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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 3

Monday, 10 February 2003 – Thursday, 13 February 2003

The days passed slowly for Apollonia as she waited for the phone call from her mother informing her that she should come over to discuss her situation. Raffaella did not press the topic with her, nor did she call her mother to ask what her father had said, if he had said anything. For two nights, she cried herself to sleep while trying to keep herself from just exploding at Colin about their pending second anniversary and the meaning of it to her family. Her in-laws, William and Lillian Cathcart were truly nice people and she could not see herself hurting them as well because of the sexual performance of their son. Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart accepted that their daughter Elizabeth forsook her Catholic upbringing to convert to Judaism as the behest of her future husband and his family. She also pined at the fact Joshua and Elizabeth were parents of two wonderful children, Sarah aged 8 and Jason age 5.

She was working in her studio when the phone call came from her mother. Expecting a summons at any moment she didn't come out and ask right away if her mother had spoken to her father. Working hard to control nervousness she held a typically inane conversation with her mother about the stupidest things. Finally, she broke her control and asked her mother. "Did you talk to father?"

Lucia really wanted her to bring up the topic so she would not sound to her youngest daughter as some mean bitch. "Yes, Apollonia. I spoke to him earlier in the week when we went to Great Neck for dinner with Addison Marks. He told me this morning that he would be home from work early today and I should call you. He'll be home at 1:00PM and will be waiting for you to come over."

Apollonia felt relieved that she would have her talk with her father before the weekend. She was hoping that she would be able to break the news to Colin prior to going to their house for Sunday dinner. She wasn't looking forward to having dinner with her parents without having told Colin the choices he faced. Apollonia responded to her mother, "Why don't I just come over at two. This way he'll be home for an hour and can unwind before he's faced with this nasty business."

Lucia responded with a slight edge to her voice, "It is not nasty business, Apollonia. You've been taught since you were a young girl about the hidden lifestyle of the Moretti family. You know you do have a choice..."

"And what choice is that," chimed in Apollonia.

"You could pack Colin's and your belongings and leave Columbus place. Your father and I will understand, but we will not make any effort to entice you back into the fold. You made your decision to leave and you will forever be our unknown daughter. If you want to give up your life as you know it, make that decision and live with the consequences."

Apollonia sat dumbfounded as she listened to her mother give her the option she wasn't going to take. She responded as only an irate daughter could. "I bet you'd like that!!! Finally to have me out of your hair!!! So, I'm not Raffaella. You've always shown your preference and don't deny it mother. I will be there at two and I expect you to watch what you say or you'll be surprised at my answers. See you later." She promptly slammed the phone into its cradle and sat steaming at her mother's inconsiderate attitude. Shaking from the stress of it all, she could not return to painting for fear of ruining what she was working on. Apollonia went to her room, set the alarm clock for 1:30PM, and lay down on the bed she had hoped would be the bed she felt the first movement of her child growing inside her. In moments she was sound asleep.

The alarm startled her awake at the appointed time. She rose from the bed bleary eyed but aware that she had twenty-five minutes to put herself together before taking the walk to her parent's house at the top of the cul-de-sac. She went into the master bathroom, removed her top and bra, turned on the hot water faucet, and waited for the steam to rise before she cupped her hands and buried her face in the hot water. She scrubbed the sleep from her eyes and when she stood she stopped for a moment to appreciate her smallish breasts and how she stood away from her chest without the aid of a bra. She cupped them and gently ran her fingers around her nipples sending pleasurable signals that began for her the process of masturbation. Realizing she did not have the time to pleasure herself, she stopped the initial stimulation and proceeded to get herself together for her meeting with her father.

Dressed in a simple mid-thigh black skirt, black oxford shirt, black knee highs, and black five inch calfskin heels, Apollonia hoped her color scheme would make a statement about how she felt concerning the situation within her marriage. The black of mourning set her tone. She walked to her parent's house without once taking a glance towards her sister's house to see if she was aware of her impending meeting. When she arrived at the front door she was surprised to see one of the servants waiting to open the door and allow her to enter. She stepped in to see her parents sitting on one of the two couches that made up part of the seating in the great room.

Apollonia walked to where her father was sitting, bent over, and placed two kisses on each cheek. She noticed that her father took her hands into his as she placed the traditional hello kisses on her father's cheeks. She stood looking down at him and waited as a good daughter should until he told her to sit. She hoped she hid her stress as he continued to hold her hands.

Mario spoke first, "Apollonia, the third light of my life. My youngest daughter and without question, my favorite although your mother will castigate me for saying that in your presence. I'm in as much pain as you are sweetheart and I promise you that we shall get through this together." He released her hands and patted the couch right next to him as he simply said, "Sit."

Apollonia did as he requested and sat next to him on his right. Her mother was next to him on his left and she intuitively realized he specifically asked her to sit next to him so she would not be across from her mother. She smiled inside at his awareness of the tension filled relationship she had with her mother. She made no attempt to pull her skirt down and relished the fact her smooth thighs were plainly visible to her father. She did not have any incestuous feelings towards her father, but she knew that her dress would also show him her ability to dress enticingly. Mario and Lucia Moretti did not let their emotions get the better of them and knowingly noticed how conservatively sexy she was dressed.

Mario spoke, "Apollonia, your mother tells me you have an issue that is preventing your from announcing you're with child."

This time Apollonia did not blush or lower her face in shyness or shame. She looked directly into her father's eyes when she responded, "Yes, father, I do." She did not wait for him to ask. "My husband has a sexual problem that we have been working on for the past eighteen months. He does not have the ability to maintain an erection and when he does it is not long enough because he is a premature ejaculator. Compounded with those two sexual issues are his

testicles, they do not produce an adequate amount of sperm and his body does not have the muscular strength to push it out with force. When he cumms it just dribbles out and there is less than half a teaspoon of ejaculate."

Mario nodded knowingly and took her left hand into his as he spoke to her. "Apollonia, I am so sorry that your husband does not have the sexual ability to impregnate you. You know that the Moretti family is known for their ability to impregnate women whose husbands are afflicted with the problems Colin suffers. The family has specific remedies for internal sexual problems and it is with a heavy heart, Apollonia, we have to discuss them."

"I know father. My fealty is to the family. I love Colin, his parents, his sister, and their children. But, I see my sister and her children and I pine for the time I will be blessed with my own. I see the look on your and mother's face when you see them. I hide my shame from you and do not abuse Colin about his inability in the bedroom. I am not naive sexually..."

Lucia couldn't hold her tongue, "I'd never have known that before today. Every time you were attending Moretti functions you hid yourself by physically not being in the room or by your dress. Today, you show me a different side by the conservative sexually appealing way you're dressed."

Apollonia responded, "Mother, you should only know what I've done sexually, but that is not the issue we're here to discuss today. I'm here to talk to my father, the patriarch of the Moretti family, about a specific problem with my marriage. You can do one of two things, dear mother, get the fuck out of this room or sit there and shut up. You had your chance to talk to me, but you decided to be the bitch you've always been. I'm here to talk to my father."

Mario Moretti released his daughter's hand with his left and placed it on Lucia's thigh. This simple act told his wife to sit, be seen, and not heard. There were times in their relationship Mario used a simple motion, movement, or touch to relate the love-of-his-life it was time for her to be silent and submissive to him. He could feel the muscles in her leg tense and knew she'd be on him when Apollonia departed, but he was until the day he died, the patriarch of the Moretti family and he ruled the roost.

"I'll let the expletive you spewed at your mother pass considering the amount of stress you're under, but you'd better apologize to her when the time is right. If you don't, I won't be hard pressed to take you over my knee young lady and spank your twenty-eight year old ass so hard you won't be able to sit for a month."

Apollonia looked down at the hand that was still being held by her father's and replied, "Yes, daddy."

"Good," replied her father. "There have been daughters and a very few sons of Moretti families that have dealt with the sexual problem you are presently dealing with. Your Uncle Toni is a complete feminized cuckold. It was his decision and the family accepted it with open arms. He also knew he would suffer the humiliation of being made to perform sexually as a sissy cocksucker and pussy boi. I know I don't have to tell you that is what your husband faces if he chooses to stay with you as your cuckolded husband. A lot of men who married into the family who could not perform as your brother-in-law Viviano has, decided it were better to take the annulment and move on with their lives. The infinitesimally small number of Moretti men who could not spread their seed were given a pass and allowed to live their lives in peace. . None of the daughters left the family fold."

"Daddy, I can say without hesitation, that I am not going to leave the family. I'm going to say this one more time; my fealty is to the Moretti family, period. What I need from you is your blessing especially if Colin decides he loves me too much to leave and accepts his total emasculation. I also need your guidance with explaining to him, without unduly hurting him, his choices."

Her father nodded in response to his daughter's statement of fealty. He also felt Lucia's leg relax which allowed him to remove his left hand from her leg and join his right hand holding Apollonia's. He pondered about the best way for his youngest daughter to take dominant control of her situation. He knew Colin was not the type of man to physically abuse his daughter. Mario gauged his interaction with his son-in-law and concluded if anything he'd bolt the house and return hours later with his tail between his legs. He'd probably be on his knees begging her forgiveness. Mario also pondered how his perception of Colin's weakness could be countered by his education and position as the Chief Financial Officer of one of the nation's largest software development companies. He was a Yale graduate with an MBA in finance. The one thing Mario did not question was his ability to provide monetarily for his daughter.

Apollonia did not pressure her dad to continue with whatever narrative or question he was going to ask her. She just sat next to him letting him hold her hands while her mother controlled her temper by stewing on the other side of him. After ten minutes of silence and controlled anger, Mario spoke again, this time with the authority of the patriarch of the family and not as her father.

"I think it best for you to use a ruse on your husband. It will enable you to discern his inner feelings about his ultimately serving you or leaving you. I have some questions to ask, they're personal and may offend your sensibilities, but you must answer them, honestly."

"Yes, daddy," replied Apollonia.

"When you make love to your husband, who controls the sex act?"

Apollonia thought for a moment, squeezing against her father's hands to let him know she would answer. "In the beginning he did, but as it became painfully obvious he could not perform, I took control. But, not in the sense I dominated him. We were working on trying to solve the problem."

"Has he ever entered you?"

"Yes."

"So, your hymen is not intact." Which was more of a statement than a question.

"Yes, father, my hymen is ruptured." Apollonia showed no sign of embarrassment as she answered her father's questions and none of the aggressiveness against answering the questions as she showed her mother.

"When he ejaculates and finds that he has not completed the act of coitus, what does he do?"

"At first he cried because he was embarrassed and knew I was not happy that he could not perform. We always wanted an active sex life. I am a very sexual woman, father."

"Have you ever asked him to masturbate for you? I mean stand or kneel by you and jerk off?"

"No, daddy."

"How does he react when he sees you dressed sexily or naked? Does he get erect? Have you watched pornography with him as a way to get him to last longer?"

"He loves to see me dressed like a twenty dollar whore. He gets erect, but that doesn't last because he usually ejaculates, and the most amazing thing is he can cum without touching himself. Pornography is something we tried, but it didn't help. He is truly sad when it comes to performing sexually."

Mario released his daughter's hands to only take hold of her shoulders. He looked into her eyes and saw the love of a daughter. He pronounced his words very carefully, "Apollonia, when the opportunity presents itself and sexual activity is going to occur you need to take control of the situation. You need to make Colin do exactly as you ask. If he fights or resists, then I'm going to bet that he'll accept an annulment and move out of your life. If he doesn't, then you request he kneel between your legs and masturbate himself until he ejaculates on your vagina. I'll assume that you are bare as all good Moretti women are. When he has completed the act you tell him how nice it was that he coated your vagina but you need to experience an orgasm too. Tell him he must bring you to orgasm orally."

"Some men will resist and others will gladly provide oral pleasure necessary without thought or concern about tasting his cum. Those that resist are annulment candidates. Those that accept are sending a submissive signal that they're available to be controlled."

Apollonia looked at her dad with a look of shock on her face and asked, "Some men are happy to provide oral pleasure to their wives or girlfriends after they' had unprotected intercourse. Does that make them candidates for cuckolding? Or, is their love for their woman so intense they willing do what a lot of men won't because they think it is homosexual?"

"Good questions, but men who can complete the act of coitus and willingly go down on their wives or girls friends are in the minority. Men who have the problem that Colin does usually are so in love with their wives, they're willing to go through hell to be with them. I believe with all my heart, your husband will do as you ask, without question, and he will allow himself to be turned. You will then have a man and a family."

"Ok, I somewhat understand your reasoning, but with either scenario how do I then tell him his options?"

"I would run this ruse for at least four days, say Monday to Thursday. Then on Friday when he comes home from work you sit him down and explain the situation. You pack his clothing and leave the valises next to the front door. He will see them and question why they are there. You'll be the strong one and tell him to sit in the dining room, not to touch anything, and to wait for you. On the table will be two manila folders. One will contain the annulment. The other will have the cuckold agreement."

Your mother and I will help you divide the clothing so if he decides to stay the valise with his work clothing can be placed into his room while the other clothing is thrown out. If he takes the annulment, the valises will be brought to the curb, he will stand or sit with them, and a taxi will be called to take him to the subway in Far Rockaway or the train station in Lawrence."

Apollonia shook her head as if she was saying no to her father, but he understood that she was afraid to emotionally hurt her husband. "Daddy, does it have to be this way? Couldn't I just talk to him? Make him realize that the best thing for both of us is the annulment. I love him too much to see him like Uncle Toni. I can only imagine what it will be like for him. I don't know if I can live with him like that. I..."

Her father still had his hands on her shoulders and to make his point began to shake his daughter. He eyes flew open and she heard the slight tinge of anger in his voice, "Don't make this harder than you have to Apollonia. Colin Cathcart will make the decision he wants to make. You just lay the cards out for him. He'll do the rest. You may end up liking having him around to take care of you, the children, and the man who did what he couldn't. You have to remember that for all intent and purpose you marriage is a sham and at an end if he accepts cuckolding. Your lover will take his place. In your house, in your bed, and hopefully, in your heart."

Apollonia took in a deep breath of air, let it out, and with the voice of a person who understood the situation and made a decision, she said, "I understand father. I will use the scenario you described. I will have mother and you over to the house to pack his things a week from today. I'm sure you'll know when to go to wherever you have the documents stored to retrieve them so they'll be available for the sit down."

Apollonia gently removed her father's hands from her shoulders and stood up. She went to where her mother was sitting, leaned over and kissed her on each cheek. She took her right hand and touched her mother's left cheek and said, "I apologize for cursing at you. I'm sorry for disrespecting you. I love you, mother. I really do." She actually saw a small tear form in the corner of her mother's eyes.

Lucia didn't respond she just nodded and like the strong willed woman she was she pushed her daughter's hand from her cheek and made a dismissive motion. Apollonia looked at her father; he winked at her, and made the same dismissive motion. Apollonia nodded to her father, kissed her mother again, walked to the front doors of the Victorian house, and let herself out.