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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Monday, 10 February 2003 – Thursday, 13 February 2003

Apollonia Cathcart kissed her husband good-bye at the back door as he left for his daily commute to midtown Manhattan via the Long Island Railroad. She watched as he got into his car and backed down the driveway before she returned to the kitchen for her first of what would be several cups of coffee. She didn't have to get out of bed to see her husband off to work, but she started the ritual when they returned from their South Pacific honeymoon and she continued it because she knew her husband enjoyed kissing her at the door each morning. The automatic coffee maker was set up to brew a full twelve cups every morning so she would have enough to drink throughout the day as she worked in her studio. Apollonia Cathcart, nee Moretti was a graduate of New York University with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree with a specialty in the graphic arts. She also was an accomplished painter, but preferred to paint for the pleasure giving the one-of-a-kind oil and/or acrylic paintings to family and friends.

Sitting at the breakfast table she looked out across the stone deck that led to the in ground pool her father gave them for their first anniversary. She knew he was waiting for her to announce to the family that she was with child, but that announcement has not been made and she, sadly, didn't know when it would. There was an appendix to the unwritten marriage contract that all natural born Moretti women were faced with – the announcement before her second anniversary that she was pregnant. Apollonia did not have to look at a calendar to know that her second anniversary was fast approaching. She walked to the front of the house holding her seaming cup of coffee and gazed out one of the front windows towards her sister's house which was directly across the street. She checked to see if Raffaella's husband Viviano had already departed to take their children to school and then to work. Apollonia noticed that Viviano's truck was in the driveway, but not where he usually parked.

Taking a deep breath, Apollonia decided to just walk across the street and knock on her sister's back door. Both of them never really stood on ceremony when it came to visiting each other's home, because they grew up never hiding anything from each other and remained very close to one another. They both knew it was their parents who fostered their sibling connection and accepted the times they were not very nice to one another, but that was just part of growing up. Apollonia walked to the back door knowing that her sister Raffaella would most likely be in the kitchen drinking not her first but probably her fourth cup of coffee. Just as she passed through the portal she heard something that told her she was walking in on something she really wasn't supposed to see, but she continued into the kitchen.

Standing in front of the sink were her sister and brother-in-law. Raffaella's bathrobe was hiked up above her waist, her breasts hung out of the top of the robe, her legs were spread, and she was bent over at the waist. Viviano had her by the hips as he slammed his magnificent manhood into and out his wife's already wet and open womanhood. Apollonia had seen Viviano's cock on numerous occasions and was not surprised by its size. What surprised her was that Viviano had apparently taken Antonio and Carmen to school and returned for some morning copulation. She

watched as her sister responded to the pounding her husband was giving her and quietly wished she was the one bent over the sink getting royally fucked. She felt herself moisten. She could entertain being a voyeur and watch them copulate for in her mind he wasn't making love to her sister, but was just using her to get off before he went to work. Apollonia silently slipped through the kitchen, made herself comfortable in the small room they used as a den, and waited for brother-in-law to spew his nut inside her sister. She knew that Viviano would zip his pants, kiss his loving wife good-bye, and depart for their father's business where he worked without personally acknowledging her entrance and passage to the family room.

She sat quietly waiting for her sister to finish her morning fuck and knew it was over when she heard Viviano grunt and her sister moan as he spewed his ejaculate into her sister. Just as she thought a few moments later, Apollonia heard the back door slam, Viviano's truck start, and pull out of the driveway. Much to Apollonia's amazement, Raffaella strolled into the family room looking slightly disheveled, but none the worse for wear, with a cup of hot coffee in her right hand.

Apollonia flushed and said, "Sorry, Raffaella... Didn't mean to barge in on..."

Raffaella smiled and chuckled at her sister's obvious embarrassment, replying, "No need to be sorry, Apollonia!!! I didn't expect him to come home with a fuckin' hard on and need relief. Sometimes I wonder about him. Listen kid, I should go upstairs..."

"I know, but, would it be an imposition if I asked you to sit and talk to me before you go shower?"

Raffaella could feel her husband's cum beginning to run from her stretched hole, but could also see in her sister's eyes the need to confide in her. "Ok, sweetie," was all she said as she sat down at the other end of the couch from her sister. Her robe opened and she made no effort to close it around her body. Apollonia could see her red, swollen labia and the whitish fluid beginning to flow from within her sister's vagina.

Apollonia realized she was staring at her sister's privates when she got control of herself and began somewhat hesitantly, "Raffy, I think I'm in trouble. Not with the law, but with our family. My second anniversary is fast approaching and..."

Raffaella interrupted, "You're not anywhere near getting or announcing you're pregnant." She didn't mince words and obnoxiously opened her legs a bit wider allowing more of her husband's ejaculate seep from within.

"Yes, and I hate to admit this, but Colin doesn't seem to have what it takes to impregnate me. At best, he lasts just under thirty seconds..."

"Oh my God, Appy!!! He's a premature ejaculator???"

Apollonia flushed as she responded, "Yes, but that's not the least of it. Nine times out of ten he shoots, no dribbles, before he even has a chance to enter me. We've been to a couple of doctors; no more doctors than I care to admit to, but nothing they advise us to do seems to work. I'm at my wits end. Walking in here this morning and seeing you bent over the kitchen sink getting royally fucked made me wet not because you were getting it, but because I wanted to be you. Bent over the sink, taking my husband's cock for all it was worth."

Her sister could see the pain in her eyes and the stress of telling her of her inability to get pregnant making her muscles tense as she sat across from her. She also noticed her occasionally taking glances at her still sopping vagina. She also knew that the only resolution to her problem was talking to their mom and dad. Raffaella knew, as she believed Apollonia also knew the resolution was one of two choices and both choices could be something Colin would not be willing to accept. "You keep on looking... If you want to, I won't be offended... In fact, I'd be delighted..." was all Raffaella said.

Apollonia wasn't shocked because it was known within the family that there were occasional dalliances with incest between family members. She also remembered she had confided in Raffaella during her sophomore year in college that she had fallen madly in love with an Asian girl and they were intimate with each other. Raffaella accepted

her sister's flirtation with bisexuality although she herself never sought or needed the love of another woman. Being the wife a man that performs sexually like her father, Raffaella was used to having women of all ages present themselves, kneel, and place a kiss on her vagina to honor her position as the wife of the man who impregnated them. She's also let women go down on her, but had no desire to return the favor. She knew her sister was in a stressful state and decided to lean back, completely open her robe and spread legs. She smiled at her sister and lovingly said, "It's ok Appy. I'd be more than happy to have you between my legs. This is just between two sisters."

Her sister could not resist. She slid across the couch and onto the floor placing herself between her older sisters' outstretched legs. Apollonia was taken by the smell of her sister's used pussy, but this did not deter her from placing just her tongue on her sister's vagina, but her entire mouth around the thick labia and sucking the skin of her sister's vagina into her mouth. She felt a glob of her brother-in-law's cum slide into onto her tongue. She felt her sister pick her legs up and slide forward to give Apollonia easier access to her pussy. As she gently sucked on her sister's pussy, Apollonia slid her right hand between her legs and began to masturbate as she sucked the juices of her sister and her brother-in-law into her mouth. She swallowed greedily as this was the first time in a number of years she performed cunnilingus on another woman and was happy that it also contained the ejaculate of a real man. Additionally her eroticism was enhanced manifold because she was fulfilling a deeply suppressed desire to be between her sister's legs performing cunnilingus.

Raffaella moaned in response to her sister's oral ministrations. "Yes, Appy. Suck me. Oh, you don't know how much I wanted to give you what I knew in my heart you so desired of me. I just knew you wanted my pussy. God, you're so fucking good... You are so hot..."

Apollonia repositioned her head so she could look up and into her sister's eyes. She wanted her to know how much she was enjoying eating her. Their eyes met and for the first time in all their years a deep sexually charged connection was made. Raffaella moved her hands to her sister's head and gently took control of her sister's oral copulation. Although Apollonia was a strong willed woman, she willingly deferred to her sister's control thus showing her submissiveness and enabling her sister's sexual dominance over her. Both women knew that from that moment on, between them sexually Raffaella would be the dominant and Apollonia would be the submissive. Apollonia began sucking with earnest as her sister pushed her head into her crotch and moaned, "Suck me, bitch!!!"

Apollonia couldn't respond verbally as her tongue was embedded into the wide open vagina of her sister. The only way she could show her compliance was continuing to allow her sister control over her as she masturbated herself to orgasm. Raffaella began to show signs of her imminent orgasm. She released her hold on her sister's head and replaced her hands with her legs. She closed her legs around her sister's head and pressed the heels of her feet into her sister's back. She bucked against her sister's face as they both felt the crescendo of Raffaella's orgasm course through her body. Having been in both positions, Apollonia accepted having her sister's legs wrapped around her head and greedily sucked the flow of juices cascading from her sister's pussy. At the same time, Apollonia crested and for the first time in a long time had a bone jarring orgasm, not because of her present masturbatory state, but an orgasm borne of the fulfillment of her desire to have an incestuous relationship with her sister.

She felt Raffaella relax her legs giving her the opportunity to place her hands beneath her knees and lifting. By doing so, she gained access to her sister's entire lower region enabling her to lick her sister's asshole for the first time. Raffaella responded to her sister's tongue by relieving Apollonia of her having to hold her legs up and open. She cooed, "Yes, sweet pea, suck my asshole. Use a finger on my clit and see how big and sensitive it is from your mouth. Tongue fuck, my ass, bitch. Show me who's my cunt lapping, asshole licking sister. I'm going to get off again!!!"

Apollonia felt her sister's anus begin to pulse around her tongue which she had adeptly inserted into her sister's asshole. She did not care that her nose identified the acrid smell of a recently taken bowel movement. Apollonia was in seventh heaven as she climaxed for a second time as she felt her body give forth an abnormally large amount of orgasmic fluid whilst her sister did the same from having her tongue up her ass. The orgasmic fluids ran down to Apollonia's tongue and she unhesitatingly lapped it up loving the taste of her sister's love juices. When she was done licking Apollonia slid from between her sister's legs and returned to the couch this time sitting as close to Raffaella as possible. She was rewarded with an arm being wrapped around her shoulders and her head pulled into and onto Raffaella's ample breasts. They both sighed and nothing in the world could take the moment they just shared away from them.

"I love you so much Appy," sighed Raffy.

"And I love you Raffaella. I've so wanted to make love to you."

"I know sweet pea and I promise this won't be the last time."

Apollonia pulled herself away from her sister and without any hesitation leaned into her and placed her lips on her sister's. Raffaella responded by placing her arms around her sister's shoulders, opening her mouth, and inviting her sister's tongue into her mouth to complete their first deep French kiss. Raffaella rubbed her sister's back as they kissed as lovers for the first time in their lives. Each of them separately thinking what took so long for them to realize their deep need to be sexual with one another. Apollonia broke the kiss and somewhat unwillingly returned to her grounded reality.

"Raffy, what am I going to do? I can't, no I'm afraid to go to mom and dad. They'll freak out. I just know they will. I'll never be able to face them or the family again," she cried.

Looking down and into her sister's water filled eyes, the now grounded Raffaella responded, "Yes, I understand, but mom and dad have been through more than we have, Appy. We'll both go to mom and dad. I'll be your rock if you need me. I'm sure they've faced or had someone in the family face the dilemma you're facing. I think there is a way out for both of you; but sweet girl, remember who you are and where you come from. Colin Cathcart will have a decision to make and no matter what he decides, you are the controlling person in the relationship. Don't forget that."

"But, Raffy, I see you and Viviano and I see a relational equality between you. I know he's like daddy in the sense he's providing an unorthodox, unaccepted methodology for women to get pregnant and you're like mom, but, Colin is nowhere near the man either of them are. I love Colin. He's so sweet and caring, but just not a sexual stud. Are you saying that if Colin decides to stay, he'll be accepting what could only be considered a humiliating cuckold relationship? If he decides to leave, then I know I'm free to marry another man who hopefully would be more like Viviano and more to the families liking."

"First, mom and dad love Colin. I'm sure they're going to be disappointed that he doesn't have the wherewithal to impregnate you and by extension others. Secondly, you're correct on both counts about what could happen based upon his decision. You know Aunt Lucille and Uncle Toni. He loved her so much he could not see himself apart from her. He is happy being cuckolded and the family accepts his decision not to be the man in their relationship. So, kiss me good-bye, go home, and I'll call mom and tell her we need to talk. Don't fret just wait until we talk to them before you say anything to Colin."

Apollonia pulled herself up and took her sister into her arms. She kissed her with a passion that neither of them experienced before their incestuous sexual relationship began between them. A new chapter in their life was open and both of them were happy that it happened. Apollonia knew her sister would convey her need in a way that would not unduly hurt her husband. She broke the kiss, stood, and without saying a word departed her sister's house. Raffaella watched as she walked out of the family room and when she was gone she placed her right hand between her legs and masturbated herself to a third orgasm. The thought of Viviano possibly becoming her sister's lover was exciting enough to make her want to diddle herself as she thought of the possibilities. Colin subservient to Viviano, her sister fat with his child, and when the time came on her knees kissing her twat in thanks for letting Viviano give her what Colin could not.

After masturbating herself to a third orgasm, Raffaella moved from the family room to the master bedroom where she finally spent a good twenty minutes in the shower washing the sweat from her incestuous tryst with her sister and her morning fucking from her very horny husband. She stood washing herself trying to figure what possessed Viviano to return home with nothing on his mind but sticking his rampant cock into her. She gave up trying to figure it out because it wasn't the first time he just bent her over to fuck her without any foreplay and she knew it wouldn't be the last. She put on a simple black halter top dress, stockings, and a pair of lambskin pumps in preparation for the meeting she promised Apollonia she would set up with their mother and father.

Raffaella poured a steaming cup of coffee, picked up the phone, and dialed her parent's phone number. Two rings and she heard her mother's voice.

"Mom, this is Raffy," said Raffaella. She politely waited for her mother's response.

"Hello, Raffaella. What a wonderful surprise, my dear. Is everything ok?" queried Lucia Moretti.

Raffaella lied, but knew she'd have to steer the conversation to her sister's dilemma. "Everything is wonderful mom. I had a moment, so I decided to call and see how you and dad are doing."

Lucia Moretti knew when someone even her two daughters were trying to pull the wool over her eyes. No matter how much they tried to cover their anxiety about what was about to be said, Lucia could sense their fear and trepidation. The signal she was sensing through the phone was enough to make the hair on the back of her neck stand. She didn't like that feeling and if Raffaella was standing in front of her she'd see her mother's discomfort. "Ok, Raffaella, don't mince words. You know I have a sixth sense about when someone wants to say something difficult to me. Spit it out girl!!!"

Raffaella rolled her eyes and wondered where her mother learned the fine art of reading peoples voices as well as their faces. "Is daddy home?"

"No and why do you ask?" inquired Lucia.

"Mom..." Raffaella paused and Lucia heard the inhale and exhale of a breath before she continued, "Apollonia has a problem and I promised her I'd call you so we could come over and talk to you mother to daughter. I know you're going to say daddy has to be involved, but please, please just you, me, and Apollonia. She'll feel a lot more at ease."

Lucia couldn't believe that her youngest daughter had her older sister call to make an appointment so she could talk to her. "I'm not going to do anything until I know..."

"Mamma, please!!! For once in your life, just let your daughters have it their way!!!" cried Raffaella out of her mind with frustration.

Lucia heard her daughter's frustration and responded, "Ok, Raffaella, ok. Why don't you come here at 1:30 and we can sit in the great room and discuss this urgent matter."

Raffaella sighed and thanked her mother. They hung up and instead of calling her sister she walked across the street to Apollonia's house to tell what time they were expected at their mother's house. Raffaella found Apollonia in her studio working an oil painting of her two children. She wasn't supposed to see the painting until Apollonia revealed it to the family, but the surprise was broken. "Appy, you shouldn't have. My God, I can't believe how real they look. You are an amazing artist, my sweet dear sister."

"Damn, Raffy!!! This was going to be a surprise!!! I can't believe you just walked into my studio without first announcing yourself."

"What are you saying, you wonton little bitch!!! You walk into my house this morning, cry on my shoulder, and entice me into an incestuous relationship with you..."

Both of them realized the humor in the error of Apollonia's statement and Raffaella's reply. They broke up laughing at the stupidity of it all. Once they caught their breath, Raffaella told her sister what time they were expected at their mother's house. Apollonia just nodded her head and without saying a word returned to working on the oil painting of her sister's children. Raffaella found a corner, sat, and watched her sister work. They had a good two hours before they were due at the main house of Columbus Place.

"Appy, where are the pictures of the kids? I meant, what are you using to help you create the painting?" inquired Raffy.

"It's all from memory sis. Their faces are burned into my memory. I have this uncanny ability to remember and recreate anything I see especially when I paint. Don't ask me how I do it, because I can't fathom how or why it happens."

Raffaella was surprised that her sister could do that because she had to look at a person's face or picture for a long time to get it burnt into her memory. "Can you do it with, I don't know, solids, I mean like buildings, trees???"

Appy turned slightly from the painting and said, "Yes, I have the ability to remember the smallest details. I have the ability to look at a page in a book, close it or hand it to someone, and recite it back verbatim. I should go have myself tested, but I don't use it for anything but my painting. I guess I could put it to some psychological or police type work, but I'm happier just putting paint on canvas for my family and friends." She smiled at Raffy and returned her work."

Raffaella laughed when she thought of what she next asked her sister, "Then why did you do so poorly in high school and didn't blossom until college?"

"That's easy to answer. In high school, I was rebelling against anything and everything. I could have graduated valedictorian from high school, but I couldn't stand the nuns and the idiotic priests. Please, don't get me started about my hatred for all things Catholic. Just know I have this gift and I use it for my painting. I think if either mom or dad found out, I'd be prodded and poked by every doctor they know or questioned by every Catholic theologian to see if I was some sort of saint or the devil incarnate."

"Sure, the devil is more to my thinking. Just kidding, sis, but that is one side you kept secret from me. I'm just amazed at how open we are with one another, but that you couldn't or wouldn't talk to me about. It takes me to see you painting my children from memory for you to tell me about your amazing ability."

Apollonia turned to see the hurt on her sister's face, but could also read her well enough to know she was playing her. "Fuck you, Raffaella!!! What have you kept from me? Please, don't pull your hurt bullshit on me, sis. I know when you're trying to jerk my chain, so dear sister... What have you kept from me???"

"Nothing Appy, I swear. Well, one or two things, but one you have to never say anything to anyone about. Promise???"

Now Apollonia was curious, "You have my word."

Raffaella rolled her eyes and looked around the room as if she was checking for unauthorized listeners. She said, "When I was ten, I had a crush on the young priest at our local parish, Father Tom. I made it obvious to him and I sucked his cock several times in the rectory. He never fucked me, but I did have my first taste of holy cum at tender age of ten. That is the only big secret I've kept from you."

"Damn, Raffaella, when you do it, you really do it. Nothing and I mean nothing in my life could surpass that one. Willingly sucking off a priest, more than once, and in the rectory, damn!!!" Apollonia started laughing and Raffaella joined her knowing that nothing could come between them. They were sisters for life and their lives were tied together by their special Moretti lifestyle.

As Apollonia worked, she began to wonder about what had happened with her sister just hours earlier considering the last of their secrets were now known to each other. As she applied paint to the canvas and without turning to face her sister she said, "Raffy, are you really ok with what happened between us this morning?"

If Apollonia could see her sister's face, she'd witness a wave of relief pass over it. As much as she was sexually inebriated with what happened she knew she'd have to face the truth about it sooner or later with her sister.

"I'd don't know what you want me to say. I enjoy having a woman go down on me, but my sister was, well, something I sensed you've wanted for a long time especially since you confided in me about your love affair with Ming."

Apollonia turned away from her painting and said, "Yes, I've wanted you since we were kids. I've known since I was five that I liked the look, smell, and feel of another girl. I knew it when I allowed my friend Christa Jones to lick me when I slept over her house the second time mom allowed me. I was afraid you'd think of me as some sick lesbian."

"I'd never think that about you or do anything to embarrass you, but I'm a bit surprised and amazed that you knew or felt some attraction to girls at such a young age. I'm just as taken as you are about this morning. I'll admit to a bit of jealousy. Your body and sis, look at your art work. I could never do anything like that. You are so talented."

Apollonia, as was her wont, blushed and looked down at her feet. When she looked up, she replied, "And I'm jealous of you as well. You're smart with loads of common sense, a beautiful family, and a husband to die for. You can do anything you want if you put your mind to it. I'm just good at painting and graphic design. Look at the situation I got myself into. You'd never do anything as stupid."

"Maybe not, but I've had my instances of stupidity. I know you know daddy had to talk to Judge Cohen to get me out of a stupid shoplifting jam in New York City when I was fourteen years old. Remember when I couldn't sit for days. Well, sweet pea, daddy spanked me so hard, my ass was red for two weeks." Smiling and now laughing at the thought of her stupidity she continued, "Boy did I learn a lesson. Shoplifting never entered my mind again. I have to ask, are you regretting what happened between us this morning?"

Steadfast in her mind and emotional being, Apollonia looked directly into her sister's eyes and replied, "No. I wanted you. I want you to make me into what you want when we're together making love to one another. I have no preconceptions and will comply with any and all of your sexual wishes and desires. The only caveat is that this dominant submissive play only occurs when we're alone. You don't show any form of it when we're together with family and friends. In public we're just two sisters. Equals. Agreed?"

Raffaella stood, walked the few feet to where her younger sister stood, took her in her arms, and hugged her. She pulled her body away from her sister's and due to her slightly taller stature and the heels she was wearing looked down to her sister's face, "Appy, I love you and no matter what I'd never do anything to hurt you. I promise you that if I ever do anything to hurt you, you can take out your retribution in any shape or form you so choose. I promise you that. What we enjoy together in the privacy of our homes is nobody's business but our own." With that she bent forward and placed a kiss on her sister's forehead and released her from her arms. "By the way, we have to be at mothers by 1:30. She tried to wheedle the subject out of me, but, believe it or not, I won. Don't worry, everything will be ok."

"That is the second time you told me what time we had to be a mom's. I've been told too much sex makes your senile at a young age." said Apollonia smiling and winking at her sister. She returned to her painting and Raffaella walked to the kitchen to retrieve two cups of coffee for them. She returned to her spot in the corner and watched her sister work her magic until it was time to walk down to their mother's house.

The walk took all of five minutes and during the entire time Apollonia was wrought with fear and stressed out about what her mother would say about her situation. Arriving at the front doors of the main house, Raffaella pushed the button for the front door bell and in a few short moments the door was opened by their mother. She was dressed in a loose fitting house coat, slippers, and her hair was as messy as if she had just woken up.

"Ah, my two precious girls. Pardon my appearance, but I didn't feel like getting dressed today. The staff is off and I'm just doing the unnatural thing – staying in my sleep attire." Lucia Moretti stepped aside inviting her two daughters into the house they were conceived and grew up in. Raffaella entered first leaving Apollonia the task of closing the heavy front door knowing she'd take the time to make sure all the locks were secured. Not that anyone could get onto Columbus Place, the girls were taught to be vigilant and careful no matter where they were.

Raffaella couldn't believe what Lucia looked like and expressed her disapproval, "Does daddy know you're slumming around the house in your pajamas. Bet he'd have a shit fit..."

Lucia didn't take but one second to slap Raffaella across the face and say, "Don't you dare curse in front of me young lady. I may look disheveled, but I'm still your mother and I deserve, no demand, the respect I'm due. You have time to curse me, if you so wish, when I'm in my grave."

Apollonia stood looking at her mother not saying a word. Raffaella rubbed her cheek and with a renewed respect for her mother apologized for cursing in front of her. Lucia turned away from her daughters and walked to the back of the house and into the kitchen. She pointed to the stove where a large pot of coffee sat and said, "Pour a cup if you want and then sit with me around the table and tell me what is going on Apollonia. Still afraid to talk to me, I see."

Apollonia held her tongue as she went to the cupboard where she knew her mother kept the coffee cups. She didn't have to ask her sister. She grabbed two cups, filled them with hot black coffee, and returned to sit opposite her mother. Raffaella decided the best place for her was at the end of the table opposite where her father always sat. Sipping her coffee and eyeing her mother, Apollonia decided it was time for her to show her abilities to her mother. She was no longer going to hide her gift and accept whatever consequences it may bring.

"Mom, I have some distressing news about my marriage to Colin." She stopped there to gauge her mother's reaction. Her short gaze at her sister was enough to tell her that she was confident and strong enough to handle whatever shit her mother was going to throw at her. Raffaella nodded and sipped her coffee.

Lucia Moretti didn't show any emotion. Her years of marriage to Mario a man who provided sperm to women for a fee and her education as the wife of such a man gave her the ability to control her inner and outward emotional state. "You're coming up on your second anniversary, Apollonia. Are you telling me that you're nowhere near announcing my third grandchild?"

Apollonia controlled her urge to yell fuck and began to believe she inherited her gift from her mother. But, she thought that it was plainly obvious that her second anniversary was approaching. She replied, "Direct to the point, huh, mom. You couldn't just talk a bit before slapping me in the face with the possibility that I will not be pregnant by my second anniversary. You never in all of my short years have given me the opportunity to pour my heart out to you as most mothers would. No, you have to just slap me in the face with the negatives. Jesus Christ!!!"

Lucia Moretti sat across from her youngest daughter astounded that she finally came out of her shell and verbally confronted her. She nodded knowingly and said, "Touché Apollonia. Finally showed me some backbone. Just don't ever take the lord's name in vain again or curse like your sister did in front of me. That being settled is what I said about your approaching anniversary true?"

Not being able to stifle her blushing, Apollonia reddened, began to tear up, and replied, "Yes, mom."

"How bad is it," asked Lucia.

"Bad mom. Colin and I have been to several doctors, fertility specialists, sex educators, and even a priest. I'm embarrassed to say that it is his problem, mom. I'm embarrassed to be sitting here telling you that the man I married is nothing compared to daddy, my brother-in-law, my uncles, and the men I don't know who make up the extended Moretti clan."

Lucia nodded knowingly. She rolled her coffee cup between her hands as if she was warming them on a cold day. Several moments passed before she spoke and when she did, she spoke with the knowledge of a woman who knows about such marital problems. "Apollonia, I'm going to venture a guess about Colin. Please think before you answer me and wait until I'm done." Apollonia nodded.

"Colin is not gay. He isn't bisexual. He loves you and he isn't afraid to show it. He works hard to provide for you and is respectful to your father and me. He seems to have a good relationship with Raffaella and Viviano. I can see he loves your sister's children. If you're having problems, they're sexual in nature. I'd say Colin has a problem either keeping it up or ejaculating too fast. Probably the latter if you've been to see multiple doctors."

Apollonia looked at her sister who was just as amazed as Apollonia was that their mother was so perceptive about what was going on between her and her husband. Apollonia looked right into her mother's eyes and replied, "Yes, mom. Colin has an ejaculation problem. He doesn't produce a lot of sperm and when it comes out it doesn't pulse out but just dribbles. He can't maintain an erection that is truly hard enough to penetrate me. After he..."

Lucia interrupted Apollonia not to be hurtful or spiteful, but to show her she understood her situation. "Sweetheart, I hate to say this, but you have two choices. They're really Colin's choices, but you're going to have to impart them to him. Your father and I have seen too many couples to count with the same sexual problem. That is why the Moretti family is approached. Your father and your sister's husband, Viviano, provide women like you with the necessary sperm to get pregnant. They pay a considerable amount of money for the privilege of having their wombs covered in viable Moretti sperm."

"Naturally, you'll have to approach your father, the patriarch of the family, and tell him of your situation. For now, we'll discuss without any preconceptions your choices, which as I said before are actually Colin's choices. The first is an annulment. The documents are in the family safety deposit box. A legal document signed by a judge who is beholden to your dad and a church document signed by the Bishop who is also beholden to your dad because of the money we donate to the church. All Colin has to do is sign each document and your marriage is over. He departs Columbus Place never to return. If you see him on the street, you act like you've never known him. If you do acknowledge him, you place yourself in a position where you too could be banned from the family."

"The second choice is just as difficult for Colin, but probably more so than accepting an annulment. I'm knowledgeable and I know you two are also concerning your Aunt Lucille and Uncle Toni, but there are things that you're not aware of. Colin, like Uncle Mario, if he decides to sign the cuckold agreement, forfeits all rights and privileges to you Apollonia and the marriage. He accepts his subservient role to you, your lover, and to all the members of the Moretti family. What you never witnessed is your Uncle Mario dressed 'en femme' providing oral and anal sexual satisfaction to any female or male family member that desires his sissy services. His children know he's a sissy. His parents when they were alive knew as presently do his older brother and sister. Aunt Lucille's family knows and makes no bones about humiliating him about it. Age and incestuous behavior is tolerated although it is kept below the radar, so to speak."

"The decision will be his and only his. Your father and I will not make any effort to persuade him to make either choice. His family will find out when he arrives at their door step valises in hand or he's introduced at his coming out party, which would also be when you and your new beau are introduced to the family. One of the things your dad and I will present to you is a list of available men for you to choose from. Although I'm not aware of it ever happening, you could, with your sister's approval, chose Viviano as your lover. But, that complicates the matter a bit because he is within the family and you would become beholden to your sister and I know you know what that entails."

Both girls knew she was finished when she put the cup to her mouth and took a sip. Apollonia sat, not dumbfounded, but confused about how she was going to tell her husband about his choices. She didn't want to hurt him, because apart from his sexual dysfunction, she loved him. He was a gentle soul. He loved her as much and maybe more than she loved him. She knew she'd have to ask her mother what to do. "Mom, I understand his choices, but, how do I spring this on him. I don't want to hurt him. You know I do love him, but I have a commitment to our family and my duty is to the family. What do I do???"

Lucia sat quietly thinking before she answered, "That is a question only you can answer, Apollonia. I know that your father will instruct you to pack his clothing into valises and place them by the front door. If he decides to sign the annulment papers, he leaves immediately. He waits out front for a taxi you'll call to come get him and take him to the train station. If he decides to cuckold himself to you and the family, necessary work clothing will be placed in his new closet, he will be denuded of all his body hair, and the next morning he will be taken out by you for a new feminine wardrobe. The decision he makes will be implemented without hesitation. He has to understand that and it is your responsibility to explain his options to him. Apollonia, you have to be strong and not let your emotions get the better of you because if you do, both of you will be outside the gates never to return. You'll be the first to do so and I don't think you want to be the first."

Raffaella spoke for the first time. "Mother, I don't mean to be impertinent, but, does he have to be feminized? Does he have to abstain from all things male, just because he can't impregnate his wife? Where do we as Moretti women ascribe to the breaking of someone who is, albeit through marriage, part of the family?"

Lucia Moretti never expected either of her daughters to be faced with the terrible choice of ending their marriage or making their husband into a cuckold sissy. She stood, went over to the stove, poured herself a fresh cup of black coffee, and returned to her seat at the table. She sat for a moment or two longer and then spoke to her daughters, "Where do we get the power to break a man? Isn't that what you're asking, Raffaella? Well girls, it comes from several hundred years of history, culture, and breeding. The men who have the ability to produce potent sperm didn't just decide to go out and spread their seed. They decided to make it into a business. Prostitution has been around since the dawn of time. The ability to provide seed to women whose husbands couldn't for a fee was and still is a stroke of genius."

"I didn't know anything about the sexual side of the Moretti family when I married your father. In fact the first couple that came to us was someone I knew from high school. Your grandmother, may she rest, taught me everything, but that first meeting opened my eyes. For the first time in my life, I learned how far a man will go to keep his wife. Over the years it became obvious that those men who were the least capable of satisfying their wives were most accepting of becoming cuckolds. No matter how you look at it, Colin Cathcart; my son-in-law, will probably because of his love for my daughter Apollonia chose to be cuckolded just to be with her. He can't perform his sexual obligation to his wife. His lot in life is that of a loser. Sure, he can be wealthy monetarily, but as a man, he's a failure. That is why I can sit in judgment of him."

"When a woman comes to me and presents herself because my man, your dad provided the sperm to create the children she so loves, I have all the right to make her do more than kiss me where she does. I allowed her to have a sexual liaison with my husband. I trusted Mario without question that he would do the right thing. We turned away some couples, but most of them we decided to help. That Raffaella is what your position in your family is all about. Helping Viviano decide which couple shall have the gift of the Moretti seed. It is you who will one day rise to my position in the family and it will be you who takes the head of a grateful woman and places it between your legs. It is also you who will see her husband bend to the will of your husband. Even those men who never were home during the sexual liaisons learn that the man who gave them their children deserves more than a modicum of respect."

"The most important, yet never verbalized by either party, thing is the fact that a Moretti has never, and I mean never, started, or engaged in a paternity suit. All Moretti men give up all parental rights to the child. The husband's name is on the birth certificate. It is our obligation to the families that keeps us at the forefront of a very unusual business. So, yes Raffaella, Moretti women have the right to break any man that can't impregnate his Moretti wife and keep her happy sexually."

"So, Apollonia, how do you attain orgasm?" her mother nonchalantly asked.

"Mom!!! How could you ask me such a question?"

Lucia laughed, "Apollonia, what do you think? I grew up in a convent? I've seen your dad do things to women and men that I never in my life thought possible. I'm no prude..."

Apollonia looked down at the table and mumbled, "Sorry, mom. I'm just somewhat embarrassed about what is happening. I masturbate."

"What does Colin do, if anything?" asked her mother.

"He's always offering oral and/or manual stimulation. Sometimes I'm just not in the mood to have him down there, but he so conscientious about performing he won't stop until I orgasm." Apollonia quizzically looked at her mother and asked, "Does that mean anything to you? Am I missing something mom?"

Lucia nodded her head knowingly, smiled, and said, "He's so a cuckold in the making. His desire to orally stimulate you is his way of saying I'm sorry for not being man enough to penetrate you with my penis. Has he ever mentioned in passing or cried to you about how long he's had this ejaculatory problem?"

Now it was Apollonia's turn to laugh. "No, never. He never spoke a word about it to me. We weren't sexually active while we were dating, although I must admit he'd claim not to have had any orgasms when we would kiss, but I know now he had. He'd be so embarrassed when it happened. Sometimes he'd have a wet spot on his pants. God, what an idiot I've been."

"Don't fret about it sweetheart. I'll talk to your father tonight and I imagine he'll want you to come over to discuss everything all over again with him."

Apollonia moaned and groused, "Must I?"

Lucia could see the pain and replied, "I'll do my best to make him understand that I have everything under control. If, he agrees, Apollonia you have to answer all questions, open and honestly. Hide one small thing and the whole situation could collapse around you. Understand?"

She shook her head in acceptance and then just put it on the table and quietly cried.

Lucia turned her attention to her older daughter, "So, Raffaella, anything new to report?"

Raffaella was pained by what her younger sister just went through and thought for a moment before she replied, "No, mother, nothing new to report. Viviano is fine. The children are growing like weeds, but you already know that. Other than that, nothing new, mom."

"Well, you your dad is waiting for news about his grandson," stated Lucia.

With that statement, Apollonia picked up her head and looked back and forth between her sister and her mother. Raffaella turned away for the split second her sister stared at her and her mother kept eye contact with Raffaella. She was curious about her father's interest in her nephew. She didn't keep her mouth shut, "Why is dad so interested in Antonio? Just by your question, mom, I can sense some deep perversion being discussed here. What gives?"

Raffaella jumped in, "Appy, if you must know, daddy is interested in whether Antonio has started masturbating and having orgasms. He wants to know if he is ready to begin his education as a Moretti man. We've determined quite a few years ago that he has the endowment akin to his daddy and his grandfather. That is his interest."

Lucia chimed in, "Besides, your father impregnated his first woman at the tender age of twelve."

Apollonia rolled her eyes and groaned. She wasn't prepared for what her mother just enunciated. "Can we please talk about something else? Or, is the Moretti family sexual proclivities the only thing we can discuss. I'm suffering here. I have to tell my husband about the two choices he'll have to make and I'm not prepared to do so. Listen, I think I better just go home. Mom, call me and let me know what time father wants to talk. Raffy, stay and talk to mother." Apollonia stood, walked to where mother sat, and kissed her on both cheeks as she held her by her upper arms. She waved to her sister, turned, and departed her mother's house through the back door.

Raffaella noticed her cup was empty and decided that one more would give her enough time with her mother before she went home. After retrieving her umpteenth cup of black coffee she looked at her mother and spoke openly about her son. "Antonio has started masturbating. Both Viviano and I have caught him. We didn't make an issue except to tell him that is something that should be done in the privacy of his own room. Sitting on the toilet, jerking off, and not letting his sister use the bathroom was and is unacceptable behavior."

Lucia perked up when she heard that her grandson was masturbating considering he was only ten years old. "Is he producing any sperm?"

"Yes, mother."

"Lots of sperm?"

"Yes, mother."

"And how do you know?"

"I've seen him shoot."

"Good. You know that Viviano has to talk to him and that your father has to be made aware of his ability to produce sperm."

"Mom, don't you think he's a bit too young to be involved with impregnating women?"

Lucia now rolled her eyes and responded, "Yes, but he isn't too young to have relations with girls his age or a bit older than himself. It is also a good time to begin his education about all things Moretti. He may be a Russo, but he'll always be a Moretti man."

"Mom he's ten years old, for Christ's sake."

"Yes, and he's masturbating and spewing his baby making seed all over his stomach or on the floor. Excuse me for saying it this way, but that is lost money. You need to talk to that boy, because if you or your husband doesn't, you father and I will."

Raffaella knew it was a losing argument, but her backbone was up and she wasn't about to roll over for her mother. So, when Angela gets old enough you're going to usurp my parental authority and talk to her about her requirements as a Moretti woman?

"You know I will if I have to. Why are you questioning what you know you have to do?"

"Because I feel for my sister and her predicament. What if she wants to stay with Colin? What harm is there in that? So, she doesn't comply with the Moretti requirements. You going to break off all relations with your youngest daughter? Please, I can't believe you'd be so cold hearted and I know she is daddy's favorite. I need to know that my children are mine to raise as I see fit. I know what obligations they face, but I intend to let them get attuned to their future at a time when I see fit, not you mother. Same goes for my father."

Lucia Moretti hid her anger, but liked the new found backbone her older daughter was showing her. Time would provide the impetus to mellow her thinking about children's indoctrination into the Moretti lifestyle. Lucia stretched, yawned, and said, "Enough. I have to rest and get myself dressed for when your father gets home. We're headed to Great Neck for dinner. Don't worry about Apollonia. She has you to look after her and I promise I'll be circumspect with your father and make sure he doesn't do anything stupid. I'm tired, kiss me good-bye, and I'll keep you informed although I know Apollonia and you will talk."

Raffaella knew when she was dismissed. She stood, walked to where her mother sat, kissed her on both cheeks, and like her sister turned and walked out the back door. As she passed to the front of the house, she could hear the cups crashing against the floor of the kitchen as her mother relieved her anger.