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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 5

Monday, 10 February 2003 – Thursday, 13 February 2003

Raffaella Rossi carried herself up the stairs after a hard day's work of being a stay-at-home mom to get herself ready for bed. Viviano was over the Calderone house providing his potent seed to a woman who was approaching the age where she had to think twice about getting pregnant. Mrs. Calderone could have opted to use her dad, but for very obvious reasons she decided that Viviano would be the preferred Moretti stud. She had put the children to bed at nine pm and thought they were sound asleep when she decided to go to sleep herself. Knowing her husband, he wouldn't be home until sometime after one AM, so she decided to get into bed and read rather than sitting alone in the great room watching the television.

As she left the stairs to walk around the balcony to her room she noticed the door to her daughter's room was closed while the door to her son Antonio's room was ajar slightly. Being a good mother she walked over to check on him as well as close the door but, as she approached the door a familiar sound hit her ears. It was a sound she knew as she'd heard too many times not to know its distinctive sound. She didn't want to surprise him and make him feel bad about what he was doing because he was doing it in the privacy of his own room. It was important for reasons her son would learn at a later but not too distant date that she had an obligation to find out if he's having wet orgasms. If he was, she'd have to tell Viviano and then both of them would pass the information on to her father and mother. She stood behind the door and peeked into his room.

Lying in the middle of his bed with the blankets down around his feet was her son. His right hand was wrapped around his erection, his knees were bent, and his feet were flat against the mattress. She watched as her ten year old son masturbated. She felt something inside her and a small flow begin to run from her cunt. She was incredulous that she was getting excited seeing her ten year old son masturbating. Raffaella was duly impressed with the size of his erection. He was definitely a Moretti man and by the size of him he would be at the bigger end of the cock size spectrum.

She didn't know for how long he'd been stroking his cock, but for some reason he slowed down, raised his head, and looked towards the door. Raffaella was too slow in getting herself behind the door and out of his sight. Coupled with the fact that the light emanating from the first floor was enough to frame her head allowed Antonio to see his mother he didn't scream, but he did move quickly enough to retrieve the blanket and cover his nakedness.

"Mom," he whined. "What are you doing??? I can't believe..."

Raffaella Rossi walked into her son's room making sure she closed the door behind her. She sat on his bed, took her right hand and caressed his head not as a lover but as his mother. She said, "I wasn't purposefully spying on your Antonio. I came upstairs to go to my room, get into bed, and read before I fell asleep. Your door was ajar and I wanted to see if you were all right. I didn't mean to interrupt your private time."

Antonio shook his mother's hand from his head and whined, "But, you did..."

His reaction was enough to make Raffaella just a bit annoyed with him. She let him know, "Antonio Rossi, how dare you whine at me, young man. You forget to make sure your door is closed and then you get mad when I catch you masturbating. How many times have I told you that if you're going to play with your cock to do it in the privacy of your room? That means your door is closed, not ajar. Do you have something to say to me?"

Antonio knew when his mother verbalized his entire name she was pissed. He looked down at his chest and quietly said, "Sorry, mom. I didn't mean to whine at you."

Raffaella took her right hand for the second time and ruffled his curly black hair. Not caring if he got embarrassed she asked, "Were you close?"

His eyes opened wide in shock that his mother would ask him such a personal question. He had no idea that his ability to produce viable sperm would begin his education into being a Moretti man, so his reaction was one of innocence and not fear. He thought for a moment and replied, "Close???"

Raffaella didn't need to be a rocket scientist but just a worldly mom and Moretti mother to put two-and-two together to see her son was stalling. "Antonio, when a boy plays with his penis it feels good. That is why they do it. They experiment. It also is a sign that they are starting to grow up to become a man. A boy becomes a man when he masturbates and a white liquid call sperm is ejaculated though his penis. It is important to your father and me to know if you have started having what is known as wet orgasms. If nothing comes out and you just feel good, then you're not really a man. So, what happens?"

If she could see his face in the light she would see him blushing. At ten, he understood how good it felt to rub his penis, but to have his mother ask him what happens at the end was embarrassing. He felt his mother's hand on his head and decided that the truth was the best answer. "Last time I..."

"Masturbated," said Raffaella.

"Yes, the last time I masturbated I believe I produced something, but it did not spurt out. I had this pool of stuff on the tip of my penis when I was finished."

"You mean when you felt your muscles tighten for a moment and then relax?" asked his mother.

"Yes."

Raffaella shook her head knowingly. Her son just told her that the next time he completes the act of masturbation he will have a wet orgasm. The last time he jerked off was what would be considered his final dry orgasm. The pool of cum was enough proof that his testicles were maturing to the point where they would in concert with his prostate produce sperm, ejaculate, cum, or whatever else you'd like to call it. Her sexual perversions rose to the forefront of her consciousness as she thought about sitting next to her son and either watching him or possibly helping him by taking his cock into her hand and giving him his first hand job. She knew that it was her husband's role to educate him about his pending experience with the natural course of events called puberty. His father would also indoctrinate and train him about sexual things. She understood that all naturally born and selected Moretti wives husbands were expected to do things that were considered nothing more than basic training. Raffaella realized she had to let him know that after his orgasm tonight he would be expected to refrain from masturbation.

"Antonio, sweetheart, I'm going to leave you alone. I'll close the door tightly when I leave your room. I expect you're going to breathe a sigh of relief, push the blankets back down, take your cock back into your right hand,

and play with yourself. I am going to bet that tonight you are going to experience something that all boys do when they shoot their first load of sperm. I want you to experience the feeling of your cock pulsing in your hand and your body's warm afterglow of your first complete orgasm. Then I want you to say to yourself that you will refrain from jerking off until you speak to your father. I am going to tell him when he gets home about tonight. I expect you to approach him tomorrow after he comes home from work."

Raffaella leaned forward and kissed her son on the head, stood up from his bed, and without saying another word walked out of his room making sure she closed the door behind her. What her son didn't know as he sighed, pushed the covers off his naked body, and began to renew playing with his hardening cock was on the other side of the door his mother had her ear to the door listening to him masturbate. She didn't need to wait to hear him orgasm. Raffaella Rossi knew that within thirty days her son Antonio would be introduced to a girl that would provide him with his first sexual encounter. He'd be the center of attraction as he ate his first pussy, felt her virgin pussy around his nicely sized boy cock, complete his first copulation with her anus, and receive his first blow job. In her family's eyes, Antonio would no longer be a child, he'd be sperm producing Moretti stud. She shook her head wondering what it would be like living with a ten year old who would be fucking girls in their late teens and early twenties. It was something she'd have to talk to her father about so she'd know how to deal with his new found sexuality.