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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 140

Saturday Night-Eighth Avenue - 8 March 2003

The Adult DVD Depot was a typical but dying breed of adult bookstores in New York City. Located on 8th Avenue just north of the Port Authority Bus Terminal it catered to businessmen seeking quick release during lunch or after work before heading home from the cadre of bi, gay, and transgendered men who inhabited the establishment. The name of the shop belied its inventory content. Upon entering the store, the cashier's counter was on the left and ran from the front to approximately the middle of the store. From the end of the counter, there was a space filled with X-rated movie posters until a framework of neon lights that surrounds the entrance to the staircase that led to the second floor video arcade. Across from the cashier's desk were racks filled with cheap, tawdry lingerie, costumes, and all forms and shapes of sexual aids for both men and women. The walls were lined with DVDs and a few remaining VHS tapes. At the foot of the steps leading to the second floor, was a turnstile that controlled access to the video booths. Once upstairs the booths accepted singles, fives, tens, and twenties to enable the viewing of the myriad of pornographic videos being shown.

Management tried to keep the place clean, but based upon the typical employee they were forced to hire it was somewhat of a losing battle. Their main concern was passing the strict New York City health codes and that forced ownership to stop in once every four hours to cajole or threaten the lazy good for nothing employees to pick up a broom, dust pan, mop, and water bucket to clean the place. The business smelled of bleach as it was used as the primary cleaning and disinfecting agent.

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith walked past the adult bookstore, paused for a moment, turned back, and entered. He tried to look inconspicuous, but the new clothing he was wearing made him stand out like a sore thumb. His new black jeans, denim work shirt, New Balance running shoes, sweatshirt, and New York Yankee cap did not give him the street look he was trying to use to keep out of the limelight and remain inconspicuous. He looked around for a moment, stepped up to the counter, and asked the skinny, tattooed, pierced, long haired, drug addled individual for change of a twenty. The transaction took longer than it should have because the screw-up behind the counter took three times to count out ten singles, one ten dollar bill, and exchange a quarter for a token to use in the turnstile that guarded the staircase to the second floor. When Joshua finally had his money he turned and strode to the back of the narrow store to the staircase that led to the second floor. The dark, dank, dirty, and smelly business did nothing to help him as he sought a place to hide and think about his future. He chose the adult bookstore because he felt it was so out of the norm for him no one would think to look in a place as disgusting as the one he was standing.

He slipped the token into the slot, pushed the bar that blocked his way, and took the steps two-at-a-time to the second floor. He was immediately accosted by the smell of smoke, sex, bleach, and cleaning fluids. The room for the video booths stretched from the front of the building to the rear. The side opposite the stairway was filled from front-to-back while the side he entered from had booths only from the staircase to the rear of the building. The area to the front of the building had a display cabinet built onto the wall that displayed the CD covers of the videos being played. Ten rows by twenty wide of all forms of XXX-rated pornography.

Joshua made his way to the rear, selected the last booth, opened the door, and entered the dark smelly viewing area. He looked down for a moment and was taken with the number of crumpled white tissues that lay on the floor. The bench was against the rear wall and not on the right which would put his back to the next sequential booth. He pulled out a dollar, placed it face up into the bill acceptor before sitting down. The control panel consisted of nine buttons. Four allowed you to move to a specific start point of the videos being played, two for increasing or decreasing the volume, two for moving through the videos one-at-a-time, and one to mute the volume. Joshua looked at the bench and with a swipe of his left hand removed the few pieces of tissue that were there and sat down.

The video that opened first was a homosexual encounter between two young emo type teens. They were pale white, black hair with purple and red accents, tattoos, and facial piercings. The scene that opened had the taller of the two behind the smaller with his huge white cock embedded in the other boy's ass. The sounds coming from the boy kneeling on the bed could only be interpreted as moans of pleasure. Their coupling was apparently near the end as the taller boy began to pound the younger boy's backside in earnest. Just as Joshua was moving to press the up arrow to change the video, the older boy pulled his cock out of the younger boy and after a few strokes shot his wad all over the younger boy's ass.

Joshua's gaze was held by the size of the penis that just spewed the contents of the taller boy's balls onto the backside of the boy who was now furiously masturbating. The cock had to be a good nine inches and the head had a Prince Albert piercing. He'd seen them in pictures, but never witnessed a cock with one spewing ejaculate. Joshua unconsciously licked his lips and placed his hand on his crotch. He did not change the channel. Instead he moved into the corner, opened his trench coat, and watched the homosexual video. Every so often he would rub his cock through the denim, but he did not open the zipper to access his cock so he could masturbate. The scene changed to three similar type eighteen year old boys sitting on a couch. Joshua's eyes glazed over as his thoughts returned to the events of earlier that afternoon.

His first thought after he calmed down from his encounter with Felicia Dwyer was to remove himself from the hospital and make himself scarce. He needed to get to his children, but that was going to be difficult at best. The cunt had them. They were in one of the occupied houses on Columbus Place and that meant he had to go there to pick them up to return home to Westchester. He knew he needed a change of clothing because his shirt was ripped and there was a small amount of blood spray on the shoulders. Once he had purchased and changed his clothing, he took the bag of his old clothing and tossed it into an easily accessible dumpster as he wandered toward the west side of Manhattan. As he sat, he realized he had walked twenty-six blocks south on 8th Avenue. His paranoia made him enter the bookstore. He needed to assess his alternatives.

As he was lost in thought the timer on the video playing counted down to zero. It took no more than five to seven seconds for a voice to announce, "Please put money in or leave the video booth." Joshua awoke from his thoughts, pulled out the remaining singles, and put them all into the bill actuator. When he was finished he looked at the screen and decided to change the channel. He pressed through all the videos and on the second go round he stopped at a heterosexual video of what appeared to be a very young teen being raped by two very well endowed black men. Joshua knew the girl was of age and was cast because she looked no older than fourteen. His cock stirred and jumped to life. He closed his eyes. He forced himself to think of something else to relieve the growing need to masturbate. Joshua thought about how sweet it would be to ejaculate in her whore cunt as he choked the life out of her.

He leaned against the rear corner, his head against the walls, his eyes closed, and his hand inside his pants. Every so often he would move his hand on his cock as he heard the cries from the actress, if you could call her that, begging her rapists to stop. In his own mind's eye, Joshua Goldsmith began to relive the series of murders he committed in the name of sexual satisfaction. His cock took over and he opened his belt, pulled down his zipper, and then his pants. He released his cock and without really moving or opening his eyes to watch the video, began to

masturbate to the memories of the girls he murdered. As he stroked his cock oblivious of everything around him, he was brought back to reality when he heard the door to his booth slam open.

"Ok, asshole," the deep voice said, "drop your cock and put your hands behind your head."

Joshua opened his eyes and saw a rather large black man standing in the doorway to the booth. Around his neck were a chain and a leather badge holder. Inside the badge holder was a gold shield of a detective. His right hand rested on the butt of his Glock 19. Joshua did as he said.

"You know it is illegal to masturbate in public. Lewd and lascivious behavior," said the detective. "I'm going to have to take you in. So, put away your small white prick, close your pants, stand, and place your hands behind your back."

Joshua did not move, "You're not going to arrest me. I wasn't anything that every other swinging dick that enters this place does. Only thing is I forgot to lock the door."

"Your stupidity is my arrest. Now, put your little white shit away and get ready to be taken to the precinct," he said with a bit more authority. "You'll have all the time to jerk off while you're in stir at Rikers."

"Please don't arrest me. I'll do anything you ask," whined Joshua."

"I know you're expecting me to step in, lock the door, and take out my cock," he said "for you to suck. Isn't that true white boy?"

It was his last statement that woke Joshua up from his fear. He knew this nigger was not a cop much less a detective. He'd bet his life that the badge was a fake, but he wouldn't chance that the gun was. The coin flip in his mind came up to take the chance. Worst thing that could happen to him was a beating which would give him motive to sue the city. Joshua stood, pulled up his pants, and remained facing the man he believed to be an imposter. He took his chance. "You're no cop. That badge is as fake as they come. I know because I have friends on the force. The gun is probably real, but you're the one taking the chance carrying it illegally."

Joshua shivered when he heard the man bellow with laughter. The detective saw the opportunity and took it. He bitch slapped Joshua, spun him around, and with the practiced movement of a professional handcuffed him before he knew what happened to him. The detective guided him out of the booth, down the hall, and to the staircase. As they descended he said, "You are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to speak to an attorney and have one with you when you are questioned. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided at government expense. Do you understand your rights as if have stated them?"

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith did not respond. He nodded his head and did everything in his power to keep from pissing in his pants. The futility of his life since came spinning into his consciousness as he remembered finding out his whore wife was fucking a nigger, the murder of Jessica Silverstein, the taking of his wife's life, and most recently the untimely beating of Felicia Dwyer as he was guided by the black detective to a typical NYPD unmarked police vehicle.