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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 72

Saturday Night – Goldsmith Residence – 22 February 2003

Elizabeth Goldsmith lay in the small bed that was purchased by Joshua and her when they thought they were going to hire a full time maid or au pair to care for Sarah and then Jason. The length and width of the bed was nothing compared to the king sized bed that was now occupied by her husband and his teenaged lover. Thankfully for her the pain where her clitoris used to be dissipated enough that she rested comfortably as her mind thought about what her husband did to her in retribution for her fucking Dwayne. Her first thought was to go into the kitchen get a knife, sneak into the master bedroom, and stab both of them to death. Her second thought was not about who would take care of her children, but how she would survive in prison. She feared prison more than anything she faced in living in the lap of luxury.

Jessica Silverstein stood in the master bedroom looking at Joshua wondering if she got herself into something she wouldn't be able to handle. At nineteen, she still felt like a kid and guarded her virginity as if it was housed in the United States Bullion Armory in Fort Knox, Kentucky. Between her standing up in the family room and walking into the master bedroom, her mind changed multiple times about giving to Joshua the one thing she could give to a man only once in her life. Her virginity was something sacred and to her it should only be given to the man she wanted to spend the rest of her life with and was consummated through marriage on their wedding night.

She decided to sit in the double wide Ethan Allen chair that sat in the center of the room between the casement windows that created the small Juliet Balcony that could be seen when walking up to the house. Joshua expected her to remain standing so he could take her into his arms and continue kissing her as they were when they were in the family room sitting together on the couch. He could see she had a look of indecision and consternation on her face.

"Jessica, something wrong?" he asked as he knelt in front of the chair where she sat. Her thin legs covered in the wool fabric of her pants sent shivers up his spine as he thought how sweet it would be to have his mouth on her sex as she rubbed her nylon covered feet up and down his back.

"Yes and no," replied Jessica. "When we were downstairs kissing I felt as if you were the one, but now that I'm here I'm having second thoughts. I know, I'm being childish."

Joshua went to touch her legs and saw her flinch. He pulled his hands back when he saw the indecision on her face. "Jessica, I'm not going to do anything you're not ready to do. I specifically said to myself that I'm not going to

push you. When we were downstairs on the couch I wanted to caress your body but I stopped myself because I didn't want to move too fast. When I just moved to touch your legs I saw the look on your face and your body language told me you weren't comfortable. Talk to me, Jessica."

Jessica tried to relax and get comfortable in the chair, but was having a difficult time making it happen. Her conundrum was visible in her eyes, on her face, and in her body language. "I know I helped you with those men and the boy and I understand why you did what you did to them. I just don't know if I can be involved with you when you are using me to punish your wife in addition to humiliating her. I really didn't want to believe you would perform a clitorectomy on your wife in retribution for her whoring activities with the niggers. I'm a bit scared of what you would do to me if I said yes to you tonight and no to you tomorrow night. Giving up my virginity is very special to me Joshua."

"What if I committed to removing my wife from this house, divorcing her as fast as humanly possible, and marrying you?"

"Please, Joshua, don't take me for a fool." Jessica shifted slightly in the chair, looked at him with pain in her eyes, and said, "I don't know if I can now or in the future, Joshua. I don't want to make this more difficult than it is."

He stood up and moved to the side of the bed facing where she was sitting and sat himself down. Joshua Goldsmith was frustrated, but not frustrated enough to commit rape. His urge to mate with her was increasing as he sat across from her staring at her legs. He pictured her standing in her heels wearing just a pair of lace top thigh high stocking and a pair of bikini panties. He imagined her with her feet together, her knees touching, and her thin thighs and crotch forming a space that would be viewed an upside down triangle which would allow him to make love to her pussy without having to part her legs.

"I promised you I wouldn't push and I mean it, Jessica. I'll be more than happy to go downstairs and watch a movie with you. Have conversations about various topics including why I think you should attend medical school. You can leave anytime you want. I will admit that I will be heartbroken, but if I have to give you time then so be it," said Joshua as sincere as he could be.

"You understand that I'm torn," she said. "I'm torn because I have developed feelings for you, but I didn't really understand the dynamic that exists between you and Elizabeth. Add to that the two beautiful children and I don't want to become your rebound bimbo. I don't want to be your whore the way your wife whored herself out to those niggers."

"God, Jessica, I'm willing to divorce my wife and marry you. I'm not just saying that so you'll give up your virginity to me."

Jessica Silverstein stood up and Joshua had a pang of hope that she did so to walk to him and place her beautiful lips on his the way they were just fifteen minutes ago. He hopes were crushed when she strode past him to the closed bedroom door and said, "I can't do it. I can't go against my belief that my virginity is something special and it should be given to the man I marry on the night of my wedding. I'm so sorry Joshua."