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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 88

Thursday – Elizabeth Goldsmith's Residence - 27 February 2003

Elizabeth Goldsmith woke up in her room which prior to moving in was designated as the maid's quarters and went through her morning routine before going into the kitchen to prepare breakfast and lunch for her children. She did not know what time her husband returned because when she went to sleep near midnight she knew he hadn't come home. She was stopped cold when Joshua entered the room unannounced and obnoxiously pointed to his crotch with both index fingers. His arrogance grew with each passing hour of each passing day they were in the same room or house together. Her need to be with her children outweighed her desire to take a knife and shove it into Joshua's belly. His death at her hands would mean life in prison for her and her choice was always to give him what he wanted so she could be close to Sarah and Jason. She stood and waited to see if he would make her crawl to him or he would approach and force her to her knees.

Joshua Goldsmith had returned just a few hours earlier after meeting Dwayne, his cohorts, and the boy he emasculated so they could get their fix. He went alone because their ability to be physically violent was not at all possible. Between losing their genitals and the formulation of the addictive drug, the men were totally incapable of any physical activity greater than walking, eating, or sitting to urinate. He knew Elizabeth had no idea he had slipped into the house only hours before. Joshua had wanted to spend time with Jessica Silverstein, but ever since that night in his office on 54th Street she has been avoiding him. Jessica would chat with him on the phone or via e-mail, but would beg off meeting him. His anger at her was tempered by his desire to be between her legs sucking her sweet teenage cunt.

"I see you're dressed cunt," said Joshua to his startled wife.

"What do you want?" asked Elizabeth knowing he wanted her to suck his cock to completion.

Joshua laughed, "I want you to take off your pants and panties. Put your heels back on, go to the end of the bed, and bend over. I could use an asshole's tight asshole to masturbate me this morning."

"You have to be kidding me!!! Like I'm going to let you butt fuck me when the children are going to be up in a few minutes," she said with derision.

"I can see you're looking for a beating," said Joshua as he stepped forward prepared to physically assault his hated wife.

Elizabeth did not move as she watched her husband step closer to her. She remembered the morning he took her by the throat and decided that it would be easier to try and talk him down than fight with him. Her daughter spent hours asking her questions about what had occurred especially since she witnessed for the first time her daddy naked and sporting an erection. Elizabeth didn't need either of her children walking in on her either sucking Joshua's cock or him fucking her up her ass. Either way, Joshua was going to get his morning orgasm and she knew she had to make it happen quickly.

"Listen, Joshua... The kids are going to wake up any minute. Would you be satisfied with a blow job, if I commit to letting you use me anally after they leave? You don't have to be in the city right away, right?" queried Elizabeth trying to make him commit to a blow job.

"I have a better idea, whore," he groused. "Why don't you make breakfast for them and while they're eating you can kneel of the floor and suck me off. You're nothing but a whore, isn't that right Lizzy?"

"Jesus fuckin' Christ, Joshua," she cried, "I thought you wanted to protect them not make them watch your perverted sexual dominance over me."

"Well, isn't that what the nigger, Dwayne, did to you. Fuck you, Lizzy!!! Ok cunt, just suck me off," he said.

Elizabeth Goldsmith approached her husband, fell to her knees, and extracted his cock from his pajama bottoms. The act was not loving or sensual. She did it because she had to so she could sleep in the same house as her children. Her body shivered when Joshua took a hold of her head and began to face fuck her. Elizabeth closed her eyes, opened her throat, and waited patiently for her husband to finish using her mouth and throat as a masturbation tool. Thirteen minutes or so after he began, Joshua Goldsmith slammed his cock into his hated wife's mouth, pressed her head against his crotch, and spewed his orgasm down her throat.

When he finished expending his seed Joshua pushed his wife back onto her ass, shook his softening cock to get the last drips of semen off, put his cock back into his pajamas, and departed the room. Two minutes later he was back in the master bedroom getting ready to take a shower to get the feeling of his hated wife's saliva off his cock. His thoughts went to his day and the possibility of meeting with Jessica Silverstein to discuss their faltering relationship. He felt his cock twitch in expectation of being with her even though he no more than a few minutes earlier had creamed into his hated wife's throat. Joshua Goldsmith entered the shower and relaxed under the stream of hot water as it cascaded over his body.

Elizabeth went to the hall bathroom, knelt in front of the toilet, and vomited. She'd accepted multiple loads from Dwayne and his friends when they used her mouth as their fuck receptacle. During those incidents she never once regurgitated from swallowing their ejaculate. The idea that Joshua just used her mouth and throat as a cum dump made her sick. After several minutes of retching, Elizabeth finally calmed down enough to catch her breath, stand up, and brush her teeth to get the vile taste of her husband out of her mouth. She looked in the mirror, combed her hair, touched up her eyes, and went into the kitchen to prepare for the day.

As she was preparing two bowls of Cheerios and sliced bananas for her children she was interrupted by a crying Sarah. She was wearing just a pair of cotton panties and ankle socks. Elizabeth knelt down to her daughter and took her into her arms. She tried to calm her daughter down but could not until she pulled away from her mother's embrace. Sarah Goldsmith stood sniffling and wiping her runny nose on her arm when she suddenly peed all over the kitchen floor.

"Oh, Sarah sweetie," cooed Elizabeth, "come to mommy and tell her what is wrong." She said nothing about the pool of urine or made any attempt to clean it up. She remained kneeling waiting for her daughter's response.

Sniffling and finally calm enough to speak, Sarah said, "I came downstairs to find you and I saw daddy..."

"Damn," said Elizabeth under her breath. "Sarah sweetie, you weren't supposed to see that. Adults sometimes do things and say things to each other that are just play like when you imagine you're playing house with your friends. Mommy and daddy were just playing," she said trying to convince Sarah she saw nothing bad.

Sarah looked at her mother knowing she was just lied to, "Then why do you sleep downstairs now? Why does daddy sleep alone?"

Elizabeth raised her arms to her daughter, "Come here to mommy, please."

Sarah stepped forward and into her mother's arms. She felt her mother's hands begin to caress the back of her head and her lower back. Elizabeth felt her daughter relax in her arms.

"Sarah, let mommy carry you upstairs and help you get washed up for school. I promise when you come home I'll sit with you and answer all your questions. You need to know that daddy was not hurting mommy this morning. Ok, sweetie," said Elizabeth.

Sarah nodded her head and allowed her mother to pick her up and carry her upstairs to the hall bathroom. Fifteen minutes later Elizabeth was downstairs mopping up the accident and finishing the preparations for sending Sarah and Jason to school. Thankfully, she had enough time to get everything prepared, get them dressed for the cold February day, and sent off to the bus stop. When she was sure that neither of them was going to return because of some feigned illness she went upstairs to what used to be her bedroom with Joshua.

"JOSHUA," she screamed, "YOU FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!!! DO YOU KNOW WHAT SARAH WITNESSED THIS MORNING???"

Joshua exited the master bathroom in his terrycloth robe. The scowl on his face showed his anger that his hated wife entered his room without his permission. "What did she witness?" he asked.

"SHE CAME TO MY ROOM AND SAW US, JOSHUA," cried Elizabeth. "SHE WITNESSED YOU CALLING ME DIRTY NAMES!!! SHE SAW YOU WITH YOUR DISGUSTING COCK GOIN IN AND OUT OF MY MOUTH!!! GOD, JOSHUA, SHE JUST PEED ALL OVER THE KITCHEN FLOOR SHE WAS SO SCARED!!!"

Joshua Goldsmith walked to the king sized bed and sat down. He looked at his wife with genuine concern about what had happened earlier that morning. True, he had no love anymore for his whore wife, but he did not want to cause his children any psychological or emotional damage because of their disintegrating marriage. He sat mortified at what his daughter witnessed and knew he'd have to talk to her about what she saw. The only thing that bothered him was what Elizabeth would say to her if she spoke to her before he did.

Running his hands on his thighs in an effort to calm his nerves, Joshua said, "I'll come home before she does and talk to her. I'll explain that we were playing a game. She'll accept my rationalization and explanation."

Shaking her head in disbelief, Elizabeth responded, "I've already explained that we were playing a game Joshua. I told her that when she gets home from school we will talk." In a loud voice, "WHO DID SHE COME TO ASSHOLE??? NOT YOU – ME!!!"

"Believe me Lizzy," said Joshua calmer than Elizabeth expected, "I'll be home when she gets home, she'll talk to me. Why, because you'll be anywhere but here. You'll be somewhere bent over having your ass reamed by a large strap-on dildo because your nigger lover doesn't have a cock to fuck you with anymore. Oh, right, and you don't have a cunt hole either. Yell and scream all you want whore. When it comes to my children I will be the parent that takes care of them."

"Jesus Christ, you self-centered, egotistical asshole," said Elizabeth. "You can't see the forest for the trees when it comes to our situation. I'm not going to even discuss it anymore. I'm going downstairs and you can just get yourself ready to go to the hospital. Fuck you, Joshua."

Elizabeth Goldsmith left the master bedroom and returned to the kitchen. She brewed a pot of coffee, prepared an English muffin, and retrieved the newspaper from the front porch. Elizabeth sat at the breakfast room table, calmed down, and read the newspaper while waiting for her husband to depart for work. The time seemed to crawl and she realized that she had drank three cups of coffee and read the newspaper twice before Joshua let himself

out to go to the city. She checked the clock on the microwave and decided she would call Apollonia Moretti at noon. If she had to, she would try to get her brother to intercede on her part with Apollonia so he could convince Apollonia to sit and listen to her plea.

Elizabeth Goldsmith put her head down on the breakfast table and cried.