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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 16

Saturday – Mario/Viviano/Antonio – 15 February 2003

"Mario Moretti," he said after answering the phone on the second ring.

"Dad," Viviano said. "I'm going to send Carmen down to mom and after she arrives would you please come down to my house?"

"Carmen is coming here? Where is Raffaella?" asked Mario.

"Raffaella is with her sister in the city. You do remember why, don't you?" inquired Viviano.

"Damn, I forgot they're taking Colin on his first shopping trip. Yes, send Carmen down here. Lucia is waiting for her and as soon as she here, I'll come down to you." Mario didn't wait for a response. He put the phone back into its cradle and went to find his wife.

Fifteen minutes after saying hello to his granddaughter, Mario Moretti was sitting at the kitchen table with his son-in-law not drinking a beer, but drinking a soft drink as he listened to Viviano explain what occurred the night before. He listened to the events without interrupting. When Viviano was through, he asked, "where is Antonio now?"

"Upstairs in his room," answered Viviano.

"Call him down," more of a command than a request.

Viviano rose from his seat and instead of yelling for his son he went to his room. He found Antonio sitting on his bed anxiously waiting. After his night, Antonio thought he knew what was expected of him, but that did not alleviate his fear. Antonio followed his father down the stairs and into the kitchen. When they arrived Mario told Viviano to sit where he had been and he had Antonio stand next to him. He put his arm around the boy's shoulders and pulled him close.

"So, my boy, you were a bad boy when you were at your grandparent's house last night. Tell me why I shouldn't dismiss any notions you have about becoming a Moretti man, Antonio." Mario held him tight to show him who was in charge. He could feel the tension in the boy's body.

Antonio looked at his dad for guidance, but was rebuffed when he felt his grandfather shake him ever so slightly to tell him he expected an answer. "Because, I did as I was asked last night."

"Antonio Rossi, what you did last night was not a prerequisite for becoming a Moretti man. What you did last night, you stupid son-of-a-bitch was to pay for your making your sister act like a little whore. Didn't she catch you having homosexual fun with one of your friends?" asked Mario of his frightened grandson.

"No grandpa, it wasn't... We weren't having sex with each other. We were just playing with..."

Mario Moretti slapped his grandson across the face. Viviano Rossi sat on his hands knowing that his father-in-law the de facto leader of the Moretti family could do anything he wanted without fear of retribution. "Fags play with other fags. Boys lying naked together on a bed playing with their cocks, no matter how innocent you think it is, are still homosexual. What occurred last night between your father and you was punishment for being stupid. Do you understand me, Antonio?"

He shook his head in the negative, "No, grandpa, I don't. Last night I..."

"Last night you performed oral sex on your dad. Last night and early this morning your father used you like a faggot. Did you think he enjoyed making you cry as he used your boy ass as a masturbation toy? Yes, I know he returned the favor this morning by accepting your mother's urging for him to suck you. That was wrong of your mother and I'll deal with that another time. Do you know why I'm here, today?"

"I thought you were going to do to me what my daddy did. To teach me to be a Moretti man, grandpa."

"That is the Moretti Rite of Passage, Antonio. I went through that at your age. I learned from my father and grandfather all things sexual by doing it with them. Not as a fag, but as someone who was learning how to be a man. Someone who would be called upon to give of himself sexually to help women have babies. A Moretti man is a very special man. Would you like to learn to be a Moretti man, Antonio?"

"Yes, grandpa, I would," replied Antonio. He felt his grandfather relax his grip on his shoulders.

"Good, boy. Now, you do as I say without question. If you pause or hesitate, I will stop and you will forever be banished from becoming a Moretti man. If I'm good hearted, I may let you marry. If I deem you unworthy, you will be nullified and sold to a brothel where you will spend the rest of your life sucking cock and getting fucked."

Viviano could no longer hold his tongue. "Mario!!! How dare you!!!"

Mario released his hold on Antonio pushing him to the floor, he stood, and before Viviano could react he cold cocked the younger man. The force of the punch tossed Viviano out of the chair. He landed on the floor with a thud. Mario didn't take it any further. He looked down at his grandson, pulled him up by his right arm, and sat down again with his arm wrapped around his shoulders. Viviano knew better. He was dizzy but picked himself up and sat back down remembering that Mario Moretti was not a man to trifle with.

Mario looked at his grandson knowing that he'd been through a lot the previous night, but also knew that the boy had to suck-it-up and learn what it meant to be a Moretti man. He looked from his grandson to where Viviano sat and saw him immediately put his hands up, palms out, in a sign of surrender.

"Sorry, Viviano, but you know the rules," said Mario to his son-in-law.

"Yes and I deserved what I got. It will never happen again, sir. I promise."

Mario shook his head and curled his lips up in a small smile so his son-in-law knew what had just occurred was forgotten and passed along as water passes underneath a bridge. He moved his chair back and pulled his grandson between his open legs. He held the boy by his biceps as he moved his eyes down to the boy's crotch. As he held his gaze he took his right hand and placed it between the boy's legs. He pressed the palm against the boy's

pants and closed his hand around the boy's package. He squeezed so the boy could feel the pain beginning to rise from his testicles. Antonio's face began to redden as he felt his grandfather's hand tighten around his balls.

"Noooo..." he cried out. "Please don't hurt me grandpa!!! Please, I'll do anything... Owwww!!!"

Mario reduced the pressure, but still kept a hold on Antonio's testicles through his pants. He could see tears of pain beginning to form in the boy's eyes. He released his grip, but left his right hand between the boy's legs. "Did the pain you just felt hurt more than the pain of feeling your father's cock slide into your asshole, boy?"

Relieved that his grandfather had released his balls, Antonio replied, "Yes, grandpa. It hurt more than when my daddy pushed his cock into me."

"So, you got used to being used like a fuck toy, boy."

"No, grandpa. I cried, but I knew that I had to suffer for being bad."

"Antonio, you suffered but you survived to fuck another day. If I crushed your balls, you'd never be able to fuck again. The purpose of your cock young man is to supply the sperm that is made by your testicles to women who will pay an exorbitant amount of money to let you fuck them. You don't want to lose them. To the Moretti family, your testicles are a valuable financial gift. What you will learn from your father and me today has been passed on for generations. When you marry you will teach your wife and she will, with God's blessing, produce boys like yourself." Mario pulled his hand from between Antonio's legs. He gently pushed the boy from between his legs and said, "Take all your clothes off. Now."

Antonio did as he was told. When he was naked he remained where he stood. His clothes were piled on the floor and when he noticed look on his grandfather's face he picked them up and folded them nicely. He put them on the table and then stood, hands at his side, waiting. He noticed that his grandfather was looking at his cock and balls.

"For a boy of ten, you have a very nice cock. Don't you think, Viviano?"

Surprised that his father-in-law was including him in the conversation, but remembering that he also was part of the Moretti Rite of Passage answered, "Yes, Sir. I was surprised at his size and girth."

"Where did you make him suck your cock last night?" inquired Mario.

Viviano knew that Mario was knowledgeable about the entire night. Raffaella took a good half hour after he had relations with her telling everything to her father. "It occurred in the great room, Sir. I was on the couch and he was between my legs on the floor."

"Where was my daughter?"

"She was sitting next to me, Sir." For some unknown reason, Viviano started calling his father-in-law sir after being punched.

"So, Antonio, were you embarrassed kneeling in front of your mother with your father's cock in your mouth?"

"Um, I was scared, grandpa. I don't know if I was embarrassed. I was scared."

Mario thought for a second and decided to say something that would make Antonio uncomfortable. "Is that because you were afraid you'd get an erection and want to play with it while you sucked your daddy's cock? I mean you were naked with your friend Mark in your room. For all we know, you were preparing to suck his cock, but were interrupted when your sister walked in."

"Nooo. I wasn't going to do that grandpa. We were just trying to see who was bigger. He started it. I swear, grandpa," cried Antonio. His frustration at being called a fag becoming plainly evident.

"Antonio, come here. Stand in front of me."

The boy stood in front of his grandfather and was immediately scared when his grandfather took a hold of his cock. Mario began to gently stroke the boy's cock which eased the look of fear on the boy's face. As he felt the cock grow in his hand, he turned his head to his son-in-law and said, "Stand, get undressed, and go into the great room. Wait for us there."

"Yes, Sir," replied Viviano. He did as he was told. He stood, removed his clothing making sure to fold them neatly and place them on the table. Viviano winked at his son before he left for the great room. It was plainly obvious to Mario that his son-in-law was sexually charged because a string of precum hung from the folds of the foreskin covering his cockhead. He didn't comment on what he saw as he watched Viviano leave the kitchen for the great room.

He continued to gently stroke his grandson's cock. As the boy began to react to his grandfather's hand, Mario took his left hand and pulled Antonio's face to his. He placed his lips on his grandson's. He opened his mouth and while holding the boy's head forced his tongue into his mouth. Antonio did not stop his grandfather from kissing him. He felt a shiver of desire flow throughout his body. He also liked the feeling of having his grandfather's tongue playing inside his mouth caressing his tongue. Mario felt the boy's cock harden even more as continued to kiss him.

Mario broke the kiss, placed his mouth next to Antonio's ear, and whispered, "Your cock tells me you like kissing me. If that is how you feel about kissing me, then don't hide your sexuality Antonio. Say it to me now, boy." Mario stopped stroking the boy's cock but he didn't remove his hand from holding it.

Antonio couldn't help himself. It was the first time anyone, male or female kissed him the way his grandfather just had. He responded, "Say what grandpa?"

"Tell me you're a faggot, Antonio."

"Please grandpa, I'm not a faggot."

"Your cock tells me different, boy."

Antonio burst into tears. He fought to get away from his grandfather because he didn't want to be near him if he thought he was a faggot. As tears rolled down his face, he tried to speak, "Grandpa, let go of me!!! I want to go to my daddy."

Mario Moretti did as the boy asked. He released his hold on the boy's magnificent erection and removed his arm from around the boy's shoulders. As soon as Antonio felt his grandfather remove his hands, he ran into the great room and onto his father's lap. Viviano saw the tears on his son's face and wondered what his father-in-law said or did to the boy. He knew Mario was testing him by saying things that weren't true. He pulled Antonio to his chest, put his arms around him, and held him close to his body. He began to gently rub the smooth soft skin on the boy's back which helped calm him down. He looked towards the hallway to the kitchen and saw Mario approaching. He did not say anything, but did acknowledge seeing Mario approaching.

Mario sat on the same couch as Viviano and Antonio. He put a hand on Viviano's shoulder and said, "Release the boy to me, Viviano." Antonio felt his father's arms open and his grandfather's hands take him under his arms. His eyes opened in shock as he felt his grandfather lift him from his father's lap on onto the floor in front of him. Antonio tried to keep calm not knowing what was going to happen to him next. Viviano did not go through the trials and tribulations his son was experiencing because he married into the Moretti family. Over the years, he'd become aware of what a male child of a Moretti, whether it be his father or mother, had to go through during the Rite of Passage. He sat calmly knowing that his father-in-law would never do anything to truly hurt his grandson.

"So, my boy... You respond to my kiss and you still deny that you're a faggot..."

Antonio interrupted his grandfather, "Grandpa, I never kissed anyone like that. I felt things... Please..."

Mario laughed a hearty one at his grandson's response. He reached for the boy and pulled him onto his lap. He sat him on his left knee. With his right hand, he gently stroked the boy's soft smooth thigh. He used his left hand to turn his face to his and kissed him again. Antonio tried to stop his grandfather, but to no avail. As his grandfather was kissing him, he felt his hand go to his cock and begin to stroke him. The boy could not do anything but react to his grandfather's stimulation. Mario broke the kiss, but continued stroking the boy's cock.

"I think it is time, Antonio." Mario released his hold on the boy and said, "Stand up and stand between your father and me."

Antonio relieved that his no longer had to sit on his grandfather's lap yet felt frustrated that his cock was going from erect to flaccid. He looked at his father for some guidance but did not get any form of help from him. He began to think that he would have to do with his grandfather what he did with his father. Antonio was not looking forward to performing fellatio or feeling his grandfather's cock sliding into his young body.

"Antonio," said Mario, "do you understand what a Moretti man does when asked by a couple to help them?"

"I, I, I think he's asked to help the woman make a baby, grandfather," said the boy trying to keep his indecision about the answer from coming out in the tone of his voice. He looked towards his father and saw a small smile on his face which gave him a boost of confidence.

"Yes, Antonio. A Moretti man supplies his sperm. Do you know how a baby is made?"

"Yes, grandfather. The man sticks his penis into the woman. I believe they fuck and the man puts his sperm into the woman," said Antonio.

"You are correct in the sense that the man and woman copulate. Copulate is a better word than fuck, Antonio, but you have time to learn. What your father did you last night was a form of domination and that is fucking. Being between the legs of a woman who has come to you for your ability to impregnate, we like to call copulation. The woman you marry and have children with when you are together sexually, we call that making love."

"I think I understand, grandfather. But, can I ask you a question?" Antonio was frightened because he didn't know if he could ask a question.

Mario smiled at the boy and replied, "But, of course you can, Antonio."

"Grandpa, will I have to," he hesitated.

"Yes, you will," was all Mario said.

He was surprised when Antonio stepped between his legs, reached for the belt to his pants, and started to open them. Mario did not stop him nor did Viviano say anything to stop him. The boy looked at his grandfather as he unzipped his pants, opened them, and pulled them down his legs. Mario helped him by raising his hips. He did the same when the boy grabbed the sides of his briefs and pulled them down freeing his cock from its confines. Just as Antonio lifted his grandfather's cock, Mario said to him, "You know that I'm going to call you a faggot as you do what you are prepared to do."

"Yes, grandfather, but that will be like when my daddy called me his bitch. I know you don't mean it. I know that if I can accept that we do it to understand the man who does it because he wants to more than anything; I'm a better man than he is. I'm not a fag, but I will do what you tell me to because I want to be a Moretti man."

"For a ten year old, Antonio, you're a very smart boy." Mario leaned back, opened his legs further, and provided a space for his grandson to comfortably give him a blow job.