

© Copyright, Emanon\_Pen, 2008-2011. All Rights Reserved.

The stories on this website are works of fiction. Any characters resemblance to persons living or dead is purely and entirely coincidental. Any actions taken by the characters or the portrait of such actions never occurred and if they mimic any form of reality, it is purely and entirely coincidental.

These stories contain explicit descriptions of sexual activity and may be perceived by some as being pornographic. If you feel that literary erotica is pornographic, then do not continue surfing this website or begin reading any of the stories posted here. If you inadvertently or with willful intent download a story to your computer or receive it as an e-mail attachment, then you should DELETE IT NOW AND LEAVE THE WEBSITE. The author assumes no responsibility if a minor downloads this story, is caught, and prosecuted by his parents or the federal, state, and/or local government.

This copyrighted material may not be freely distributed onto any website or newsgroup without the express written consent of the author.

Commercial websites that post this copyrighted material without the express written consent of the author and payment of royalties to the author will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

You may download this story for personal use. You may make no changes to the story and the copyright statement must not be removed. The author grants no other permissions to you or your successors.

## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 137

Saturday – Joshua Goldsmith - 8 March 2003

After being forced to suck his first cock, Dr. Joshua Goldsmith stopped in the public restroom on Colin's floor to try and wash the taste of cum out his mouth. It failed miserably. He decided to leave the building for home but the taste was too overpowering, so he returned and made a beeline to his office and the private bathroom within. He was so tunnel visioned he had no idea that Apollonia's driver followed him although he did not make contact with him. He entered the bathroom, opened the medicine cabinet, and pulled out a bottle of Listerine. Joshua opened the bottle and filled his mouth with the astringent liquid. He swirled it around in his mouth, forced it between his teeth, spit it out, and repeated the cleansing until the bottle was slightly more than three-quarters empty. The taste of cum was out of his mouth, but not out of his memory. He looked up, saw his reflection in the mirror, and for a moment thought about punching the medicine cabinet as he wondered if it would be apparent that he had sucked a cock and swallowed cum. Instead, he tossed the bottle of Listerine across the small room which resulted in it shattering and coating the wall with the remaining liquid.

He exited the bathroom still in an emotional tizzy. His mind was racing. Where were his children? Where was his life headed? Would he ever recover from the insanity that was surrounding him? How could he break away from the crazy bitch that forced him to suck cock? How could he look himself in the mirror knowing he did it and would be forced to do it again? Where were Sarah and Jason?

He exited the bathroom and before he reached his desk he froze. He stood stock still in his office. The only sound he heard was the humming of the HVAC system. The one thing he hadn't thought about was his mother. He shivered when he remembered her smell what he had to do with her as a boy and as recently as a few days ago. He shivered at the thought. Knowing his father was unable or unwilling to stop her from abusing him made Joshua hate him as much as his mother hated her husband. Ultimately, he hated them both. The picture of his father standing in the corner cowering with his mother's panties around his head, as he was forced to suck her pussy before having intercourse with her caused him to shiver several times. Her voice rose from his unconscious and he could hear her calling him a useless little boy bitch. Would she make him do her again? 'FUCK!!!' his mind screamed. 'FUCK!!! FUCK!!! FUCK!!!'

When he felt his cock enlarging as he was cursing out his mother he yelled, "FUCKIN' CUNT!!!" at the top of his lungs. Thankfully, no one came running into his office nor did his phone ring. Joshua forced his cock to stop rising as he realized that the best thing for him was to depart the hospital, return home, and prepare for his trip to Columbus Place. He gathered himself, opened the door, and was taken by who was just turning the corner.

Felicia Dwyer caught up in her own world did not realize she was in the corridor that led past Dr. Goldsmith's office. She was head down reading a nursing document she held in her right hand as she made her way down the hallway. Joshua didn't take long to make his decision and it was confirmed in his sick way when his cock jumped at his thoughts. He stood just inside with the door cracked just enough so he could watch her as she strolled towards his office. He held his breath as he hoped she would not realize where she was as the gap closed between them. Ten feet, five feet, three feet, two feet, one foot, and then just past the door when he sprung like a lioness at her chosen prey.

The arm that encircled her neck caught her by surprise. She did not have the time or presence of mind to scream as pressure was applied to her larynx and carotid arteries. Joshua's other arm encircled her body at her waist and by some crazy luck nothing she was holding fell to the floor. He pushed the door open with his hip and dragged her into his office. Felicia Dwyer was stunned as she felt him use his leg to trip her causing her to lose her balance. He then pushed her to the floor and immediately kicked her in the stomach. Joshua saw his prey lose her breath and fold into a protective fetal position. This gave him just enough time to turn away and lock the door to his office. He licked his lips in anticipation knowing that he was going to take her and kill her as he did.

Before she could regain her strength, Joshua grabbed her by her hair and dragged her behind his desk. He shoved the chair away giving him enough room to do as he wanted with the young girl. He looked down at his prey and saw the fear showing through her tears. Since today was not a school day, Felicia Dwyer was dressed casually in a rather short denim miniskirt, a dark blue scalloped collared woman's blouse, a crew neck cotton navy cotton sweater, lace topped thigh high stockings, bikini panties, and four inch leather heels. As he gazed upon her, he saw she had not urinated or wet herself out of fear. Joshua Goldsmith thought that the Gods were on his side because he would not have to pull her pants down and off to gain access to her virgin pussy. He kicked her in her side which brought a loud groan of pain, loss of breath, and more tears to her eyes.

Felicia lay immobilized wondering how she could get herself away from this maniac. She tried to protect her body from his kicks but she was breathless, in pain, and could not move fast enough. Her will to live combined with her self-defense mechanism poured forth and she knew she had to try and connect with her assailants genitals but she did not know exactly where he was located. She tried to roll onto her back but another kick to her stomach forced her into the fetal position to protect her abdomen. Her head ached around the area where he pulled her hair to move her to the spot she presently laid. Felicia did not know how long she'd been free from his assault, but she finally caught her breath and found she could speak although not very forcibly.

"STOP!!! PLEASE STOP!!!" she cried. Breathlessly she mumbled, "What do you want? I didn't do anything to you. Please let me go and I'll never say a word about what happened here."

Dr. Joshua Goldsmith rolled the young girl onto her back, grabbed her by the throat, and forced his knees between her legs. He used a small amount of pressure to make his point as he used his knees to force her legs apart. His cock was as hard as it had ever been and was beginning to dribble male lubrication. The deviant sexual pleasure was rising and coursing throughout his body. Joshua did not free his encumbered cock although he wanted to so it would be free. He held onto her neck, leaned forward, and spat, "YOU FUCKIN' CUNT. YOU USELESS PIECE-OF-FEMALE SHIT!!! ALL YOU HAD TO DO IS BE NICE AND PLAY MY GAME!!!" He stopped, grabbed his crotch, felt his erection, and spat anew, "SHOW ME YOUR BODY, BUT NO, YOU'RE A FUCKIN' STUCK UP BITCH, YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME!!! YOU USELESS CUNT, TWAT. I'M GOING TO BET THE FIRST AND LAST TO USE THAT SMELLY BITCH HOLE!!!"

"PLEASE DON'T, she wailed, "PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE!!!" She tried to catch her breath but could not. Between gasps she moaned, "I'll willingly do whatever you want. I'll show you my body. I'll suck your cock. You can fuck me. Please don't rape me!!!" The pain rose to a crescendo, "AHHHH!!!! GOD HELP ME!!!"

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!" cried Joshua. When she didn't he used a closed fist to punch her on the side of her head near her ear. "SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU LOUSY FUCKIN' CUNT!!!"

Felicia Dwyer saw stars and lost consciousness. Her body went limp and with it Joshua Goldsmith lost a good portion of the sexual pleasure he received from the pain and fear he had already inflicted upon his prey. He slid back just enough so he could admire the nexus of her legs at her crotch and be able to snare the small piece of

material that covered her vagina. He slid four of his fingers under the piece of cotton material and ripped her panties from her body. He smiled to himself, when he saw that she was hairless and knew that was at the request of the other pain-in-the-ass cunt – Apollonia Moretti. It was also enough for him to feel his cock growing anew.

He opened his pants and in one move lowered them and his briefs exposing his erect fuck stick and ruiner of shit eating cunts. Joshua stroked it while looking down at the unconscious nursing student. He consciously licked his lips as he gazed upon the creator of life that lay open between her legs. His deviance stopped him from just shoving his cock into her because he wanted, no needed, to see the look on her face and the fear in her eyes as he forced himself into her. Her fear would cause her vaginal opening to be dry and she would tighten the opening in an effort to keep him out. This action would create a tight tube of human flesh for his ruiner of women. The knowledge that his forceful entrance into her body was causing her vaginal lining to rip and tear due to its arid condition would give him his ultimate sexual pleasure. Once inside he would fornicate and choke her until she died. The feeling of her life leaving her body would be the trigger. Joshua Goldsmith would ejaculate and fill her ravaged womb with his seed. This need made him stand up, go into the bathroom, and return with a paper cup filled with ice cold water. His pants and underpants were around his ankles when he poured the water on Felicia's face.

The jolt of ice cold water was enough to revive the unconscious girl. Felicia Dwyer tossed her head from side-to-side in an effort to remove the substance that was just poured onto her face. She opened her eyes but really could not focus on anything. Her entire body pounded with pain, but the central focal point of it was in her head. She felt as if a pile driver was beating inside her skull. She tried to speak, but no words came out of her mouth. Before she could regain any sort of mental and physical composure, Felicia felt a hand on her throat, her legs being forced apart again, and a weight on her body. Somewhere from deep within her came strength to try and remove the weight that held her pinned and immobile on the floor. Although she did not see it, she felt the man's cock press against her crotch. She began to kick and move her hips side-to-side in an attempt to free herself from her captor which only excited him more.

Joshua laughed. His cock grew harder. He leaned down and growled, "SWEET!!! FIGHT ME!!! Make my time between your legs worth it BITCH!!! I'm going to take you and as I fuck you I'm going to choke the life out of you. Just as you die, I'll fill your useless cunt with my seed."

"NOOO!!! PLEASE!!! NOOO!!!" cried Felicia. She had caught her breath. Since the asshole on top of her had not punched or kicked her she was able to use the remaining adrenalin her body produced to try and free herself. "FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!!!" she cried as she renewed her effort to free herself from his grasp.

How she did it she'd never fully know, but she pulled her right leg up and somehow got it to slide between her assailant's legs. His pants were bunched around his ankles and not his thighs. His hand was tight around her throat, but not enough to make her lose consciousness or to fully constrict her ability to breathe. She forced her eyes to focus and with the effort his face came into view. 'Fuckin' asshole cardiologist. Dr. Goldsmith' she thought as she made an attempt to kick him in his balls. One last attempt to free herself from his grasp or suffer what she knew would be a painful death. Felicia thought of her father, her mother, and the things in life that were near and dear to her heart. Her life started to pass before her eyes. She tried to inhale a large breath of air but that was fraught with pain and blood began to froth at her lips. One last attempt and one direct connection should hopefully be enough to cause him to release his grip on her throat.

Again, she wondered where she got the presence-of-mind to think clearly while being assaulted, but somewhere deep inside she found it. She counted to three and with all the strength she could muster, forced her leg up and into her assailant's crotch. The connection was made and she knew she had succeeded. Joshua's hand loosened just enough and through the pain she took another deep breath. She reloaded her leg and forced it up a second time. The cry of pain from him gave her the energy to continue fighting for her life.

"FUCK!!!" screamed Joshua. He released his grip on the girl's neck the second time her knee connected with his balls. Where she got the energy to fight him was something he would never understand. He lost count after three as his genitals were attacked and he could not take the pain. His instinct was to protect his genitals from further abuse. Through his pain his mind centered on the two other women who had used his genitals as punching bags - his mother and Apollonia Moretti.

Felicia felt him move enough to free her arms and hands. Her only available weapons were her fingernails. She curved her fingers and went for Joshua's face. The right one missed its mark, but the left one caught his right eye and cheek. Her middle finger snagged the lower lid of his eye and pulled it away from the eyeball ripping the skin next to the bridge of his nose. Her remaining fingers pressed hard and gouged his cheek deep enough to draw a considerable amount of blood. She reloaded and tried to grab Joshua's face a second time, but was thwarted not because of her aim. She was thwarted because he had fallen backwards to get away from the assault on his face by her hands. Felicia wiggled back and thankfully there was nothing to impede her movement. She rolled her legs up towards her chest and thrust her feet at her assailant. Luck was with her again as they made contact with Joshua's chest and forced him to tumble onto his back. Felicia did not wait. She rolled to her side pulling her knees up and then got to her feet. With her last bit of energy she recovered her purse and made her way to the door of the office. It was locked and she fumbled with the knob to the dead bolt.

Joshua Goldsmith, face bloodied, eyelid ripped, and his balls aching gathered his insanity together and made an attempt to stop his prey from leaving his office. Felicia felt his hands grab at her waist. With her body wracked with pain and her breathing near impossible, she rotated her body, punched, scratched, and kicked her legs enough to free herself from his grasp. She turned her back to him one more time and made one final effort to turn the deadbolt knob to open the door and free herself from him. Joshua's testicular pain was subsiding, but the pain around his right eye was getting worse. He was losing the sight in the eye. Blood was running down his face. He gathered himself together, took a deep breath, and lunged for the girl. Felicia did not time the opening of the door, but all things being equal, she turned the deadbolt knob, opened the door, and by the Grace of God had the door in a position to block Joshua's attempt to corral her and keep her in his office. The edge of the door made direct contact with Joshua's face. The result was a broken nose and a split upper lip.

Where she got the strength she never knew, but Felicia Dwyer made it to the staircase to the left of the doctor's office at the end of the corridor. She pushed the door open, used the wall as a brace, and hobbled down two flights of steps before she collapsed in the corner of the landing. She knew she had at least one broken rib, a possible punctured lung, and maybe a fractured cheekbone. Her body ached and she was dizzy, but her mind was returning to some semblance of clarity. It was hard to breathe. She coughed up blood every time she took a breath. She knew she had to get to an Emergency Room. But, she also knew she had to get as far away from the hospital as she could. She had no one she could. . .

Felicia reached into her purse, found her cellular phone, found the number she was looking for, highlighted it, and pressed the Send button.