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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Prologue

Columbus Place located in the Village of Lawrence, New York is a dead end street that contains seven magnificent specimens of the bygone era houses of the late nineteenth century. The cul-de-sac can only be reached from Mott Avenue which is lined with houses that were all built in the early 1920's and 1930's. The seven houses on Columbus Place were all built in the late 1890's and it is the only street in the Village of Lawrence that is gated and privately owned. The only way someone gains access to the street is to present oneself at the guard house and request you be announced to the party you are there to see. At the top of the cul-de-sac is where the first house was built and sits on fifteen acres of land. The six other houses situated on either side of the main house each sit on six acres of land. The beauty of Columbus Place is the trees that line the street and those that surround the periphery of the property as a whole. The houses were built by an immigrant family that came to America in the early 1870's and the generations that followed still reside in the houses today. The village government tried for years to get the family to deed the street over to the township, but the family would never accept their monetary offer no matter how exorbitant it was in relation to the size and length of the street. The State of New York continues to take a lassie faire attitude when they are asked to step in and force the family to turn the street over to the township.

The main house is a three story Victorian mansion that is surrounded on all four sides by a full porch. The front of the house has two ornate glass mahogany doors and six windows on each side of them. The design of the interior of the house is different from the typical center hall Victorian because when you walk through the front doors you enter a great room that is surrounded by an interior balcony at the second floor level. The ceiling of the great room is the floor of the third story. Walking straight back from the front doors takes you to the large kitchen, pantry, and servant's quarters. On each side of the great room is a floor to ceiling double wide fireplace with a brick hearth that extended four feet in front of each cavernous fire pit opening. On either side of the fireplace are four windows large enough to let in a considerable amount of ambient daylight. The architectural wonder is the placement of the two staircases that lead to the second floor. How they were fit into the corners of the room without compromising the architectural integrity of the design is an amazing feat of architectural engineering.

The second floor of the main house had six bedrooms and three bathrooms that over the years were modified to one master bedroom suite with a sitting room, and master bathroom. The sitting room has a small wood burning potbellied stove strategically placed to heat the entire master bedroom area. The remaining four bedrooms each have their own private bath and a smaller wood burning potbellied stove. The beauty of the master bedroom suite is the oversized bay window with a built in bench seat that overlooks the rear portion of the land the house sits on. The floors are all random width pegged oak floors that have been resurfaced through the years are still as sturdy and beautiful as the day they were installed. All the woodwork and doors are solid oak and hand stained to

compliment the color of the oak floors. The rooms were either painted or papered to keep the ambiance of the Victorian period when the house was erected.

The third floor is finished but is not subdivided into smaller rooms so it is used for storage as is the attic above it. Over the years it became an indoor play area for the children or a place for the either of the adults to find some solace in the room's emptiness. Certain private meetings are held on the third floor, but through the years and changing attitudes have allowed them to move to the great room on the first floor.

Mario Moretti, 53, born on December 25, 1953 is the present patriarch of the houses that line Columbus Place. He is the third generation patriarch of Moretti to reside in the Victorian manor house, but only a second generation Italian-American. His wife, Lucia Moretti nee Russo was born on April 29, 1955 and they were married on August 10, 1973. Mario Moretti does not have a college education, but that did not stop him from building the area's largest and most profitable masonry companies. He learned his trade from an uncle starting when he was a strapping lad of thirteen. Each summer he would toil carrying totes of bricks up ladders or scaffolding to the men who themselves were toiling to build the exterior walls of a building or other types of architectural masonry walls or walkways. As the years passed, he grew stronger and smarter both in school and at work. By the time he was eighteen years old, he knew everything about masonry and the business of starting and building his own company. His father was proud of him for learning what he needed to in school to graduate, but was most proud of his abilities as a mason and a budding businessman.

He met his wife while working in mid-town Manhattan while repairing the outer façade of the Macy's building at 34th Street and Herald Square. The meeting was pure happenstance as a small amount of cement fell from the third story scaffold and splattered all over one of the shoes and stockings of a girl standing waiting for the light to change so she could cross the street. Lucia Russo was a sixteen year old just out of school for the summer and looking for part time employment. She was headed to a job interview at Lord and Taylor which at that time was considered one of Macy's chief rivals in the retail department store business. As she stood there horrified at what happened, Mario having climbed down from his perch on the scaffolding approached her, bare-chested, sweating, and was immediately taken by her beauty. He offered to take her into Macy's to purchase new stockings and shoes for her. He explained to her that she should allow him to make things right because it was his fault she had wet cement on her right leg and shoe. Lucia flustered that she was standing in front of an Adonis, checked her watch, saw that she had enough time to take him up on his offer, and that was the beginning of their courtship.

Lucia Russo was from a traditional old world Italian family that maintained their old world view of dating and courtship. Their courtship was overseen by Lucia's mother and before they could actually date, Mario had to approach Lucia's dad to ask his permission to just spend some time with her. As impossible as it may sound happening in New York City and not a small town in Sicily, Lucia's mother and her aunt chaperoned them on their dates for the first eighteen months of their courtship. Neither Mario nor Lucia complained as they were happy just to spend time together because she had to finish high school and he had to work to keep himself from falling into debt, but more importantly to save money for when he married Lucia Russo and made her Lucia Moretti. He also didn't worry about any sexual frustration or horniness because he'd been fucking women since he was twelve years old and continued to fuck women as he dated Lucia. Mario Moretti was of Sicilian heritage and was endowed with what his lovers liked to call an 'Italian Sausage' of monumental proportions. His buds call him the 'Italian Stallion'.

Lucia continued her high school education, but put off any idea of attending college. Her parents wanted her to go, but they could not convince her of the benefits of a college education. They were also aware of the rumors about the Moretti family and their sexual hijinks. Her parents were thankful that Mario was more than a gentleman. He was respectful to everyone he came in contact with at the Russo house. He went out of his way to do things around the house so much so that Mr. Russo had to stop him sometimes because he felt he was truly going overboard. He didn't need to impress the family as they could see he was treating their daughter exceptionally well.

Lucia Russo graduated high school in June of 1973 and the on August 10, 1973 she was wed to Mario Moretti in a ceremony that was held at his parent's house on Columbus Place. Considering the short amount of time between her graduation, Mario's asking her father's permission to marry his daughter, and the actual ceremony; the number of guests attending the ceremony and reception was shocking. The largest number of guests was from the

Moretti side which also included business associates and people of special interest, such as federal and state legislators and judges. The number of envelopes packed into the white satin satchel was a sign of the guests reverence and adulation for the Moretti family as well as for the Russo family. The ceremony started at 1:00PM when Cardinal O'Hara began his invocation and ended an hour-and-a-half later when Mario Moretti kissed Lucia Moretti his blushing bride of 18 to the adulation of the gathered guests. They walked down the temporary stone path to the circus sized tent where the reception was being held. Outside the main entrance to the reception area was where the families set up the traditional post ceremony receiving line. Mario's mother and father were first in line, then Mario and Lucia, and then Lucia's mother and father completed the receiving line. Mario and Lucia decided to have his best man and her maid-of-honor relieved of standing and shaking the hands of nearly six hundred and fifty people.

The reception started as soon as the last guest had congratulated the newlyweds and found their seats in the cavernous tent. The stage for the band was on the left as you entered the tent and directly in front of it was a very nice sized parquet dance floor. The dais where Mario, Lucia, the best man, and her maid-of-honor sat was situated against the right side of the tent with a nice wide alleyway between the tables so the members seated on the dais could easily access the dance floor. The tables for all the invited guests were spread through the remaining interior of the tent between the dais and the dance floor. The catering company was given access to the family kitchen and except for the ten tier wedding cake, all the preparation and cooking was done in the kitchen of the Victorian Manor house. Mario and Lucia Moretti were introduced to the guests by the band leader at 3:30PM, the caterer began the food service at 4:15PM, the band played close to non-stop, and the reception finally broke up some six hours later when the gates to Columbus Place were closed for the evening.

Mario and Lucia Moretti spent the first night of their marriage in the house on Columbus Place where they knew Mario's father had expected them to reside. Their flight for Italy was not scheduled to leave until the next evening so the consummation of their marriage would take place in the house they would return to after their two week all expenses paid honeymoon in Italy. Mario, ever the gentleman, carried Lucia across the threshold of the house, placed her on her feet in front of him still in her white lace, satin, and silk wedding dress, and gently pulled her into his arms and kissed her. He opened his lips and gently slipped his tongue between her lips which she responded to by opening her mouth so they could enjoy the fluttering of their tongues in their first French kiss. As he held Lucia close to his body, Mario could feel the tension course through her body and heard a small gasp pass through her thin lips as she felt his manhood press against her.

He stepped back holding his teenage wife gently around her waist and said, "Lucia, you are the light of my life. This is a very special night and I promise to be more than gentle. God, has brought us together and it my duty as a man to make you into the woman you so yearn to be, but Lucia the nervousness and fear you are feeling is natural."

Lucia Moretti looked up at her husband, the man she was going to give her body to after avowing her love for him before God, their families, and the gathered guests could not stifle the tears that gently tumbled over her lower eyelids and coursed down her rosy cheeks. As she tried to stop her childish crying she whispered as she wept, "Mario, I love you so much, but I fear I will not be the woman you expect. My mother and your mother spoke to me at length about tonight. I spent many a night in private conversations with your mother about my future as a Moretti wife. I am a virgin and I am not knowledgeable or worldly in the art of lovemaking. I fear you will leave me after the first night due to my fear and lack of experience."

Mario used of his strength to scoop Lucia up into his arms; pushed the front door closed with his right foot, and carried her to the upstairs master bedroom where he gently placed her on her feet at the foot of their marital bed. He took her into his arms, kissed her, and without having to prompt Lucia felt her open her mouth giving him access to her tongue. As the kissed, Mario gently rubbed and caressed her back. He found the clasp and the hidden zipper that kept her lace, satin, and silk wedding dress closed around her body. Mario tried to unhook the clasp but found it difficult and instead of fighting with it he broke the kiss, stepped back, and turned his young wife around so he could gain access to the parts of her wedding dress that he needed to open. Lucia did not say anything as she felt her husband begin to open the back of her wedding dress thus opening her to being naked for the first time in front of someone other than her mother or a doctor. As soon as the zipper was open all the way, he turned her around to face him again.

Lucia expected him to push the dress from her shoulders freeing her upper body, release the clasp on her bra, and turn her to face him thus exposing her bare breasts to him for the first time. Mario did not do as she expected,

instead he turned her back to him still covered in her wedding dress and he placed his lips on hers again. She was taken by how slow and so gentle he was with her. Lucia expected him to ravish her without any concern for her wellbeing. She felt his calloused yet somehow soft hands slowly slide up and down the bare skin of her back that was exposed due to the opening of the zipper. As Mario continued kissing her lips and caressing just a small portion of her exposed skin, she began to feel the waves of stress and nervousness slip away to be replaced a perception of calm and an increasing sexual desire. Mario Moretti was using his experience to calm her nerves and open the door to sexual pleasure for her. He felt her begin to relax in his arms and took her to the next level of their consummation of their marriage.

While keeping his mouth pressed against hers as their tongues played in each other's mouth, he moved his body ever so slightly away from hers and began to remove the wedding dress from her shoulders. Lucia had presence of mind to release her hold on her husband so he could peel the dress from her upper body and arms. At the point where he could no longer lower the dress, he was amazed that she was able to remove her arms from the long sleeves and maintain their fervent kissing. Mario used his hands to push the dress off her hips and when it had settled around her knees he picked her up. He did not lay her down on their marital bed, but held her as he moved to the side of the bed closest to the bathroom. Holding her close to him he began to kiss her again but this time with a purpose. As she melted into his arms with her arms around his waist, she felt him release the clasps that held her bra around her body. The strapless bra slipped from her body onto the floor between their feet.

Mario broke the kiss, leaned back and for the first time gazed upon Lucia's pert breasts. Her areola were in perfect proportion to the size of her breasts and her nipples were just two small nubs that stood at the center of each areola. Lucia expected him to touch them and possibly kiss them, but again she was amazed the he just stepped back to gaze upon her near naked body. She stood there still wearing her satin white five inch high heels, white pure silk lace topped thigh high stockings, white lace garter belt attached to the lace of her stockings, and a pair of white lace and satin panties that barely covered her sexuality. Mario made no effort to remove his tuxedo. He just stood in front of his newlywed bride and smiled at her beauty. He raised his hands and for the first time in their two year courtship, Mario gently placed his calloused hands on her supple breasts. Lucia gasped at his touch not from fear but from mounting sexual desire. She looked up at her husband moved so she could initiate another kiss by placing her hands on his arms and stepping into him to place her lips on his. As they kissed, she moved her hands from his arms and made an effort to touch him where she had never touched another boy or man.

Mario felt her hands moving towards his crotch. He broke the kiss, took her hands from his body, and whispered to her, "This night is all about you, Lucia. I am going to make love to you. I am going to be gentle. I want to assure you that tonight will be the most fulfilling and happiest day of your life. I love you. I want you to just let me lead you and when you awaken tomorrow morning you'll be more than just my friend and my wife. You'll be my special lover, someone that will always take precedence in my life."

She didn't reply. She allowed him to take her hands and place them on his shoulders as he moved to pick her up and lay her on their marital bed. She lay there waiting not knowing what he expected of her. Mario took his right hand and caressed her face, smiling he said, "I love you", as he moved to the end of the bed where her wedding dress lay. He leaned forward and opened the clasps on her garter belt that were holding the tops of the pure silk stockings giving him access to the lace and satin wedding panties which were very obviously soaked from her emotional sexual state. Mario looked into her obsidian eyes as he ever so gently pulled her panties down and off her dark smooth legs. He could see Lucia trembling aware that in a few moments her life would change forever. Mario Moretti, the man she met before entering her junior year in high school who was more than a total gentleman during their courtship was now gazing for the first time upon the most private area of her body. Although outwardly calm, she shivered inside in expectation of her losing her virginity.

Their lovemaking the first night was gentle and very, very passionate. Mario made sure that Lucia was relaxed, comfortable, and ready to lose her virginity to an exceptionally large phallus. After exposing her sex to him, he gently placed a kiss on the outer lips of her virgin vagina. As he knelt between her legs, he began to remove pieces of his clothing making sure that he didn't stop his lips and tongue from caressing her between her open legs. He spoke to her about being afraid of becoming a woman and not to worry as the initial pain would give way to a lifetime of pleasure. He told her of his respect her for keeping herself for her wedding night and the respect she showed her parents by living a religious, pure, and studious life. He whispered to her that tonight she would give herself to him and

from this night forward she would learn and be to him what every Moretti wife was to her husband through the previous and present generations.

Lucia learned that night the first obligation of a Moretti wife. When Mario took her she lay on a small pillow that was embroidered with their names and their wedding date. She had no idea how the pillow got into their bedroom, but in subsequent years she figured out who placed it behind one of the pillows on the bed. When her hymen broke the blood from the rupture dripped onto the pillow and that was the only time it was ever used. Every Moretti wife or daughter has such a pillow in their keepsake drawer as proof of their virginity and loss of same on their wedding night.

Mario and Lucia Moretti made love three times before they both fell asleep in each other's arms. Neither of them cared that they were sweaty from their last go-round as Lucia became accustomed to having his large phallus embedded in her body. Mario did not ask her to provide oral pleasure or be in any other sexual position except the missionary position while they made love. His total concentration was on her and her burgeoning sexuality. Lucia gave herself to him willingly and openly after the first painful insertion of his member into her. As they copulated, she moaned his name and vowed to be all he wanted her to be when they were making sexual love with and to one another. Their last copulation before falling asleep was exceptional because for the first time Mario buried the full length of his phallus into his wife and moaned as he pressed himself into and against her unobstructed sex.

Mario & Lucia Moretti – July 1980

Lucia Moretti brought two beautiful daughters into the world and tried for several months to convince her husband that they should try to conceive a boy, but Mario was content with his two extremely beautiful and healthy daughters. A son would make it easier to maintain the Moretti name and their special place in the hearts and minds of those that took advantage of their special offerings, but if his girls found the right men for marriage the status of the Moretti family would not be jeopardized. Lucia was happy staying home and raising the girls while Mario continued to work at growing his business which he continued to do rather successfully. The one thing both of them agreed upon was the education of their daughters Raffaella and Apollonia. They each agreed that the girls would attend and graduate college before they were allowed to marry and continue with the Moretti specialty.

It was during the early years of their marriage that Lucia became totally aware of her responsibility to her status as the wife of a Moretti man. Mario Moretti, like his father and younger brother, were men honored for their ability to sexually stimulate and impregnate any woman. The Moretti wives accepted their husband's ability to spread their seed among the couples who came to them seeking help in having children. The children borne of these liaisons were not tied to the Moretti family as the husbands were always listed on the birth certificates as the fathers. The couples who were granted an audience with Mario and Lucia Moretti were educated in the terms and conditions of having a child sired by a Moretti man. Each husband had to decide the level of his involvement with the relationship between his wife and the Moretti man. The wife's obligation was to the Moretti wife for her allowing her husband to copulate in the privacy of the woman's home so she could attain the goal of conceiving a child. The weeks and days before her marriage to Mario, Lucia's mother-in-law explained what would be expected of the man and woman who her husband was asked to impregnate in reference to both of them.

Her first couple was an older man married to someone she knew from high school. When Lucia was a freshman she was a senior. Jennifer Smith married a man seven years older than her two years after graduating high school and finishing cosmetology school. Richard Standish ran an upper class salon on the north shore of Long Island. He was the man that gave Jennifer her first job washing the hair of his patrons before they received their overpriced style-of-the-moment haircuts. He also was taken with her not because she was a knockout, but because she accepted his quirkiness and slightly feminine demeanor. He asked her out on a date after she was working there for five weeks and she accepted. Adam Richter took her to New York City for dinner and a Broadway show. She had never experienced a date like that in her entire life and it included the pomp and circumstance of her high school graduation prom. Four weeks after that date Adam Richter and Jennifer Standish eloped to Maryland to get married. For approximately two years, they tried to have a child with no success.

Through friends they were told about the Moretti family and Adam and Jennifer were now sitting in Mario and Lucia's grand entrance room across from each other. Jennifer was beside herself about not being able to conceive.

They both wanted a family, but the doctors were noncommittal as to who had the problem so they decided that it would be best for both of them to seek a solution outside the traditional medical community. Jennifer realized that she knew Lucia, but did not understand the ramifications of Adam and her agreeing to allow Mario to impregnate her. The discussion was open and frank between the couples.

"Adam and Jennifer welcome to our house and I want you to know that if you agree to our special relationship, that relationship will be between you and the Moretti family. You have to accept that the Moretti family does not just consist of Lucia and me, but the entire nuclear family," said Mario opening the conversation with them.

Jennifer was the first to respond, a bit quizzically, "I don't understand why the entire Moretti family has to know what is going on between us Mr. Moretti."

"First Jennifer, call me Mario and address my wife as Lucia. Perhaps in the future your method of addressing us may change, but that is up to the two of you. We may be joining into a very special relationship borne of a desire for you and Adam to have a family. The Moretti family and others too numerous to mention have been providing this type of service to couples like you since the Middle Ages. As we go through each of our obligations, you will realize that every couple before you has willingly accepted the fact the every member of the Moretti family is knowledgeable of our special relationship. If you desire that this not be known within our family, then I bid you both a fond farewell and wish you luck in conceiving and raising a family."

Adam looked at Jennifer to see if she was willing to accept the condition that neither of them considered being part of the transaction. They were both under the impression that Jennifer would have sexual relations with Mario until such time as he did the deed. They were both looking at Mario for what he was – a stud providing a service. Adam took her right hand in his and gently squeezed and said, "Your call, Jen."

"Mario, Lucia, if that is the foundation for us moving forward, then so be it. What is required of us to make this happen?"

"First, both of you must adhere to the rules of the relationship. The first, foremost, and strictest of these rules is your open and unabridged respect and fealty to my wife Lucia. Without her acceptance and your commitment to her, you will not move forward." said Mario.

"Agreed." they both responded simultaneously.

"Then you have to decide Adam's involvement. He can be out of the house while I'm there. He can wait downstairs in the family room or living room. He can, if he wishes be present and watch or he can to a point take part as some husbands wish to do."

Jennifer and Adam looked at one another and both Mario and Lucia could see the indecision on their faces. Something was passing between them and it was something that Mario had seen on previous occasions but he knew Lucia had no understanding of what was silently passing between the couple. Mario took his wife's hand and squeezed it gently to try and let her know that he would explain everything to her later that evening. "Have you made a decision?"

It was Adam who responded to Mario. "How much time do we need before we have to give you a yes or no to the whole relationship? I mean..."

Mario didn't need to hear anymore. "Mr. and Mrs. Richter if you are having second thoughts or there is something you haven't told us about your relationship you need to step back from the decision. When people come to us they're always ready to sign papers and move forward. We, meaning the Moretti family, do not usually allow couples to come to us more than one time, but I see something between you two. You need to settle whatever it is. Then call us and let us know if you want to return."

Jennifer Richter obviously flustered, stood, smoothed her knee length skirt with both hands, and asked, "Mrs. Moretti, would you please direct me to the guest powder room?"

Lucia smiled, stood, took Jennifer by her upper arm and walked with her to the back of the house where the guest bathroom was located. Mario Moretti leaned forward and stared in Adam Richter's eyes. The man avoided eye contact with Mario. This was not a good sign and Mario needed to ascertain if he should just cancel the whole deal. Mario arose and stood in front of the sitting Adam Richter. He didn't ask permission when he placed his right hand on Adam's left cheek. The man did not move or flinch when he felt Mario touched his face. He just sat on the couch still not looking up at Mario's face.

Mario gently began to rub Adam's left cheek and felt Adam respond by pushing his face against the coarse skin of Mario's hand. When he felt the response, Mario took the middle finger of his right hand and ran it across Adam's lips. Again, Adam did not flinch or pull away. When he didn't Mario took the cue and gently slipped his finger between Adam's lips. He responded by opening his mouth and sucking the finger into his oral cavity. Mario gently slipped his finger in and out of Adam's mouth as he felt Adam begin to swirl his tongue around his digit. It was an inopportune time for the girls to return, but that is exactly what happened. Jennifer knew what was happening, but Lucia was surprised at seeing Mario's finger in Adam's mouth. Mario looked at Jennifer, nodded, and removed his finger. He returned to his seat as did the two women.

Lucia looked at her husband, but said nothing. Mario spoke, "How long have you known Jennifer?"

She sighed and tears formed in her eyes at the coming humiliation. She replied, "I've known since before we were married. I so hoped he would grow out it. He is a good lover, but he just..."

"Have you discussed his role?" asked Mario.

"Yes, and I don't know if I can stand to have him do what he wants to do to aid in getting me pregnant. I, damn. Please Mr. Moretti may I ask you just one question?"

"Don't hesitate, Jennifer. I'm totally understanding of your predicament. Ask as many questions as you want to and don't shy away from asking the tough ones. We're not children."

Jennifer looked over at Lucia for some sort of signal and saw her gentle smile in assurance that anything said tonight was in the strictest confidence. "How do you react to having another man help you when you're with his wife?"

"I've been involved with this side of the family business since I was twelve years old. Believe me when I tell you that whatever your husband wants to do to help you attain a family will be of no concern to me. The only caveat is once he commits, he comes through. Failure is not acceptable and serious monetary repercussions will be assessed to assure the relationship is completed to our satisfaction. I can see your trepidation, so just ask me or tell me what is really bothering you."

She looked down from his piercing eyes towards the floor realized that she was embarrassed beyond all sense of morality she whispered, "What if he wants... Oh, my God, I'm so..."

Mario knew. It didn't take much for him to put two-and-two together. He was taught by his father that the best way to settle an awkward situation was to face it eye-ball-to-eyeball, but he knew that wasn't possible with this woman who was so obviously ashamed of what she wanted to ask of him especially in front of Lucia. "Go, on Jennifer. Remember we're all adults here."

Taking a deep breath and find some form of inner resolve and strength, she asked, "Will it be acceptable if Adam is dressed 'en femme'?"

Lucia didn't bat an eyelash or make any gesture of disgust at what Jennifer had just asked Mario. Mario having seen men of all different backgrounds, education, and physical size love the feeling of being feminine and/or submissive replied, "Jennifer. Adam. He isn't the first and he won't be the last. The only thing I can assure you is his fetish is between us until it comes out at the confirmation party. I can also, but I won't, give you an amazing list of highly placed men of industry, politics, and justice who share your husband's sexual fetishes and proclivities."

Jennifer looked at her husband who was taken by what had just occurred, but he nodded his head in agreement. "Lucia, Mario, we are ready to sign whatever paperwork we need to so I can begin the process of conceiving a family. My husband wishes to participate in all aspects of this endeavor. One last question, concerning the monetary payment for your, how do I say this, stud service?"

All concerned laughed breaking the tension that filled the room. Mario replied, "Payment is seventy-five percent down and twenty-five percent upon confirmation of pregnancy. Cash only. So that means 37500.00 dollars down and 12500.00 upon confirmation. Again, the repercussions of not paying the final twenty-five percent is something neither of you want to experience. It is not a threat, but a promise. We take our obligation to you, your future as parents, and your family very seriously. The relationship we begin tonight will last your lifetime."

Adam stood and said, "Please excuse me, I have to go to my car to retrieve the down payment."

Mario looked at Lucia and said, "Lucia, please accompany Mr. Richter to his car while I get the paperwork set up for all our signatures."

The deal was signed and delivered without any additional questions from the Richters. The money was given to Lucia in a plain white envelope. It wasn't counted in front of them as the assumption was if the monetary figure was not correct then deal was cancelled without any refund or recourse. Originals and copies of the agreement were distributed and Jennifer and Adam bid them farewell knowing that the first meeting was scheduled for Wednesday evening of the next week. Lucia Moretti had met the first of what would be figuratively hundreds of couples that would seek the help of her husband Mario and the Moretti family in conceiving and starting a family. Mario sat with his wife around their breakfast room table drinking a home brewed bottle of Italian red wine. He could see her mind working about what had occurred when she left to show Jennifer to the guest bathroom. He said to her, "Lucia, don't ever think you have to hold any questions or concerns about what you see and how it will or won't affect our relationship. You had been briefed by my mother, but I know she did not give you all the details. The way you learn is not from her but from me and our interaction in our rock solid relationship. Always remember, you are number one. No one, and I mean, no one, will ever replace you."

Lucia replied, "I know Mario, but, I'm a bit confused as to what possessed you to place your finger into Mr. Richter's mouth. I returned from the bathroom with Mrs. Richter and I thought she'd die on the spot. If there is something I need to learn about, then I think you need to start explaining in detail so I can handle any situation that is presented me."

Mario nodded his acceptance of the beginning of her detailed education of what it means to be a Moretti wife. "I'm going to go about this a bit backward, but when they were sitting on the couch together after I mentioned about his participation, I saw something pass between them."

"Yes, that is when you gently squeezed my hand." said Lucia.

"What I saw was an attempt to hide his desire to take part in the impregnation of his wife. He is what we in the Moretti family call an ultimate."

"Ultimate?"

"Yes, he is going to do things that you will have to come to grips with based upon your Catholic upbringing. Adam Richter is bisexual and he and his wife didn't know whether to hide it or make it part of their commitment to each other. I saw it in him the minute he entered our house. The only way I could help him make his decision was to let him know without totally humiliating him that his bisexuality was of no concern to me. So, I stood in front of him, touched his face, and felt his reaction. I knew he would accept my finger and when his tongue began to swirl around it I knew he was a cocksucker. They couldn't figure a way to say anything because Jennifer knew you and didn't know how much you knew."

Lucia sat with her wine glass held in both hands pondering what her husband had just told her. "Are you telling me that Mr. Richter is going to suck your cock sometime during this relationship?"

Mario took a deep breath before he spoke. When he let it out he continued, "Not until the pregnancy is confirmed, but he will take part in the act of coitus by placing my manhood into his wife's vagina. It is his way of feeling part of the act. He will sit and watch as I have sexual intercourse with Jennifer. When I'm done whatever transpires after I leave is their business. But, Lucia, once he performs the act of placing me in his wife he will have to do it every successive time I fornicate with her."

"Then when does he... I mean..."

Mario reached across the table and stroked his wife's face. "Don't be afraid to use words to describe what is happening. Between us and the family, it is totally acceptable language. You should have noticed that I didn't say make lover to her, because the only woman I make love to is you. These couples that come to me to help them conceive are nothing more than a means to an end. I fuck them with a cock that delivers the needed sperm into their bodies deeper than their husbands. I'm a human stud. As for Mr. and Mrs. Richter, when the pregnancy is confirmed we will have a party at the house. My entire extended family will be here and any guests the Richter's wish to invite. This is where Mrs. Richter will kneel in front of you, open the button front skirt you will be wearing, and place the first of a lifetime of kisses on your most private of parts. Mr. Richter will thank me for giving his wife their first child by performing fellatio on me until I ejaculate. It will then be my decision as to where I deposit my load – on his face or allow him to swallow. Either way the Richter family has decided to become ultimate cuckolds to the Moretti family."

Lucia sat somewhat stunned at hearing what would occur when Jennifer Richter was confirmed pregnant. She then remembered a few times when she was at her mother-in-law's house certain guests would ask for a moment of time with her. She now knew that these women were thanking her for allowing her husband to impregnate them. The thing that amazed her was the commitment of each woman to the biological father of her child and the need to be thanking her in such a humiliating and sexual way. She asked Mario, "Are there other levels of commitment to us that I need to know about?"

"Yes, there are two lower forms of cuckolding when it comes to the Moretti stud service. The basic cuckold will sign the deal and never once be in the house when I am there. When the pregnancy is confirmed the party will be held but no sexual activity will take place. Every time they see either of us for the first time that day or later again that evening, they will take your right hand into theirs and place a gentle kiss on the back of your hand. The knowing cuckold will also sign the deal and he will never touch me, but will decide to stay in the house but not be in the room where his wife and I are copulating or, he can sit in the room and watch. He may not masturbate or sexually stimulate his wife during the process. If he does, he crosses the line and we, not them, have to decide what either of them has to do at the confirmation party. So, Lucia, there are three levels, forms, or types of cuckold couples – basic, knowing, and ultimate."

"But the definition of a cuckold is a man with an unfaithful wife. The wives aren't being unfaithful Mario. They're coming to us, well not to be stupid, to you, to fulfill the basic need to procreate because they can't with their husbands." said Lucia to her astounded husband.

"I see you've been doing some homework, love. Yes, cuckold in respect to these couples is used in a pejorative manner, but it best explains their situation. And, you must remember that they have signed an agreement that puts us in control even after I've sired as many children as they want."

"I understand and I think it is going to take some getting used to." Lucia stood walked over to where her husband was sitting, kissed him on his lips forcing her tongue into his mouth as her hand reached for his crotch and the massive member she wanted inside her as fast as they could get upstairs to their bedroom.