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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 26

Sunday Dinner Time – Moretti Residence – 16 February 2003

Sunday dinner at Mario and Lucia Moretti's was a family institution since Mario took over as the patriarch of the family. When there wasn't a special ceremony, meeting, or function the hired cook, maid, and butler served dinner, but since this weekend was something of a very special one, Lucia gave the help the weekend off and she prepared the meal. She incorporated the leftovers from Antonio's induction and had pre-prepared the pasta, ham, vegetables, and salads knowing she would have a short time to prepare them. She also thought her two daughters would be there to help, but resigned herself to the fact that Apollonia had other important issues to resolve. Raffaella bitched and moaned, but lent a hand knowing the men would not stand in the kitchen with the women to prepare the meal.

Dinner was always served in the formal dining room on two tables. The adults were seated around a double long custom built table while the children were seated in the corner around a small circular table. The main table was set with Jaune de Chrome Big Bang Gold Limoges porcelain dinnerware coated with a wide band of twenty-four carat gold. The place settings were solid sterling silver over three hundred years old that had been handed down through Mario's family. Lucia's family gifted the solid crystal wine and water glasses. All this sat on a hand woven linen and lace table cloth of which only three existed and they were all owned by Mario and Lucia. The Cathcart's and Goldsmith's were the only outsiders invited to this Sunday's dinner. Usually the table was surrounded by aunts, uncles, business associates, and special guests, but tonight it was just the Moretti, Rossi, Cathcart, and Goldsmith families celebrating the cuckolding of Colin and the announcement by Apollonia of who was to take Colin's place as the man-of-the-house.

When Apollonia opened the front door and allowed everyone to enter, then first order of business was making sure everyone knew that the Goldsmith's had brought their children to dinner. Surprisingly, Mario and Lucia understood the cautionary position taken by Apollonia because they both knew that it would be an imposition to have to put asunder any accidental release of private Moretti business. Especially at the hands of two youngsters who were not one hundred percent understanding of the Moretti lifestyle.

Mario welcomed Walter, Lillian, Joshua, and Elizabeth into their home. Offered them cold drinks and they all sat down on the same couches that were used earlier to view the total debasement of Antonio's seven-year-old slut. Colin was told to go to the kitchen and help with dinner. Nothing was said by Mario about Colin's attire. Viviano joined the adults also saying nothing about his brother-in-laws attire. The children were carted off to the family room where they could play before dinner was served. Although Antonio wanted to, he was not allowed to sit and listen to the

adult's conversation. His father gently explained to him that although he was considered a man sexually, he was still a ten-year-old boy and had to remain with the children.

Joshua broke the silence, "I have to ask, Mario. Where is the young girl, I think her name is Nancy?"

Mario thought BANG, direct to the jugular. "She is upstairs, resting quietly on the third floor. Any particular reason you asked?"

"While walking down the street I was preparing myself for something that was a bit foreign to me. When I didn't see her I became curious because you know I'm a doctor and was going to offer any help if it was needed," he said hoping he didn't offend his host.

Mario reacted with aplomb and replied, "Thanks, but she's quite none worse for the wear. She is safe and like I just said resting and regaining her strength. So, Walter, how's the law business?" He wanted to change the topic of conversation.

"Fine, I really can't complain," replied Walter. "Corporate law is actually very boring. Contracts, lawsuits, litigation, and research make my day just fly by. Sometimes I think I made a mistake by not becoming a prosecutor or defense attorney. What can I say, it pays the bills. And, how is the construction business?"

"We're doing quite well. I just closed a major four year contract to rebuild Peninsula Boulevard from Rockaway Turnpike to Sunrise Highway. We also have bids out on the road work for the two new stadiums being built. Big jobs are nice, but I've always loved the smaller bread and butter one to two day jobs like laying a driveway, patio, or basement."

Elizabeth said, "You know I'm sorry for not offering to help Lucia, Raffaella, and Apollonia in the kitchen. I don't really have to sit here on my hands, you know."

Smiling Mario answered, "Please you're a guest in our house. My wife, daughters, and the sissy are capable of getting everything ready for dinner."

Everyone heard it. Mario Moretti used the pejorative term sissy instead of Colin's name.

"Excuse me, but is my son forever going to be known as the sissy?" asked Lillian.

Mario paused thoughtfully and responded, "Would you like the truth, Lillian or do you want me to paint a rosy picture for you?"

"Please, I'm an adult and I want the truth, Mario," replied Lillian.

Staring directly into her blue eyes, Mario responded, "Your son will be renamed by my daughter. We were hoping it would be tonight but I have the feeling she is waiting for next Sunday when we will celebrate a cuckold wedding. Just as the young girl upstairs will forever be known as the slut, your son will be known by his new feminine name or some derogatory term like sissy, bitch, cocksucker, or pussy boi. We will treat him with kindness, but we will also let him know that he is a failure as a man. My daughter will take the dominant role in the relationship. Colin will be subservient to her and her chosen lover. He will continue to work, if he so desires. When he comes home he will change into a maid's uniform. He will be responsible for cleaning the house, cooking, serving guests, shopping for food and other necessities, and finally taking care of and raising the children."

"You'll excuse me, Mario, but why should he raise the children, when he isn't the father?" asked Walter.

"Good question, Walter. For all intent and purpose, Colin is still and will always be Apollonia's husband. His name will appear on the birth certificates registered with the State of New York. He will raise his children. The only difference is he will not be their biological father..."

Elizabeth, showing her acute anger interrupted, "You forgot something Mario. You forgot to tell my parents that there actually will be two sets of birth certificates for each child born to Apollonia and her lover - one with Colin's name and the other with her lover's. Mom, dad, if Colin willingly or unwillingly leaves the marriage, the second set of birth certificates will replace the ones with Colin's name appearing on them. No matter how you look at it, Colin is nothing more than an indentured servant. His decision to sign a document that cuckolds him is nothing more than a modern day contract of slavery. He has no rights. He has no authority. The money he earns belongs to Apollonia and her lover because he lives with them. Here's the kicker - he's required to have sexual relations with any and all Moretti men. If a friend of a Moretti man is offered Colin's sexual favors, Colin has to comply.

Walter and Lillian sat each in his or her own world. Joshua Goldsmith had read about cuckoldry but never met a man, woman, or couple that practiced the lifestyle the way his wife was explaining. Viviano sat quietly taking in the expressions on the Cathcart's faces. He wondered when Mario was going to respond to Colin's sister's tirade.

Mario Moretti realized that Elizabeth Goldsmith knew more about the family than he thought. He decided to confront her, "So, Elizabeth, where do you get your information from? You are quite right in what you explained to your parents about the life your brother is going to lead as Apollonia's cuckold."

"I learned some things from a good friend who couldn't conceive and after many false starts decided with her husband to use a member of your family, but in another state. Fuck, Boston to be exact. My friend had three children fathered by Dino Moretti. I believe he is a direct relation of yours. She was and is very candid and open about their inability to conceive. Her husband travels a lot and it made the situation easier for them. When I was told by her, I became insanely interested in the history of your family. The Internet is a great way to search the background of any family and/or person. When Colin told us he was in love and with whom, I delved deeper into my research. I was amazed at the political strength of the family, but the most intriguing fact was your ability to keep your family's incest and pedophilia under the table, out of the prying eyes of the law, government, and medicine."

Mario sat frozen in his seat. He had no idea that detailed information about his family could be accessed through the Internet. No one spoke about their incest or pedophilic actions in public. He had to see if she would be open enough to show him where she found her information. Hopefully he would be able to get it expunged from wherever she found it. "Elizabeth, you are correct, but I'd prefer if you'd not spread anything you've uncovered. I'd also like you to show me where you found the information. I think your presence here tonight, especially with your children in tow, exposes your families desire to taste the underbelly of sexual perversion. You would be flabbergasted if I were to give you names of individuals that are dallying in the world of sadomasochism, bondage and discipline, pedophilia, and incest. I know I'm correct in my assumptions."

Elizabeth didn't get a chance to answer, because Raffaella called everyone to the dining room for dinner. She placed everyone around the table according to her mother's plan. Mario at one end with Lucia sitting next to him because if she was at the other end she would be sitting by herself. Next to them on their left was Apollonia and on the right was Raffaella. Next to their daughters were their husbands. Elizabeth and Joshua sat next to Viviano while Walter and Lillian sat next to their son. The four children were at the circular table with easy access to Raffaella and Elizabeth in case they needed or wanted something.

Sitting at the head of the table next to her husband, Lucia said, "Viviano, would you be so kind as to say grace."

Elizabeth and Joshua sat quietly as Viviano recited grace. When Lucia looked up she realized that Elizabeth and Joshua were Jewish. "I'm so sorry, Joshua and Elizabeth. I hope I didn't offend you. Saying grace is just something we do at every meal."

Joshua chuckled at the thought of people who provided a non-medical methodology for couples to have babies and purveyors of pedophilia and incest would take the time to pray to God to thank him for the sustenance that was on their table. "No, Mrs. Moretti," replied Joshua. "We're not offended. We are honored you asked us here to break bread with you on what seems to be a very special weekend," he said adeptly hiding his derision for their lifestyle while feeling his own sexual deviations surfacing within himself.

Dinner took an hour and ten minutes to complete and when they were done everyone including the children were stuffed. The men departed for the great room while the women which included Lillian, Elizabeth, and Colin cleaned the dining room, washed the dishes, and made the place presentable. When they were done they made their way to the great room. Lucia ushered the children to the family room to play. Antonio was told to go to the third floor with a plate of food for his slut. He was told to bring her down when she was done eating and taking care of her toileting business. Antonio figured he could get some before he allowed her to eat, but his grandmother scotched that idea when she told him to keep his cock in his pants.

Coffee, espresso, and Italian pastries were set out and eaten by all except the children in the great room. After dinner drinks were offered but none were taken. Everyone was waiting rather impatiently for Apollonia to announce her choice. Finally, Raffaella spoke up to her sister, "Appy isn't it time for you to tell us? The men have been beyond reproach with their handling of Colin. Not one of them has said or done anything to make him feel uncomfortable. I can see his parents and sister are coping very well and I am proud of their attitudes. So..."

Apollonia stood and said, "Ok, ok!!! I know all of you, especially my family, are waiting to hear who I'm going to ask to be my lover. I'm hoping beyond all hope that he'll accept when my father calls him just as soon as I announce his name and everyone recovers from the shock of who I've decided to ask. I've thought about this for a bit longer than I care to admit. Well, here goes... A drum roll please..."

"ENOUGH!!!" shouted Raffaella only because she actually knew who her sister was going to choose, but had to act like she didn't know.

"I would like Sonny Rossi to be my lover," said Apollonia with a smile that stretched from ear-to-ear.

Mario and Lucia were astounded. Viviano sunk down into the couch depressed that he wasn't the one chosen. Raffaella jumped up and hugged her sister. The Cathcart and Goldsmith family sat not responding to the name because they were completely oblivious to whom Sonny Rossi was.

"Well, I guess I have a phone call to make. You have his number?" asked Mario.

"It is in our phone book by the phone in the kitchen," replied Lucia. She eyed her youngest daughter with a new found appreciation for her intelligence. Lucia accompanied Mario into the kitchen to make the call, while the rest of the family stayed in the great room.

Viviano regained his composure and said, "Nice choice, Apollonia. My younger brother will probably walk through the door before your parents return from the kitchen. I don't think you're going to have any issues."

"I hate to be impertinent, but are we to assume that Sonny is actually your younger brother?" asked Joshua.

Viviano begrudgingly nodded his head and said, "Yes and I know for a fact that he's lusted after Apollonia since before she married Colin. Fuck, he even plotted stealing her away. He so hoped she would date him once or twice so he could win her away from Colin."

"Oh, I see," said Joshua. "Is he younger than you Apollonia?"

"No, we're the same age, Joshua," replied Apollonia.

Colin could not keep quiet anymore. "Why him? Of all the men you could have chosen, why him?"

Apollonia turned to where he sat for the first time that evening provided his parents and sister a small portion of what his life was to be like as her sissy cuckold. She slapped him across the face and screamed, "YOU INSOLENT COCKSUCKER!!! HOW DARE YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!!! YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER!!!"

Walter Cathcart wanted to jump up from his seat and strike Apollonia the way she hit his son, but the look on Viviano's face was enough for him to relax and press his body into the seat and back of the leather sofa. Lillian

Cathcart broke into tears seeing how the woman who he loved and claimed to love him just humiliated him in front of everyone. Elizabeth Goldsmith sat saying nothing because she knew that the punishment she just witnessed was nothing in comparison to what could have been meted out by Apollonia.

Colin's left hand rubbed his left cheek as he tried to ease the pain as well as suppress the tears that were ready to roll down his cheeks. He looked at his parents and then his sister trying to say to them he was ok with what just happened. "I'm sorry, Miss Apollonia. I was wrong to question your decision. Please forgive me, Miss Apollonia. I promise it will never happen again."

Mario and Lucia returned to the great room smiling broadly. Everyone could sense their happiness. Mario made the announcement, "Apollonia, Sonny Rossi has graciously accepted your invitation. He said he will be here shortly. Congratulations!!!"

Apollonia blushed and felt as if she were floating near the ceiling. She controlled herself so her body would not betray her sexual stimulation just from hearing her choice had said yes. She turned back to Colin and said, "In the kitchen, in the middle drawer of the dish cabinet, you will find a gift wrapped package. Get it and bring it to me. Hurry, bitch boy."

"Yes, Miss Apollonia," replied Colin as he sashayed to the kitchen.

"He has a nice sway to his hips now," said Apollonia to no one in particular.

Lucia asked, "Is he plugged?"

"Yes, mother, since Saturday afternoon. Only time it's been out is when he defecated or cleaned his pussy, which I might add, he is getting very good at."

Lillian, trying to not show her stupidity on the subject asked, "Colin's pussy? Men don't have pussies."

The entire Moretti family broke out in laughter at Lillian's question. Apollonia answered her just as Colin returned from the kitchen. "Lillian, men have assholes. Sissies have pussies. Their assholes become their pussies. Your son is no longer a man, isn't that right Colin?"

"Yes, Miss Apollonia. I am no longer a man. I am a sissy therefore I don't have an asshole. I have a pussy," said Colin.

"See, Lillian it has taken all of two days for your son to know that his ass is a receptacle for men's cocks and their jizz." Apollonia looked at Colin's mother and saw the beginning of denial cross her face.

Beginning to show fear and tears, Lillian asked, "Is he always going to be humiliated, verbally, and physically abused by you?"

"Only if he doesn't comply with my wishes. If he doesn't address me as Miss Apollonia, Ma'am, or Mistress he knows he'll be punished usually by being slapped. If he doesn't finish his assigned tasks he'll be spanked or made to stay in his room tied to his bed. If he refuses to service anyone he's told to, he'll be severely punished and may have to spend some time in bed or the hospital."

"NOOOO!!!" cried Lillian. "All because he couldn't..."

Mario watched as his youngest daughter took control of the situation. Lucia squeezed his hand in support of his youngest daughter. Raffaella, Viviano, Elizabeth, and Joshua sat watching the soap opera in front of them play out. None of them wanted or desired to get involved.

Apollonia didn't respond to Lillian by screaming. She stood in front of her and said in a cool and calm voice, "Your son, Lillian is a sissy faggot and has been since he was a child but couldn't face the prospects of living a

homosexual life. He lied to me and my family. He kept his fascination for women's lingerie deep inside himself. He couldn't fuck if he tried. This morning your wonderful son had a meeting with Jesus. He had his first truly hard erection since marrying me. He actually ejaculated without touching his cock. He came because the anal plug that is inserted in his pussy massaged his prostate causing him to enjoy a deep, full body orgasm." She turned her head to Colin, "Tell your parents and your sister what you yelled as you ejaculated this morning."

Colin caught himself beginning to cry, but again had the self-control to keep from doing so. "I yelled, I'm a faggot, three times."

She turned back to Lillian. "Don't you think if you were involved with your son as a parent he wouldn't be standing in front of you dressed as he is? You made your choice, Lillian. You are sitting here knowing full well that your son will not be treated like a real man. You could have left my house and not come here to see what will be the beginning of your son's ultimate humiliation."

With a bit of a chuckle, she continued, "Funny, but I love your son. His intelligence. His ability to make me laugh. His desire to make me happy. Yes, Lillian, make me happy. You know what is making me happy right now?"

"No," she replied.

"Your son dressed as he is holding in his hands his ultimate humiliation. Sucking cock or being used anally is humiliating, but never being able to touch your own cock and having to sit to pee is going to be his ultimate and lifelong humiliation. You see, tonight when Sonny arrives, I am going to place your son into a chastity device. He'll wear it and if I find it unsuitable for his chastity, I'll try everyone on the market until I'm satisfied. He'll be released when I say so and when and if I decided he's been good enough to deserve experiencing an orgasm. The orgasm will be induced by one of my nice strap-on dildos. My sissy bitch will never experience a true male orgasm."

Lillian Cathcart closed her eyes, leaned her head back, and moaned, long and low. For the first time that evening, Apollonia realized Lillian was getting sexually excited hearing about her son's debasement and humiliation. Lillian raised her head, opened her eyes, and said, "I understand and I think you do too,"

"Fuck!!!" was all Apollonia said.

Out of nowhere, well actually after descending the steps, Antonio and his slut arrived in the great room. Nancy was still wearing her white shoes, over the knee stockings, the two embroidered lace garter belts, and the platinum and gold choker. The two tattoos were still visible but not as deeply colored because of the number of men's bodies that rested against them as she fucked her. She stood looking at the floor, legs slightly apart, and her hands were clasped behind her back. Antonio had attached a leash to the gold ring and held it in his right hand.

"Hello," said Antonio to the gathered adults. He noticed his Uncle Colin was wearing a dress. He didn't say anything out loud, but wanted to ask hundreds of questions.

Joshua Goldsmith was taken with the young sprite of a girl that he saw standing behind and to the right of Antonio. He felt his cock twitch in his pants. He never once looked at his own daughter sexually, but seeing this thin naked prepubescent lass made him want to engage her sexually. "So, Antonio, did you enjoy your party?"

"It wasn't a party. I became a Moretti man this weekend. She is mine to do with as I please," replied Antonio.

"I see," said Joshua. He was basically dumbfounded. What he wanted to do was take the girl up to a room and have sexual intercourse with her. He didn't care if he was the ten thousandth male to copulate with her today. He wanted to feel her girlish cunt surround his cock. Joshua Goldsmith also knew that it wasn't the right time to press or ask for her. He rested his hand on his wife's leg as he always did, but this time she pressed it against his hand. He realized that she too was taken with the Antonio's slut.

Antonio looked at his mother who nodded hoping he would understand her meaning. He frowned not knowing what she wanted from him. Raffaella decided to verbalize her thoughts, "Antonio, I think you're supposed to offer your slut to Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart and Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith."

"Wow," he said. "Is Mr. Goldsmith the man she's been sucking off?"

Joshua immediately interrupted, "No, I've never seen her before two minutes ago."

"Oh, ok," said Antonio. "Would either of you like to use her?"

Walter Cathcart shook his head no as did his wife. Both of them were not showing any signs of wanting or needing a sexual liaison with a child of seven. Elizabeth looked at her husband and could see his desire all over his face. She leaned close to his ear and whispered, "If you want her, you have to do her here in front of everyone. What if your daughter walks in and sees you? How are you going to explain that to her? Also, I hope this isn't any precursor to your wanting to have sex with your daughter. Those two are totally off limits. If you want her, do it when they're not around."

"Thank you, Antonio for your gracious offer, but I think it best I wait and take you up on your offer another time," said Joshua. "That is, if the offer is an open ended one."

The boy looked at his mother who nodded her head in the affirmative. Antonio replied, "Yes." He looked to his mother a second time and asked, "Can I take her to the guest room?"

Raffaella decided to have some fun with her son. "What are you planning to do in the guest room with her? The third floor attic is just as good."

"Awwwww, mom!!! The attic doesn't have anything soft to lay on," said Antonio.

Feigning incredulity, Raffaella responded, "If you're planning on fucking her, she is the one who will get floor burns on her back or stomach. If she's going to blow you, then her knees will hurt not yours. Anyway, don't ask me. Ask your grandmother if it is ok."

His eyes wide with expectations of having his cock sliding in and out of his slut's cunt, he asked his grandmother, "Can I, grandma? Can I use the guest room?"

Lucia rolled her eyes, looked at her older daughter, and said, "Yes, but you are responsible for cleaning up."

Antonio didn't answer. He jumped for joy, turned, and without a care, pulled his slut behind him as he ascended the steps to the guest room. He hadn't had sex with her since early that afternoon and he was feeling the need to cum. The adults watched as they climbed the steps anticipating his sexual liaison with his slut. Just as they disappeared down the balcony the phone from the guard shack rang. Mario answered the phone and told the guard it was ok to let the young man enter the property. To a person, they all knew who would be walking in the door in a matter of minutes.