his arms, and beckoned the love-of-his life to come into his arms. Apollonia could not resist. The man, now a sissy, was still important to her as a human being and a confidant. She thought that maybe she should consider Colin as her number two, but immediately knew better. Just as a President would do, she would seek his counsel when it was something that she could only trust with him and no one else. She went into his arms, felt his small breasts press against her own as he pressed her into his body. They did not kiss because of the obvious. Instead, they held one another each pressing the other alternately into their own torso. Apollonia and Colin held the embrace for a good fifteen minutes before Colin released his hold on his kick-ass beautiful wife.

"Go," he whispered through his bound teeth. "I'll be fine. I love Miss Apollonia Moretti."

The tear could not be stopped. It rolled down her right cheek as she responded, "And, I love you Mr. Colin Cathcart."

Once Apollonia alighted from the elevator, she found a bench in a quiet corner of the hospital's lobby, but still within view of the main entrance. She pulled her cellular phone from her purse and autodialed Viviano's number.

"How is everything going?" she asked him.

"The Cathcarts took it as I expected," he said. "I told them either you or I would be in contact with them by mid-afternoon to confirm the funeral arrangements. I'm headed to the Goldsmith's to pick up Joshua's children. Do I need to know anything before I get there?"

"No," she replied. "Joshua Goldsmith should not pose any problems now or in the future."

"Fuck," he groaned, "you didn't?"

Apollonia chuckled, "No. Came close, but Colin got me before I could. Have to hand it to him. He does know how to disarm me when he wants or needs. Anyway, Joshua knows that his days are numbered unless he does as I say. I instructed him to bury Elizabeth in the Cathcart family plot."

"Why?" asked Viviano.

"First words out of Colin's mouth were to bury her in the family plot," she responded. "I agreed."

It didn't matter that Apollonia could not see him furrow his brow, Viviano did so anyway. He had to ask, "Did Colin know something you did not? Or was it his intuition concerning his brother-in-law?"

"Even though it seemed that Colin and Elizabeth were at odds with each other," stated Apollonia, "the truth is they were very close and spoke very candidly to each other about their marriages. Elizabeth counseled against his feminization, but I believe she accepted it when he told her his love for me was all encompassing."

"What about that incident with the black man?" he asked although he really knew the answer.

"That was a simple sexual satisfaction need," she replied. "Elizabeth needed her man and was not getting the satisfaction she desired. Money and children are not complete without a good man between your legs."

Chuckling he said, "If you say so, Appy. Are you spending the day with Colin?"

"No," she replied. "Before he fell asleep, he said I did not have to spend the day. I'm waiting for the surgeon who should be here momentarily. Then I have a couple of phone calls to make before I most likely come back to Columbus Place. I can call Colin this evening."

"Ok," he replied. "I'm headed home after I pick up the children. Will I see you before Raffy and I go out for the evening?"

"Yes," she replied, "you can be sure of it."

Apollonia looked up from her purse just in time to see Dr. Morgenstern enter the lobby through the pneumatic doors. She stood and made her way to him interjecting herself into his path. "Good morning, Dr. Morgenstern. Nice to see you again. Glad I looked up when I did."

Absolutely stunned by her beauty, Dr. Morgenstern found himself at a loss for words. It took him a moment to recover his equilibrium, "Yes, Mrs. Cathcart, it is nice to see you again."

Apollonia let slide his use of her married name. She smiled, licked her lips, and said, "I was in Colin's room, but he wanted to sleep. I was wondering if you'd call me after you have taken a look at him. He knows I'm not going to be there. I'll give you my private cellular number."

Continuing to be flustered by her beauty, "Um, private cell phone number..." He stopped, patted his jacket pocket and then his pants only to find he was without a pen and paper. He did not think to take out his own cellular phone and enter her number directly. What he did realize was her beauty was stirring his libido. Embarrassed he said, "I don't have..."

Apollonia witnessed his sexual frustration, laughed inside, and retrieved a pen and piece of paper from her purse. She handed them to the doctor and gave him her number. When he handed back the pen she said, "What I want to know is when Colin can receive visitors, but more importantly, when can he come home. The cost of his hospital stay is not an issue. I want him home."

Recovered from his embarrassment, Dr. Morgenstern said, "How does tomorrow morning sound?" He did not wait for an answer, "What you have to promise me is he will be cared for because his bones need to mend. The wires holding his jaw together must remain in place for six weeks. You or he takes them out and you might as well kiss his ability to talk and/or eat good-bye. He'll have to come to the hospital for check-ups. We can schedule them on the same day each week at the same hour. I'll see to it."

Reaching for his hand, Apollonia said as she held it, "Don't worry doc. Nothing is going to happen to him. Please call me. Please don't make me search you out for an update."

Although the statement was not made in a malicious tone or manner, Dr. Morgenstern knew intuitively that she was threatening him if he doesn't do as she requested. "Don't worry Miss Moretti. I'm headed to my office and then directly to Colin's room. He is the only patient I am seeing today. I will be here tomorrow, Sunday, and if all is as I expect, I will release him to your care."

Apollonia leaned in and placed a small kiss on the doctor's left cheek. He flushed. She smiled and said, "Thank you Dr. Morgenstern." She released his hand and watched him wobble to the elevators. The small placement of her lips on his cheek was probably more than he expected. She wondered if he was headed to his office to masturbate.

Apollonia returned to the bench, pulled out her cell phone, and called Nathan. When he answered she asked, "Where is he? What is he up to?"

"He went to his office and hasn't left," replied Nathan.

"Ok, if he leaves the building let him go. Return to Colin's room and wait there. I'll be in touch."

"Yes, Miss Moretti."

Apollonia checked her watch, stood, and without any destination in particular walked out of the hospital onto East 70<sup>th</sup> Street.