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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 6

Monday, 10 February 2003 – Thursday, 13 February 2003

The days leading up to Apollonia's start of her ruse to see if Colin would simply take the annulment and leave or stay and have his life changed in ways he'd never thought possible were fraught with stress and emotional pain. She tried to make every day leading up to the day she knew she was going to implement her father's idea like any other, but had to make excuses when they did not go down the street for the traditional Sunday dinner. She attended church, but feigned an upset stomach to keep from sitting at the dinner table with the family knowing that her mother, father, and sister were just waiting for the end-of-the-week to see which option Colin would choose.

During the early part of the week her sister surprised her by coming over and sitting as she worked on the portrait of Antonio and Carmen. Apollonia could sense her sister's desire to be with her as she waited for the run up to Friday night. What surprised her was the conversation her sister has with her concerning her son.

"Appy, I had an experience Monday night that I can only say was enlightening, scary, and to my surprise very sexual." Raffaella sat in the corner on one of the two stools that were in Apollonia's studio and waited for her reaction.

Her sister could not refuse taking the bait. While holding her pallet and brush, she turned and eyeballed her sister. She tried to envision her sister having an experience that would cover her describing adjectives. Raffaella tried and did maintain her calm outward appearance while she bore down internally to keep herself from busting out laughing. After a few minutes, Apollonia put her right hand to her forehead making sure she did not accidentally apply paint to her forehead and acting like some seer seeing the answer in her head responded, "You were sitting on your back porch when you spied two, no, four, able bodied males fornicating with four beautiful sea nymphs who were out of their environment but enjoying the act of coitus. You didn't want to disturb them as you slid your hand between your legs but you forgot you were wearing a short skirt and the accidental passing of gas disturbed the fornicating apparitions thus breaking the sexually charged picture giving you no reason to sit on the back porch masturbating."

Raffaella sat shaking her head and laughing at her sister's attempt to break the tension in the room caused by her sister's stress over Fridays' impending marital breakup or the total emasculation of her husband. "No, I did not fart while imagining four incongruous individuals having sex in my back yard."

"Oh," replied Apollonia. "I can't imagine what happened in your house that would qualify as enlightening, scary, and sexual. Did some young couple come over to meet about your husband's abilities only to find out they were a lesbian couple?"

"Ha, ha..." said Raffaella. "No. I went to check on the kids before I got into bed to read and happened upon Antonio masturbating. I tried to hide from him but he saw me standing behind his door."

"You mean to tell me the door was open?"

"No, Appy, just slightly ajar."

Frowning, Apollonia asked, "And you were hiding because?"

Raffaella didn't want to hurt her feelings about her lack of knowledge about boys and the Moretti family, but if she did have a boy she would be expected to do as she did, so she answered, "As the mother of a potential Moretti stud, I have to maintain a vigilant watch over his boyish masturbatory processes. Last night he was actively pounding his pud when he caught wind of my presence."

"Was he embarrassed?"

"To say the least, but boy, was I impressed with the size of his erection. Appy he's going to be huge after he passes through puberty and grows into manhood. I got wet, Appy. He's my ten year old son and I'm sitting on his bed asking about his masturbatory process getting wet. How sick is that?"

Apollonia nodded but also knew that her family was not moral beacons of the universe. "Isn't it true that you have to tell daddy about his first, how do you say it, wet orgasm?"

"I see you know more than I thought. Yes, both Viviano and I have to go to daddy and tell him. Then within thirty days, my son will experience a night of sexual pleasure with a virgin, but before that he will be... Oh my God, Appy, my husband and our dad are going to have sex with him!!!"

"For what reason???" asked Apollonia; while hiding her own sexual stimulation at the thought of her dad and her brother-in-law having sexual relations with her nephew.

"To show him that Moretti men are not afraid to show each other man-to-man love. When a couple comes to him and the husband wants or is made to suck his cock, he'll know how to act. He's going to learn how to be the master of all things sexual. God, Appy, my husband is going to fuck him. Can you imagine his nine inch cock sliding into my son's asshole?"

Apollonia surprised her sister when she responded with a resounding, "Yes!!!"

"What are you saying?"

Apollonia put down her pallet and paint brush. She stepped over to the corner where her sister sat and said, "You know our father went through the same rites of passage. He was made not only to have pedophilic relations with his dad and his granddad, but also with several cousins. What was more amazing was it was done in front of the entire family. Antonio is lucky that his initiation will happen in the privacy of his own house. Raffaella, if at ten you could suck the cock of a young priest without any misgivings, if you can accept what this family stands for, then you have to accept that each and every naturally born Moretti son becomes a man when proves he can ejaculate and is taken by other Moretti men. Daddy has not suffered psychologically from going through the experience."

Raffaella nodding knowingly and said, "You're one hundred percent correct, but I still feel some, I don't know, some motherly type of protective binding to him. You and I never had to go through a physical rite of passage. All we had to do was prove that we were virgins by bleeding on a pillow. What did Viviano have to do to prove he's man enough to be accepted into the Moretti family?"

"Come on, Raffaella. You don't really know what he did? You're just playing me, sis."

Raffaella sighed and responded, "Fuck Appy, I was there when mother and father inspected his cock and balls. I watched as daddy put his hands on his shoulders, pushed down, and advised him against grazing his cock with his teeth. I watched as my future husband sucked my father's cock to completion the morning of our wedding."

"What you don't think Colin wasn't made to go through the same Moretti entrance into the family. The only difference between us is your husband has the goods while mine doesn't. Maybe, daddy should have taken a better look when he inspected Colin's meager offerings and decided to then and there to cancel the wedding. I would have cried my eyes out, but I wouldn't be facing what I am this coming Friday."

"Apollonia, you are going to rise to the top of this whole mess. I know how stressed out you are about it. I was just trying to make conversation about my son's impending rite-of-passage. Oh, I know; you don't have to say anything; I was off base when it came to complaining about what Antonio is going to go through. I know, daddy and several uncles survived it without a problem. I just wanted to take him in my arms, slide my hand down to his boy cock, and jerk him off. A mother's prerogative."

Apollonia did not answer or respond to her sister. She picked up her pallet and brush and returned to the portrait that was only days away from completion. As she stood in front of one of the many easels in her studio, she could feel the wetness between her legs. As unbelievable as it was, Apollonia was sexually stimulated at the thought of her nephew being used by her father and her brother-in-law. Maybe, just maybe, it would be better for her to take control of Colin, if he decides to cuckold himself to her, so she could enjoy a more personal experience when he gets used as her live-in sissy bitch.

With her back to her sister, Apollonia asked, "You didn't tell me if Antonio can ejaculate. Well?"

Raffaella held the ever present cup of coffee to her lips, took a sip, and responded, "Based upon is answer to my questions, I'd say last night for the first time in his life, he had his stomach, the fingers of his right hand, and the tip of his boy cock covered in a warm white liquid."

"Sweet," said Apollonia.

"Guess so, sis," was all Raffaella could say in response to her sister's apparent joy of hearing her nephew was at the precipice of becoming a Moretti man.