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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 67

Saturday Morning – Goldsmith Residence – 22 February 2003

Joshua Goldsmith was awoken by his wife Elizabeth who had opened her eyes moments before him and was moaning in pain. He sat up in bed, stretched, reached to the night table by the bed, retrieved a syringe, and a small bottle of morphine. He prepared a 1 milligram shot, uncovered her right arm, and pushed the drug into the port that was provided in the intravenous tubing. It took a few moments for the morphine to take effect and when she quieted down he got out of bed to begin his day. He needed to get Sarah and Jason dressed, fed, and to the sitter so he could make his way to the Bronx to check on Nurse Silverstein, Jon Parks, and the emasculated patients.

After he showered and dressed, Joshua removed the bandages that covered Elizabeth's vagina. He gently felt the area where he removed her clitoris, prepuce, and labia minora. He checked the small round stainless surgical steel tube that protruded from the vaginal opening that remained after he sewed the remains of her labia minora together. He could see that his work was exemplary considering that he never performed vaginal plastic surgery in his life. Elizabeth opened her eyes. She looked down to where Joshua was bandaging her privates and moaned knowing she was no longer a functioning woman.

She tried to clear her mind of the narcotic induced fog as she said, "Joshua, tell me you didn't do what I think you did. Tell me I'm still a sexually functioning woman."

After he finished placing the last piece of surgical tape on the gauze that covered her privates, he said, "I can reverse the surgery that closed your vaginal opening. I cannot reverse the removal of your clitoris or your labia minora. You dear Elizabeth have felt your last clitoral or vaginal orgasm." Seeing the shock on her face and fear in her eyes, he leaned over her face and spewed his venom, "YOU FUCKED A NIGGER. YOU ALLOWED HIM TO LET HIS FRIENDS FUCK YOU. YOU FUCKED A TWELVE YEAR OLD AND ACCEPTED HIS VERBAL ABUSE. YOU ENJOYED BEING USED LIKE A TWENTY DOLLAR WHORE. YOU CAN'T DEFEND YOUR ACTIONS."

Tears flowed from Elizabeth's eyes. The pain between her legs subsided as her mind went into defensive mode. "Joshua, I needed more than you were giving me. I felt like you weren't interested in making love to me anymore. It was just sex, Joshua. I love you, Joshua. I admit I went overboard, but you did tell me the other night you were..."

"JESUS CHRIST, ELIZABETH!!! DID YOU REALLY THINK I WAS GOING TO FORNICATE WITH MY SEVEN YEAR OLD DAUGHTER? ONE WORD, LIZZY, FANTASY."

"Oh, my God, I fucked up royally," Elizabeth cried to her husband. "All I wanted was a good fucking."

Joshua realized the morphine had more than taken the pain away. It reduced her inhibitions and allowed her to finally speak the truth about her feelings. He thought for just a second that maybe all he needed to do was inject her with the narcotic to get her to spill her guts to him. He moved away from the close proximity of her face and said, "Tonight I'm going to bring a friend home. She is a nursing student. It is my intention to cuckold you. You, dear Lizzy, are going to suck her young cunt, my cock, and then you are going to insert me into her. When I'm fully embedded into her sweet young pussy you are going to lick my balls and ass as I fuck her for as long as I fuck her until you feel my balls rise and spew my baby making sperm into her viable baby making body. From this moment forward, you are nothing to me. Just like your sissy brother is nothing to your sister-in-law. You have a choice to make. Stay and suffer the consequences of your stupidity or leave with just the clothes on your back."

"I have to get the children ready so I can bring them to Mrs. Watson's house." Joshua stood and looked down at his wife. "You should be able to get up and walk around. The pain should subside and be completely gone by noon. I suggest you make an effort to get yourself physically ready for what will be your future. Also, you do remember we have Colin's cuckold wedding to go to tomorrow. I expect to see you downstairs preparing dinner when I return with the kids and Nurse Silverstein."

Joshua Goldsmith walked out of his bedroom and as he descended the step he heard the whine of emotional pain erupt from his wife's mouth. Elizabeth Goldsmith cried and tried to think about ways she could win back the trust and love of her husband. She moved her right hand to the spot she would rest it when she masturbated and moaned anew when she felt the rough patch of gauze that covered her crotch. Her mind would not allow her to accept the finality of having her clitoris removed. She pressed her fingers against the bandage and recoiled from the pain. Her hand withdrew from between her legs as she laid crying and contemplating suicide because she didn't know if she could face her future as a sexually nonfunctional woman.

The last thing Elizabeth heard before falling asleep was her husband telling the children their mother was not feeling well and they had to spend the day with Mrs. Watson. Joshua bundled Sarah and Jason against the cold and walked them down to Mrs. Watson's house. When he returned to his house he thought about going in to check on his wife, but decided against it as he had to drive to the Bronx to check on his emasculated patients.