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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 111

Monday – Joshua and Elizabeth Goldsmith – 3 March 2003

Joshua Goldsmith made arrangements to have his patients covered for the day so he would not feel pressed to get himself to the hospital to check on their wellbeing. He arrived at the Westchester Medical Center after getting Sarah and Jason off to school prepared to bring Elizabeth home. The duty nurse cornered him before he could slip by the nurse's station.

"Dr. Goldsmith," she said, "could I have a moment of your time?"

He stopped, leered at the woman who appeared to be in her early forties, and simply said, "What?"

Not surprised by his answer, the nurse stepped to an area where they could speak in private. "I would like to inform you that your wife spent the night crying instead of sleeping. She was not cooperative and I'm concerned about her reaction to the coronary. I thought it best to talk to you in private about it."

Joshua did not relax or change his angry demeanor, "Thanks, but I'm her husband and a cardiologist, so, I'll handle everything. Please make sure the paperwork is completed for her discharge."

Joshua did not thank the duty nurse. He walked to his wife's private room and entered to find her sitting in one of the chairs, dressed, and prepared to leave. Elizabeth acknowledged her husband's arrival with a simple nod of the head. She did not smile or rise to greet him with a kiss. Instead she looked at him and wondered if he did anything to her children. She cried throughout the night not because he forced her to suck his cock. She cried for her children. Elizabeth Goldsmith was afraid of what her husband could or would do to Sarah and Jason.

"Can I leave?" asked Elizabeth without even saying hello to Joshua.

"As soon as the cardiologist signs the paperwork," replied Joshua. "We should be on the road shortly. I was told you had a bad night..."

"Fuck you, Joshua," said Elizabeth, "like you care."

"Believe it or not, I do," said Joshua. "I may be so totally against being married to you for what you did to me; last night as I lay in my bed, I thought about some of the good times. I actually found myself getting erect."

"You fuckin' pig," said Elizabeth. "I bet you were thinking about Sarah or that cunt Apollonia Moretti. I don't fuckin' believe a word that comes out of our mouth, asshole. Yeah, I cried all night. I cried because I feared for my children not because I was saddened by our crumbling marriage or the possibility that the children would have to watch you grow old in prison. In fact I'm hearted by the idea of you being pressed face down into a ratty mattress as your cellmate uses your Jewish ass and turns you into his prison bitch."

Just as he was about to answer, Joshua was interrupted by the cardiologist that handled Elizabeth's angioplasty. They shook hands and spoke for just a minute or two. After he left, Joshua returned his gaze to his wife and said, "Hell will have to have frozen over before I'm incarcerated. I'm confident that my legal team will do more than necessary to bring in a verdict of not guilty. The only person that is going to get fucked anally is you Lizzy. So, you ready to go home or would you rather I drop you somewhere in the Bronx..."

"The Bronx?" interjected Elizabeth.

"Yeah, nigger lover," growled Joshua, "the Bronx. Isn't that where your nullified nigger lover lives? Just get your fuckin' ass up from the chair and like a good little useless bitch follow me to the car. Nothing more need be said."

"SCREW YOU!!!" screamed Elizabeth.

Joshua turned and for the first time since she started dating him, she saw a side of him that terrified her. His face was not red or tight with anger. What she saw in his eyes made her quake with fear. His hands were slowly opening and closing making fists. Elizabeth watched as her husband licked his lips, put an evil smile on his face, and just stood in front of her daring her to make the first move.

Joshua spoke in a quiet tone, "Stand up, pick up your handbag, and follow me out to the car. Make a scene and as God is my witness, I'll gladly do the time. Don't fuckin' play with this side of my personality, Lizzy."

Elizabeth Goldsmith, stood, picked up her handbag, and followed like the submissive bitch she wasn't her husband out of the room. They stood together in the elevator but separated when he exited and made his way to the parking garage. The ride from the hospital to their home was made in absolute silence. Elizabeth seethed inside knowing that she faced the possibility of rape or worse murder when she arrived home. She wished her children were home because it would ameliorate any chance of Joshua doing something horrible to her. She watched as the suburban landscape passed by and silently said a prayer to Jesus even though she had converted to Judaism.

When they arrived home and before Elizabeth could get comfortable, Joshua turned to her and said, "Are you really strong enough to confront me about what you did?"

Elizabeth saw his attack on her having an affair coming and decided to try and deflect it, "What I did? All I did was get laid, Joshua. I didn't murder a nineteen year old."

"No Lizzy," he replied, "you got horny and took it upon yourself to satisfy the need. You didn't come to me..."

"Were you ever home long enough?" interjected Elizabeth. "This is getting old Joshua. You made your point known to me when you ruined my life. You want to rehash the past then go upstairs, look in the mirror, and talk to yourself. I'm more than willing to fix what's broken if it can be fixed. What do you want me to say to you, Joshua? You want me to say thank you for ruining me? Tell me what you want?"

"I don't know what I want from you, Lizzy," he replied.

"Do you still love me, Joshua?" she asked.

"How can you ask me that, Lizzy?" Joshua shook his head in incredulous disdain. "I did not seek sexual satisfaction with another person. I was very happy with our love life. You're the one who broke our marriage vows."

"What do you want from me? I'm between a rock and a hard spot, Joshua," said Elizabeth. "If I leave, I lose my children. If I stay, I have to put up with your hatred of me and my fear of you taking out your craziness on the children. I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't. What I want more than anything is the opening of my vagina. Let me be normal physically and I promise you that I will become your female cuckold."

"Yeah," said Joshua sarcastically, "is that all you want?"

Elizabeth stepped up to her husband, put her hands on his upper arms, and said, "We're both beholden to our crazy sister-in-law. We can reduce our commitment if we become a couple again. I will have your back Joshua. I will do anything to help you beat your murder rap. Just reverse what you did, please..."

Joshua did not push her away. Her face still had the shape that drew him to her and her eyes were just as beautiful as they were the day they met. He looked into her eyes and saw she was serious. "I can reverse part of the surgery, but I cannot replace what was removed. You will never enjoy sexual intercourse. You will be able to menstruate like before, but without your labia you will have to be doubly careful when it comes to your daily hygiene."

"I don't care what I'll have to live with, Joshua," cried Elizabeth. "I want to feel human again. I don't want to feel that fuckin' metal thing you put inside me. Please, Joshua..."

"Tell me again what you're willing to do for me?" he asked.

"Better yet," she said, "I'll show you."

Elizabeth dropped her hands from his upper arms. She held his gaze as she reached down and began to open his belt. Once it was, she held his eyes as she lowered herself to her knees in front of him. She lowered the zipper and pulled his navy blue khaki down to his ankles. She followed them with his briefs. Joshua watched as Elizabeth picked up his flaccid penis. He saw how serious she was about sucking his cock, but he really wasn't in the mood.

"Ok," he said, "believe it or not, I'm not really in the mood for a blowjob." He stepped back, bent over, and pulled up his pants and briefs. To Elizabeth's amazement, he offered her his hand. She took it and allowed herself to be helped to stand. "Are you hungry?"

Elizabeth couldn't believe what she was hearing. Joshua actually refused to be sucked off because he was hungry. Interesting turn of events thought Elizabeth. "I could eat. Here or out to a diner?"

"Out," said Joshua in a serious tone, "that way we can maintain a level of decorum that will not result in my adding a second charge of murder to the illustrious list of crimes I have already committed."

"You're kidding," Elizabeth said, "right?"

The look on his face told her his answer but she remained still waiting for him to speak. "No, Lizzy, I'm not. I'm so on edge about how easy it was for me, a doctor no less, to choke the life out of a nineteen year old. All because she wouldn't provide me with the sexual pleasure I wanted. I really don't want to put us into a position where I have to explain to my children that their whore mother is dead."

"You know what Joshua," said Elizabeth knowing he was jerking her chain, "if you're hungry, go fuckin' out by yourself. For a moment, I thought you were serious about renewing our relationship, but I can see you're still the same fucked up asshole that physically ruined me."

Joshua watched his wife turn away from him and begin to walk to the staircase leading upstairs. He wondered for a moment why she did not try to get past him because her room was behind him not upstairs. The simple act of heading to the staircase was an over the edge defiance in his addled mind. He reacted swiftly. Elizabeth felt his hand grab the hair on the back of her head which was enough to get her to stop dead in her tracks. Joshua

stepped up behind her and pulled her head back and onto his shoulder. He did not ease the pressure on the clump of hair that was entwined in his fingers.

"Where the fuck do you think you're goin'?" he growled.

"Let go of my fuckin' hair, Joshua," cried Elizabeth. "I was going to Sarah's room and then to Jason's. I wanted to be in their rooms for a minute or two before I returned downstairs. What harm have I done?"

Joshua calmed down, eased his hold on Elizabeth's hair, and said, "When you come down, I'll be in family room. We need to make arrangements to separate. I don't think anything you'll do will foster a reconciliation between us, Lizzy."

"Were you mad because I wanted to go upstairs to the children's rooms?" asked Elizabeth.

"I went ballistic because you turned your back on me," replied Joshua. "You're not an equal to me anymore. All I want from you is your total subservience. You want something you ask. You do as I tell you no questions asked. Your life is mine. When you're alone you can try to live as you have, but if I call you, message you, or we're face-to-face, you react to what I tell you immediately. Hesitation will not be tolerated."

Joshua realized he was still holding Elizabeth's hair hard enough to keep her from moving her head forward. His tolerance for her was diminishing with every minute. He knew if he continued to interact with her he would end up doing something he would regret. What he did sense was an increase in sexual need because of his hold in Lizzy's hair. He wondered what she would do if he ordered her to lower her panties in preparation to taking his hardening cock up her only available orifice. He wrapped his left arm around her waist and pulled her body into his.

"Here's the deal, Lizzy," he said, "I'm going to order you to lower your panties. Then I'm going to expose my manhood. Once it is hard enough I am going to insert it up your only available orifice. No lube. No preparation. Just a hard cock pushed into your tight asshole. You complete the anal copulation I'll consider you've accepted your role as my useless piece-of-shit. Tell me no and I'll let you go, but your only direction will be out the front door."

"Tell me you're not serious, Joshua," said Elizabeth. She did not feel him release her from his hold. His tenseness confirmed his seriousness about fucking her anally without any preliminaries.

"As serious as my pending indictment," he said.

Elizabeth Goldsmith teared up at the thought of never seeing her children again. She did not verbally reply to the man she would serve forever. Instead, she moved her body enough to signal Joshua that she was a willing participant. Elizabeth felt a minor lessening of his grip on her which was enough to allow her to lower her panties enough for him to have access to her ass. She felt him expose his cock and begin to masturbate to an erection. She knew he was ready to rape her ass when he pushed her forward against the closed front door. Elizabeth could not stop what she believed would be legally termed as the rape of her anus.

Joshua smirked as he maneuvered his body and his cock into position behind his wife who he considered to be nothing more than a whore. He found the rise and fall of her anal opening and placed the head of his cock there in preparation to insert it without any lubrication except for the small amount of pre-cum that had formed. He pushed with all his might.

"OWWW!!!" cried Elizabeth. The pain of his entry was extreme to the utmost. "FUCK YOU!!! STOP IT NOW OR I'LL CALL THE FUCKIN' POLICE AND CHARGE YOU WITH RAPE!!!"

Joshua ignored her pleas. He continued to push his thick circumcised seven inches into her rectum. The tightening of her asshole was signal enough for Joshua to know she was trying to keep him from entering her. He pulled on her hair and said, "Did you do that when Dwayne fucked you up the ass? Fuckin' quit it and show me what a good whore you are or I swear I'll fuckin' rip you a new asshole."

"STOP IT", cried Elizabeth, "TAKE IT OUT!!! PLEASE!!!"

"NO!!!" responded Joshua. He pulled her hair harder which made her cry out and forget about the pain that his cock was causing. Joshua felt her relax her anus and with one hard push he slipped up and into his wife's rectum. The feeling of her lower bowel surrounding his cock confirmed his love of anal sex. Now that he had two children, Joshua was just as happy as he could be when his cock was embedded in a female's ass. He pressed his crotch against her nicely shaped buttocks and consciously made his cock twitch within her.

Elizabeth held her breath and tried to push Joshua's cock from her rectum. Although she never cried out when Dwayne or his buddies used her anally, she hated every minute of being fucked up her ass. She moved her hips forward in an attempt to dislodge the seven inch tube that was inside her rectum. The attempt was a futile because Joshua timed his move and ended up pressing his body against hers which locked her body against the front door. The end result of her battling her husband was her having to take his cock and allow herself to be fucked the way she hated.

Joshua felt her resignation. He released her hair, but continued to push her head and face against the glass of the front door. He slipped his arm from around her waist and placed it on her hip. Joshua began to fuck her mercilessly. The thoughts that ran through his mind did not deal with the present act of anal intercourse. He closed his eyes and relived the murder of Jessica Silverstein. As the images of her face before and after her death flashed by as if in a slideshow, Joshua Goldsmith felt his cock expand and harden. His motion increased in speed and depth. Elizabeth could not do anything to reduce his motions and speed. She closed her eyes and thought of her children as her ass was used as an input instead of an output orifice.

The next seventeen minutes were nothing but a passage through hell for Elizabeth. Thinking of Sarah and Jason did nothing to help her forget what was happening to her. The only outlet was to scream and yell, but she knew it would not stop Joshua from completing his rape of her rectum. To keep herself together mentally, Elizabeth Cathcart began to pray to Jesus and cry silently. She reverted to her Catholic upbringing as the man she loved finally broke all bonds of matrimony, life, and religion with her. If she had to, she would do whatever she needed to be with her children even if it meant taking his dirty cock into her mouth to clean it after he ejaculated. Her hatred for the man she married was at its pinnacle.

Joshua released his hold on Elizabeth's head so he could use both hands to hold her by her hips as he fucked her rectum. The heat generated by their copulation was passing through the soft skin of his manhood and giving him sexual sensations that he knew he would want to experience again and again. He changed his motion when he felt his testicles begin to rise and his cock begin to itch with the preliminary feeling of ejaculation. He pressed his cock as deep as it would go and kept it there because the tightness of Elizabeth's sphincter around the base of his cock was delicious.

"Damn," moaned Joshua, "you're so fuckin' tight even after those niggers fucked you up your white bitch ass. I'm gonna cum." He pressed on last time, "Fuck me!!! I love the feel of an ass surrounding my cock!!!"

Both Joshua and Elizabeth felt his cock explode and each reacted differently. Joshua moaned and tried to press his cock as deep as it would go into Elizabeth's rectum. With each spurt of his cum into her lower bowel, Joshua cried out as if it was the first time he'd ever had sex with anyone. Elizabeth prayed that the insertion of his cock into her anus had not caused any damage to her body. She tried to disregard the feeling as her lower bowel was filled and coated with the material that created her two children. Elizabeth cried knowing she was forever going to have to succumb to his desire to fuck her anally and survive his abuse whenever they were together. She felt him finish ejaculating and tried without success to get him to pull his cock from her ass.

"Two more things for you, Lizzy," said Joshua even though his breathing had not returned to normal after his orgasm. "First, I have to relieve myself and since I'm comfortable..."

"NO..." cried Elizabeth, "DON'T PISS IN ME!!!"

Joshua grabbed a handful of hair, pulled, and growled, "Who the fuck are you to tell me what I can and cannot do??? I need to piss and I'm going to use you as my fuckin' human toilet. After that, you'll turn and clean my

cock with your mouth. If any liquid drips from your used asshole onto the floor, you can clean it with your lips and tongue."

Joshua didn't need to reinforce his dominance by causing Elizabeth pain. She resigned herself to being his sex toy, toilet, and slave so she could stay with her children. Elizabeth closed her eyes, relaxed, and felt the warm urine begin to fill her rectum. She wanted to run to the bathroom and vomit. Joshua laughed as he felt his bladder empty and the warmth of his urine surround his softening cock. When he was through urinating into his wife's rectum, he pulled his cock out to the point where just the head was inside her.

"I have to admit, that I'm happy that I refused your blowjob, Lizzy," he said. "Fucking your shithole and then pissing in you was better than any blowjob you've ever given. Including when you swallowed. I'm going to pull out of your only available fuck hole and I expect you to turn around, kneel, and suck my cock clean."

Elizabeth's stomach tried to send its contents up her esophagus and out her mouth. The thought of taking his cock into her mouth after he'd just fucked her dirty ass was revolting. How could he ask her to do something he knew could make her very sick? She'd heard of people drinking urine, but never eating feces. Scat was not a sexual turn on for her. Elizabeth knew the time had come when she felt the emptiness that always followed being fucked anally. She turned around but could not kneel. She felt the mixture of sperm and urine begin to slide out of her wide open anus. All she could do was try to squeeze her anus closed, but she knew that would be futile for a good while.

She saw Joshua's cock and thankfully it was not covered in any fecal matter. It was streaked pink and she immediately knew she was bleeding. How bad she could not ascertain. "Please Joshua," she said the disgust plainly visible in her voice, "I can't. I can't take you into my mouth after you've been in my ass. I'll throw up all over you. Your cum and urine are dripping from my ass. Please, Joshua!!!"

"Don't even think I'm going to relieve you from cleaning me with your mouth, Lizzy," he said. "Do it or the next time your children will see you will be when you're reposed in the casket that you'll be buried in. Don't make me tell you again."

The look in his eyes was enough to send Elizabeth to her knees. She fought the need to throw up as her abdominal muscles twitched and tried to force the contents of her stomach up and out of her mouth. Elizabeth tried to squeeze her anus shut but failed as the urine began to flow from her ass and down her legs. The cock that just ejaculated and urinated inside her rectum hung flaccid before her. She wondered if it could speak what it would say to her now. The smell of fecal matter grew stronger as she leaned forward to take it into her mouth. The desire to retch increased inside her body and it truly became a losing battle. Before she could say anything to Joshua, Elizabeth fell forward onto her hands and threw up all over the hardwood floor and entry hall carpet.

The acrid smell of stomach acid hit Joshua like a two-by-four swung by a man the size of the Grand Teton Mountains. He wasn't ready for his shithole of a wife to fall forward and regurgitate all over the floor and a small amount of her stomach acid landed on his shoes. Joshua's initial reaction was to take a small step back, but he countered his aversion to the smell of her stomach fluid by striking out at her mercilessly. He swung his right foot back and then forward catching Elizabeth just underneath her jaw. The force of the kick snapped her head up but was not strong enough to lift her hands from the floor. Elizabeth Goldsmith did not feel the two vertebrae in her neck snap as she collapsed to the floor in a heap. Joshua Goldsmith, renowned cardiologist, ejaculated all over the floor after he saw his wife collapse and not move.

It took a moment for Joshua to recover from his unexpected ejaculation. When he saw Elizabeth lying on the floor not moving he realized that he either killed her or broke enough bones in her neck to paralyze her for life. He leaned down and listened for breath sounds and a heartbeat. Her breathing was shallow and her heart was beating at a normal rate, but she wasn't moving any of her extremities. Joshua determined that he had broken her neck and she was paralyzed from the middle of her chest down to her toes. He knew he had only one resolution to the problem as it presently existed. He stood, went into the family room, retrieved a large pillow, and returned to the scene of his most recent psychotic outbreak.

Elizabeth Goldsmith opened her eyes just in time to see her husband place the soft down filled pillow over her face. She tried to scream but her vocal chords would not resonate due to the lack of air flowing over them. Her

mind overflowed with fear and loathing for the man she once loved as she tried and failed at an attempt to move her arms and legs. Elizabeth tried with all her strength to move her arms and legs but knew she was going to meet her maker when she felt the pillow press down onto her face stopping the flow of air into her lungs. She succumbed to the pressure, said a quick prayer to Jesus, and died.

Joshua Goldsmith felt Elizabeth's life drain from her body. He became erect but did not ejaculate. When he pulled the pillow off of Elizabeth's face he began to masturbate furiously. He was so sexually turned on he had to complete the act even though he had involuntarily ejaculated just moments before. Several times during the celebratory masturbatory process he stopped so he could spit on his right hand so he had some lubrication to ease his need to spew his seed all over his dead wife. It took longer than he expected to orgasm. By the time he did, his excitement at feeling his wife die was depleted and his only need was to feel his prostate and penis pulse forcing whatever amount of liquid was available to be spent. When he completed his orgasm, Joshua fell back into a seated position and just stared at the result of his psychotic behavior.

It took several hours for Joshua to come out of his psychotic stupor. Once he had recovered and saw his dead wife lying in front of him, Joshua knew he had to clean up his mess. His first call was to his in-laws advising them to pick up Sarah and Jason and bring them to their house. When they asked why, he told them he would explain everything to them at dinner or later that evening. He proceeded to clean up the mess in the front hall of the house. He positioned Elizabeth's body on the steps and the floor as if she had slipped and tumbled down them. Joshua knew he had to position the body in such a way as to limit the lividity in areas that would provide forensic information that would counter her falling down the staircase. Four hours and thirty minutes after he smothered Elizabeth, Joshua Goldsmith sat in the kitchen on the phone with Howard Cohen. The whole time he spoke with his attorney his hand massaged his erect cock. He ejaculated twice during the ninety minute conversation. He did without letting on to his attorney that he was masturbating as he relived his latest psychotic break and resulting murder. Per Howard's instructions, he waited for the cleaner to arrive and was instructed not to call anyone under the penalty of spending the rest of his life in solitary confinement.