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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 142

Sunday Dawn – Columbus Place – 9 March 2003

Her cell phone was within easy reach. She made sure that it was locatable after the fiasco earlier that night. Their sex was everything plus. Ming enjoyed a fucking like she had never experienced finished off by tender kisses and licks from the woman for whom she gave up her family. Sleep crept up on them the moment Apollonia moved behind Ming pulled her into the post coital spoon.

The cell phone sounded at six thirty AM. It woke both of them, but Apollonia grabbed the phone, checked the number, and saw it was Viviano. She answered it, kissed Ming, and left her to sleep as she exited the master bedroom. Leaning against the wall just outside the closed master bedroom door Apollonia said, "Viv, news?"

"Joshua is here," he responded "albeit against his will."

"Did Nathan have to subdue him?" she asked.

"Almost. He had to take him by the throat to make his point. I have to give it to that big nigger," continued Viv "he did as you asked. He brought Joshua here and the only sign of any sort of physicality was the big wet spot on Joshua's black denim jeans."

"Fuck," laughed Apollonia, "you mean to tell me the good doctor pissed his pants. How sweet."

"What now?" asked Viv.

"I'm headed to my place for a quick wash and a change of clothes. I will be over directly," she said. Apollonia did not wait for a response from Viv. She ended the call and returned to her lover. She found her clothing and quietly put them on for fear of awaking Ming. She walked around the bed, leaned in, and kissed Ming on the forehead.

Ming opened her eyes and with a dreamy smile said, "Call me when you return with Colin. I'd like to see him. I'll help Raffy plan and prepare Sunday dinner. I will assume it will be the main house with the family."

"I promise you'll be first to know when I leave the hospital," she whispered. "Love you, Ming Zheng."

"Love you Apollonia Moretti."

When she entered her sister's house it was as quiet as a mortuary. The children were sound asleep upstairs. Knowing her sister, the Joshua's son was asleep in Antonio's room with Lian and Shen while the girls were all together in Carmen's room. The silence surprised her considering she expected Joshua to be in a complete state of psychotic insanity. Her intuition proved wrong when she turned into the kitchen. Coffee was brewed, but no one sat around the breakfast table. The great room was dark which meant that everyone had to be in the family room. She strode across the kitchen / breakfast room and stopped at the entrance to the family room. Her jaw dropped.

Sitting on the couch were Viviano and Raffaella. Standing in the corner on the wall with the sliding doors to the patio was a very frightened Joshua Goldsmith. Nathan was nowhere to be found. Apollonia frowned and asked, "Where is Nathan?"

"Took a bit of doing." replied Raffaella, "But he's asleep in the guest bedroom." She chuckled more to herself than anything else and said, "That is one big man, Appy. The bed is so short he had to curl up into a tight fetal position to get his body on the bed."

"Thanks guys," You didn't really have to put him up. He could have returned to my place."

"No need," replied Viviano. "He's welcome here."

Astounded at her brother-in-law's statement, but accepting Apollonia turned to Joshua. From across the room she calmly asked, "What is up with you?"

Joshua did not answer. He stood, his back against the wall, and his hands covered his genitals.

Again, Apollonia asked, "What the fuck is wrong with you? What the fuck did Felicia Dwyer do to you? Other than reject your sick advances." She paused, counted to ten, and said, "You are one sick bastard. From what Viviano told me your mother is the foundation and creator of you and your sociopathic personality. We can have an adult conversation about your illness if you want to call it that or I can bring you and your children to the townhouse where you will answer my questions."

"Not my children," he spat. Joshua shook and maintained the useless protection of his genitals. He continued. "Touch a hair on either of their heads and I will personally choke the shit out of you as I cum in your fucking Italian whore pussy. The last thing you'll see is me. The last thing you'll feel are my hands around your neck and my cock spewing its load into your dying cunt."

Apollonia turned to her sister and brother-in-law, "Can you give me a minute alone with him? Don't worry I won't make too much of a mess."

"We'll be in the kitchen," replied Viviano. Both of them wondered if Joshua would live long enough to say good-bye to his children. Viviano's second thought was how she was going to stifle the cry of pain as she castrated him without any surgical tools.

The sliding of the breakfast table chairs signaled Apollonia that her sister and brother-in-law were seated. She took two rather small steps toward Joshua to see how her other brother-in-law would react. Joshua could not help nor stop the muscles in his arms from shaking due to his increased stress. Apollonia knew he was scared shitless and his previous statement to her was nothing more than false bravado. Her lips turned up in a closed mouth smile. She knew he was going to fold, but she did not know how long it would take him.

Joshua held his breath when he saw his nemesis step within inches of his body. His fear was plainly obvious on his face and his musculature was tight in response to his stress induced fear. His legs began to shake. His eyes grew wide and the orbs bulged out from their sockets. His fear of his sister-in-law consumed him. Joshua tried everything he knew to keep from pissing or shitting in his pants.

With her nose just inches from his, Apollonia said in the sweetest voice, "You're not going to ever be in a position to murder me much less put your average sized prick in my body. Joshua Goldsmith needs to reflect upon the years he's been alive. Joshua Goldsmith needs to understand that in one swift movement I could end his life. His hands would still be protecting his genitals as his sphincters relax and he pisses and shits due to his untimely death."

Apollonia placed her hands on the sides of his head. She forced his head against the wall. She kissed him closed mouthed.

Joshua immediately understood the meaning of the kiss. He'd seen Michael Corleone kiss his oldest brother in *The Godfather*. He closed his eyes trying to keep the rising flood of tears from rolling down his cheeks. Of all the women in the world, Apollonia Moretti represented the same dominant figure as his mother. The fearful little boy began to surface as his body gave in and he pissed in his pants.

The fact that he had just released his bladder due to fear did not deter or force Apollonia to take a step back. The urine smelled from the hormones his body produced from the fear induced by uncontrollable stress. To show him her control, she leaned in and placed her lips on his. It wasn't at all like the previous kiss. It was gentle and loving. She caressed his face with her left hand and with her right she moved hers to his genitals. The front of his jeans was soaked, but she didn't care. She pressed her lips onto his. She opened her mouth to see if he would respond and he did.

Apollonia found his zipper and lowered it. She opened his belt and the button that held the waistband of his jeans closed. She broke the kiss, stepped back, and using both hands lowered his jeans and urine soaked briefs to the middle of his thighs. His erect cock sprang out. His balls hung nary an inch from his crotch due to his fear. Surprised that he was erect, Apollonia took her left hand and began to masturbate Joshua. The effect was immediate.

Joshua moaned and although he remained fearful and stressed out, his body began to react to Apollonia's hand. The in-and-out motion of a male fucking started a few seconds after she began to stimulate him. He opened his eyes, looked straight into Apollonia's eyes, and said, "Blow me bitch. . ."

The pain was immediate and unrelenting. His cock shrank. His mouth opened but nothing came out. In his left arm was a syringe. He could breath, but he could not move. Apollonia released his cock, stepped back, and watched Joshua Goldsmith fall face first onto the hardwood floor. The thud was loud and very scary. Viviano and Raffy heard it, but per Apollonia they did not move from the breakfast table. The contact broke his nose and the orbits of both his eyes. Joshua Goldsmith's mind raced and the pain of breaking his nose and eye orbits added to his bewilderment. It took a moment, but he realized that he was given a high dose of pancuronium bromide. The muscle paralytic should have taken longer to render his muscles useless, but in his present state, he knew the dose was modified. His mind attempted to move his voluntary muscles but they would not react.

Apollonia knelt next to his head, leaned down, and said, "No, fuck you Joshua. Your days are numbered. Your children will not be harmed. You and your parents will disappear never to be found. I was going to give you the benefit of the doubt, but you're too fucked up in the head. You will have your chance, but I doubt you have the wherewithal to save yourself. I'm thinking about bringing twenty or so niggers to the townhouse to fuck your ass while you're paralyzed. Fuck, the look in your eyes would be priceless."

Apollonia stood and called, "Hey Viv!!! Need you!!!"

Viviano and Raffy walked into the family room to find Joshua Goldsmith face down on the floor immobile in front of a small pool of urine. Together they said, "What the fuck???"

Apollonia held up the syringe, "A simple dose of multiple muscle paralytics. He won't be able to move for several hours."

"Several hours?" asked Raffy. "But, how can he breathe?"

The smile on her face showed her insanity as well as her intelligence, "Had several of these syringes made up and they've been hidden in my atelier. Don't have to be refrigerated and they last for a couple of years if stored properly. The primary drug is pancuronium bromide which is a muscle paralytic used by anesthesiologists. He is wide awake, but he can't move a voluntary muscle in his body. His involuntary muscles like his heart continue to function."

"Can he hear us?" asked Raffy.

"Oh, yes," replied Apollonia. "He'll be face down when I bring his children into the room to show them that their daddy is dead. He won't be able to respond verbally or move a muscle. Once they're transferred to the Cathcart's house, we will take him to his parent's house where we will set up a murder suicide. I was thinking about paralyzing all of them, taking them out about four hundred miles into the Atlantic, and tossing them overboard with two-hundred fifty pounds tied to their bodies."

"Is that all?" asked Viv.

"Actually no. I was considering another scenario for about the time it took me to whisper the following in his ear," replied Apollonia, "that I would take him to the townhouse and invite about twenty or so niggers to fuck his ass while he was in the state he is in now. I tossed that out as soon as I said it."

Viviano was a bit flummoxed. He knew Apollonia was headed to the city to pick up Colin, so, what was she going to do with Joshua? There was no way he could remain because of the children. He asked, "What are you going to do with him?"

Apollonia looked at Raffy paused, thought about Joshua's children, and said, "Raffy, please wake up Nathan. We're headed to the townhouse. I'll put the world renowned cardiothoracic surgeon in the basement until I have time to put everything into motion. The old man can keep him secure by chaining him to the bed and duct taping his mouth closed." She looked at Viviano and said, "Help me put him on the couch for now. Nathan should be able to carry him to the car and put him in the trunk."

"What about the children?" asked Raffy. "They're going to ask about their father."

"Lie to them for now," replied Apollonia. "When I return and Colin is settled, I'll take care of talking to the children. What is most important to me now is going to the hospital and bringing home Colin."

Both Raffy and Viv nodded their heads in agreement. Raffy stepped over to her sister, embraced her, and placed her lips on her sister's. They French kissed for a good two minutes. When Raffy broke the kiss she whispered, "I miss you, want to go down on you, and I want you to have whatever you want from me. I love you." Without waiting for an answer, she departed the family room to wake up Apollonia's driver.

Viviano and Apollonia rolled Joshua onto his back and used his arms to pull him into a sitting position. Each knelt, put an arm around their shoulders, and lifted him to his feet. Joshua was heavy because he was dead weight. It took a bit of maneuvering to get him to the couch, but when they put him down he tried to move his eyes side-to-side to get and keep their attention. Viviano watched astounded as Joshua tried to overcome the effect of the drugs. He was concerned yet at the same time it found it extremely funny.

To rub as much salt into his psychological wounds as she could, Apollonia sat next to Joshua and said, "Guess your dick ain't gettin' hard to fuck the shit out of me. Oh, wait, you can't get off just making love to a woman. You have to murder them to get off you sick bastard." She looked directly into his eyes, reached for his crotch, and jammed her hand around his useless genitals, "From what I've been told, I could rip your cock and balls off and you'd never feel a thing. Now that is interesting, but I don't know how true it is that you wouldn't feel any pain. I want you to

feel the pain of your total emasculation at the hands of the woman who will make you watch your mother get fucked by as many HIV positive niggers I can find. Your father will suck their dicks clean so they can fuck her again."

Joshua's mind wanted to strike out at the cunt that turned his life upside down. As intelligent as he was, she was always one step ahead of him. She may not be a doctor, but she had the street-smarts to successfully end his murderous career. He thought, 'Oh, but to have one more chance at her!!!'

His frustration brought tears of joy to Apollonia's eyes. She decided to give him one last jab, "While you're locked in a dirty room in the basement of the townhouse, I'm going to be here teaching your daughter to eat pussy and your son to suck cock. I am going to enjoy immensely taking their virginities. Your son will be first. He'll suck on my dildo in preparation for me to bend him over and fuck his ass into a well-prepared pussy boy. Oh, your daughter will watch the whole deflowering knowing that she has one more hole than her brother for me to use." She paused, removed her hand from his crotch, and obscenely placed it between her legs. She rubbed herself and said, "Oh, I am so wet thinking about using and abusing them."

The last bit of interaction between them put Joshua over the top. Due to his temporary infirmary he could not respond as much as he tried. The end result was him trying to close his eyes without them shutting. Instead he forced his eyes to bulge from their sockets. The ultimate indignation was feeling the tears of his frustration rolling down his face. Dr. Joshua Goldsmith had not come to the realization that his life was about to end. Between his angry thoughts, he tried to figure how he was going to get back at Apollonia Moretti when the drugs wore off. Joshua seethed inside and his revenge would be something that Apollonia Moretti would never expect.

Apollonia stood when she saw Raffy and Nathan enter the room. She nodded thanks to her sister and said to Nathan, "Bring the car to the back door. You'll carry this asshole out and put him in the trunk. He won't fight it because he is totally paralyzed."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the stunned driver.

"Raffy, Viv come close," said Apollonia. She moved them far enough away from Joshua so he would not be able to hear what she said, "Neither of you should worry about his children. I was and will be fuckin' with his mind."

They were relieved and both nodded their understanding.

Raffy asked, "When should we expect you and Colin?"

Apollonia shrugged her shoulders, "Don't know, but my plan is to lockup the asshole, go to the hospital, and come directly home. We'll have dinner at the main house."

The three watched Nathan lift the paralyzed Joshua with the ease of a person lifting a feather. He mouthed a good-bye as he made his way out of the family room and to the waiting Town Car.

Apollonia turned to Viviano and Raffaella, "Listen, just keep things under control. The next major issue we face is Mario's impending murder trial. And, we need to move to make return phone calls to couples looking for our services." She smile, turned without another word, and left her sister's house.

Apollonia found Nathan standing next to the open rear passenger door. She nodded, slipped into the Town Car, buckled her seat belt, and leaned back in the soft leather for the trip to New York City.

As the car slowly moved down Columbus Place, Nathan asked, "Any particular route, Miss Moretti?"

"Not really," she replied. "We're a bit early to get Colin, but we do have to stop at the townhouse first. I'll also need some time there to explain to Giuseppe what he needs to do to keep Joshua sedated."

"May I ask a question, Miss Moretti?" Nathan asked.

"Thank you for asking. Ask as many as you want," she replied.

"Would it be impolite for me to ask a favor of you?" he asked.

Apollonia smiled, "Depends upon the favor Nathan."

"I was looking at the hoops you have to jump through to get a New York State and New York City carry permit. I was wondering if you'd consider cutting through the red tape for me considering I'm a bit more than your driver," he stated as his eyes continued to scan the road in front of the car. With a practiced eye motion he would check the driver's side mirror, then the passenger side mirror, the rearview mirror, and then the road in front of the car.

"I don't see a problem with that," she replied, "but I cannot make the call until Monday. It would be better to catch the individual at work rather than at home. Do you need help acquiring a weapon of choice?"

"No Miss Moretti," Nathan replied. "I have legally acquired firearms. What I don't have is a carry permit."

"Based upon your background," she said "I'm going to go one better. This will take a bit longer, but I will obtain legal documentation for you that will allow to you legally carry in all fifty states and all territories. Would you rather be retired out of the FBI, US Marshall's Office, or the Secret Service?"

Nathan's jaw dropped, but he did not break his routine of checking the road as he drove. "Ummm, I'm speechless. If you have the connection to accomplish that, I'll leave it up to you."

"Done. Any other questions?" she asked.

He thought before he asked, "Are you really going to terminate with prejudice Dr. Goldsmith and his parents?" After he asked, he broke his routine long enough to keep his eyes on his employer in the rearview mirror.

Apollonia thought for a moment as she stared into his eyes via the rearview mirror. '*Where was he going?*' she thought, '*Could he be a plant? Someone trying to break into the Moretti family to do it harm?*' She waited until he returned his eyes to the road before she answered. "Ever tell anyone who asked what you did while you were in the Marines? Ever expose what you weren't supposed to expose?"

"No ma'am," he replied, "Never."

"What makes you think I would?" she asked.

The big man nodded his head, but it did not deter him. "I believe you hired me because of my size, my abilities, and more importantly my capacity to keep confidential what needs to be kept confidential. I've done some things in the name of the United States that I am proud of and some that I'm not. You'll excuse me for asking, but since I was hired, you appear to have more power and influence than the President of the United States. That being said, I just have this gut that you're more than you appear to be. I believe you'd off that prick in a New York Minute."

She noticed he was taking the longer route into the city by taking the Belt Parkway to the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel. "Why are you headed downtown when we have to be uptown?" she asked basing her question of the conversation they were having.

"If not instructed to take a specific route to the desired destination," he began, "my training is change up normal routes to be sure we are not being followed. Today's operatives are smarter and more apt to leave the tailing to electronics – Global Positioning Systems. That is why I scan this vehicle every morning before I take it from the

garage. I also do a visual every time we approach the vehicle after it has been left in a garage or on the street. Don't really want to get blown to pieces by some C4 planted underneath my seat. Did I answer your question, Miss Moretti?"

"Yes you did, Nathan. Yes you did," she repeated. "To answer your question directly, you will be informed of things you need to know about and what you don't know cannot be tortured out of you. I can handle myself in any situation. If you don't believe me, ask Viviano or we can meet anyplace you'd like and we can do it the old way – physically. Your size and training are of no concern to me. Reason being, before you'd know it you'd be on your back in extreme pain begging me to cease and desist."

Silence filled the Town Car. Nathan drove thinking, no wondering, how a small woman of her stature could take down a man his size. He thought for a good five minutes, chuckled, and said, "The only way you're going to deck me is with a swift kick to my crotch. Other than that you have not chance."

Apollonia's response was immediate, "Pull over. We can do it on the side of the road. When I'm done I'll just drive myself into the city and while I'm on my way, I'll call for an ambulance. Simple statement of face Nathan; don't fuck with me – ever."

"Um, if you say so," he responded. "Guess we'll have to get to the gym together. I have to see for myself."

Thinking about how she'd subdue the big Nigger, Apollonia smiled, and said, "Done deal. And, I won't forget about the permit. Now, let's make time to the city."

"Yes, Miss Moretti," he responded.

The stop at the townhouse took just twenty minutes to get Joshua Goldsmith strapped to a cot and to explain to Giuseppe the schedule of injections. He wrote down the times and understood where he was to store the syringes. Apollonia explained that she would return, but not before Monday at the earliest.

Colin Cathcart dressed in a pair of men's slacks, an oxford shirt, and a pair of penny loafers sat in one of the two lounge chairs that were in his private room. The nurse changed his bandages and explained what was required of him to maintain his surgical sites. He did not want to look at his face, but once she left he made his way to the bathroom. He closed the door behind him, looked down as he approached the mirror, held onto the sink, and looked up. He held his breath and when he saw his bandaged face his knees grew weak. It took all his strength to hold himself upright. Colin Cathcart counted to fifty before he inhaled, tightened his muscles, released his hold on the sink, and forced his body to return to the lounge chair. He sat and cried quietly waiting for his wife and the doctor.

Apollonia arrived to find the curtains to his room closed. She approached the door and when it opened she was surprised to find Colin dressed in men's clothing and seated in one of the lounge chairs. She approached the chair, bent, and kissed her husband on his forehead. She caressed his face and the bicep of each arm. She looked into his eyes and saw they were bloodshot from crying. Apollonia moved to kneel in front of her husband, took his hands in hers, and said, "Talk to me Colin. I can see you've been crying. You're breaking my heart, sweetness. Please, talk to me."

"My face will never be the same," he moaned in a smallish voice. "I'm never going to be the person I want to be because of that prick Sonny. And . . ." He paused and stared into his wife's eyes. He did not continue.

"You blame me?" she asked. Her voice relaxed and very soothing.

"No, yes, oh, I don't know anything anymore," he moaned. "All I know is my face is fucked up and my dream of being as beautiful as you is never to be attained. I think I'm going to return to being a man and if that means our marriage is over, then so be it. I can't continue living the life I want if I'm going to be perceived as some fucked-up ugly transgendered bitch."

He watched as she shook her head in the negative. "No my love," she cooed to sooth his frazzled nerves, "according to the doctor you're going to be as beautiful as you were before the accident. He promised me and if by chance we need to perform additional plastic surgery, then I will spare no cost. The best of the best will turn you into the woman you want. Nothing will come between us, Colin. Nothing."

Colin Cathcart sighed and said, "And my sister? She's dead and that prick Joshua Goldsmith is responsible. I don't care what you made him do to humiliate himself in front of me. I want him dead."

Apollonia moved his knees apart, slipped in as close as she could, and whispered, "Colin my love; don't fret. The start of the end of his life has begun." She saw him look at her with a bit of disdain. "No Colin, don't doubt me. Have I ever said anything to you to make you feel better for the moment? No matter what you're thinking at this juncture, I am going to tell you one more time. Joshua Goldsmith is under my control and nothing will stop me from taking from him what he took from you and your family. The most important thing I need to do right now is to make you whole again. We need to go home, get you settled, and start the healing process."

Colin and Apollonia both heard the pneumatic door slide open. They turned to see Dr. Morgenstern enter the room. Apollonia stood and offered her hand. The doctor took it, smiled, and said, "According to the chart, he is ok to leave this facility. I concurred and signed the release forms. There is no need for me to remove the bandages. I know what is under them." He turned to Colin, "You have nothing to worry about when it comes to your looks. The only caveat is your conscious need to protect your face. It will take at least ten to twelve months for the bones to completely heal. After that, you just have to be extremely careful, but a small hit to your face should not do any damage."

"Did you make any changes," Colin asked.

Dr. Morgenstern turned his head to Apollonia and saw no reaction from her husband's question. "Per your wife's instructions, I made no changes. I put you back together as you were and as you originally entered this world on the day you were born. What I did was hide the scars that could not be completely removed through the process of suturing. Otherwise, once the swelling goes down and redness disappears you will look in the mirror and see the face you've always seen. To toot my own horn, we're good here; actually better than good. You have my word that if there is anything that needs to be fixed or modified, I will do it. You are a very lucky, um . . ."

Colin smiled for the first time that morning, "Transgendered individual, doc. This oxford shirt does nothing to hide my small budding breasts. It's ok."

Dr. Morgenstern was taken with his patient's candor. He nodded his head and said, "You're a very lucky transgendered individual, then. Your wife's support is unbelievable and I commend both of you. By the way, Miss Moretti, have you seen Dr. Goldsmith. It was my understanding he would be in attendance this morning."

"He called me early this morning," she said with a straight face, "to beg off due to some personal issues. I'm sure he'll be over to our place to see Colin."

"Sounds good," he replied, "remember to be in my office next week and we'll see how you're progressing Colin. I'm sure we can reduce the size of the bandages and if you're up to it, we could keep them off altogether."

Both Apollonia and Colin responded, "Thank you doctor."

"It has been a pleasure," Dr. Morgenstern said. "You may leave when you wish and I will continue my rounds."

Apollonia and Colin watched the doctor depart the room. They waited a moment before exiting the room and when they did the nurse and an orderly with a wheelchair confronted them. Colin did not argue. He sat down and allowed the orderly to take him to the first floor. Once there he was allowed to stand and walk out of the hospital.

Nathan stood next to the Town Car which was illegally parked in front of the hospital. He opened the passenger side door and watched as Colin and then Apollonia slipped into the vehicle. He took his seat and said, "Welcome home Mr. Cathcart." He noticed Apollonia take his hand, raise his arm, and slide under it and next to her husband. Nathan was more than surprised and amazed at the complicated personality of the woman for whom he worked.

Apollonia rested her head and shoulder against Colin's side. She could feel his breathing and hear his heartbeat. She knew everything would be all right when he pressed his arm to pull her tighter into his body. The ride home would be quiet as they both spoke to each other by simply holding onto one another.