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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 13

Friday Evening – Raffaella's Residence – 14 February 2003

Raffaella and Viviano followed their naked son Antonio up the stairs closest to his room. Raffaella looked at her husband and said, "I'm going to check in on Carmen. Why don't you go with Antonio and sit with him until I get there." She kissed him on the cheek, gently licked his face to his ear, and whispered, "I am so going to love watching you with him. I'm wet just thinking about it." She squeezed his hand and walked to Carmen's room. Viviano followed Antonio into his room and shut the door.

Raffaella stood for a moment at the door to her youngest child's room, took a deep breath to calm herself, and opened the door. She peeked in to see her daughter under the pink and white comforter and knew by her movement she wasn't asleep. She tiptoed to the side of her bed and gently ran her right hand over the thick black curls that framed her angelic face. She could feel herself beginning to have sexual thoughts about her daughter and put a stop to them. She sat on the edge of the bed and just admired her daughter's face. Carmen did everything she could to remain calm and fake that she was asleep.

"I know you're not asleep Carmen. I saw you move when I opened the door. So, be a good girl, open your eyes and look at me," said Raffaella to her seven year old daughter.

Carmen rolled towards her mother, opened her eyes, and looked up at the woman she called her mother. She didn't say a word. Instead she sat up and threw her little arms around her mother's neck and began to sob uncontrollably. Her body shook as tears of fear and relief cascaded down her face. Raffaella was surprised by her daughter's action, but had maternal sense enough to wrap her arms around her crying child. With her right hand she held Carmen's head and with her left she gently rubbed between Carmen's shoulder blades. The simple act of consoling her crying daughter was enough to calm her down to where she would be able to speak to her mother.

The first words she spoke to her mother were, "I'm sorry mommy!!! I'm so sorry!!!"

"Shhh, sweet pea, you have nothing to be sorry about. Please stop crying and I'll listen to you," said Raffaella in a calm motherly voice. She held her daughter and felt her relax in her arms. When she thought it was appropriate she removed her arms from around her daughter. She gently pushed Carmen back to a sitting position against the headboard of the bed.

Wiping the tears from her eyes for a minute or two was enough to calm the young girl down. She looked up at her mother and said, "It wasn't Antonio's fault mamma." Ashamedly she said, "I asked him to show me. It was all me!!!" She started to cry anew. Raffaella leaned into her daughter and took her back into her arms. She held her protectively trying to signal to her youngest that she wasn't mad at her. Again she took her left hand and began to gently rub between Carmen's shoulders. For the second time in minutes, she felt the stress of her daughter's fear melt from her body.

"Shhh, sweet pea. You asked your brother to show you his penis?"

"Yes, mamma," was all her daughter said.

Raffaella knew that to get to the bottom of what happened at Viviano's parent's house she'd have to quietly and gently get her daughter to open up to her. She made a point of not letting her go. "Carmen, do you and your brother play doctor or some game like that where you show your privates to each other?" inquired Raffaella of her daughter.

"We have, mamma."

Carmen's mother shook her head knowingly and asked, "When you're alone in either of your rooms?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Have you ever played like that with other kids?" Carmen froze and Raffaella knew that they had. She didn't show any emotion when she said, "It is ok Carmen. All kids play games like that. It is normal to be inquisitive about boys and other girls. Have you played those games when your friends have been here?"

Carmen whined afraid her mother would punish her for showing her privates to a couple of Antonio's friends. "Yes, mamma, but it was Antonio's friends. Not mine."

"Carmen, I'm not mad and I'm not going to punish you, but you have to tell me the truth. Lying to me will only make it worse on you and possibly on your brother." She felt her daughter's head nod in the affirmative. "Did Antonio force you to expose your privates to him and his friends?"

"No, mamma."

"Please Carmen, tell me what happened,"

Carmen broke away from her mother and returned to sitting on her bed leaning back against the white and pink flower covered headboard. She rubbed her face and said, "Mamma, one afternoon I didn't think and I entered Antonio's room without asking. Antonio and Mark were on the bed. Their pants were down and they were showing their thingies to each other."

"What did you do sweet pea?"

"I ran from the room. I didn't go back, I swear mamma. That night Antonio told me not to say anything because he could get in trouble. I said I wouldn't if I could play like he was sometimes."

"Shit!!!" came out under Raffaella's breath. Her seven year old daughter was interested in sex and Raffaella was totally oblivious to it. She didn't remember her own curiosity at that age. She put her hand on her daughter's cheek feeling the softness of her skin as she pondered how to ask the question that needed to be asked. "Carmen, how many times did you play the game and did the boys ever touch your private area?"

Carmen's answered, "Only three times mamma. And they never touched me, but Antonio let me feel his thingy before grandma came into the room." She looked at her mother waiting for to see her reaction to what she just told her.

Raffaella felt a pang of relief course throughout her body. She smiled at her daughter, leaned forward, and kissed her on her forehead. She took her face into her hands and said, "I'm not mad at you sweet pea. Go to sleep and tomorrow when I get home from shopping with your Aunt Apollonia, we'll sit and talk about what happened. It is time for me to talk to you about things you should and shouldn't do as a young lady. The one thing I am going to say to you tonight is no more games with you brother and his friends. No more showing your privates. Now, slide under the covers and dream sweet dreams."

Raffaella watched as Carmen slid down and allowed her mother to cover her with the pink and white comforter. She stood, kissed her daughter one more time, before exiting her room. She walked to her son's room where she found Viviano and Antonio sitting together on the bed. Both were still naked and apparently very comfortable with being naked in front of each other. She contemplated taking her son by the scruff of his neck and tossing him across the room whilst yelling at him for being such a pig. Instead she sat quietly waiting for either of them to say something to her.

During the time his wife was in his daughter's room, Viviano thought about what was going to happen next between Antonio and him. Since marrying into the Moretti family, he'd been brought along the knowledge highway concerning all things Moretti. Viviano knew that each Moretti son went through the same rites of passage when they began having wet orgasms. He had no problem with the sexual acts that would be performed on and by his son. He was bothered by his wife's insistence that she be a witness to Antonio's deflowering.

"Raffy," he began, "I don't think you should be here when I deflower our son. In fact, I'm leaning towards not doing it tonight but waiting until he is alone with your father and me. It should happen as it is supposed to happen, Raffy. Antonio, his father, and his grandfather alone in Antonio's room indulging in sexual activities that are not the norm in today's society. What he will learn is something that has been passed down through the ages from father to son."

Raffaella heard what her husband said to her and responded negatively to his thoughts. "I know I should not be present when my son goes through his rites of passage into manhood, but Antonio Rossi may not be a man, Viviano."

Both Viviano and Antonio cried, "What!!!" at the same time.

Raffaella stood, turned, faced them both, and said, "Seems our son likes boys. Isn't that right Antonio."

Shaking his head he cried out loud, "Nooo. That's a lie."

"Not according to information I have about how you and certain unnamed friend. According to my sources you two came into this room and got undressed together. You laid on this bed and played with each other's penises. You're a faggot, Antonio Rossi and therefore, you cannot be inducted into the Moretti manhood."

Antonio stood and cried, "NOOO!!! I'M NOT A FAG!!! ALL WE DID WAS SHOW EACH OTHER OUR PENISES!!! WE DIDN'T TOUCH EACH OTHER!!! PLEASE!!!"

"Raffaella, where did you get this from? How long have you known our son may be homosexual?" asked Viviano. "Could it be just the normal curiosity every boy goes through? He's at that age..."

"Is he, Viviano??? He seemed to take to sucking your cock like a fish takes to water. Well, Antonio???"

Frustrated by his mother's continuing accusation, Antonio sputtered and couldn't respond to her when she asked him if he preferred men. Viviano couldn't believe his wife was accusing their son of being a fag. He showed absolutely no signs of preferring the same sex. All he could do was sit and shake his head in wonderment at his wife's accusation.

"Please mother!!!" cried Antonio.

"Antonio Rossi, did you make your sister take her clothing off in front of you?"

Antonio knew his sister had ratted him out. Carmen told her about his making her show him and a couple of his friends her privates after she walked into his room and caught him and his friend Mark on the bed naked playing with their cocks. He knew he had to tell his mother the truth. "Yes, I did, but I didn't make her. She walked in on me when I was with my friend Mark and we were just showing each other our penises. I didn't do anything to him. Mark didn't touch me either. We stopped what we were doing after Carmen ran out of the room. I swear, mom."

Raffaella nodded her head knowing he had just confirmed the story Carmen had told her. "So, about tonight, young man, who instigated your masturbation?"

Antonio looked down at the floor and kicked his naked foot against the edge of the area rug that covered the hardwood floor next to his bed. He knew he had to tell the truth. "Carmen asked me if she could see my penis hard. She wanted to see how big it gets. I swear, mamma, I was just making it hard to show her when grandma walked in."

Viviano and Raffaella exchanged glances finally knowing the truth about what happened at Viviano's house. Raffaella continued, "How fuckin' stupid are you Antonio??? If I didn't know what I do now, I'd make your life a total living hell young man. So, rather than embarrass you by sitting here and watching your father make you scream and cry in pain as he forces his nine inches up your tight boy ass, I'm going to go to my room knowing that you are going to get what you deserve for being," on the top of her lungs, "STUPID!!!"

Raffaella Rossi, nee Moretti, strode to the bed, grabbed hold of Viviano's flaccid cock, kissed him on his lips, and said loud enough for Antonio to hear, "Fuck him good and fuck him more than once. As a Moretti, I have the authority to make you do as I say Viviano. I want my son to rue the day he didn't listen to you, your counsel about masturbation, and more importantly about making his sister expose herself to him. I want him to crawl into our room begging me for forgiveness."

Viviano felt her hand tighten around the shaft of his penis. He knew his wife was serious about what she wanted him to do to their son. If he refused, he would face the retribution of her father. He stood while his wife still had hold of his cock, kissed her, and said, "Your wish is my command. " Raffaella released his cock and without saying one word to her son left the room.

Antonio Rossi watched his mother exit the room. He turned to his dad and saw that nothing he could say would sway his father from acting on his mother's wishes. He fell to the floor and began crying like a little baby. Not being able to control himself because of his fear, Antonio pissed all over the area rug he lay on. Viviano reached down and picked his son up by his underarms. He walked over to the bed and dropped him on it. Antonio looked up to see his father stroking his cock preparing himself to fuck his son not as a rite of passage, but as punishment for not listening to his dad about masturbating and making his sister show him her privates.

Raffaella undressed, relieved herself in the bathroom, brushed her teeth, and slipped into her bed alone knowing her husband would listen to her, but silently prayed that he would be gentle when he deflowered her son. Sleep rushed upon her and before she could get her hand between her legs she was sound asleep.