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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 85

Tuesday Evening – Rossi Residence - 25 February 2003

Tonight was to be the night Antonio was to begin his Moretti man life by fornicating with Margret Molina the wife of Jose Molina whose horrible war injuries took away his ability to procreate. After dinner Viviano made sure the third floor room was clean and presentable. Raffaella prepared some tidbits of various foods and drink for Margaret and Jose to eat before and/or after the initial mating. Both parents were nervous about their son's first intimate procreation attempt as a Moretti man. They both spoke to him at length about not acting like a ten year old but as a man. Viviano stressed the need to be gentle and caring considering that Jose Molina would be in a terrible mood considering he was allowing his wife to make a baby with a boy instead of with him.

The notification from the guardhouse that the Molina's had arrived came a few minutes before 8:00PM. Viviano and Antonio waited on the porch for their arrival. They watched Margret park their specially equipped van, help Jose into his wheelchair, and push him up the walk to the steps of the porch. Without saying a word, Viviano descended the steps, reached to pick up, and carry Jose into the house. He noticed that Jose seemed lighter than the last time he carried him into and out of the house. Antonio, with help from Margret, carried the wheelchair into the house and positioned it so Viviano could easily place Jose back into it. Raffaella approached, took their winter coats, and hung them in the closet in the hall that lead to the back of the house.

"Welcome to our home," said Viviano. "Is there anything I can do or get for either of you?"

Jose sat stone faced. Margaret was more comfortable and replied, "We do have a request, but I think we should sit someplace where we can discuss it in private."

Viviano looked at Raffaella who had just placed herself next to him. "Raffy, why don't you get the platter and the drinks from the kitchen. We'll sit in the great room. Please..." Viviano pointed to the couches in the middle of the great room.

Margaret Molina pushed her husband to the exact spot he was in the first and only time they were in the Rossi house. She sat at the end of the couch and immediately reached for his hand. They waited patiently for Raffaella to return with the food and drink. Viviano and Antonia sat on the couch opposite. The tension in the room was not reduced by having food and drink available to them. Raffaella sat next to Viviano.

"What may we do for you?" asked Viviano.

Margaret spoke, "If you would please ask your son to go upstairs, I think it would be easier for both of us."

Viviano shook his head in an affirmative manner. He didn't need to say anything to Antonio. The boy stood and quietly went up the closest set of steps to his room. Margaret and Jose Molina watched the young boy leave and when they heard the door to his room close they both relaxed. Raffaella and Viviano both noted the anxiety and stress the young couple elicited. Neither Raffaella nor Viviano said anything in response to the Molina's request. They waited for either of them to speak.

"My husband and I have had a week to talk about our decision," said Margaret as she took her husband's hand into hers. "We both are somewhat comfortable with the thought of me getting pregnant by another man, but we both felt uncomfortable with the idea of..."

Raffaella interjected, "The thought of a ten year old boy doing it..."

Jose Molina, his voice filled with stress over the situation said, "Yes, the thought of your son placing a baby into my wife's womb is not acceptable more to me than to Margaret. I have thought about it long and hard. I have discussed with Margaret the alternatives and nothing comes close to choosing the father of the child you are going to raise."

"Would you feel more comfortable if Viviano was the man to impregnate Margaret?" asked Raffaella, the empathy in her voice was enough to make both of the Molina's begin to feel more relaxed than stressed and embarrassed.

Margaret answered. "Yes..." Her hesitation signaled to both Raffaella and Viviano that the Molina's had another issue to discuss.

Raffaella took the initiative, "Margaret, don't be afraid of anything when it comes to discussing what we, the Moretti family, are going to do for both of you. You have to believe me when I say this, we have seen and heard everything when it comes to the decisions made by couples like you. We are heartbroken that you had to seek us out because of Jose's injuries. Viviano and I both know that if he returned whole you wouldn't have sought us out."

Margaret nodded, as did Jose, to what they heard Raffaella tell them. Jose still remained tight as the stress of the evening played with his emotions and muscles.

"If you remember the last time we were here," continued Margaret, "I believe your sister gave us the name of a doctor..." She noticed that neither Raffaella nor Viviano offered an interjection so she continued, "We went to see him were surprised by his concern for Jose. Although we haven't engaged him for the prosthesis due to monetary issues, we did have an enlightening, informative, and honest discussion. Jose agreed to try the methodology described by the doctor for him to attain something akin to an orgasm."

Viviano offered, "He has gotten beyond the idea of it being a homosexual act only and realizes it is an erotic act with nothing to be afraid of or being offended by having it performed on him."

Jose rolled his head in abject shame knowing that the Rossi's now knew he got off sexually by having an object inserted into his rectum. Margaret saw his face; grabbed hold of it gently, kissed him, and whispered something the Rossi's could not hear which was enough to calm her husband's nerves.

"Yes, he has come to understand that he can feel something of his sexuality, but he is still embarrassed," said Margaret. "What we want to know is if it would be all right with you if he was in attendance when..."

Raffaella knew she had to express what would be expected, "Yes Margaret, he can be there, but it is important for both of you to understand the foundation of the contract between us changes. In some cases radically."

"Please," said Margaret, "explain to us so we can see if our knowledge and expectations are in accordance with yours. Then we can verify our decision and see if we want to modify it beyond asking your husband to be the facilitator of our child."

Raffaella continued, "First issue is his level of involvement. Once he is in the room he is considered a cuckold. If he prepares you for your coital session with Viviano another level of his cuckolding is reached. If he wants to remain on the bed next to you while Viviano is engaged in coitus with you, he reaches another level. And, so it goes..."

"Fuck," said Jose, "might as well just cut to the chase. I want to feel something when the two of them fuck. Excuse my language, but he isn't making love to my wife, he's fucking her with the ultimate goal of making her pregnant. I would love to experience some form of sexual release considering I'm not the man impregnating her."

"The only sexual release you could attain," said Raffaella, "is through anal intercourse. I'm not going to be in the room during the intercourse session or sessions between Margaret and Viviano. Therefore, either Margaret stimulates you or Viviano does. I don't think Margaret is going to want to stimulate you while she is fornicating with Viviano. One thing both of you have to understand and accept is the reason we're good at what we do is the size of the delivery system. Most women are so involved they forget their husbands are in the room. You can forgo being in the room Jose and allow your wife to stimulate you when you get home. She will tell you about the time she spent being sexed by Viviano with the ultimate goal being her getting pregnant. Otherwise, we need to discuss your level of cuckolding, Jose."

"Why does he have to be considered a cuckold?" asked Margaret hoping the question would elicit some form of acceptance without the cuckold moniker.

"The minute the male half of the marriage takes an in room voyeur or active participant role in the sexual aspect of the agreement, he is considered a cuckold," said Raffaella. "There is no debate on what he will be called and what his obligation to the male Moretti that impregnates his wife. Also, the wife has to accept her obligation to me. The Moretti family extended you a special dispensation based upon your war time injury. You can still keep that dispensation by not being in the room when Viviano has sexual relations with Margaret."

"Will he have to, a," she looked at Jose and he nodded, "will he have to suck cock?"

"Depends upon his status as a cuckold," replied Raffaella. "If he is just a voyeur, he will have to thank Viviano at the pregnancy announcement party. That thank you consists of his, to put it bluntly, sucking Viviano to an orgasm in front of the invited guests. If he helps in any way, prior to, during, or after the sexual intercourse session he will have committed to being an ultimate cuckold."

"Ultimate cuckold?" they said in unison.

Raffaella and Viviano smiled knowing their explanation of what an ultimate cuckold is was going to blow their collective minds. Only the rarest of couples engaging in a Moretti pregnancy knew or understood what an ultimate cuckold was when they entered into an agreement.

To keep them calm, Raffaella explained, "An ultimate cuckold is a man that subverts his masculinity to become his wife's and her lover's feminized sissy. He willingly accepts his secondary sexual role and some men allow themselves to be driven into total submission. Every aspect of an ultimate cuckold's life revolves around their wife and their wife's pleasure. Ultimately, the ultimate cuckold will present himself to be used sexually by his wife's lover to prove his acceptance of his wife's lover's dominance over him."

"So, if I just want to be in the room," said Jose, "I'll have to suck Viviano's cock at this pregnancy announcement party? Just that one time?"

"Yes, to both questions," replied Raffaella. "Unless, you get into sucking his cock and want to do it again, I'm sure he'll allow you."

"If I accept being an ultimate cuckold, would that include having to allow Viviano to take me anally?" asked Jose.

"Yes, it would," replied Raffaella. She added, "Of course we would take into consideration your physical issues when the time comes for you to become my husband's bitch. Yes, you will also suffer being verbally abused by the Moretti family which is not just my family."

"Margaret, it is an easy decision for me," said Jose. "Go upstairs with Viviano. I'm not into becoming a cuckold which to me means becoming a faggot even if I have to suck his cock just once. I'm fine with what we do in the privacy of our home, but not here, not now, and not sometime in the future to celebrate your pregnancy."

Margaret showed her acceptance of his decision by leaning into him and offering him her lips. They kissed and she gently rubbed his face as only a loving wife would. She turned to Raffaella and Viviano, stood, and said, "I'm ready if you are, Viviano."

Raffaella and Jose watched Margaret and Viviano walk to the steps closest to the staircase on the second floor that led to the third floor which was set up for their sexual encounter. From the corner of her eye, Raffaella saw Jose's hand migrate to his crotch where she figured his phantom pain was signaling he was becoming erect. She shook her head sad that he could not be the man she knew he was before his wartime injury. Inside she was ecstatic he made the decision to not partake of the union between his wife and her husband. Jose Molina was not by nature a beta male. His circumstance forced them to seek the aid of the Moretti family.

Viviano was the consummate gentleman with Margaret. When they reached the third floor he allowed her to survey the room and get comfortable before anything happened between them. He watched as she walked around the entire third floor stopping to look out of several windows although it was pitch black outside. Margaret Molina saw the room was twice size of the great room on the first floor except for one corner where she encountered a full bathroom. She wasn't afraid of having sex with Viviano. Her fear was founded on the thoughts her husband had about his cuckolding. Jose Molina was having a hard time accepting he wasn't a cuckold. She knew intuitively he was downstairs cringing inside because when she returned to him she will be filled with another man's seed.

Viviano did not approach the bed that was situated between center two windows that were on driveway side of the house. He waited by the closed door to the attic until she made some move or signaled that she was comfortable and ready to begin. Over the years he'd learned to attune himself to the emotional state of the woman so as to not force her into opening herself to him before she was ready. Mario had taught him to let the woman take as much time as she needed especially the first time. As he was taught, each meeting was easier to commence as the number of intercourse sessions increased. He also realized that the idea of fucking a woman for the first time did not have the same effect on his sexual stimulation as it did the first few times he was used by a couple. What constantly made him shiver was his wife's knowledge of what goes on when he is with a potential mother and the possibility of retribution by her.

After a long ten minutes of her just wandering around the room agonizing about what was about to happen, Viviano said, "Margaret, are you sure you're ok with this?"

Relieved that something was said, she replied. "Yes and no. I've had relations with men before I married Jose. He knows that and accepted my sexual freedom. While he was in Iraq I did not have sexual relations. I have always honored our marriage. We are in a 100% committed relationship. I know he is downstairs crying inside. I don't want to hurt him, Viviano."

After hearing her fears, Viviano walked up to her and placed his hands on her shoulders. He looked down into her big brown eyes, smiled, and whispered, "You have two choices. First is to say no to the idea of having another man's baby which means you and your husband will have to adopt or remain childless. You will never feel the thrill and pain of pregnancy, birth, and the physical and emotional tie to the child that grew inside your body. Second, you take your arms place them around my waist, allow me to pull you into my body, and raise your lips inviting me to kiss you. You release yourself from your bond to Jose for the time we are together so you can enjoy conceiving the child you will raise together with him."

"But, I'm not supposed to..."

"Yes you are," countered Viviano. "How did you expect to feel the desire to have me penetrate you? No matter how you cut the bait Margaret, the way two human beings get sexually stimulated is through intimate contact and kissing. It will not be pleasurable for you to fornicate with me just by opening yourself to be penetrated without some form of foreplay."

Viviano felt Margaret relax. He pulled her into his embrace and placed his lips on hers. Margaret opened her mouth and invited Viviano's tongue to enter her oral cavity. It didn't take but a minute before Margaret pressed her body into his showing her need for sexual stimulation and release. Viviano felt her breasts press into his body giving him the start of his expected erection. Her hand moved across his back as she pressed her crotch into his. Their tongues played between their mouths, over each other's lips, and both of them unconsciously moaned as their bodies began to react sexually to their oral stimulation. Viviano broke the kiss and eased Margaret over to the bed whereupon he began to unbutton her cardigan sweater which signaled her she was about get laid for the first time in just under twenty-three months.

The only other shock to Margaret's system was the sight of Viviano's nine-and-a-half inch Italian cock for the first time. She eyed his cock and then looked up at him with a pained look in her eyes. Being the consummate lover, Viviano used his sweetest words and gentlest pressure when he penetrated her for the first time. He allowed her to get comfortable with his size and girth. When he felt her body relax underneath him and her pussy walls ripple in anticipation of her having that mammoth piece of manhood wrack her body with sexual pleasure he began to fuck her in earnest.

Margaret Molina responded just like a woman who hadn't had intercourse in a long time and who never had a cock as large as Viviano's in her body. She opened her legs, pressed her knees back towards her head, and moved her hips up to give Viviano easier access to her overheated womb. With each of his thrusts, she moaned with contentment as she fell into her role of the female seeking sexual fulfillment through intercourse. The size of the cock that was sliding into and partially out of her body was sending waves of pleasure she had never experienced before now. Margaret Molina was quickly becoming addicted to the size and girth of Viviano's cock.

Viviano saw her react positively to his penetration and fornication. He smiled to himself with satisfaction knowing another woman would willingly open herself to him to conceive and to have sex just for the fun of it. He pressed the full length of his hard cock into her body and kept it there for longer than he had previously. Her eyes bulged and then clouded over as her sexual center emitted waves of sexual pleasure to her brain. Viviano nodded his head when he heard her groan and press herself into his lower body.

"Don't be shy Margaret," said Viviano. "Your pussy is quite enjoyably tight and you are very, very moist for a lady who hasn't been penetrated in twenty-three months."

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," moaned Margaret, "I have the biggest cock ever in me and you're fuckin' clinical." She wrapped her ankles around his hips and butt. She pressed her sex up, "Fuck me, Viviano. Fuck me!!! Take me and make me yours!!! Fill my hot cunt with your seed!!!"

"Say it again, Margaret," moaned Viviano mimicking her desire while actually maintaining his distance from her evolving sexual attraction to him. "Tell me what you want?"

She closed her eyes, rolled her head from side-to-side, and cried out, "I want you hot fucking COCK!!! FUCK ME!!! FUCK ME!!! FILL ME!!! FUCK ME HARD!!! POUND MY CUNT!!!"

Viviano Ross did exactly what his client wanted. He placed his hands on each side of her body just about breast high. He rolled up and onto his knees. He then pulled her hips into his. In this position he felt he could fuck her with abandon. Margaret Molina released her leg hold on his body and spread her legs wide inviting him to fuck her as she requested – hard. Viviano began his ride on and in what he knew would become another satisfied customer.

Downstairs in the great room, Raffaella and Jose sat quietly not really saying a word to each other about anything especially concerning what was occurring on the third floor. Usually when a husband decided to not be part of the coital act he would depart their house, but because Jose was incapacitated he had to remain downstairs while his wife was upstairs hopefully creating a new life. Raffaella felt obliged to make conversation, but had nothing really to say or ask Jose. When they heard the cry of *'FUCK ME!!!'* from the third floor she knew she'd better say something especially when Jose perked up and looked towards the staircase leading upstairs.

"Jose, it is ok," said Raffaella. "The men who decide not to take part in the procreative act usually leave their house while the Moretti man is there. I'm so sorry you had to hear your wife cry out what she did. Please relax and if you need to vent, I'm here and I understand."

"Understand..." said Jose. "How can you understand??? It isn't your wife getting fucked by another man. I'm here because I can't give her..."

Jose Molina's hands went to his face, covered it, and he broke out in tears. His body shook as his mind filled with thoughts of how another man was making his wife scream with pleasure. Raffaella for the first time felt total empathy for a man whose wife was with her husband trying to conceive. She reached for his hands, pulled them from his face, and applied enough pressure for him to understand that she wanted him to stand on his remaining leg. Jose his face covered in tears respected Raffaella's try at consoling him, so he stood and allowed her to guide him to a sitting position on the couch where his wife sat before going to the third floor with Viviano. Raffaella sat herself down right next to the young man, immediately put her arm around his shoulders, and pulled him close.

"Shhh, Jose," whispered Raffaella. "Take a deep breath and relax. I can feel your anger and your desire to be with your wife. I know how difficult this is for you. You made the right decision when you told Margaret to go upstairs without you. You're a man and the terror you lived through has not diminished your masculinity."

Jose felt Raffaella's arm and hand press him into her body and then rise to his head. He allowed her to press his head into her so it fell just below her chin and above her ample breasts. He smelled her perfume and sighed as he began to relax under the guidance of the woman whose husband was now planting his seed inside his wife. Jose Molina unconsciously placed his right hand on Raffaella's thigh and shuddered as he began to slip it up and down. The hem of her skirt slid with the motion of his and ultimately allowing it to glide beneath. His intake of breath was signal enough to Raffaella to move her position so if he wanted he had access to her charms.

"Yes, Jose," whispered Raffaella, "touch me. Take from me what you need because you can't give to Margaret what Viviano is giving her. This is new territory, but I know Viviano will understand."

Raffaella did not wait for Jose. He took hold of his hand and pushed it between her legs. She felt his thick fingers search for the edge of her panties. His fingers slid the thin material covering her vagina from its protective duty thus opening her loveliness to him. He looked up and saw she was smiling broadly as his fingers began to slide between the lips of her naked womanhood. Her gasp signaled he had found, uncovered, and caressed her clitoris with the proper amount of pressure to induce a wave of sexual pleasure. He continued to play and finger her as vaginal secretions added lubrication to his fingers giving them ease of entry into her body.

"Finger me Jose," groaned Raffaella. "Use them on me just like you were fucking me. Yes, that's it."

No words came from Jose's mouth as he lay against Raffaella's body and used his fingers to fuck and masturbate the wife of the man who was now copulating with his wife. Inside his mind he felt his cock grow but was sexually deflated when his left hand went to his crotch and nothing was standing waiting to be stroked. He pulled his hand away from his crotch in disgust and Raffaella decided to try something with him. She slipped her arm from his shoulder, down his back, and onto his backside. She rubbed gently for a moment and when he did not refuse her advance she moved her hand into the waistband of his jeans. Raffaella felt the smooth skin of his lower back and the top of the separation between his buttocks.

Jose looked up at the woman he was fingering and with his eyes questioned why her hand was just inside his pants above the crack of his ass. Her response was unexpected, but Jose could see where she was taking their little bout of intimacy. He moved slightly towards her which moved his backside up and slightly off the couch.

She took her right hand and placed it on his face. She pressed gently and said, "Are you sure? You don't have to. Only if you want to, Jose."

She felt him press his cheek against her hand signaling her that he accepted what was about to happen. Raffaella slipped her hand down and with her middle finger found his anus. He rolled further up and into her giving her access to his backdoor. Raffaella knew exactly what to do to make him feel the sensation of an orgasm.

"I don't have any lubrication and this may hurt a bit, Jose," said Raffaella.

He groaned in response, "I know. I respect you and your husband. I know you'll respect me and I don't care anymore. Please..."

Raffaella rubbed the rosebud that formed his anus. She applied pressure with one and then two fingertips, but did not force them into Jose's body. He reacted positively to her anal play which meant he was getting sexually charged from her stimulation. Jose started to moan and in concert with his growing anal sexual stimulation he reduced the play of his fingers in Raffaella's pussy. The pleasure he was feeling was overtaking his desire to have his hand inside the pussy of the woman who was instigating his sexual desire to be penetrated. Raffaella felt his hand move from her pussy and his body roll more up from the couch. She knew what he wanted.

The first finger to enter Jose's rectum was Raffaella's middle finger. She carefully slid the entire length into his lower bowel. She made no noise of disgust when she felt the exterior of his crotch where his genitals used to be before they were blown off with his leg by an Iraqi IED. The desire to make him feel that being sexually stimulated anally was not always a homosexual act gave her the impetus seek out and stimulate his prostate. She knew she found it when he took an intake of breath and moved to keep her finger pressed against his internal male G-spot. Raffaella Moretti began the process of fingering Jose Molina to an anal orgasm. His response was enough for her to continue and gently urge him to satisfy his need to orgasm.

Twelve minutes after her fingers entered Jose's rectum he pressed his backside into her hand to feel more pressure against his prostate, moaned audibly, and felt a small amount of fluid pass through the surgically created hole he pissed through. His body tensed, his anus pulsed around Raffaella's fingers, his muscles tensed, and then relaxed. Jose Molina's face was covered in a thin coating of sweat. His breathing was ragged but it was good for him as it proved his ability to have an orgasm through anal stimulation.

Raffaella left her fingers inside his ass for a moment after he completed his orgasm to show him she was not disgusted by how it was induced. She made sure that she did not do anything to make him feel dirty or disgusted by what had just occurred between the two of them. When she pulled her fingers from his backside she moved so he would resume his position sitting next to her with his head on her breast.

"Wow," said Raffaella, "that was so hot. I orgasmed with you."

He didn't look up at her when he replied, "Really." More of a statement rather than a question.

She knew her husband was upstairs kissing and fucking his wife determined to impregnate her. Raffaella had no desire to kiss Jose, but she wanted him to know that she was as tied to him as his wife was tied to her husband. "Yes, Jose. If you want, slip off the couch and between my legs. You can taste my juices because they're coating the insides of my thighs. I'm hoping it was as good for you as it was for me."

Jose finally raised his head to look into Raffaella's eyes, "You are the only other person to have ever shoved a finger up my ass in a sexual manner. How am I supposed to feel, thankful? My wife tried to hide her disgust even though she said she wanted to learn so I could feel something sexually stimulating. So we could enjoy sex together again."

"Did you enjoy having me inside you?"

Embarrassed, he replied, "Yes, only because I was turned on by you allowing me to play with and finger your pussy. The only thing that will make me mad is if you did this as a tit-for-tat because your husband is upstairs fucking my wife."

Raffaella couldn't help herself. She leaned down and placed her lips on Jose's. She held his head, opened her mouth, and together their tongues played as they French kissed. She even allowed him to place his hand between her legs while their lips pressed against each other's. Raffaella broke the kiss and did not make an effort to show Jose that he had to remove his fingers from her pussy.

"I did what I did because I wanted to, Jose," said Raffaella as she began to rise with sexual heat from his fingers caressing her clitoris. "I'm here if you want me. Finger me or eat me. Ask me and I'll finger you for as long as you want."

Jose surprised Raffaella by removing his fingers from her and saying, "I'm sorry, but I can't go on. My sexual desire is gone and I don't know why. My thoughts are upstairs. Hearing my wife scream the way she's never screamed when I was inside her – hurts. I thought I was a good and competent lover, but now I have second thoughts. I have to ask – how big is he?"

"I don't want to hurt you, Jose," said Raffaella.

"Please Mrs. Rossi, I'm already hurt. Please..." he begged.

Raffaella looked up to the ceiling and said a quick prayer of forgiveness, "He's nine-and-a-half inches in length and a good four inches in girth."

Jose's eyes filled and he moaned, "I've lost her..."

Raffaella pulled him to her. She sat and gently rubbed the top and back of his head. Nothing at this point could assuage his pain. Losing his manhood was an act of war. Losing his wife was an act of total submission.