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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 89

Thursday – Moretti Construction Office - 27 February 2003

The Moretti Construction offices were located in a building at the end of 15th Avenue in College Point, Queens. The land buttressed the edge of Flushing Bay. It contained the four story main building, several garages for construction equipment and to the chagrin of the City of New York several tanks of gasoline and diesel fuel. Directly opposite their building was La Guardia Airport. When Mario Moretti's grandfather purchased the land La Guardia Airport was a giant sheep meadow. Over the years, the Moretti family watched the construction of the airport, its growth, and commensurate with the growth was the ever increasing whine of jet engines preparing to take off or land. Early in the 1980's, Mario went to the expense to change out all the windows and soundproof the building. The only issue Moretti Construction faced was the security and maintenance of the fuel depot because of its potential to be blown up by terrorists.

The only parking space strategically positioned near the front doors was Mario Moretti's. The rest of the home office employees parked their vehicles on the side or in the rear of the building. Centrally located on the lawn in front of the four story brick building were three flag poles. The tallest flew the American Flag. The two shorter, but of equal height, flew the flags of the State of New York and the City of New York. Surrounding the base was a granite monument to all the wars fought by the United States from the Revolutionary War through the present day conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan. Carved into the granite was the start and end date of each conflict and the number of American soldiers killed and/or missing. The family was so dedicated to maintaining the numbers of the dead and missing for each conflict they would remove the granite slab and replace it with an updated one as soon as the numbers were confirmed by the Department of Defense.

The first floor entrance was not elegant like the skyscrapers that filled Manhattan. There was a small space allocated for a reception desk and sitting area. Access to the rest of the building was through two doors that led to the small elevator lobby behind the reception area. Mario Moretti's office moved through the years to its present location on the fourth floor. The office was situated on southwestern corner of the building and had a view of Flushing Bay and the runways of La Guardia Airport. Planes taking off towards the North on the North/South runway could scare the uninitiated when they sat in Mario's office because they could be perceived as coming directly at the building. The two walls that made up Mario's office were modified some thirty years earlier when the original walls were broken out and wider and taller windows were installed.

Mario allowed Lucia to bring in an interior designer to decorate the office above and beyond the design of the interior of the building. He wanted simplicity – a desk, a credenza, a couple of chairs, and maybe a small table. That is not what was installed by the interior decorator. The hardwood floor was covered by two 9x12 area rugs that had to cost more than entire building. His desk sat diagonally between the two walls that made up the southwest corner.

Behind him were two cases of drawers. Next to them were four book cases that obscured at least half of the height of the beautiful windows that had been installed. His desk wasn't the traditional two pedestal desk. Instead the interior decorator had a custom built dining room table installed with a single draw in the middle on the side that his chair was situated. His chair was her only allowance to his desire. Mario sat in a leather chair that framed his muscular body but did not allow him to sink into inches of soft foam. If he had his desire, he would have preferred a solid wood chair with no cushion.

Mario, Viviano, and Sonny entered the building and each of them went to their own office. Viviano and Sonny greeted their shared administrative assistant and entered their separate offices. Each man checked their e-mail and voice messages before deciding to make the necessary calls to facilitate the opening of the house on Columbus Place. Once Viviano was satisfied that he had created a list of men who would work without any real supervision, he called Sonny into his office to review the list.

Mario went to his office and was greeted by his secretary who hadn't seen him since the previous Friday. Margo Foster worked for Mario for the last twelve years. She started as a receptionist and sucked her way up to become his personal administrative assistant. Everyone in the office knew she used her sucking skills to ingratiate herself to the senior staff. It took only seven short months for everyone in the office to know that between the hours of two and three in the afternoon she could be found under the custom built desk with her head in Mario's lap blowing him. If he was busy, she would wait patiently and if she didn't get to suck the boss off she went home saddened that she would have to be satisfied with her husband's meager offering.

Margo stood when he entered the reception area where her desk was, "Good morning, Mr. Moretti nice to see you, sir. How was your trip?"

"Fine," he replied as he opened the door to his office shaking his head knowing what she wanted more than anything else was to crawl beneath his desk, open his zipper, and suck him till he expended in her mouth. "Don't let anyone in except for Viviano and Sonny. When Jacob arrives for the bid opening buzz the intercom, but don't just barge into my office. Understood?"

With a look of total failure and sadness, Margo pursed her lips, and said, "Yes, Mr. Moretti. Only Viviano and Sonny are granted immediate entry and Jacob only for the bid opening after I buzz the intercom."

Mario entered his office and saw a small pile of papers and mail situated in middle of his table desk. He closed the door behind him, leaned against it, and surveyed the last of his Moretti domain as he knew Apollonia would take this from him also. He knew she would not take day-to-day control of his companies and hoped she would give control to Viviano instead of Sonny. Mario laughed to himself as he pushed himself off the door and walked to his executive chair when he thought that his sissy son-in-law had more than enough smarts to run the businesses. Too bad he wanted to be more of a cocksucker than a man. He unconsciously placed his right hand on his crotch and recoiled when he felt the sissy tubes.

The next forty-five minutes were consumed with his sorting through the mail and interoffice paperwork. After dividing the workload, he sat and signed the purchase orders, accounts payable vouchers, and payroll authorizations. Although he had a Chief Financial Officer overseeing the day-to-day financial operations, Mario Moretti would not cede total control of the financial operations to anyone. The day-to-day field operations he gave to Viviano and never once castigated him in front of the employees for errors and omissions. Mario was good at taking Viviano or anyone else for that matter aside and speaking to them privately about their transgression. Early in their father-in-law / son-in-law relationship, Mario would occasionally force Viviano to perform fellatio on him when he failed to perform his duties correctly. Viviano learned and hasn't performed fellatio on Mario for failing to perform in quite a long time.

When he was done with the paperwork he signaled Margo to come in and pick them up for delivery to the proper individuals. He watched as Margo walked in and absentmindedly put his hand to his crotch only to pull it away when he felt the sissy tubes. Margo saw and took the opportunity to say something about it.

"Excuse me, Mr. Moretti," she said, "is there something I can help you with?" Margo obnoxiously licked her lips and moved her tongue in her mouth against her cheek in the universal sign of offering a blow job.

Mario laughed, "Ah, no Margo, but if you have a need, I'm sure there are men here today that would love to benefit from your expertise at sucking cock. For now, please take these and have them distributed. Then, call Viviano and Sonny and tell them to come to my office. Thanks."

Margo exited her boss's office wondering if she did something wrong, because he never denied her need to swallow his essence. And, he was actually nasty to her when he said her expertise was her cock sucking ability and not her administrative ones. Before she departed her work area she phoned Viviano and then Sonny to inform them that Mario wanted their presence. As she departed the area, Margo could feel the wetness of her panties but not the taste of Mario's cum. A small tear rolled down her face because of his rejection of her offer to suck him off.

Five minutes after Margo departed his office, Viviano and Sonny entered. Mario stood and waved towards the area where two couches sat opposite one another with a solid wood coffee table between. Mario walked to the couch that faced the entrance to his office and sat which forced Viviano and Sonny to take the couch that faced the windows and the runways at LaGuardia. Both Rossi men had no idea why Mario called them into his office. Viviano expected questions about the opening of the house on Columbus Place for his youngest daughter's lesbian lover. He also saw where Mario parked his ass and the memory of his kneeling between his legs sucking his father-in-laws cock flooded into his consciousness.

"Gentlemen," said Mario, "As you both know, I travelled with Apollonia to Texas yesterday to Umberto Moretti's house to take care of some nasty family business. I had no idea that Apollonia would be bringing individuals back to the city and taking control of the youngest member of Umberto's family. I need to know what you know about the townhouse on 84th Street and the people who live there. In fact, I need for each of you to give me everything you know no matter how trivial it may seem. I also need each of you to promise to keep this discussion confidential."

The two brothers exchanged glances each wondering where this conversation was headed. Viviano took the lead, "We know that you or should I say the Moretti family owns the townhouse on 84th Street. We know that the two individuals living there are there because of you and they are the caretakers."

Mario kept eye contact with Viviano, "What else do you know about the caretakers, Viviano?"

"Enough," replied Viviano. "Let's just keep it low key, Mario. They're of the Moretti bloodline and brother and sister. Offered redemption by you under certain conditions which they accepted. We know everything Mario and I mean," with emphasis, "EVERYTHING."

Continuing his questioning without reacting to Viviano's emphasis on everything, Mario asked, "What else do you know about the townhouse?"

Viviano debated in his head for a split-second before he spat, "Apollonia told us all about the special... Fuck, we know what went on there, Mario. We know your wife perpetrated some rather sick sexually sadomasochistic tortures on children and some adults. Apollonia told us that you did nothing to stop her sexual deviance."

Mario Moretti broke eye contact with his son-in-law. He turned his head and gazed out the large windows staring at nothing in particular. Hearing Viviano blame him for Lucia's craziness poured salt into his already open and bleeding emotional and psychological wounds and increased his depressed state. His hand went to his face and he grasped his chin with a finger over his mouth and pondered the present and his future. Inside, he did not feel responsible for his wife's deviance, but seeing Apollonia's disdain and hatred coupled with Viviano's disgust made him wish he was dead.

When he spoke his voice was that of a broken man, "I am going to confess that I should have taken control of the situation but I willingly let it happen because..." He paused, looked over to Sonny and then Viviano, began to weep, and said, "I became what she became. I relished the feeling of a little girl's pussy around my cock. I had no thoughts about what a man my size could do to a toddler or infant. The feeling of a girl's or boy's asshole expanding around my stiff prick was like a narcotic especially since I knew I could insert my full length into them without any true internal damage. Oh, my God!!! What have I done!!! What have I become!!!"

Sonny was about to say something when Viviano reached and placed his hand on his brother's mouth. "Don't you dare say anything to him, Sonny. You have no right to express anything about his marriage or what occurred. If he asks you a direct question, you may answer." Sonny, eyes wide in shock, nodded his head and kept his mouth shut when Viviano removed his hand.

Viviano leaned forward, put his hands on his knees, and growled, "Look at me Mario. Now!!!"

Mario Moretti would never have accepted being spoken to in the tone of voice that Viviano just used, but his emotional state would not let him react verbally or physically. He turned his head and made eye contact with his son-in-law. Both men knew something was about to happen between them.

Viviano said, "I'm no longer bound to you as the leader of the Moretti family, Mario. Your youngest daughter is who I owe my life and allegiance to - not you. Raffaella, Antonio, and Carmen are my world, Mario. I will do everything in my power to protect them from harm even if it means performing criminal acts for your youngest daughter. You, on the other hand, are sitting there wearing pink pussy tubes. You have ceded your authority to Apollonia. I will never respond positively to any request you make to help you regain your family authority or help you assuage your emotional breakdown at your loss of your masculinity and stature."

"I'm not asking you help me regain my authority," said Mario as he used the sleeve of his shirt to wipe his tear stained face. "I know what I did is unconscionable and I know I should pay for my cruelty, but..." Mario paused, rubbed his face, shook his head in disdain at himself, and said, "If she lets me help, I can make the world right. I am more than willing to face the only righteous legal remedy - death. But, I need to make things right, which I don't think Apollonia is thinking about doing. She is sliding down the same slippery slope Lucia did, Viviano."

"I don't think so, Mario," said Viviano. "She may be a bit of a pedophile when it comes to enjoying the taste of a young girl's pussy, but I believe she would never perpetrate on a child what Lucia and you have. I think you need to face reality, Mario. Your life as you know it is over. If she deems it, you'll be standing bent over taking cock just like Uncle Toni and your other son-in-law, Colin. Now that I know what a sick bastard you are, I have no love lost for you, Mario. Let me ask you, what is going to happen to the people she has ensconced in the townhouse basement?"

Both men watched Mario Moretti shiver when he heard Viviano tell him he was a sick bastard. Mario wanted to stand and walk around the room, but he knew if he stood, it would be perceived as a physical move against either Viviano or Sonny. He remained seated feeling the anguish of humiliation course throughout his masculine body.

"Teresa Moretti will eventually lose her life. Adolfo Moretti will be emasculated and sent to a gay brothel in Africa where he will service AIDS infected men until he dies from the disease. Adelina Moretti will be sent to a monastery in the mountains of Italy where she will serve as a whore for the men of authority in the Catholic Church," said Mario without any emotion. "When all of this will happen can only be answered by Apollonia."

"Murder Teresa? Why?" asked Viviano.

Mario teared up again, "Because I had Angelina call her to give her the truth about Umberto's demise. Teresa was so broken up by his death she called and challenged Apollonia..."

Sonny, "Damn... Not a very smart thing to do. Guess that is why she went to Texas. I'll bet you, Teresa, who I don't know from Adam, confronted her and lost."

Mario nodded, "What is worse, in a matter of days she had more dirt on them than I could ever have gathered in a lifetime. Bottom line gentlemen, before I'm shit on by my daughter after I'm lowered into my grave, I want to make amends to the families of the children that I allowed Lucia and her cohorts to use for their deviant sexual pleasure. I would also love to know that Apollonia is going to take her pound of flesh from them before I pay the ultimate price for my depravity."

Viviano questioned, "What do you mean shit on, Mario?"

"Raffaella didn't tell you, Viviano?" replied Mario rhetorically. "Apollonia forced Uncle Gino to lower Lucia's casket into the grave with top of the coffin over Lucia's face open. She then used the bier to steady herself as she literally shit all over her dead mother's face. When she was finished she made me look down at the love of my life covered in her youngest daughter's shit. I know she is going to do the same to me."

"Holy shit," moaned Viviano, "she is one sick cunt."

Mario smiled with compressed lips, "Yes she is and you can rest assured she is going to make both of your lives a living hell. Unless, you can get her to realize she already owns each of you. That being said, I would like each of you confirm to me her willingness to make amends for Lucia and me including making the individuals associated with Lucia pay. I truly believe she is distraught and heartbroken about what went on in the basement of 84th Street. Will each of you help me?"

Again Viviano and Sonny exchanged glances. Both knew they would have to tread lightly when it came to inquiring about Apollonia's feeling concerning Mario's request.

"Are you intimating we make some sort of monetary amends to the families?" asked Sonny.

"Yes," replied Mario, "the Moretti family has more than enough money to make a tax-free donation to each of the families in amounts large enough to make their lives easier. Naturally, the family should never learn who their benefactors are."

I have to ask this, said Sonny, "Do you have a membership list or something like that would give Apollonia the names of the individuals who took part in the depravity?"

Mario closed his eyes and said, "Yes. All you need to do is talk to Apollonia."

Viviano smiled, rubbed his crotch, and said, "The idea of helping those families clandestinely is just the ticket to ameliorate somewhat your feelings of being a complete asshole Mario. If you hadn't had your head up your ass, you wouldn't be sitting here shitting yourself because you're wondering if and when your youngest daughter is going to snap your neck like she did her mother's. You want our help?"

"Yes," replied the depressed Mario, "please..."

"Then come around the coffee table, kneel down, and give me proof that you're serious," said Viviano.

Incredulous, Mario replied, "You have to be kidding me!!! You want me to suck your cock?"

"No, Mario," replied Viviano, "I want you to suck both our cocks just like you made me suck yours when I did something wrong. Now, get to it you sissy tube wearing cocksucker. Of course, you can always tell me to pound sand and I'll just talk to Apollonia, but I won't tell her what you want me to. I can just see the look on her face when I tell her Mario tried to enlist her lover and me to help him take her out."

Mario Moretti wanted more than anything to help the parents of the children that were abused and ultimately killed for his, his wife's, and their deviant group of sexual sadist's pleasure. He sat and thought about the implication of his performing as asked. He knew his future relationship with Viviano and Sonny would take a major turn for the worst unless he could make them understand his need to make amends. Both men sat unmoving waiting for his verbal denial of Viviano's request or his movement to the other side of the coffee table confirming his lowered position in the hierarchy of the Moretti family. His decision made, Mario Moretti stood and made his way around the coffee table and knelt in front of his son-in-law.

Viviano took pity on his father-in-law by not forcing him to undo his pants. He stood and lowered his pants and underwear to his ankles. He sat back down on the edge of the couch, spread his knees, and pointed to his flaccid cock. Sonny watched in amazement as the man who fathered the woman he loved reach for and take a hold of his brother's cock. His eyes widened as Mario leaned in and took the head of Viviano's prick into his mouth. Mario began

to stroke the shaft, suckle the head, and gently massage the balls that would soon fill his mouth with the younger man's seed. Viviano made no bones about who was sucking his cock. His hands went to his father-in-law's head and pushed it down forcing his full nine-and-a-half inches into his throat. Mario Moretti comfortable with a cock in his mouth relaxed his throat and allowed Viviano's erection to slide past his uvula.

"Fuckin' hot," cried Viviano, "gotta be the first time he's sucked a cock because he's been told to since passing his Rites of Passage."

Mario Moretti did as he was told by the hands that held his head. When Viviano relaxed them he moved his mouth up and down the shaft making sure press his tongue against the underside of Viviano's cock. When the cock was just inside his mouth he used his tongue to caress the sensitive edges of the glans making Viviano groan in pleasure. Having sucked more cocks than he care to publically enumerate, Mario knew to take the tip of his tongue and place it on and in Viviano's piss slit. The feeling of having a soft wet tongue trying to fuck the opening of your cock can be extremely pleasurable.

"Suck my balls, bitch!!!" ordered Viviano.

Mario felt Viviano's hands release the hold on his head which allowed him to sink lower and take the large hairless ball sack into his mouth. He used his tongue to caress the skin of Viviano's scrotum as well as apply pressure to the testicle that filled his mouth. Mario released one to only take the other into his oral cavity. Just as he released the testicle from his mouth he felt Viviano press on his head which meant he wanted him to rim his asshole. The first taste of Viviano's hole cause Mario's abdomen to twitch as if he was going to retch. He overcame his reaction to the smell and taste of his son-in-law's asshole and began to suckle him while stroking his large erection. After a good three minutes of sucking ass, Mario raised his head to retake Viviano's cock into his mouth. As he slid his mouth down the thick shaft, he bounced Viviano's balls in his left hand and slipped two fingers up and into his son-in-law's ass.

Viviano made it difficult for Mario to cause him to ejaculate with any speed. Every few minutes Viviano would stop Mario from sucking him and force him to keep just the tip of his cock in Mario's mouth. As he held Mario's head and felt his tongue swab the soft pliant skin of the head of his cock, Viviano would call him names and humiliate him because of his lowered position in the family. Sonny Rossi couldn't believe what he was seeing and hearing considering how powerful Mario Moretti was when he was introduced to him. Mario Moretti did his duty. He sucked Viviano's cock and allowed him to verbally humiliate him. When Viviano had recovered enough to allow Mario to begin his fellatio anew he removed the pressure against Mario's head signaling him it was time to suck again.

Mario was kept between Viviano's legs for a good seventeen minutes before he groaned, pressed the cocksucker's head down, and expended his seed into his sissy bitch father-in-law's mouth. Mario took the load, swallowed, and when Viviano pulled his cock from his mouth he moved in front of Sonny to begin his act of fellatio anew. Sonny Rossi did not say a word or make it difficult for Mario. Ten minutes after he begun sucking the biggest cock he'd ever had between his lips, Mario Moretti felt the head of Sonny's cock expand and fill his oral cavity. The younger man did not force his erection down Mario's throat. Instead he rested the head inside the man's lips just inside his teeth and exploded. Mario, like a good sissy, swallowed it all.

Thirty-five minutes later, Mario Moretti sat across from Viviano and Sonny having completed sucking them off. The front of his pants was stained with pre-cum which signaled to Viviano that Mario enjoyed sucking their cocks or the fact that his cock was encased in a sissy tube fostered his inability to control its leaking. Both men were surprised and satisfied. Thankfully, Margo had not barged in as she was wont to do.

Mario humiliated but thankful the Rossi brothers were satisfied with just blow jobs asked, "Was that good enough to get you to do as I asked?"

Sonny stupidly nodded his head yes, but Viviano took the road of a hard assed bastard. "Maybe, I have to think about it, but I'm leaning towards helping."

Mario leaned forward, "What is the problem? I'm trying to make amends."

"It is rather hard to make amends to people who are sitting at home wondering where their child is or children are Mario. Sending them an anonymous check for a couple of million dollars is not going to assuage their grief when they learn the money is theirs because their child is..." At the top of his voice, "FUCKIN" DEAD!!!"

"Ok," said Mario, "I can see this is going to take a bit of doing to get everything accomplished concerning the activities at 84th Street. Would either of you please give me the skinny on Ming?"

Sonny answered, "Ming Zheng is Apollonia's lesbian lover from college. She had a little problem with the legal system and sought out Apollonia for help. Because of her seeking out Apollonia for help, they renewed their relationship."

Viviano added, "That is why we're opening the house on Columbus Place. So your youngest daughter has access to her lover." Viviano looked at his watch, "Fuck Sonny, we have to get moving. We need to notify the men who will be working at the house. Mario, I'll expect to hear from you concerning the results of the bid opening. We'll return in enough time to take you back to Columbus Place with us. Don't fuckin' leave the building Mario."

Both men stood, eyed Mario, and departed the office. Mario remained seated on the couch feeling like a fool and humbled by his acceptance of Viviano's demand that he perform fellatio to get them to help with correcting the insanity that occurred in the basement of the 84th Street townhouse. His eyes welled up with tears and he began to cry because his love for Lucia blinded him to what she was doing. The realization that he too enjoyed the sex was behind his reasoning to help those who lost a child and his need to be summarily executed. Mario Moretti knew in his heart and his mind that he deserved to die. His eyes opened wide in amazement when his sissy tube encased cock exploded in his pants. The fact he just ejaculated without touching himself was enough to make him cry out in psychological and emotional pain. Mario Moretti finalized in his mind his desire to be put down like a rabid dog.