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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 68

Saturday Late Morning – Abandoned Hospital, Bronx, NY – 22 February 2003

Jessica Silverstein tended to the four men and one child per Joshua's instructions. She was thankful that Jon Parks spent the night with her because several times during the night the men became agitated and she required his help to calm them down. She did not appreciate his use of force and pain, but once the men recovered from having their crotches slapped it was patently easy to inject them with the drugs that were left by Dr. Goldsmith. Otherwise, the night passed quietly especially when she realized that Jon Parks was not going to do anything ungentlemanly. In fact, the two talked well into the night about all sorts of things from the inane to the intellectual.

Jon Parks made sure they had enough to eat and snack on through the night after Dr. Goldsmith departed earlier the previous day. Early in the morning he went out and brought back bagels, cream cheese, orange juice, and coffee. As he was instructed by Dr. Goldsmith, Jon Parks brought small portions of hot oatmeal for the patients. He figured the oatmeal was the only food they would be able to tolerate considering they were being filled with some nasty concoction of addicting drugs. Jon and Jessica found a spot far enough away to be able to eat in peace while still keeping an eye on the patients.

He was curious about why Jessica accepted helping the doctor, "I have to ask. Why?"

Pausing as she lifted the hot cup of coffee to her lips, Jessica replied, "Why, what?"

Jon rolled his eyes and noticed the twinkle in hers and realized she was politely jerking his chain. Laughing, he said, "You have to be what, all of eighteen..."

"Nineteen," she interjected.

"Ok, nineteen. You accepted to be part of what is an illegal situation. You are caring for four men and one boy who were surgically modified by a doctor who on one hand is God's gift to medicine and on the other a very, very sick individual. You do know what he did to them?"

Jessica sipped her coffee, took another bite from the bagel she was eating, and said with her mouth full, "Yes, Jon I know he emasculated the four men and did something totally off-the-wall to the boy. I understand his reasoning. My older sister was raped, beaten, and murdered by a gang of niggers. She was working late at a junior high school in Brooklyn when they broke in and did what they did to her."

"Oh, my God... I was moved from Manhattan South to help on that case. Jessica, I'm so sorry for your loss. My condolences," said a shaken Parks. He completely understood her reasoning for helping Dr. Goldsmith. The two of them sat eating in silence each respecting the other and their reasons for helping Dr. Goldsmith - Jessica for unbridled revenge and Jon for monetary ones.

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith arrived at the abandoned hospital a few minutes before 11:00AM. When he arrived on the second floor he found Parks helping Nurse Silverstein tend to the emasculated men and boy. He didn't call out to them as he walked down the hallway to where the beds were situated. He took his coat off, placed it on a chair, and then walked to greet his two helpers.

"Good morning, Nurse Silverstein. Good morning, Jon. How did the night go?"

Jessica Silverstein replied, "You know Dr. Goldsmith, you can address me as Jessica. You don't have to be so formal." She took a breath waiting for the good doctor to say something derogatory, but when he smiled at her she continued, "The night went ok. The men got a bit agitated, but Jon helped me calm them with specifically placed notices of intimidation before I sedated them. Since early this morning they've been angels. You can see for yourself."

"Interesting choice of words, Jessica. I would like to thank both of you for your help. Jon, you have performed beyond my expectations and I plan to reward you accordingly. Jessica, if I may, after you go home and change I hope you'll accompany me to my home for dinner."

Jessica Silverstein was taken aback by his invitation. She didn't think for more than a millisecond when she replied in the affirmative. The three walked to the five beds and when they arrived Dr. Goldsmith inspected his surgical handiwork. The four emasculated men were healing nicely. The preteen boy was still in a bit of pain, but that would dissipate as his body got used to having his testicles inside rather than hanging in a bag between his legs. After the inspection, Dr. Goldsmith spoke to them about what happened and what their future would be like. The four men were awake and staring at the three people who stood opposite the foot of their broken mattress less hospital beds.

"Gentlemen, or should I say nulos," started Joshua. "My name is unimportant, but because you will forever be beholden to me, I shall tell you – Dr. Joshua Goldsmith. All of you except the boy have had their genitalia removed. The boy had his balls surgically placed inside his body. All of you suffered this indignity because in your addled nigger brains thought you could without any consequences fuck my wife. I have incontrovertible proof of her philandering and your stupidity. Your cocks and four sets of balls are now preserved in jars filled with formaldehyde and they reside on the mantle over the fireplace in my family room."

Dwayne's three friends moaned when they heard what had been done to them. The preteen boy began to quietly cry not understanding why he was modified as he was. The drug cocktail had finally taken hold of their brains and bodies which made it impossible for them to react physically to what they were hearing.

"All of you will be released early this afternoon probably around 1:00PM. I have checked the surgery and you are all healing very nicely. You can take showers just be sure to dab the surgical area instead of rubbing it when you dry yourselves. There is a catheter inserted into your new piss holes which is strategically situated next to your assholes. I will remove them before you depart this facility. The sutures will dissolve so there is no reason for you to return to have them removed. Urinating will be a bit painful at first, but you should get used to sitting to urinate and of course, the surgical pain will definitely dissipate over the next few days. I know it will be strange for all you because it is a known medical fact that people who lose appendages still feel that they are attached to their bodies. And, yes dear nullo niggers that includes your missing cocks and balls."

Joshua continued as Jon and Jessica stood by quietly each watching the faces of the men tied to the hospital beds, "Sexual pleasure if you can call it that, will only be attainable through anal intercourse." To a man, they all groaned when they heard Joshua explain how they could attain sexual release. "You will get frustrated when you think your missing cock is erect. Each of you will try to masturbate something that isn't there anymore. The only way you'll feel anything akin to an orgasm is to be fucked up your fat nigger asses. Each of you in time will gladly bend over to allow a man into your assholes so he can use his cock to massage your prostate glands. You won't feel the all-encompassing body orgasm you did when you fucked my wife. Instead, your new piss hole will dribble a bit of seminal

fluid which is produced by your prostate gland and your frustration at not being able to attain a true orgasm will frustrate you the rest of your life."

"In fact, I expect that you will gladly offer your new black ass-pussies to any man that enjoys fucking a totally emasculated individual. Homosexual men are going to line up to fuck each and every one of you. They are going to salivate at the thought of caressing the smooth skin between your legs. Jerome, you are special. Instead of removing your balls, I tucked them inside your body. You are as smooth between your legs as the other men except your balls will still be supplying testosterone to your body and the head of your penis will throb with horny desire. Jerome, you will become very horny and have no way to relieve yourself because you have no cock to play with or use on women. Homosexual men are going to enjoy seeing you rub your ass against their legs as you beg them to fuck you so you can feel your horniness diminish as their cocks rub against your prostate and you dribble your seed out the remains of your cock. You will never experience the feeling you did when you fucked my wife. Here's the truly sick part for you Jerome, when you piss you have to sit facing the back of the toilet because there is no way for you to point just the head of your cock down towards the opening."

Jerome renewed his crying. All of them understood what Dr. Joshua Goldsmith had done to them. What frustrated them even more was their inability to get mad and show their anger physically. Listening to Dr. Goldsmith gave them their answer.

"Last but not least, I can see by your faces that you cannot fathom or understand why you are not getting mad. You cannot fathom or understand why you don't have the strength to break your bonds and get physical with me and my cohorts. After I removed your genitals gentlemen, I have been infusing you with a blend of addictive drugs that render you physically inferior. Two to four weeks after you been on the drugs you will lose all your teeth giving you the opportunity to sell your mouths as the perfect orifice for virile men to use and expend their semen into. And only I have the formula. Street drugs will not satisfy your addiction. Heroin, methadone, methamphetamine, uppers, downers, or whatever you want to try will not work. As the drug wears off, you will become more needful. You'll even try getting fucked to relieve your addiction, but that will only make you crave relief through the drug more."

Smiling broadly, Joshua continued, "I or whomever I appoint will be the only people on the face of this Earth who will be able to relieve your addictive need. To be repetitive, no legal or illegal street drug or concoction of street drugs will help you. The formula is stored in one place, my brain. I know each and every one of you will prostrate yourself in front of me and beg me to relieve your pain and settle the addled feeling of sexual need and incompetence that will forever be part of your emotional and psychological makeup. You'll use your fat nigger lips to suckle my cock. You'll beg me to fuck your nigger pussies. All to get relief. Yes, I have fucked your lives over and not for just a few days, weeks, or months. Until the day you die, you will be slaves to my addictive drug concoction. Each of you, especially Jerome, will hope and pray I don't die before you."

Joshua looked at his Omega watch to check the time before he made his final statement to the men and preteen boy, "In fifteen minutes, the nurse will give you your last infusion of the drug cocktail. This will last you until Monday morning. By this time Monday, each of you will be begging to be infused to relieve your pain. I am not going to care that you are in need. I have lives to save. I am going to leave for each of you a different private untraceable phone number that you will call to acquire your drug infusion. Don't, I repeat, don't lose the phone number. Commit it to memory. If you think I'm going to run to your aid, you're nuts and just to reinforce your desire to get infused the withdrawal does not end up with you writhing on the floor in pain. Twelve hours after your last infusion, your hearts will explode inside your bodies. Death will be instantaneous. The medical examiner will never find any trace elements of the drugs I am using when the autopsy is performed on your cold dead bodies. The toxicity reports will show no levels of legal or illegal narcotics."

"Now, I am going to remove the catheters from your new piss holes. You will then be allowed to get out of bed and walk around. If you feel up to it, you may leave. Believe me when I tell you this, you will not have strength to strike out at me or the other two individuals you see standing with me. Your minds will get used to your genital and physical strength emasculation. Your macho emotional side will be replaced by what you want it to be – either a frustrated male or a submissive sissy bitch. God, I love what I did to each and every one of you."

Jessica Silverstein helped Joshua remove the bandages and the catheters from the patients. After each one was removed, the surgical area cleansed, and covered anew the patients were allowed to get out of the broken down

hospital beds. Just as they expected each man tried to get physical only to find that they did not have the strength to throw a punch or hold onto another individual with any form of male strength. Joshua and Jessica went about their business with the professionalism of a highly trained doctor and student nurse. Jon Parks was astounded as he watched the four men and the boy regain their legs and fail miserably at their attempts to retaliate against what was perpetrated upon them by Dr. Goldsmith.

Dwayne Washington, his three buddies, and his twelve year old nephew Jerome departed the abandoned hospital facility together. Before leaving Dwayne approached Joshua and asked in a very polite voice if he could speak with him. Joshua nodded his acceptance. Dwayne Washington, tears in his eyes, feeling strange without his genitals, feeling emotionally and physically drained, said, "You are one sadistic bastard, doc. What is going to stop me from telling one of my healthy friends to off you?"

Joshua replied, "You are one of the dumbest niggers I have ever met. Off me and you commit suicide. You need me Dwayne. Jerome needs me as does your three friends. You'll get used to being used like a twenty-five cent cock sucker. Kill me and you kill yourself."

Dwayne Washington wouldn't accept what was being told to him by the husband of the woman he fucked every Tuesday through Thursday for the past two years. He took his right hand, balled it into a fist, and tried to throw a haymaker towards Joshua's head. The movement of his arm was so slow it looked like he was in an ultraslow motion movie. Joshua was not a big or muscular man, but the concoction of drugs did as he knew it would. He had more than ample time to grab the wrist of Dwayne and force him to the ground. Dwayne looked up from his knees into the face of white man who held his wrist.

"So, Dwayne, you asking me to expose myself to you so you can take your fat nigger lips and suckle my cock?" Now with the same venom he used when he spoke to his wife earlier that morning, "YOU DUMB FUCKIN' NIGGER. I COULD HAVE ENDED YOUR LIFE, BUT WHAT I FOISTED UPON YOU IS SO MUCH MORE SATISFYING. LOOK AT YOU, KNEELING IN FRONT OF ME, WISHING YOU HAD CONNECTED WITH MY HEAD. INSTEAD I HAVE YOUR WRIST IN MY HAND AFTER YOU TRIED TO COLDOCK ME. YOU FUCKED THE WRONG WHITE WOMAN, NIGGER. NOW YOUR BLACK ASS BELONGS TO ME AS YOUR FOREFATHERS BELONGED TO THE WHITE SOUTHERN PLANTATION OWNERS OF YESTERYEAR. BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU DWAYNE, YOUR LIFE IS OVER AS YOU KNOW IT. YOU HAVE TWO CHOICES BOY, SUICIDE OR SERVITUDE TO ME. EITHER WAY, I FUCKIN' OWN YOUR BLACK ASS."

Dwayne Washington knew he had only one choice. He nodded his head accepting his status as tears of shame rolled down his face. Joshua Goldsmith released his arm, stepped back, and watched as he stood in preparation to leave the abandoned hospital. The four men and the boy left together after receiving an additional dose of drugs and the private phone numbers they were required to call to maintain their lives and addiction.

By 1:30PM, Jon Parks was headed towards his one bedroom apartment on the west side of Manhattan in Hell's Kitchen. He was absolutely amazed and scared of his client, but he knew that any work brought to him in the future by Dr. Joshua Goldsmith was going to be worth every penny. Jessica Silverstein departed soon after Jon Parks. She was headed to her parent's home on the south shore of Long Island in the suburban town of Atlantic Beach. She asked if it would acceptable if she drove herself to Joshua's house since she didn't want to explain to her parents why an older married man was picking her up for what could only be considered a date. Joshua readily agreed. He wrote on a piece of paper his home address and phone numbers. They arranged for Jessica to arrive at his house between 4:00PM and 5:00PM.

When they parted in the delivery area behind the abandoned hospital each of them could sense the sexual tension that was building between them. Jessica Silverstein knew Joshua was married, but what she didn't understand was why he was inviting to his house when it was patently obvious he wanted to make love to her. Her only regret would be giving her virginity to a married man instead of her husband on her wedding night.