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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 127

Thursday Night – Raffaella's House – 6 March 2003

Viviano Rossi entered his house to find his wife and children sitting in the family room watching television. He looked back to the microwave to check the time before he entered the family room. Carmen jumped up from the floor and ran to her father to give him a hug and a kiss. Viviano bent down, picked up his daughter, and wrapped her in his arms. Antonio stood, waited for his father to release his sister, and then he approached, but he did not show any happiness or bubbly emotion at his father's return. Alessa Moretti remained on the floor entranced in the nonsense that was being displayed on the television. Raffaella did not appreciate that her half-sister did not acknowledge the return of the man who readily accepted her into his family.

"Alessa Rossi," said Raffaella using her not yet legal last name, "get up, and greet your father."

She turned, rolled to her side, and begrudgingly went over to Viviano. Alessa raised her arms and allowed the man she would call daddy to lift her and place a kiss on her lips instead of her cheeks.

Viviano noticed that Alessa was not in a good mood, so he placed her back on the floor and said, "Guess you're not in a good mood this evening, Alessa." He waited a moment before saying, "All of you up to your rooms and prepare for bed. I know you're headed to school tomorrow." He saw the look of disappointment on all their faces.

The children did not moan or ask to stay up until the end of the television program. Like good soldiers, the three youngsters kissed their mother good night and made their way up to their rooms. When Viviano and Raffaella heard the pounding of their feet trudging up the steps to the second floor balcony they embraced, kissed, and Raffaella slid to her knees. She looked up at Viviano to see him not responding to her expectation of giving him an unrequested blowjob. Instead, he reached for her underarms and helped raise her to her feet. She furrowed her eyebrows and wondered why her husband was not amenable to getting his cock sucked.

Viv guided her to the couch where they sat together for a moment before he spoke, "We need to talk. We need to sort out what has happened to us and our relationship."

"Actually there is only one thing we need to sort out Viv," said Raffaella. She did not move nor did she break eye contact with him.

"Really," he said, "only one?"

"The one that breaks my heart," she said.

Viviano Rossi started to become frustrated with his wife. He stood, sat, and realized that if he began to pace around the family room, he'd only succumb to his building anger and strike out at his wife. Rather than give in to his churning need to strike out, he turned back to his wife, took her hands, and said, "I love you, Raffaella Moretti. I am the happiest man on the face of the Earth. Please, tell me and I promise to remain calm, discuss what is coming between us, and resolve our issues."

He watched as his wife rolled her eyes only the way her father could and knew she did not accept his partial impalement on an imaginary sword. His stress subsided and he became comfortable when she did not pull her hands from his. He felt the stress in her fingers and knew his wife was harboring something that she was afraid to express. He kept his grip light and began to rub the backs of her hands with his thumbs. Raffaella tried to relax but could not. Her head was filled with the knowledge that she expressly gave her husband and children to her sister although Apollonia did not accept her offer. With the intake and release of a deep breath, Raffaella Moretti decided to release her stress by telling her husband everything.

Raffaella pulled her hands from Viviano's, put them on her lap, touched her shoulders, rubbed her face, and then when she was finally ready said, "I gave you what you wanted since we started dating Viviano. This morning while my lips were pressed to my sister's denim covered cunt, I gave you to her. I told her that anytime she wants to bed you she can. I told her that Antonio and Carmen are hers to do with as she pleases. I am bound to serve her because I did something that no Moretti gets away with, ever. I will accept my punishment and live the rest of my life in fear of my sister and her retribution for my stupidity."

A questioning frown crossed Viviano's brow. Since he was brought into the family as her fiancée, since the day he sucked her father's cock the morning of their marriage, Viviano Rossi never heard one word about a Moretti giving her family to another much less an immediate family member. He could see the pain in Raffaella's face. A light coating of sweat had formed on her brow accompanied by the tenseness of her muscles. Viviano Rossi saw the error of his ways when it came to his sister-in-law. Prior to her grabbing control of the Moretti family, he would joke about how much he wanted to spend some time between Apollonia's legs. His jokes were now coming home to roost in a reality that he did not want. There was only one solution to the problem and that was to confront it head on.

"Would you allow me to call Apollonia?" he asked.

"Why?" she replied. "What is done is done. It cannot be reversed. My sister placed the traditional '*kiss-of-death*' upon my lips. I am a marked woman, Viv. What hurts more than my own flesh and blood wanting to take my life is what you did to your own son last night. That was and will forever be something I will never forgive you for."

She saw him tense and release the stress by just taking a deep breath and exhaling. Viviano Rossi did not hesitate, "Does your father believe I did something wrong last night?"

"Yes," she replied, "as does my sister."

"You know I didn't..." he started only to be interrupted.

"Don't you dare, Viv," chided Raffaella. "Don't you dare explain your actions as something a Moretti father has the right to do to his son. What you foisted upon your son last night was nothing more than rape. You took your anger out on him instead of me." Viviano stared to speak and was silenced by his wife's look of contempt and a finger on his lips. "There is only one solution to the Antonio problem. You need to call my sister and my father. You need to wake your son up. Then when we're together you need to with all your heart and soul beg for forgiveness. You need to prostrate yourself in front of your son and prove that Moretti men will own up to their transgressions and accept their punishment however severe it may be."

"You're not serious. . ." he said.

"Believe me, Viviano Rossi, I am," she said. "What I expressed earlier about kneeling in front of my sister and giving my husband and children to her is the truth. I swear on a stack of bibles to the veracity of my statements. What I told you about Apollonia kissing me to express her contempt is the truth. If you don't want to do what I know is right, then go to her. See if she will undo what you have done to Antonio, but I'll bet you your life, she won't."

"This is not good," sighed Viviano. "I haven't told my parents their youngest son is dead and I don't know how they'll react beyond crying. They respect this family and were walking-on-air, when they were invited and attended the cuckold wedding. Sonny was going to go places. Look what I accomplished. Now, Sonny is dead and I'm hanging on by my fingertips, Raffy."

"Jesus, Viv," stated Raffaella. "I cannot believe you're sitting there not seeing the forest-for-the-trees. My sister took out her anger on me for accusing her of sleeping with you. You see how my sister reacted. I'm sexless until my body heals. I don't know how father would have reacted, but you technically had all the right to slap-the-shit out of me for accusing you of something I now know you did not do. Instead, you go to your ten year old son and fuck him every which way from Sunday because you're pissed off at me. That was wrong and you know it. Fall on your sword Viviano Rossi. Take your medicine. Maybe, my sister will relent and just humiliate you in front of your son, but I wouldn't put it past her to make your life miserable for quite a while. Don't make amends and she will make your life a living hell. Look what she did to your brother."

Viviano rose from the couch. Bent to kiss his wife on the lips, but received her cheek instead. "I'll make the calls."

Twenty minutes later, Mario Moretti and Apollonia Moretti were seated on the couch in the family room. Raffaella decided that whatever was going to happen would be better to occur in the family room rather than the great room. She did not want Carmen or Alessa to be awoken by loud voices or any other form of loud noises like the breaking of glass, furniture, or bones. Viviano entered the room with Antonio and everyone could plainly see that the boy had just been awoken from a deep sleep. He was guided to where his mother was sitting. Raffaella took him into her arms, turned him to face the room, and pulled him between her legs so he could rest his backside on the edge of the chair in which she was seated.

Viviano Rossi waited a moment before speaking. He took the time to look into each and every person's eyes including his ten year old son. When he was comfortable inside his own body, he began, "Thank you for coming when I called. If you were asleep, I apologize for waking you." Viviano went to his knees. He positioned his body equal-distant between Mario and Apollonia. He did that to assure himself that he did unequally render to each of them what was due them – respect. He placed his forehead on the hardwood floor and continued, "I humble myself before you and beg your forgiveness for what I did to my only son. I am at your mercy."

Because he was used to being in the position of authority, Mario Moretti began to respond to Viviano's plea only to be cut short by his youngest daughter, "Don't you dare," spat Apollonia. "You are no longer who you think you are and you're no longer the man I call father. Stand up and remove your clothing. In fact, all of you know you should be naked in my presence."

Antonio turned to look at his mother to ask if he was included. Just as she was going to answer he heard his favorite aunt spit, "You're a Moretti man Antonio Rossi. Undress and come to me. Raffaella, go to my house. In the nightstand nearest the bathroom, or in the nightstand next Colin's bed, or in one of the top drawers of the cabinets in the breakfast room is the velvet bag containing asshole's gift. It is clearly marked as his. Go get it and make haste."

Apollonia watched as Mario, Viviano, and Antonio removed their clothing or pajamas. They did as expected. Each of them folded their clothing and placed them in neat piles on the floor next to the brick hearth. Antonio, still not

being used to his public nakedness, tried to cover his genitals as he walked over to where his favorite aunt sat clad in a pair of denims, a work shirt, and running shoes. Mario Moretti did not resume sitting on the couch with his youngest daughter. He remained standing, but he did not place his body next to his son-in-law. Viviano decided it would be beneficial if he returned to kneeling with his forehead pressed against the hardwood floor. In silence they waited for Raffaella's return.

It took her about five minutes to find the velvet bag with Mario's name on it in Colin's room and return a bit breathless to her house. She strode over to her sister and handed her the velvet bag containing Mario's chastity device. Her eyes beseeched her sister to let her remain clothed. Apollonia knew why she did not want to remove her clothing. She relented by nodding and patting the couch where she wanted her sister to sit.

"First things first," she said. Apollonia moved Antonio to his mother, stood, and removed her jeans. She was not wearing panties. Her shirt was next and her pert breasts were free and unencumbered by a bra. Apollonia turned, bent forward, and said, "Ok, boys, kiss my ass. Show me you deserve to be part of this family no matter how much I may hate your fuckin' guts."

Mario Moretti made the first move. He stepped over, knelt on the floor, pulled apart his daughter's backside, placed his lips on her anus, and inserted his tongue into her body. He knew that she would be clean and made no bones about sucking her asshole. The ulterior motive was to prove that he was worthy and not one to be forced to wear the sign of a beta male, cuckold, or sissy. Mario made it known to his daughter that he was not afraid to do what he was called upon to do as a member of the family. His thoughts went to how he was going to play the game until such time as he could wreck his revenge on the cunt who took him from his God given position of power in the Moretti family.

Raffaella, Viviano, and Antonio watched Apollonia rest her head on the back of the leather couch and made her hated father suck her asshole for more than ten minutes. When she had finally had enough she stood and said without facing either Viviano or Antonio, "Next."

Viviano did not hesitate to move behind his sister-in-law and place his mouth on her anus and begin to force his tongue inside her body. He had the pleasure of having his father-in-law's saliva present to ease the entrance of his tongue and the taste of Apollonia's ass. Being forced to suck her asshole was not a sexually stimulating event for Viviano. He had no reason to become erect, therefore, he did not even think about it happening to him.

Apollonia turned her head and could see Antonio standing in front of his mother. He was covering his genitals genuinely embarrassed at what he was witnessing and she knew he was thinking about having place his lips on his favorite aunt's asshole. The feel of Viviano's tongue began to fade and as she did with her hated father, Apollonia stood signaling Viviano he was done honoring her as the head of the Moretti family. After she turned around and sat down, Apollonia reached for and guided Antonio between her legs. She had him face her and made it a point to put his arms by his side. Apollonia smiled, looked at her sister, and saw why the young boy was covering his genitals.

"So, Antonio Rossi," she cooed, "you having a problem keeping your Rossi cock flaccid? You get sexually stimulated seeing men subservient to me? Are you a sissy bitch after all? Or, do you like that I'm unashamed to be naked in front of you?"

The young boy was frozen with fear. Raffaella saw it, but knew she would be verbally castigated and most probably physically assaulted if she said or made a move to help her son. Antonio's cock was growing harder as each second passed. The youngster had no self-control over his growing sexual stimulation. He felt his favorite aunt pressing his arms against the sides of his body. He tried with all his might to quell his desire to burst out in tears only to succeed but failing to still his growing erection. "Please, Aunt Appy," was all he said.

His favorite aunt turned him around, pulled him back so his backside was against her body and not the edge of the leather couch. She wrapped her right hand around his erect penis as he felt the heat of her sex press against the cheeks of his backside. She slowly began to masturbate the boy. There was nothing that he could do to stop her. One of his masturbation fantasies was coming to fruition. Antonio lost count of the number of times he masturbated and dreamed of having his Aunt Apollonia bring him to an orgasm. He thought of the number of times he pressed his

rampant erection into his young slut's body, cried, and in his mind he was cumming inside his favorite Aunt Apollonia. His hips began to involuntarily move with the motion of Apollonia's hand. The growing amount of pre-cum being forced from the head of his cock precluded any need for additional lubrication.

Apollonia could feel the young boy's body begin to respond to her. She did not let the orgasm take over his body. She stopped her motion, tightened her hand round the base of his cock, and timing it perfectly she stopped his orgasm just as his testicles began to rise to mix their baby making seed with the product of his prostate gland. Antonio's body stiffened as if it was going to orgasm. He felt the pressure on his cock and groaned. It took no more than one minute for his cock to deflate and for him to stand frustrated and very horny.

"Learn your lesson, bitch boy?" whispered Apollonia in his ear.

"I'm trying to," he replied knowing that his favorite aunt just called him a bitch boy instead of his name.

Viviano did not witness the humiliation of his son by his sister-in-law. His forehead was pressed against the floor. Mario remained silent because he knew that in his daughter's place he would have done exactly the same thing to his grandson. He was old enough to know and understand his need to control the rise of his Moretti cock. The only difference was the fact that if he had done what Apollonia did, his cock would have been pressing against Antonio's asshole. Raffaella felt pain in her heart over the continuing humiliation her son was enduring when it was her husband who was on the line for raping Antonio. She knew she was a Moretti when his frustration began a flow of vaginal fluids from her body. The house was quiet as the four adults and the young boy each thought about what had just occurred.

Apollonia kissed her nephew on the cheek. She slipped her left hand between the cheeks of his ass. As she massaged his anus, she said, "So, my bitch boy, as I massage your pussy, tell me about what happened to you last night."

He tried to turn around to face his aunt, but was stopped. He knew better than to ask to face her. The feeling of sexual pleasure rose as he felt his favorite aunt sexually massage his anus. He tried to keep from sighing or sounding sexually stimulated when he said, "I'm not a sissy. I will never be a sissy. My father came to my room last night and..." Tears began to roll down his face. His body shook with fear, regret, and sexual stimulation as his cock began to harden again.

Apollonia stopped massaging Antonio's anus. She reached between the boy's legs and took hold of his testicles. She whispered in his ear, "I know you know from firsthand knowledge what will happen to you if I squeeze your bitch boy balls, Antonio. Tell me the truth sissy boy. Look at your father and elucidate what occurred last night."

"Please Aunt Apollonia," cried Antonio. "I'm sorry for causing any trouble. I'm not a sissy."

She tightened her grip just enough to send a message. Everyone except Viviano saw Antonio tighten his muscles, freeze in place, and then relax. Apollonia said, "Time for you to own up in front of your peers. If you want to be a Moretti sissy just say so. Tell me what happened or I promise you, you'll never fuck again."

Antonio knew the threat was real by the sound of her voice. At the tender age of ten, he knew that when he completed the Rites of Passage in the minds of the adult Moretti's he was a fully functioning Moretti man. He had no choice but to tell the truth. "Daddy came into my room. He removed his clothing and got into bed with me. He pressed his body against mine. I felt him get hard. He rolled me on my stomach and forced his cock into me. He called me his bitch and told me to bite the pillow because I was his sissy boy faggot for the night."

"Look at me Viviano Rossi," said Apollonia in a softer voice than anyone expected.

Viviano Rossi raised his head from the floor. He stared into Apollonia's darkening eyes.

"Is he telling the truth?" she asked as the corners of her mouth rose in a smile that could only be made by a person of intelligence and mental infirmity.

Viviano closed his eyes and fought his desire to tell his sister-in-law to pound sand. From the look on her face, he knew she was thinking the same thing. She knew he was controlling his anger because if he exploded it would be the last thing he would ever do. It was again time for him to make a decision. Bend to Apollonia's will or take his chances and fight for his masculinity. The darkness grew in his sister-in-law's eyes. Her grip, while still light, was beginning to exert pressure on his son's tender balls. Viviano Rossi knew what he did was wrong. "Yes. What Antonio has expressed is the truth. I came into his room madder than hell at his mother. I took out on his young body my anger by forcing myself into his body without caring for his safety or wellbeing. I'm sorry, but I admit to feeling great pleasure when he cried out in pain. Thankfully, through the multiple insertions and completions of unsolicited anal intercourse there was no blood oozing from his rectum."

"Did you call him a bitch boi? A sissy faggot?" growled Apollonia now showing her anger at her brother-in-law.

"Yes," replied Viviano. "I wanted him to know that I was not there to make tender man-to-man Moretti love with him. I'm so, so, sorry for what I have done to my only son."

"Sorry?" spit Apollonia. "How can you be sorry when you did not say or do anything until my sister, your wife cornered you into calling us to this meeting. As far as I'm concerned, you did nothing to assuage the fears of your son. For all I know, he expected you to come to his room tonight because Raffaella's pussy isn't available to you. Would you have settled for her mouth or ass or are you more into fuckin' preteen boys, now?"

Viviano glared at Apollonia. He knew she was baiting him and he didn't want to fall into her trap. His mind began to wonder if he made a mistake by accepting this form of Moretti humiliation and punishment. The idea that Apollonia would do something crazy entered his consciousness. For all knew, she would take the chastity device bound for Mario's cock and put it on him. The amount of money he produced making babies precluded her from doing something radical like castration or nullification. He stared into her dark eyes and said in a forceful voice, "I love your sister. Raffaella Moretti is the center of my universe. If I need to, I will give my life to protect her and my progeny. I love this family. I do for this family because I love being part of something that is centuries old. I'm prostrate in front of you waiting for your justice. I beg and beseech you to find my remorse to be genuine and make my suffering for my transgressions something that meets the level of the Moretti crime."

Raffaella wanted to speak and she looked to Apollonia for permission. It did not come. She fell back against the back of the couch and began to silently weep. This entire situation was all her fault. If she had kept her wits about her and spoke to her sister about the time she spent with Viviano instead of accusing them of sleeping together, she wouldn't be unable to have sex because of her injuries and this little family meeting would not be happening.

Mario Moretti was impressed with his son-in-law's cry for forgiveness. He knew the moment Viviano Rossi took his cock into his mouth he would be an obedient and allegiant son-in-law. Mario Moretti knew what he would prescribe for Viviano's punishment. He sighed quietly knowing that his silence on Viviano's punishment would serve him better than opening himself up to Apollonia's vengeance.

Apollonia heard her sister whimper and did nothing to make her feel better. She leaned forward so her head was next to Antonio's and said, "So, young man, what do you think would be a proper punishment for your father's transgressions?"

Antonio shrugged his shoulders. He had no idea what to say. He felt relieved when his favorite aunt removed her hand from around his scrotum. Apollonia felt him relax and he said, "I don't know Aunt Apollonia. I know I'm considered a Moretti man, but I'm only a ten year old boy."

He felt his aunt's lips on his cheek and heard her chuckle at his truthful statement. "I think your father should allow you to use his mouth and ass for a month. Or, until such time as your mother's vagina is healed enough for them to return to having relations in their marital bed. Every night for the next thirty days, Viviano Rossi will present himself to you in my presence and he will offer one or both of his orifices for your pleasure. I know your cock is not big enough, yet, to cause him pain, but having your father submit in front of me and whomever else I invite to his daily humiliation should inflict a whole new world of psychological and emotional pain on him. I know it will cause him pain..." Apollonia paused, she laughed, and with eyes twinkling she chortled, "Especially when the young waif he so

wanted to fuck tonight is standing there watching him get butt fucked like some Greenwich Village faggot. So it is said, so it is done.”

Viviano Rossi thanked his lucky stars; except for the mention of Felicia Dwyer, that his sister-in-law decided to humiliate him by ordering him to fellate or be sodomized by his ten year old son instead of some of the crueller options that had come into his thoughts. He looked at Apollonia and saw her pointing to Antonio's penis. He looked at Raffaella who nodded that it was only a blow job or getting butt fucked instead of losing his ability to use his moneymaking cock. He crawled to his son, picked up his boy cock, and put it in his mouth. His right hand went to his son's balls. His left to the base of the cock that was in his mouth and he began the movements that would result in a mouthful of preteen boy cum.

Antonio looked down to see his father gently sucking his cock without a hint of embarrassment. As his cock grew and hardened, he felt his father's left hand begin to slide with the motion of his mouth. The sensation was incredible. He felt his aunt's hands on his shoulders as his hips began to move in concert with his father's oral actions. His moaned and that was when Apollonia whispered in his ear, “It is ok to take your father's head and fuck his mouth. I expect you to be verbal with him. Say to him what he said to you. If you don't, I won't let you fuck me.”

Antonio froze when he heard Apollonia tell him she was going to let him fuck her. Would his dream come true? Would his cock enter his favorite aunt's body? His mind raced with the possibilities. Antonio forgot his father's mouth was sliding up and down his hard cock. He listened to his aunt. Antonio took Viviano's head in his hands and took control of the blow job. He held his father's head still and began to face fuck him. He pressed the full length of cock into his father's mouth.

Apollonia could see the action up close and personal because of where she was located directly behind her nephew. She took umbrage that Viviano had his eyes closed. “Open your fuckin' eye faggot. When you suck your son's cock you keep your eyes open. Look into his face and remember what you did to deserve this humiliation.”

Viviano opened his eyes. He saw Apollonia's head next to his son's. He watched as Antonio's face changed as the pleasure of the blow job increased and the overpowering desire to orgasm began to take shape. He watched as Apollonia whispered something in his son's ear. He felt a change in Antonio's movements. The boy pulled his cock out of his mouth and just kept it in front of his face. Viviano couldn't believe what he heard.

“Who's my bitch now?” chided Antonio. “Do you want some more of this Moretti boy cock?”

Viviano Rossi just stared at his son. He was speechless. His mouth hung open and when he did not respond it wasn't Antonio who reacted but Apollonia. She reached around her nephew and slapped Viviano on the back of his head. She said, “Answer him or lose your position in this family. Remember who you raped last night. I could end your life in a heartbeat. You have just...”

“I'm your bitch,” moaned Viviano. “I would love to taste your sweet boy cum.”

Again Apollonia whispered something.

Antonio said, “Don't swallow. I want to see it on your tongue. Just the way you showed grandpa when you blew him before you walked down the aisle.”

Viviano froze for a moment before he returned to sucking his son's cock. He allowed the boy to control the action. His cock was just large enough to get to the back of his mouth and the opening to his throat. Viviano did not fight when Antonio pressed his face into his crotch and held it there. He'd gladly suffer the humiliation of providing oral or anal pleasure in front of Apollonia and whomever else she invited instead of losing his hard fought position in the Moretti family. For the next twelve minutes, Antonio Rossi fucked his father's mouth while verbally abusing him. In, out, hold, squeeze his ass in preparation to ejaculate his load into his father's mouth. In, out, hold. In, out, hold.

“Oh my,” yelled Antonio. “Here it comes. I'm going to...”

Viviano felt his son's cock grow thick in his mouth. The head expanded and his hand felt the boy's ball rise into his body. He felt Antonio pull his head into his body and knew that if he ejaculated in that position, most, if not all of his splooge would end up sliding down his throat. Rather than spoil his son's good feelings, he did not force him to pull his cock back so his cum would spray inside his oral cavity. No sooner than that thought crossed his mind, he felt the pulse of the first rope of cum shoot down his son's urethra. Surprisingly, Antonio pulled back and finished his ejaculations with his cock resting just inside his father's mouth.

When he was done he said, "Show me, bitch!!!"

Viviano opened his mouth and showed both Apollonia and Antonio the coating of boy cum that rested on his tongue. He waited for the swallow command only to be denied.

Apollonia kissed Antonio on the cheek, smiled at Viviano, and said, "Kiss your wife. Share your son's ejaculate with her. When you're done take your son to the wing chair by the doors. Sit with him on your lap and make sure the whole time he is there you are pleasuring him with your hand. If he gets hard, offer him your mouth or your man pussy. If he cums in your hand, lick it up and then clean his cock. When he's done start all over again. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Apollonia," replied a saddened Viviano. He stood, guided his son to the wing chair, sat, put him on his lap, and gently took hold of his flaccid boy cock. Per his instructions, he gently massaged and masturbated his son.

Apollonia turned to Mario and pointed to the seat next to her. With Raffaella on one side and Mario on the other, she began the next phase of this private Moretti meeting. For a moment, her thoughts went to both Ming and Colin. She wasn't wearing a watch, but the time did not matter to her. She could always sleep on the way to the hospital in the morning and in Colin's bed while he was in surgery. She grew wet for both her husband and her lover. When Mario was seated next to her she said, "I understand you asked your oldest daughter for a bit of incestuous sex this afternoon. Did you really ask her that?"

Raffaella did not expect her sister to broach the incest topic with Mario. She sat up and began to sputter, "P, p, please, Appy, don't. I, I, I was mad at him for the moment. He didn't mean it..."

Her sister turned and spat, "Bullshit, Raffaella Moretti. I know he forced you to suck his cock instead of giving him a hand job as you were supposed to as a Moretti daughter. I listened to him moan and you cry after he forced his cock into and down your young throat. Don't fuckin' deny it – either of you."

"Oh my God," cried Raffaella. "I never knew you knew what was happening."

"Please yourself, Raffy," growled Apollonia. "You didn't think he stopped with you. My benefit was he was getting deeper into his love affair with abusing children with Lucia. He tried with me, but I refused. Didn't I asshole."

Mario Moretti could not look at his daughters nor could he look out the back doors of the family room because Viviano and his grandson were sitting to one side and it would force him to look at them. He was disconsolate that his youngest daughter made Viviano sit with his son and pleasure him as if he was some slave born into providing ceaseless sexual stimulation. The more things happened in the family, the more Mario Moretti found out that secrets he thought were secret actually weren't. He was in a pickle. Apollonia knew more than he thought about the family and coupled with her positive assertion that he murdered Angelina, Mario Moretti knew he time to be laid next to his wife was near.

He could only mumble his answer, "Yes I did."

"So, Miss Raffaella," said Apollonia. "Considering your husband and is going to be sucking and getting fucked by your son in retribution for his rape, why don't you slip off the couch and give your father a blow job before I encase his cock in his chastity device? I mean, you didn't even try to cry out or fight him when you were a child."

"You should know better, Apollonia," said Raffaella. "If I cried out, he would have hit me and you know it. He would have taken what he wanted. I took the easy route. I provided an orifice for his cock. If you were the oldest, I don't think you'd have had any other choice but to comply. I tried to protect you, Appy."

"Then, if you're going to protect me, get off the couch, and suck his cock," chided Apollonia. "Give him a taste of what he desires, except, you're no longer a child."

From across the room came the telltale moan of a boy about to shoot his load. Apollonia turned from Mario just in time to see several ropes of cum spew from her nephew's hard cock. Per her instructions, Viviano licked his hand clean, moved Antonio off his lap and onto the seat itself, where he knelt between his son's legs and licked the cum from his body. When he was finished, they reassumed their original position on the wing chair and Viviano began anew to pleasure his son's cock.

The interruption broke the interaction between Apollonia, Raffaella, and Mario. Apollonia reached for the velvet bag and pulled out the chastity device. She ordered Mario to stand which he did begrudgingly. His cock hung directly between his legs and his nicely sized testicles were still a sight to see. Mario Moretti had no shame in what he did for married couples and a few select single women. He decided to show his daughter how much of man he was by stating, "Fuck you Apollonia. If you're going to encase my cock, get it over with. I want to go home and get some sleep. Tomorrow is Friday and Viviano will tell you that it is a busy day at Moretti Construction."

The room remained quiet when Apollonia rose, went into the kitchen, and returned with a thin knife used to filet fish. She lifted her father's cock, placed the thin point at the entrance of his urethra, and said, "All I have to do is push this knife into your cock and you'll be done fucking. I know you're proud of this piece of Moretti meat. I used to hear you chortle with pleasure when you ejaculated into one of Lucia's orifices. I suppose you did the same when you impregnated your clients." She pulled the knife from his cock, released it, returned to her seat, and continued, "I don't understand you at all. You have no idea how much trouble you're in, Mario."

With absolutely no sign of worry, he stated, "I'm not in any trouble. I did not do anything wrong, Apollonia. If you want to ruin my ability to make money for the family, then go ahead push the filleting knife into my cock."

"This is getting tiresome," said Apollonia. "I guess when the District Attorney shows up to arrest you for first or second degree murder you'll finally accept that you are in boiling cauldron of hot oil. I'm tired and I want to go to sleep. All of you get dressed, but don't leave."

The Moretti men retrieved their clothing and without a word put them on. Antonio made his way to his mother rather than stand with his father. Although he had heard his aunt decide his father's punishment, he was still embarrassed over the decision. Raffaella pulled him to her and held him close. Apollonia smiled and winked her eye at him. Mario Moretti, relieved that he was not encased in the insidious chastity device, asked and received permission to return to his home. Viviano Rossi remained standing as if he was a little lost sheep.

"So Mr. Rossi," said Apollonia, "do you think I was too hard on you considering what you did to Antonio?"

"It could have been worse," he replied. "I do have a question, though."

"What?" answered Apollonia.

He thought for a moment and said, "Nathan Childress. . ."

'*Not Felicia Dwyer*', thought Apollonia. "Nathan Childress is my full time driver," she replied. Nothing else about the man was offered.

"You'll excuse me," said Viv, "but a nigger? The construction company is forced by federal law to hire all kinds, but why would you bring a nigger into the family?"

"The color of his skin has nothing to do with his abilities, Viv," retorted Apollonia. "The man needed full-time employment and based upon his ability to drive, his size, and his quiet demeanor I decided to offer him a job. He was vetted by Jon Parks. He is a former Marine. Black-ops and such. I think you got a taste of his strength this evening, Viviano. I wouldn't worry too much about him. I'm not going to fuck him."

"I didn't say you were going to fuck him, but, if you need to have a private conversation in the rear of the vehicle, there is no privacy glass especially in those Town Cars. What are you going to do then?" asked Viv.

"I'll cross that bridge when I get to it," replied Apollonia. "I can always purchase a Town Car and have one installed, although, a limousine would probably be better."

Raffaella interjected, "What about the cars that are parked in the garage? You hardly ever drive them. Shit, you spent three hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the F40 Ferrari. I believe you drove it once from the dealership to here."

"See," said Apollonia, "you just proved why I need a limo. Since we're alone, oh, Antonio, come here young man and give your aunt a kiss goodnight."

Raffaella released her hold on her son. Antonio slid over to his aunt and attempted to place a kiss on her cheek. Instead he found himself open mouthed with her tongue pressing against his. He tried to stop his aunt only to find her beginning to grope his crotch. The result was exactly what Apollonia wanted. The young boy's cock was immediately hard and protruding from his pajama bottoms. She broke the kiss, looked down at his erection, and asked, "Would you like to fuck me, Antonio? You could come home with me and spend the night. Your mom will get you in the morning. I'm in the mood to have you tonight. Watching your father suck your cock was very stimulating."

"You have to be kidding!!!" cried Raffaella. "Don't you dare!!! He's only ten, Appy. You're going down the road our parents took." Raffaella did not care what the upshot would be when she took her son by his right arm and pulled him away from his aunt. Luckily Apollonia released her hold on his erection or Antonio Rossi would have been tethered between his mother and his aunt and his erection would have been one of the points of control.

"Go to your room," said Raffaella as she pushed him towards the doorway leading into the breakfast area. She watched him until he made the left turn into the hallway that would take him to the great room and the stairway closest to his bedroom. "I don't fuckin' believe you Appy. Were you going to actually fuck him?"

"Ok," said Apollonia, "if I can't fuck my own nephew, then I'm going to fuck your husband tonight. I really need a hard hot cock and if I can't make Antonio's fantasy come true, then you're going to live up to your end of our bargain."

"What do you want from me Apollonia?" cried her sister. She leaned forward, placed her face in her hands, and began to cry uncontrollably. She stayed bent over for a few minutes before she sat up and said, "Viv, go with her. I made the devil's pact with her this morning. If she wants to rub it in my face by actually taking you from me, then what is done will be done. Go and enjoy her because I've heard from certain individuals she is one hell of a fuck."

Stunned by what he heard, Viviano strode over to his wife, "No, I'm not interested in sleeping with your sister."

Outraged by his statement, Raffaella screamed, "BULLSHIT!!! I KNOW YOU'VE POUNDED MY BODY WHILE THINKING OF HER. YOUR SWEET LITTLE INNOCUOUS STATEMENTS OF HOW YOU'D LOVE TO FUCK HER WERE AND ARE THE TRUTH..." Raffaella fell back into the couch, took a deep breath to calm down and said in a sweet tone, "Go Viv. I made my bed and I'm going to lie in it. I'm going to say this only one more time. I have accepted that she wants you. Not for one night, but for the rest of her life. I am bound to her by the *kiss-of-death*. I know my place and it is to give you to her. The other choice is to wake up your son and send him home with her. Both Antonio and Carmen are hers. I gave up my parental rights to her. Please just go."

Viviano and Apollonia watched as Raffaella rolled off the couch and onto the floor between her sister's legs. She pressed her face into Apollonia's crotch. Her tears wet the denim covering Apollonia's pussy as her body shook wracked with emotion, stress, and pain. Raffaella Moretti once a proud woman of Italian heritage was now a broken female hoping by kissing her sister's crotch she would continue to live without any repercussions for her stupidity of the last twenty-four hours. Apollonia did not stop her sister nor did she say anything to calm her in the face of losing her family.

Viviano Rossi did not stand by idly. He took Raffaella by the shoulders, pulled her back, and away from between Apollonia's legs. He knelt down next to his wife and said, "I love you and you alone Raffaella Moretti. I served your father and now I will serve your sister, but I will not give her what she so desperately wants. I am not going to let her break up our family. I am more than willing to pack our bags and move from Columbus Place. I am willing to start anew in another part of this country. I love you, Raffaella. I want you and only you. If I have to take my life to keep her from taking me from you, I will."

With tears cascading down her face, "But you've always told me you'd love just one chance to be with her. I've seen you rub yourself when you've seen her naked. Please don't lie to me, Viv. I made a mess of my relationship with her and I'm suffering because of it. Please just go with her. I'm strong and I will make up for my inadequacies."

Viviano sat, moved behind his wife, and pulled her back into his body. He looked up at Apollonia and saw her sitting stone faced and non-committal. The sight of Apollonia's face sent a shiver of fear throughout his body. Raffaella felt it and moaned trying to make it known that she was the cause of the present commotion and ruckus. He decided to go for broke, "Apollonia, if you want me then you have to rescind her death sentence. I will gladly spend the rest of my life with you as your kept man as long as you allow Raffaella unfettered access to her children and me."

"Noooo," cried Raffaella.

Apollonia sat motionless staring at the two of them.

"You maintain your *kiss-of-death* sentence on Raffaella," he continued, "and I will not give you what you want. I will give my life for my wife and my children, but I will not succumb to your terroristic rule of this family. You are no better than the Muslim fascists that attacked this country in 2001. Did I not suck your asshole to show my reverence for you?"

Apollonia leaned forward and asked, "How do you want to settle this craziness? I did not start it, Viv. You know the tenor of our discussion. My sister is being a pigheaded fool. Answer me."

Viv shook his head as several responses went through his mind. All of them were good responses, but he decided on, "All I want is this family to return to the way it was before Colin announced the acceptance of his cuckold status. If we were totally in the dark about your mother's sexual deviance and it never touched our lives, I'd be a very happy person. All I want is for you two to be the way you were. Loving sisters and if that meant spending time alone between the sheets so be it. The level of insanity has risen to the point where this family will never return to normal. I can't bring Lucia, Adelina, or Sonny back, but I can try to bring a semblance of order to this family. A family I accepted when I knelt in front your father and sucked his cock so I would have the taste of the fruit of his loins in my mouth when I wed his daughter."

Viviano leaned forward and kissed Raffaella on the cheek. His lips felt the moisture of her tears. Inside he cried for her and his family. He would not show Apollonia his emotions because he knew if he did it would be the end of everything he held near and dear. His eyes went back to his sister-in-law's and was taken when he saw nothing in them. The light of her life was extinguished at least temporarily as they sat in the family room discussing the breakup of the Rossi family. Viviano Rossi knew that one of two things were possible now. Apollonia Moretti would strike out at both of them, take their lives, and move forward without a thought about the resulting trauma on their children. Or, she would make a command decision and give back what Raffaella and Viviano wanted – their relationship.

"Apollonia," he said in a tired voice, "what I want is peace. If that peace can be had by me becoming your man, then so be it. Physically I'll give you what you want, but emotionally I will forever be tied to the woman I love."

The room remained silent for several minutes as the three adults remained in their own little worlds. The out of the blue Apollonia stood, moved to the two of them, knelt, and said, "Each of you are to commit your lives to me. Your children will in time do the same, but they are to be children first. Antonio Rossi is a consecrated Moretti man and both of you know the control I now have over him. Carmen will remain a pure girl and I will smile with joy when she presents the pillow with her vaginal blood on it to me as proof of her deflowering on her wedding night. Alessa will be given everything she needs to make her life a productive and happy one. She is damaged goods and I will not let my half-sister pay for her mother and my asshole father's stupidity. The one thing I will never do is rescind the threat of imminent death for my sister. I love her dearly, but I will not tolerate or accept her inadequacies when it comes to serving as a lesser individual to my status in the family. Just as I sentenced you to have anal or oral sex with your son, I command you to accept my words as the gospel truth or both of you will suffer the consequences."

Raffaella and Viviano looked into each other eyes and both knew they had only one choice to make.

Raffaella spoke first, "I accept."

Viviano followed suit, "I accept."

"Good," Apollonia said as she stood up.

Viviano and Raffaella followed. While the three were standing in front of the leather couch, Apollonia kissed her sister on the cheeks. Then she turned to Viviano. With both hands she took his face and pulled it down to hers. She pursed her lips and placed them on his. It was not a sensual or friendly kiss and she held it for at least a minute. Raffaella fell backwards until she stumbled and fell to the floor. Viviano was shocked, dumbfounded, and overwhelmed with fear. His mind reeled with the implication of the kiss Apollonia just placed on his lips. His heart sank as he too realized that his sister-in-law just made peace with him as she did her sister by sentencing him to death when and if she decided to make it happen.

Apollonia Moretti did not look back as she departed her sister's house. If she had, she would have seen Viviano and Raffaella on the floor holding on to each other for dear life as they cried over the loss of their family.