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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 70

Saturday Evening – Goldsmith Residence – 22 February 2003

Sarah and Jason Goldsmith were excited when their father came home a bit earlier than expected and took them home from Mrs. Watson's house. The children loved the older woman, but they preferred it when either of their parents allowed them to play outside with their friends. When they were babysat by Mrs. Watson they had to stay inside where they could watch television, read, or play board games with each other. When Joshua entered the house he was surprised to find Elizabeth downstairs in the family room watching television. Sarah and Jason after dropping their winter coats on the floor rushed to the couch where she sat and jumped up to sit next to her. Although she did not feel one hundred percent she did allow them to cuddle with her for a while.

Joshua Goldsmith did not greet his wife. He picked up and hung up the children's coats before he retired upstairs to prepare himself for his unusual date with Jessica Silverstein. He had no desire to spend time with Elizabeth, but knew his obvious disdain for his whoring wife would have a deleterious effect on the health and wellbeing of his children. Begrudgingly he returned to the family room to sit with his wife and children.

"What time did you get out of bed?" asked Joshua trying to make it sound like nothing was wrong between him and his wife.

"I struggled to get up, but I finally made it out just before noon," replied Elizabeth. She looked into her husband's eyes and saw nothing in return. She absentmindedly rubbed the back of her son's head which resulted in his whining at her to stop. Elizabeth Goldsmith pulled her hand away as if her son's head was red hot.

"Are you feeling better?"

Elizabeth grunted, "What do you think, Doc?"

Joshua Goldsmith knew his wife was pissed. She only called him doc when she wanted to make him feel unwanted. He could see the anger in her eyes and to prevent Sarah and Jason from hearing or seeing their parents fight, Joshua took them upstairs and prepared them for the arrival of his dinner guest. He told them to stay upstairs and play quietly together. He made his point by reflecting how bad the punishment would be if they didn't comply with his wishes. Once they were settled in their playroom, he walked downstairs to the family room.

He sat down next to his wife as if he was going to watch television with her. Instead, Joshua Goldsmith forced his right hand between her legs and pressed against surgically modified sex. He applied just enough pressure to make his wife gasp before she would have screamed in pain if he continued applying pressure on her private parts. Elizabeth Goldsmith struck out at her husband but failed miserably because the pain that emanated from her crotch was more than she could emotionally and physically handle.

Breathing hard, tears cascading down her face, Elizabeth cried to her husband, "I'm not going to suffer physical or mental abuse at your hands, Joshua. Tell me and I'll take the children and leave."

"First, if you leave, Sarah and Jason stay here with me. The divorce will prove to the judge that you are more than an unfit mother. If you think I'm going to let you have custody of the children, you better take your head out of your ass. Second, I can live with you staying in the house as long as you maintain the façade of our marriage. I have no intention of ever sleeping with you again as husband and wife. I will allow you to be near the children, but their upbringing is totally under my control."

"You want me to live in this house as if I'm some indentured servant, don't you?"

"Better word or definition Elizabeth is a female cuckold. Your brother signed his masculinity away to stay with his wife. You surgically had your femininity removed because you whored yourself out to a nigger and his friends. The only difference between Colin and you is he'll be able to feel some pleasure when he gets fucked up his sissy ass and you won't. The similarity between you two is you both only have two orifices to offer men and their pricks. But, I don't really think you're going to be in a sexual mind set to pleasure a man or yourself ever again, Lizzy."

"I fuckin' hate you, Joshua." Elizabeth Goldsmith leaned back into the couch and began to sob uncontrollably.

Smirking at his wife, Joshua replied, "You did it to yourself. I am having a friend over for dinner. The five of us will eat in the dining room. We will prepare the dinner and we will eat as if nothing is going on between us. Make one inappropriate statement or implied innuendo Lizzy and I'll rip out the stainless steel funnel that I surgically placed inside your vagina. The result of that action will be a trip to the emergency room where the emergency room doctor will contact an urologist and your vagina will be permanently surgically sealed closed. You'll have a total hysterectomy which will result in you having no sexual desire but you'll still have your whore mouth and ass to give to men to use as a place to masturbate. My invitee or should I say, my date will arrive shortly so I think we should get ourselves together and go into the kitchen."

Jessica Silverstein stood on the landing in front of the Goldsmith house wearing her black Merino wool dress coat. Underneath she wore a pair of black and white striped dress pants, a white silk blouse, and a black cashmere V-neck sweater. To add some height to her five foot two inch frame she decided to wear a pair of black and white spectators with four inch heels. Before she pressed the backlit doorbell button, she took a deep breath to relax because she had the feeling she was walking into a situation that may not be conducive to enjoying a pleasant evening. She pressed the button, heard the bells chime, and waited for the front door to open.

Joshua Goldsmith looked at his watch when he heard the front door bell chime and nodded to himself when he saw it was only twenty minutes past four. He didn't say a word to his wife when he left the kitchen. As he approached the front door, Sarah and Jason bounded down the steps to see who was visiting them. He could see Jessica standing patiently waiting for the door to open. When she entered the house he offered to take her coat and no sooner than he hung it up his children were all over her.

"What's your name?" asked Sarah.

Smiling Jessica answered with her first name. She looked towards Joshua who was standing by the hall closet smiling at the interplay between the young adult girl and his daughter.

"Jessica," chimed Sarah, "I have a two Jessica's in my class at school."

Just as she was about to answer Elizabeth Goldsmith walked into the hall through the small breakfast room that separated the kitchen from the family room. She was not dressed for company. Elizabeth Goldsmith was wearing a pair of loose fitting navy blue sweat pants, a matching Harvard Medical School sweatshirt, and a pair of pink and white Adidas running shoes. Her long red hair was pulled back in a ponytail and she wore no facial makeup. She looked at the sight of a girl who was invited to dinner by her husband and immediately wanted to shoo her out of the house.

Jessica saw her standing behind Joshua and said, "Hello. You must be Mrs. Goldsmith." She began to step forward to offer her hand when Joshua stopped her.

"Jessica," he said, "why don't we go into the family room where we can wait while Elizabeth finishes preparing dinner? We can chat, you can get to know Sarah and Jason, and before you know it we'll all be in the dining room eating the wonderful meal Elizabeth is preparing."

Flummoxed that he did not formally introduce her to his wife, Jessica Silverstein just nodded her ascent and followed Dr. Goldsmith and the children into the family room. The four of them sat on the couch talking while the television displayed nothing that any of them were interested in watching. At 5:37PM, Elizabeth stuck her head into the family room and announced dinner was ready to be served.

Dinner was a quiet affair. The children ate macaroni and cheese. Each adult had a New York strip steak, garlic mashed potatoes, green beans, and a salad. The wine was a Saint. Emilion from France's Bordeaux region which was part of the reserve of wine Joshua kept in his custom built wine cellar in the basement. Jessica Silverstein felt the tension between Joshua and his wife and wondered to herself why she was invited when they were so obviously at odds with one another. Dessert consisted of ice cream for the children and coffee and cake for the adults. Jessica offered to help with the dishes, but Joshua made it plainly obvious that she was the guest and his wife would take care of cleaning up.

Joshua guided Jessica into the family room where he asked her to wait while he took his children upstairs to change before they went to bed. He explained there was a playroom upstairs where they would remain out from under the adults until Elizabeth put them to bed. Jessica sat and waited patiently for his return which did not happen as fast as she hoped it would. She was startled when Elizabeth walked into the family room and sat down on the ottoman that was strategically placed in front of the couch.

"So, Jessica, how do you know my husband?" asked Elizabeth.

"I'm a nursing student at Brandies University and I work with Dr. Goldsmith at the hospital. Specifically with the transplant patients," replied Jessica.

"Really..." said Elizabeth feigning no knowledge of their working relationship. "I find it interesting that he invited you to dinner tonight. You see, I find you a bit young to be friends with him or us for that matter."

"I was asked here because I helped him with a special project," said Jessica who was now gaining more traction and confidence when speaking to Dr. Goldsmith's wife. "I'm nineteen and a fourth year student. I'm considered a bit ahead of the curve when it comes to intelligence, Mrs. Goldsmith."

Elizabeth was intrigued with the small but very lithe girl that her husband invited to dinner for several reasons she didn't care to think about. "You may call me Elizabeth, Jessica. I was wondering about the special project you were working on with Joshua..."

"I think you know all about it, Elizabeth. I believe you are sitting there dressed as you are because you cannot wear anything tight below your waist. I watched the way you walk and move Elizabeth. I really could have gone to medical school but I decided on nursing to see if I really wanted to spend the rest of my life in medicine. I don't think I could do what Joshua does every day - especially when dealing with the medical problems of very young children." Jessica rubbed her thin hands up and down her thighs while maintaining eye contact with the woman who whored herself out to niggers. She tried to maintain a light conversation, "So, Elizabeth, what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a physical therapist at a private clinic," answered Elizabeth.

"Do you enjoy your work? I mean do you find it satisfying? Fulfilling?"

Elizabeth wanted to lunge at the girl and choke the living shit out of her. Her face belied her calm demeanor and thankfully for Jessica Joshua returned to the family room. He walked over to the couch and sat next to the young girl who helped care for the four men and one boy that lost their manhood. It didn't take long for Joshua to ascertain his wife's attempt to remain calm in the face of her upcoming humiliation.

"The children are playing quietly and that will give us some time to chat. Would you like something to drink? Wine? Something a bit stronger?" asked Joshua.

"I'm good," said Jessica.

Elizabeth said, "The wine with dinner was enough, thanks." Then with derision in her voice, "Damn, Joshua, why do you have to make this so difficult?"

Jessica Silverstein eyes moved between both their faces. Joshua just smiled at Jessica and then replied to his wife, "Difficult? I didn't make it difficult Elizabeth, you did."

Anger flashing in her eyes, Elizabeth spat, "What does the little cunt know, Joshua?"

Jessica felt Joshua's arm and hand restrain her from getting up from the couch. He didn't think she would physically attack his wife, but he also didn't want her to leave. The way she was dressed, the makeup she was wearing, the smell of her hair, and her perfume was having a definite effect on his desire for her. He maintained an even keel and with a flair that belied his boiling insides responded to his wife, "She knows everything Lizzy. She attended to your niggers while they recovered and were infused with an insidious concoction of addictive drugs that will forever make them beholden to me because only I know the formula."

Crazed, Elizabeth screamed, "YOU PRICK!!!"

Jessica laughed and said, "No Elizabeth, Joshua isn't a prick, Dwayne, his friends, and Jerome are prick less niggers. I also know you're sitting there without your clitoris, prepuce, and your labia minora. I also know you have to use a saline douche to clean out your womb because the good doctor sewed your vaginal orifice shut. Joshua confided to me the day he found out you were nothing but a white slut whore to Dwayne."

"DAMN YOU, JOSHUA!!!" screamed Elizabeth.

With venom, "FUCK YOU. LIZZY!!!" Calmer he continued, "You did this all to yourself. I gave you two options. I will call a taxi. You can go to your parents. You will forego ever seeing your children again. If you bring legal action, the costs will bankrupt you and your parents. I don't think Colin is in a position to help you, Lizzy. Or, you can sit there and quietly explain to Jessica how you're going to become my cuckold for as long as you stay in this house. The choice is yours Elizabeth."

"Joshua, the definition of a cuckold is a man with an unfaithful wife. How can you cuckold her when she has already cuckolded you?" asked Jessica her intelligence surfacing because of her misunderstanding of the situation.

"My whore wife will answer your question Jessica." Joshua leaned back into the couch, obnoxiously spread his legs, and waited for his wife to answer.

Elizabeth Goldsmith felt her entire being drain from her body. She actually felt no pain between her legs. The only pain she felt was the stress of having to decide between never seeing her children again or succumbing to her husband demands by accepting her cuckolding. Unlike her brother's wife, she knew her husband would bring home many women to insure her constant never ending humiliation. Embarrassed by what she had to explain she did without looking directly at either of them.

"By deciding to stay, I accept that my husband will be bringing home women to have sex with in what was our marital bed. I will sit and watch him fornicate. I will when ordered prepare his conquest by sucking her sex until she is wet and ready to have him inside her. I will when ordered prepare his cock by sucking it until it is erect. I will when ordered place his cock into the vagina of the woman he is going to fornicate with. It will be my job to suckle his testicles and lick his anus until he ejaculates into the orifice whether it be her mouth, ass, or vagina his cock is encased in. I will then without asking clean his cum and her vaginal juices off his cock. Of course, I will do the same for the woman as she lays open and dripping his seed from her just used hole. My only wish is he willing finds someone that will replace me in the marital bed for the rest of his life so I do not have to suffer the humiliation of serving his female conquests."

Jessica sat up an incredulous look in her face. Joshua's wife just explained what had to be one of the most demeaning life choices she ever heard. "Are you telling me if your husband was to have sex with me tonight you would be in the room doing any or all of what you just explained to me?"

Still not looking at either of them, Elizabeth sniffled and said, "Yes, because my children are my life and I will do anything to be with them even if it means living my life as his indentured servant."

Jessica looked directly into Joshua's eyes and said, "I don't know if I can do that. I'm a virgin and I was contemplating giving it up to you tonight. I want to save it for my wedding night, but after this past week and last night I decided that if I had the opportunity and the chance I would gladly give it up to you. But, under these circumstances, I don't think I can."

"If we were alone, Jessica," said Joshua, "would you consider spending the night or until early morning with me?"

Elizabeth looked up when she heard her husband. Jessica Silverstein looked from Joshua to Elizabeth and back to Joshua. She felt herself get wet at the thought of giving up her virginity tonight. "I really don't want to get between you and your wife, but my body tells me otherwise. If we are alone, yes, I want you to make love to me tonight, Joshua."

He leaned in, kissed her gently on the cheek, and said, "It would be a pleasure Jessica. I don't want you to look at this night as a one night stand either. I will openly admit that I'm taken with you, Jessica and I want to make this evening the start of something long term." Joshua turned to Elizabeth and said, "I guess you can sleep downstairs in what we call the maid's room. I suggest you go upstairs put the children to bed, get the things you need for sleeping, and when you come downstairs I'll see you to your new room. We can move the rest of your belongings out of the master bedroom during the coming week."

Elizabeth Cathcart Goldsmith stood resigned to her fate and future said three words to Joshua as she departed for the upstairs, "Fuck you, Joshua."

Not caring where Elizabeth was in the room, Joshua leaned forward and kissed Jessica. He did not try to cup or fondle her petite breasts. He made no effort to touch her between her legs. He kept his hands on her shoulders as he felt her open her mouth to accept his tongue in their first French kiss. Joshua knew it was going to be an excellent night when he felt Jessica slip her arms between his and take hold of his face. She held him as they deepened their kiss. Joshua and Jessica sat making out until Elizabeth returned from her duties caring her bedclothes, toiletry, and medicine.

Joshua rose from the couch and followed his whore wife to the back of the house to the small room they had named the maid's room. The small area consisted of the room and an equally small bathroom. There was a small bed, bureau, and a tiny closet for clothing. Elizabeth had more clothing than the closet and bureau could hold, but made no comment about where she was going to put all her belongings. She stood fuming at her husband.

"I think you'll be more comfortable if you let me give you something for the pain. You'll be able to sleep easier," said Joshua concerned about how his wife's genitals were healing.

"You want me asleep so you can fornicate with that girl without worrying about me," grumbled Elizabeth.  
"Are you really considering spending more than tonight with her?"

Joshua didn't hide his emotions. His eyes opened wide, his face flushed with desire, he smiled broadly, and said, "You may just get your wish Lizzy. If I can make it happen, I'd gladly toss your whoring ass out of my house and make her my wife. If you're going to be intransigent and she accepts that I love her more than I love you, I'm hoping to see her on my arm when my children get married. Does that put it into perspective for you?"

"GET OUT!!! GET OUT!!!," cried Elizabeth as she fell to the floor crying after hearing her husband put the death knell and another nail into the coffin that contained their marriage.