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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 125

Thursday Afternoon –Joshua Goldsmith's Office - 6 March 2003

The Hospital for Special Services Administrator stood just inside the door and watched her top cardiologist freeze with his cock in his hand, cum dripping from the digits that surrounded the deflating penis, and his mouth opening and closing with nothing being voiced. The individual stepped forward, pushed the door closed, and locked it. Finally, Dr. Odette Vinson stated the obvious, "What do have we here, Dr. Goldsmith?" Joshua regained his composure and ability to speak. He started to move his hand from his penis when he heard Dr. Vinson state categorically, "Don't move a muscle Dr. Goldsmith. I'm just taking in the scene."

Joshua froze and watched the number one administrator in the hospital take out her cell phone and begin to snap pictures of him. He counted twelve clicks of the shutter of the cell phone camera. His mind was muddled at what he was going to do to get out of this quandary. He did not have enough chips in the game to call his sister-in-law, but he did realize that if he moved heaven and earth to have all the top doctors in the hospital make Colin as good as new, he'd have some leverage with Apollonia. His eyes opened wide when he saw Dr. Vinson walk to where he was sitting behind his desk and stand over him.

Dr. Odette Vinson, age forty-three, was not one of the youngest or the oldest administrators to take charge of the hospital. She was the first doctor appointed to the position by the Board of Directors, the Executive Committee, and the Hospital Administrator's Search Board. Prior to her accepting, all the hospital's administrators were not doctors but individuals with Master's or PHD degrees trained in the operation and administration of a hospital environment. Many men and women who entered the medical field with only a Master's degree in Hospital Administration failed because they were routinely ostracized by the medical and nursing staff. The doctor's preferred one of their own to manage the day-to-day operations of the institution. She routinely made decisions based upon her medical training and need to keep certain, if not all, administrative costs within budgetary guidelines. One of the most important aspects of her job was the annual negotiations with the insurance carriers and how much they were going to reimburse the institution for their medical procedures. Dr. Vinson was considered one of the most knowledgeable administrators in the nation when it came to the arcane and convoluted insurance laws of the United States. She also maintained her personal life within her chosen guidelines. Divorced at the age of thirty-two, she lived a quiet, non-descript life on the upper west side. She was childless and she kept her five foot eight inch body in tip-top shape by spending many hours at the gym doing aerobics and swimming.

Odette did not smile nor did she scowl at Joshua Goldsmith. She knew he had some issues that the hospital had decided to wait to make a determination on whether or not they would keep his privileges at the hospital in force.

To his amazement, Joshua watched Dr. Vinson stand over him and nod her head knowingly as if she understood why he chose to sit in his office and masturbate. The picture of Felicia Dwyer was face up on his desk. He did not have the time to hide it when he was interrupted just as his male essence erupted from the tip his cock. Joshua sat looking up at the person who was in charge of the entire hospital, all its employees, and his fate was in her hands as his cock was in his.

The first question shocked Joshua. "So, Dr. Goldsmith, how often do you sit and masturbate while looking at a photograph of a nursing student?"

"Excuse me, Dr. Vinson," said Joshua, "I know this looks a bit strange, but I can explain."

"Explain away, Dr. Goldsmith," stated Odette.

"I am dealing with some personal issues, both here and at home," he began. "They have overwhelmed me and I haven't been communicating well with my wife. I was frustrated and I just did something stupid. Please, can you forgive me and try to let us put this incident behind us."

Dr. Vinson did not move nor did she smile at Joshua. She did something so unexpected by the cardiologist. She reached with her right hand down to where his stomach was covered in cum. The long false nail of the index finger of her right hand slid through the gooey mess on Joshua's stomach. He watched as some of the recently ejaculated cum filled the concave portion of the imitation nail. Dr. Vinson lifted her finger and stared at the opaque white liquid that filled the trough of the artificial fingernail.

"I don't understand men at all," she said. Her eyes went to Joshua when she noticed his movement in her peripheral vision. Her voice rose and with a deep guttural tone, "Did I tell you to move Dr. Goldsmith. I suggest you listen to me or your privileges at this hospital will no longer exist." She watched Joshua stop his movement. His right hand was still wrapped around his now shrunken penis and a pool of ejaculate had formed in the valley formed by his index and thumb as it circumnavigated the corona.

Dr. Vinson returned to viewing the cum that filled her fingernail. She shook her head, made a face full of loathing and disdain, and said, "I married a man that preferred to masturbate than have conventional sex with me. I found that out of a twenty-four hour day, he'd masturbate at least ten to thirteen times. All that asshole would do is find a place, pull out his cock, and jerk off. I've never understood the a man's need to spill his seed."

Joshua looked up from his penis and stared into Dr. Vinson's face. He said, "I'm not a habitual masturbator, Dr. Vinson. I'm telling you that I've had some personal problems and I sought release because..."

"Ha!" she interrupted. "Look at you. Your pants and underwear are down around your ankles. Your abdomen is covered with the results of your masturbation. You are pathetic. I bet you go to some of those dirty bookstores on Eighth Avenue to relieve yourself. Just like my ex did everyday sometimes three and four times a day. Do you eat your ejaculate? Do you find it satisfying when you do?"

Joshua was surprised when he put her cum filled fingernail to his lips. She stared deep into his soul and said, "Open and eat. You understand that from this moment forward your position at this hospital is dependent upon you keeping me happy. I expect you to do as I say, whenever I say, without question. Failure will result in you losing privileges at this and any other hospital you're presently affiliated with."

"Please, Dr. Vinson," moaned Dr. Goldsmith, "please, forget what you witnessed. There are things I can do for you beyond your wildest dreams and desires. I have connections that will make your head explode with what could be accomplished for you. From the simplest things to investments that return better than one-hundred percent interest on an annualized basis. Please, I beseech you to relent and let me prove to you that what you just witnessed was an aberration. Again, I am not a habitual masturbator." Inside his head Joshua said, *"What you don't know bitch is that I'm a very special man – a murderer – a serial killer – and – if you continue, you'll be looking into my eyes as I cum in your useless cunt as I choke the life out of you."*

Dr. Odette Vinson persisted. It was her *modus operandi*. Her finger remained in front of Joshua's mouth. His only avenue was to do as she said and take her cum filled fingernail into his mouth, suck his seed off, and swallow. Joshua opened his mouth and did as she commanded. Odette Vinson felt her panties get wet. The power she just expended over one of her colleagues had a narcotic effect as well as a sexual one. When she pulled her finger from Joshua's mouth she realized that if she had taken control of her onanistic husband she'd be more than an executive at a major New York City hospital.

"Don't get up, Dr. Goldsmith," she said with a tone of derision and humiliation in her voice. "I'll let myself out. Then you can get up and clean-up."

Joshua Goldsmith watched the woman, the doctor, the hospital administrator depart his office, and slam the door behind her. He did not release the hold on his penis. Instead, he used his left hand to find the box of tissues he kept in his desk and pulled four tissues so he could wipe off the cool scum that was on his cock, hand, and abdomen. When he was somewhat clean, he stood, pulled up his trousers, but did not close them. He waddled to his private bathroom to clean-up properly with soap and water.

When he returned to his desk he made the mental note to begin the process of finding all he could about Dr. Odette Vinson. The cunt had risen to the top of his *'most likely to get him off list'*. Once he calmed down, he started to continue his catch-up and realized he needed to get to Colin's room immediately or face the wrath of Apollonia Moretti.