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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 79

Monday Afternoon – Dr. Goldsmith's Office, Park Avenue – 24 February 2003

Dr. Goldsmith's private offices were located on the ground floor of a pre-war residential building on Park Avenue at 54th Street. His medical group maintained offices in a building across the street from each of the teaching hospitals where they maintained privileges. The Park Avenue office was used by Joshua for his personal and nonmedical business and investing activities. His day dictated the time of day he would arrive at his Park Avenue office and today it turned out to be close to mid-afternoon. The four rooms and alcove that comprised the office were originally used as an apartment, but sometime just after the end of the Second World War it was converted into office space because the owner of the building thought the space was better suited as a physician's office. He liked the space because it had a small kitchen which allowed him to keep food and prepare something if he decided he wanted to eat. He used the living room as his reception area and office. The small bedroom and alcove were used for their purpose – a place to catch a few hours' sleep.

Upon entering the transformed apartment and before he removed his topcoat, Joshua opened the blinds that he kept closed to keep the passersby's curiosity to a minimum. Although it was not a bright sunny day, he could see a layer of dust covering the furniture and floors of the office. He wrote a note to call the cleaning service to increase the number of days they came to perform their janitorial duties even when the office empty of long periods of time. Joshua hung up his coat, turned up the heat, and exited to retrieve the mail that had accumulated since his last visit to his office. He flipped through the mail segregating the pieces into three distinct piles – shred without opening, open, review, and shred, and open, review, and react. Ten minutes after shredding the mail he needed to he was back at his desk reviewing the statements from his bank and brokerage accounts. The last items he would review were the statements from the real estate management company that handled all his residential and commercial real estate investments he made to keep as much of his money protected from the government and state tax men.

He had just leaned back into his executive leather chair when one of the five special cell phones lit up and played Neil Young's '*Needle and the Damage Done*' as the ringtone. Joshua looked at his left wrist where his Omega told him it was just a few minutes past 3:00PM. He had a decision to make. Answer the phone or make the one of the niggers that fucked his wife suffer with thoughts that his time was getting short. Joshua picked up the phone, flipped it open, and said, "Hello."

The voice on the other end was that of a distraught Dwayne Washington. Joshua could hear his pain and smiled to himself that he was the sole cause of Dwayne's suffering. He imagined the man sitting somewhere sweating

profusely wishing he'd never met and fucked a woman named Elizabeth Goldsmith. Joshua heard Dwayne cry for help, "Help me you son-of-a-bitch. I, no we, need a fix. Fuck..."

"Listen Dwayne," said Joshua in a very calm and controlled voice, "I thought you learned your lesson. Don't ever curse at me and don't ever command me do something or anything for you. I hang up the phone and you're one fucked nigger."

The groan and begging were sounds that Joshua could hear without holding the cell phone to his ear. "Please!!! The pain!!! cried Dwayne.

Where are you?" asked Joshua.

"I'm in my apartment off the Grand Concourse. The pain!!! cried Dwayne.

Joshua looked at his watch, did some quick calculations in his head, and said, "The abandoned hospital at 6:00PM rear of the building at the loading dock. That gives you three hours to contact your friends and your nephew so they'll be there also. I will not wait, so 6:00PM or all of you die sometime later tonight."

Joshua flipped the phone closed. He searched for and found his private cell phone at the bottom of his attaché case. He dialed the cell phone he gave Jessica Silverstein and waited for her to answer. The sound of her voice brought a surge of sexual pleasure which caused an involuntary twitch in his manhood. Joshua Goldsmith asked her to meet him at his hospital office and then accompany him to the abandoned hospital in the Bronx. There was a pause and he knew she was thinking about whether or not she should accompany him, but when he heard her say 'yes' he felt a small drop of lubrication seep from the tip of his cock.

The rest of his time was spent figuring how he was going to remove Elizabeth from all the bank and brokerage accounts they held jointly. He knew he would not be able to sever their financial relationship when it came to the mortgage on and deed to their house, but if he played his cards right he could pay off the mortgage and then force his wife to sign away her rights to the house. As he sat rubbing his chin, he tried to figure a way to enable his desire to remove all connections to Elizabeth Cathcart without filing for divorce or committing murder. After a good ten minutes of incessant pondering, he slapped his hands down on the top of his desk, stood, and said to himself, 'Fuck her... If Jessica says yes, I'll just sue for divorce...'

Rather than sit in his Park Avenue office, Joshua Goldsmith decided to return to the hospital to check on a few patients and have enough time to prepare his love potion for his five friends. His mind returned to Jessica Silverstein. He beat back his desire to go back to his executive leather chair and masturbate. Jessica Silverstein was, he hoped, going to be beneath him making love sooner rather than later. The shiver of expectation was enough for him to get himself on the road back to the hospital.

He arrived at The Mount Sinai Hospital School of Medicine forty minutes later and instead of going to his group office he went to the office he was assigned at the medical school. Joshua knew he'd have to arrange a car service to take him and Jessica up to the Bronx and they'd have to leave no later than 5:15PM. After he accomplished that he made his way to his cardiac lab where he gathered together the necessary drugs to concoct his brew of human misery. He watched his time carefully as he prepared four full and one half dose and smiled with satisfaction that it only took him thirty-five minutes to complete the mixtures. He prepared his black medicine bag for the trip by placing five bags of saline solution, IV needles, tubing, alcohol wipes, gauze, and tape. The last thing he placed into the bag was a small black leather case that contained the syringes of his demonic cocktail.

When he returned to his office he was pleasantly surprised to see Jessica waiting outside his office door. He smiled at her and said, "Sorry Jessica, I didn't think you'd arrive this early." He unlocked the door, opened it, and allowed her to enter before he did. He followed her in and stood with his back to the door hoping she would turn around and offer him her lips. He was heartbroken when she removed her coat, placed it on one of the two chairs, and sat in the other.

He walked behind his desk, placed the black medical bag behind it, sat down, and asked, "Are you comfortable, Jessica?"

"Comfortable? If you're asking me if I'm comfortable being here with you after this past weekend, I'm here aren't I," said Jessica.

Joshua sat down, placed his hands on the desk, shuffled some papers to keep busy, and said, "I've made a decision. I may be putting the cart before the horse, Jessica." He looked at some patient records that were below his hands and then back up to Jessica's face. "I want to marry you. I..."

Jessica Silverstein's body showed her incredulity. Her eyes flew open, her mouth dropped, and her hands came forward and grabbed the side of the ornate wood desk that Joshua had found in an antique store in Lower Manhattan. "You want to marry me? Joshua, you don't even know me. Yes, you asked and received my help because I had and still have an ulterior motive. What was done to my older sister drove me to help you, but marry you..."

"Yes, what is so bad? I am going to divorce Elizabeth. Then I would like to marry you."

She stared into his eyes and saw he was seriously in love with her. Jessica Silverstein had a decision to make and she realized the sooner she told Joshua Goldsmith the truth the better it would be for both of them. Jessica sat back in the leather chair, placed her hands on her green scrub covered thighs, and said, "I lied to you Saturday night. I don't really think you want to get involved with me because I'm not who or what you think I am, Joshua. In an effort to make my point, I lied to you Saturday night."

His forehead furrowed and his eyebrows narrowed as his eyes themselves narrowed. His lips turned down and became taut. His face showed his mind questioning what she just told him. The only thing he could fathom she told him Saturday night that was a lie was her virginity. He would have loved to have been the first, but that was not of paramount importance to him. He put his hands together, placed his fingertips to his lips, and when he got his thoughts together he said, "I don't care if you're not a virgin, Jessica. I am basing my decision on the time we've worked together. The conversations about medical procedures, the possibility of you attending medical school, and everything else we've talked about from movies, books, politics, and life in general. So, please expound and tell me what you lied to me about."

Jessica counted to ten in her head, looked at her watch, and countered, "Listen, we have to get up to the Bronx. When we're finished there we can return to Manhattan find a place to have dinner and I will tell you what you need to know. We could forget about them and let them die, but I'm not about to do that, so, the decision is easy, Joshua. We go to the Bronx, return here, and then find a place to have dinner so we can discuss the lie I told you on Saturday night."

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith could not believe his ears. Jessica Silverstein, the quiet, unassuming, highly intelligent young woman just crushed his gonads by taking control of the conversation. He was more amazed when he saw her stand, walk to the door, open it, and wave to say it was time for them to depart. What made it more astonishing was his incapability to tell her he'd go it alone. Dr. Joshua Goldsmith nodded his head, leaned over to pick up the black medical bag that contained the drugs, and followed Jessica Silverstein out the office door.