

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 61

Thursday Night/Friday Morning – Abandoned Hospital, Bronx, NY – 20-21 February 2003

After delivering the five clearly marked syringes with instructions on how to give the five individuals their doses, Joshua Goldsmith spent the next several hours accumulating what he needed to make sure he had electricity, light, bedding, and medical supplies for his plan. Working alone he carted all the hardware and medical supplies into the abandoned hospital and up to the second floor operating suites. He carted five old broken hospital beds with operating wheels into the hallway outside the largest of the operating rooms. The last operation of the night was the placement and testing of the gasoline generator and lights. Satisfied that all was in working order, Dr. Joshua Goldsmith sat in the hallway just inside the emergency room door where Jon Parks would be delivering the four men and the one boy.

Parks delivered the first of the five individuals at 10:10 PM and the last at 11:56 PM. Just as he said he would, Joshua Goldsmith gave Jon five hundred large, but not in United States currency. Instead he handed over a small velvet bag that contained several five carat diamonds that were round brilliant, colorless, and flawless. Jon helped Joshua get the unconscious men and boy up to the second floor of the abandoned hospital. Parks was duly impressed when he saw how his client set up the area for housing the men and boy. To have total deniability, Jon Parks did not ask or question what the doctor was going to do. He did agree to return when the good doctor called him.

Dwayne Washington, his four buddies, and his cousin Jerome were each gagged and bound to one of the broken hospital beds. Their legs were pushed up and open exposing their genitals as if they were women in a gynecologist's office waiting to be examined. Joshua moved the bed containing Dwayne into the operating suite and positioned it so he would be able to view everything that was going to happen. After he used a small syringe on the big black man, he saw him begin to awaken. Thankfully for the gag his screams could not be heard. As the other men and boy awoke, they all tried to get themselves released from their bonds and gave up when each of them realized it was a futile endeavor.

When Dwayne was totally conscious Joshua knelt down beside the man's head, turned it to face him, and said, "Hello, Dwayne. You don't know me, but I know you."

Dwayne stared into Joshua's eyes and looked at his features but could not remember if he ever met the man. He tried again to get his arms and legs free. His effort only tired him out and after another few minutes of futile attempts he stopped and just looked into Joshua's eyes.

Dr. Goldsmith smiled at the bound man. "Don't even try to get up from the position you're in because you never will until I or someone else releases you. For now, you just lay there and watch. You can try and scream all you want, but no one will hear you. I plan on making this night a very special night for you Dwayne and your cousin Jerome. Yes, I have him too."

Again Dwayne Washington tried to escape from his bonds only to end up banging his head against the metal of the bed without freeing himself. He watched as the unnamed man left the room and returned with another bed filled with his best friend Marcus. Dwayne watched as Marcus tried to free himself only to be frustrated as he was. Dwayne Washington watched with eyes wide open as the unknown man began his operation.

As he stood between the man's legs which temporarily blocked Dwayne's view, Joshua injected the scrotum and area at the base of the first man's cock with an inadequate amount of lidocaine to not completely dull the pain of the scalpel he would be using on the man. He picked up the man's flaccid penis and inserted a thin glass twelve inch rod into the urethra of the prone man. He then placed the man's cock on his belly and secured it with a piece of adhesive tape. He made sure the man's testicles were hanging and easily viewable by Dwayne.

Again kneeling by Dwayne's head, Joshua spoke, "I don't know his name, but I saw him fuck my wife. I saw him force his cock into her mouth, her ass, and her twat. He fucked her and now he is going to pay."

Sweat broke out on Dwayne's head and his muffled cries had no meaning or would have any impact on what the unknown man was going to do to his friend who was spread like a woman in a gynecologist's office. He stood, walked back to the bed, picked up a scalpel, positioned himself in a way that Dwayne could see everything, and with the deft movement of a surgeon he slit the scrotum of the first man. Dwayne screamed when he saw his friend's balls fall out of the open testicular sack. He watched as his friend tried to thrust his hips to avoid the pain of the scalpel and the eventual loss of his balls. Joshua placed a stainless steel bowl underneath the hanging orbs and while staring directly into Dwayne's eyes severed the vas and the blood vessel separating each testicle from the man's body.

Joshua cauterized the blood vessels to stem the flow and removed a piece of skin from each side of the open scrotum leaving just enough to close the incision. He then took the man's cock and severed it at the base. The scalpel severed everything but the man's urethra. Dwayne watched as his friend's cock was slid up and off of the man's body. The only thing remaining between his best friend's legs was the small amount of scrotal skin and the glass filled urethra. For the next forty-five minutes, Joshua Goldsmith created a new piss hole right next to the man's anus. He carefully sewed the scrotal flaps closed which created a nice smooth finish to his emasculation of the man. He bandaged the surgery, tied up the area, and rolled the bed back into the hall.

When he returned Joshua picked up the stainless steel bowl and carried it over to the very frightened Dwayne Washington. He laid it next to the bed, stepped away, and returned with a glass jar filled with a liquid. He knelt down next to Dwayne's head, picked up the stainless steel bowl, showed the contents to the crying man, and said, "These genitals are now going to be placed into a jar of formaldehyde and I'm going to keep them on the mantle of my family room's fireplace. I am going to emasculate each and every one of you, but I'm keeping the best for next to last. You're going to be the last one Dwayne. I am going to make sure you suffer the pain I suffered when I watched you treat my wife like a whore. Even if she wanted it, I didn't and you, the dumb fuckin' nigger who took her and gave her to your friends, is going to pay. Watch, asshole, as I do your two other friends."

For the next two-and-a-half hours, Dwayne Washington watched as the unnamed man emasculated his two other friends. Each time the deed was completed he suffered having to watch as the unknown man dropped the severed genitals of his friends into a large glass jar forever to be preserved and gloated over by what Dwayne learned from watching was a very sick individual. Joshua Goldsmith watched Dwayne's face contort in pain and his muscles tense and stiffen as he rolled the bed his cousin Jerome lay on into the makeshift surgery suite. The doctor knew this was going to be very difficult for both of them. His first thoughts were do no harm, but he knew he'd already crossed the line and began his preparation for his next surgical feat.

Once the bed was positioned and he had again provided just enough anesthetic to dull but not completely remove the pain, Joshua knelt beside Dwayne's head, "See Dwayne I know his name and his age. Jerome is his name and he is only twelve years old. Because you showed him what it is like to humiliate a white woman, he is going to suffer for the rest of his life. Watch and listen as I do some very special surgery to him Dwayne."

Because of the delicate surgery he needed to perform on the boy, he didn't stand to the side so his wife's nigger lover could watch the operation. Instead he pulled up a stool and sat between the boys upraised and bound legs. He narrated what he was doing loud enough so Dwayne could hear him over the muffled drone of the gasoline generator. He carefully inserted a glass rod into the boy's urethra which was accompanied by a muffled shriek of pain. Once the boy's cock was taped to his stomach, Joshua removed the boy's scrotum again leaving enough skin to close the wound. Instead of castrating the boy, he tucked both testicles up into the boy's abdomen and secured them just on either side of the prostate gland. He sutured the opening closed, removed the tape holding the boy's ample penis, and with the deft hand of a classically trained surgeon cut the shaft at its base and just below the sulcus. He then slit the shaft and removed it from around the glass tube. He gently slid the urethra down the glass tube and fed the length of the tube into the boy's crotch. Joshua then sutured the sulcus to the spot where the base of his cock once was attached.

When he was done he stood, turned to Dwayne and said, "For the rest of his life, he is going to be a very horny male that can only gain relief through anal intercourse. He'll have to sit in reverse on a toilet to piss. He'll never be able to jerk off or have conventional sex with a woman every again. Just think what you've done to him Dwayne. He'll turn his ass to a man, rub it against his crotch, and beg to be fucked so he can feel his cum dribble out of the glans of his remaining penis."

As he did with the previous patients, he rolled the boy back out into the hall from whence he came. It took him a few moments to position Dwayne's bed under the lights. When the bed was in position Joshua Goldsmith stood between the thick legs of his wife's nigger lover and spat, "Dwayne Washington, the nigger that fucked my wife, I hereby sentence you to a life without your cock and your balls. You fucked and whored out my wife. I can see by the look in your eyes that you want to know who the fuck she is and who I am."

Joshua did not inject any lidocaine to deaden the pain Dwayne would feel as he was prepped and emasculated. Dwayne watched wide eyed as Joshua waved the scalpel obnoxiously above the prone man. Dwayne Washington tried with all his strength to get himself free so he could kick the shit out of the man who was between his legs. He threw his hips as high as he could when he felt the tip of the #12 scalpel pierce the skin of his scrotum and cried out through his gag in pain as the sadist between his legs cut it open. Then he felt the long glass tube slide down the length of his flaccid manhood. He lost consciousness when he felt the tip of the scalpel enter the skin at the base of his cock and slide around severing it from his body.

Dr. Goldsmith didn't want this asshole to miss his castration so he broke a small vile of ammonia and placed it under Dwayne's nose. One whiff of the ammonia was enough to waken Dwayne. He tossed his head from side-to-side moaning and trying to speak but the gag that was inside and covering his mouth allowed nothing intelligible out. He raised his head to see the gowned man standing between his legs holding what had to be his penis. He then felt a rush of pain that could only be from having one of his balls squeezed. Dwayne Washington futilely tried to escape his bonds. The pain subsided enough for him to hear what was being said to him.

"Time to lose your balls, Dwayne." Joshua pulled the right testicle down making the vas and blood vessel taut. He could see the pain on Dwayne's face as he sliced it from the man's body. After he dropped it into the stainless steel bowl on the floor he did the same with the left testicle. Forty-five minutes later Dwayne Washington was just like his best buddies – without a cock and balls.

The five beds were lined up neatly in a row. Each man had an IV in his right arm. They received a five percent saline solution, antibiotics, and a mélange of habit forming drugs that would forever make them beholden to Dr. Goldsmith because only he knew what the concoction contained. Heroin, methadone, methamphetamine, or any street drug would not give them any relief they would receive from the addictive concoction created by Joshua.

Tired from the revenge he foisted upon the men who fucked his wife, Joshua Goldsmith set the alarm on his cell phone for 5:30AM, sat down, leaned against the wall opposite the row of beds, and promptly fell asleep.