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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 105

Sunday Night – Westchester Medical Center – 2 March 2003

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith made his way to the Cardiac Care Unit and stopped at the nurse's station to check Elizabeth's chart before he went to her private room. The ICU nurses were going through the shift change process and made no effort to question or stop Joshua from sitting at a computer to access Elizabeth's records. He also found the stainless steel case that was used to house any paperwork concerning her hospitalization. When he was satisfied with the care she was receiving he stood up and walked to her private room.

Elizabeth Goldsmith was sitting in one of the visitor's chairs watching the small television that was suspended from the ceiling. Plainly visible were the wires of the remote cardiac care unit that monitored her heart rate, pulse, and breathing. She was wearing a pair of her cotton sleep pajama pants and a pair of hospital supplied rubber bottomed booties. Elizabeth actually brightened when she saw Joshua come through the door and close it behind him.

"How are you feeling?" he asked. Joshua did not approach his wife and kiss her hello.

"I'm good Joshua," she replied. "They had me up and around as soon as the IV's were removed. There is only one problem, but I'm dealing with it. Will I be released tomorrow?"

"I would try to get you released tonight, but I don't think that is going to be possible. Best you rest and I'll be here first thing in the morning to take you home," he said. "What is the problem?"

Elizabeth rolled her eyes at her husband. She rubbed her hands on her thighs out of frustration and disgust. "Thankfully, I haven't needed to have my genitals examined. I've been able to use the bathroom and had the privacy I needed to keep myself clean. I'm wondering why I am so calm considering what has transpired between us, Joshua. You surgically ruin me and then psychotically go off the deep end. You make a total mockery of your life by killing a nursing student. What is even more incredulous is prostrating yourself to the cunt that married my brother..."

"I did what I needed to do," replied Joshua. "I was not going to put myself in a position to spend the rest of my life under the control of the State of New York Corrections Department."

Elizabeth smiled and chuckled at the thought of her husband living in a cell with some nigger as his white bitch. "You made a choice, huh... You exchanged one prison for another. Instead of being housed in a twelve by nine

cell with a murdering nigger, you chose to be owned by the craziest bitch on this side of the universe. Good choice, Josh. Now we're both beholden to her. Each for our own selfish reasons."

"I didn't ruin our marriage, Lizzy," he said. "Yeah, I did something that I've fought doing my entire life. I've kept in hidden away from everyone who has entered my life. Bet you never knew I had it in me. The world renown cardiothoracic surgeon is also a psychotic who maintains his sanity by pushing a dark demon down into his unconscious."

"This is not the place to have this discussion," said Elizabeth. "I think you should go home and relieve my parents of babysitting our children."

"First, Sarah and Jason are my children. Second, when I get done with my little legal problem I'm going to divorce you unless you decide that living with me is better than fending for yourself especially in your condition. Of course, you could piss me off enough..."

"Fuck you Joshua," said Elizabeth with venom in her voice. "Think of what a circus the divorce proceeding will be when I'm on the stand telling the world how you emasculated four men and a teenage boy. Add to that your creative surgery on me. I think I'll win the judge over in a heartbeat. I have no intention of allowing you to take my children from me. I'm also going to seek out a surgeon who can reverse what you did. To add insult to injury, I'll fuckin' bill you for the procedure."

The good doctor stepped close to his wife, placed his right hand around her neck, and pressed his fingers and thumb against each carotid artery. The pressure was enough to reduce the flow of blood to Elizabeth's brain but not cause her to become unconscious. Joshua knew the heart monitor would pick up the change in her heartbeat, pulse rate, and respiration rate. Elizabeth began to feel lightheaded as if she had just smoked some marijuana or sucked down some sweet tasting vodka. He timed the reduction and increase of blood perfectly so the monitor at the nurse's station would not show any abnormality.

"You have a choice now Lizzy," said Joshua. "I could really use a blowjob. Of course, I could always go home and allow my psychotic side to come out. It would be a sweet feeling to cum in Sarah's preteen mouth or even her just opened and bleeding pussy..."

"You wouldn't dare hurt your own daughter..." began Elizabeth.

"Don't fuckin' try me, Lizzy," interjected Joshua. "I fuckin' orgasmed three times and the best was when I felt Jessica's life ebb away. I know the feeling and I enjoyed it more than I..."

His eyes showed that he wasn't kidding or playing a game. Elizabeth having suffered though his bouts of anger since he found out about her extramarital affair, knew she had only one viable choice. Suck his cock or suffer throughout the night wondering if he had lived up to his word. She tried to look around his body to see if any of the nurses were close by so she could possibly use them as a stalling tactic. Joshua did not allow her to accomplish her goal of getting a nurse to interrupt his abuse by forcing her to suck his cock without any form of privacy. Elizabeth made her decision and reached for Joshua's zipper.

Twelve minutes later Joshua stepped back from the chair, smiled ever so lovingly, and said, "Good girl, Lizzy. I see you're getting used to swallowing. I'll be here after I get my kids off to school."

Joshua did not wait for an answer. He turned from his wife, strode out of the room headed for the exit, and home. Elizabeth got out of the chair, walked into the bathroom, knelt, and threw up into the toilet.