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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 130

Mario and Viviano - Friday - 7 March 2003

The morning drive from Columbus Place to the Moretti offices in Astoria, Queens was uneventful in two ways. First, the conversation was nil after each man bid a good-morning to the other and secondly, there were no major tie ups due to accidents on the highways making the commute untypically uneventful. Mario went to his office as did Viviano for the first hour of the morning. Just before 9:20AM Viviano went to his father-in-law's office and asked to speak with him.

"Have a minute," asked Viviano, "or an hour?"

Mario waved him in and pointed to the couch where Viviano understood he wanted him to sit. Each man took the opposite end of the couch, turned slightly towards one another, and Mario waited silently giving Viviano an opening to speak. The silence was deafening except for the clang and bang of work being performed in the yard behind and below Mario's office. Viviano also noted that the door to the office was wide open.

Without any preamble, Viviano said, "Apollonia is as crazy as a loon. So fuckin' intelligent she's insane. To put it all in perspective, Mario..."

He interjected, "What??? When did you stop calling me dad? But, then again there's been a change in our relationship and we both know it."

Viviano shook his head in the negative, but he did not correct his calling his father-in-law Mario instead of dad, "Your youngest daughter has sentenced both Raffaella and me to death. Ever since she took control of the family and uncovered the insanity that took place in the townhouse, she is for want of another phrase, out-of-fuckin' control. You can't deny that based upon what you've seen and been involved with."

With his lips pursed he stared at his son-in-law. His reply was not formulated, but he knew this was going to be a difficult discussion. Inside his own mind, he knew that there was nothing he could do to assuage the feeling that his youngest daughter would not make good on her threat to murder her own sister and Viviano. Through time and memorial, the Moretti family has been confronted with all sorts of individual family members and internal family cabals that wanted and sometimes successfully to take control of the family. Mario's problem was Apollonia's strength both intellectually and physically. He tapped his shut mouth with the index finger of his right hand, stopped for a moment with it on his mouth, returned his hand to his side, and said, "I feel the way you do, Viviano, but my hands are tied..."

Viviano flew into a rage, "WHAT THE FUCK!!! YOU CREATED THAT CUNT..."

No sooner than the word came out of his mouth, Mario leaned forward and bitch slapped Viviano. He moved closer to him on the couch, grabbed his shirt, and growled, "She may be crazy, but she is still," now with force behind his words, "MY DAUGHTER. MY FLESH AND BLOOD AND I WILL PROTECT HER. UNDERSTAND VIVIANO?"

Both men heard the door to Mario's office close. They each knew Mario's secretary took it upon herself to close the door and make sure that no one got past her to enter the office. When the men were done one of them would open the door.

The slap stung Viviano's face, but he did not put a hand to his cheek to sooth the pain. He would not show any level of pain to his father-in-law. He also would not apologize for calling his sister-in-law a cunt. "I don't understand you at all. She murders the love of your life and figuratively castrates you. All you do is keep a low profile and let her run roughshod over the family and the family business. I bet you don't know how much we've suffered monetarily since she took over. I haven't been sexual with a client in at least two weeks. Last contract that was signed was for Colin to dress as a sissy to fuck this bitch that liked feminized men to do her, but not her sissy husband. I know there are several couples waiting to meet to make sure we are who we say we are and that we are beyond reproach. I can't begin to imagine the number of messages that must be on the private line in Apollonia's office. I know for a fact that if there are, they haven't been listened to or answered."

"The family business will take care of itself," said Mario. "The issue you have is how you're going to cope with Apollonia's death warrant. You have to admit you did bring some of it on yourself. You never should have taken your anger out on my grandson. You know that was wrong. Now you come to me to see if I can intercede on your behalf with the daughter that literally held a gun to my head. What we need more than anything is a strategy to survive her craziness."

"So, you're not interested in helping," said Viviano the frustration blatantly obvious on his face, "even when it comes to Raffaella?"

"Raffaella can take care of herself," said Mario. "She has something that neither of us does. Her relationship with her sister..."

"Is not what you think it is, Mario," interjected Viviano. "Yeah, they're close, but Apollonia has taken total control of their relationship. The morning Apollonia walked in on me porking Raffaella in front of the kitchen sink and their subsequent incestuous lesbian tryst was the beginning of a monstrous alteration in their sibling relationship."

Mario stared into Viviano's eyes and said, "So, you have a problem with them enjoying each other? It's not like you haven't placed your mouth around my cock to show you are subservient to me when I was in a position to make it happen."

Viviano became momentarily flustered when Mario brought up the fact that Viviano always performed oral when asked or required by Moretti family law. He noticed that Mario was unconsciously rubbing himself and wondered what was making him horny. It couldn't be the present discussion, but anything was possible with Mario. He took a deep breath, forced himself to relax, and said, "All I want is for everything to return to a form of normalcy. I want to be part of this family as I always have been and I'm willing to do anything, but Apollonia is making it more than difficult. She's putting a wedge between Raffaella and me. I love Raffaella and would do anything for her. No matter what you may think, I have not lost my enormous respect for you."

"Would you sleep with Apollonia, if it meant that your life with Raffaella would be as it was?" asked Mario.

"That is my conundrum," said Viviano, "there are times I wouldn't hesitate to have sexual relations with her, but then I know or think I know her level of insanity and that gives me pause. I truly believe if I have relations with her my marriage to Raffaella will come to an end. Not by me, but by her. I don't want that. Do you?"

Mario stood, went to his desk, and returned with his mug of coffee. To Viviano, this was a sign that Mario was not going to do something that would break their relationship. Mario sipped his coffee, placed the mug on the coffee table, and said, "I want you to do what is necessary to keep the family together. If it means breaking your vows and giving Apollonia what she wants, then do it. What could be so bad? Every now and then going across the street and fucking your sister-in-law. Maybe, she'll get pregnant and things will return to normal because her hormones will be raging as she gestates a child in her womb. In fact, maybe it will cause her to give up on that slant-eyed bitch she says she is in love with. I have no problem with you fathering all of my grandchildren."

Viviano pushed himself into the corner of the couch and did not move or say anything. His father-in-law just told him that is was acceptable for him to sex both his daughters. His world was crumbling and nothing he tried with his father-in-law was helping solve the problem. Maybe it would be better to just let Apollonia have her way. The way things were going in his life Viviano thought it he'd probably be better off dead than sucking Apollonia's asshole as a form of greeting and humiliation. He looked out the windows towards LaGuardia Airport and just as he was going to speak he heard a knock.

The door opened and in the small space stood Mario's Administrative Assistant. "Excuse me," she said, "Mr. Moretti; there is a young man here to see you."

"Is he scheduled?" replied Mario. He rubbed his head for a moment, "I don't remember having anyone on my calendar this morning."

"Um, no, Mr. Moretti," she responded, "but he's been so gentlemanly and insistent that I finally broke down and told him I would interrupt your meeting with Viviano and announce him."

Mario and Viviano exchanged glances before Mario asked, "What is his name?"

"Rocco Traficant," she responded.

"Show him in," said Mario.

Three minutes later a tall, muscular, young man entered Mario's office. Rocco Traficant appeared to be six foot three inches tall, weigh about one hundred ninety or so pounds, and stood as if he was in front of his commanding general. He was dressed in a navy blue suit, white shirt, light blue tie, and black wing-tip shoes. Mario stood, offered his hand, and the young man took it. His handshake was firm, not overly hard, and it showed he did not need strength to prove his manhood. When the handshake was ended, Mario waved the young man to one of the chairs in front of his desk.

"How may I help you, young man?" asked Mario as he took his seat behind his desk.

"I would appreciate it if we could speak in private," the young man answered.

"Not a chance," stated Mario. "You cajole your way into my office and then you demand of me a private conversation. Not a chance, that man sitting behind you has every reason to listen to what you have to say. He is my son-in-law and has the same hiring and firing power as the owner – me. So, speak up or get the fuck out of my office."

Rocco turned to look at Viviano for a moment before he responded. His hands slid up and down his thighs as he made his decision to speak or leave. They stopped and he said, "Mr. Moretti, I just was released from Army active duty and I'm in need of a part time job. I have been accepted to the Albert Nerken School of Engineering at The Cooper Union. As much as I have VA Benefits for college, it will not cover the cost completely and a part time job would help immensely. Since I want to become a civil engineer, I thought I would approach the best known construction company in the City of New York and the tri-state region."

Mario looked from Rocco to Viviano and back to Rocco. He stared into the young man's dark brown eyes and saw a small amount of fear reflected in them. Mario thought that for all his bravado he was scared shitless. The

same way most potential employees were when sitting in front of him. He made a point to look down at his desk before asking, "How old are you son?"

"Twenty-four, sir," Rocco replied in a steady voice hiding his hatred of being called 'son'.

"Where were you born and where do you live?" Mario inquired.

"I was born in Brooklyn," he replied. "I presently live at home with my parents. The house I grew up in."

"Tell me about your family," said Mario.

"My father is totally disabled," he said. "He was a bricklayer slash mason by trade. He was working on a site in the Bronx when a partial pallet of red brick fell on him. He is lucky to be alive. My mother is a secretary or administrative assistant at a manufacturing firm in Queens. I have a younger sister. She is a freshman at Hunter College."

"What type of job were you looking for?" asked Mario.

"Anything sir," replied Rocco. "I'll dig ditches to make money."

With a deadpan expression, Mario asked, "Suck my cock?"

The question did not faze the young man, but it did surprise him. He rolled with the punch and said, "Sorry sir, I'm not a cocksucker. Totally heterosexual here, sir."

Viviano chuckled at the young man's statement and thought to himself, '*He should only know.*' Mario did not break his stare. Rocco became flustered because he knew the man sitting across from him was serious. Inside he began to fear coming to Moretti Construction to ask for any form of employment. Nothing was said for several minutes. Rocco Traficant began to wonder if he should say anything more.

Mario stood, walked to the office door, made as if he was going to open it but he returned to his desk. He smiled at the young man as he fondled his crotch and said, "I don't think you heard me, Rocco. Again, will you kneel in front of me and suck my cock for a job?"

Rocco turned to look at Viviano. His eyes pleaded for him to intercede on his behalf. Viviano shrugged his shoulders and put his hands out palms up telling the young man to fend for himself. The young man turned back to the head of Moretti Construction, closed his eyes, and said, "I'd rather take a bullet than suck a cock."

"That can be readily arranged," snorted Mario moving his hand from his crotch and returning to his seat behind his desk. "Viviano will take you to Human Resources. There you will fill out the necessary paperwork to become a non-union laborer. If you're wondering about pay rate, it will be two dollars less than minimum wage and if you don't like it, leave. The only other thing I will say to you young man is the next time I ask you to suck my cock you'd better or Viviano here will hold you down as I fuck you up the ass for what I believe would be the first time."

"Thanks but no thanks, Mr. Moretti," said a shaken Rocco Traficant. "I'll pass. Thanks for the offer of employment, but like I said, I'm no cock sucking faggot."

Viviano chuckled loud enough for the young man to hear and turn his head. Mario smirked and said, "Ok, we'll just table the cock sucking for now. Viv, take him to Human Resources and return so we can continue our conversation."

Twenty minutes later Viviano returned to Mario's office to find him sitting behind his desk reading through a construction proposal for a Connecticut company that wanted to expand their manufacturing space. Viv took a chair in front of the desk and said, "You know, you really fuckin' scared that kid. I had to reassure him he wouldn't have to

suck your cock. He took it hook, line, and sinker. Bet you'd love to bend him over, but more important things. What about Apollonia?"

"Close the door," said Mario. "I'll figure out what to do with Apollonia as you suck my cock."

Viviano knew better than to feign stupidity. He stood, walked to the door, closed it, and to be sure no one would enter he locked it. When he returned to Mario's desk he did not sit in front instead he walked behind it, knelt down, and took the already exposed cock into his mouth. Mario Moretti slid forward on his leather executive chair, opened his knees to allow Viviano easier access to his cock, and put his right hand on the back of his head.

"How the tide has turned, cocksucker," moaned Mario. "Last time it was me who was kneeling and now you need me to help you. Although I'm still nothing in Apollonia's eyes, I'm still her father. Show me you want my help however small it may be. Suck my cock, bitch. Swallow my load. And, maybe I'll deign to help with you your problem."

Viviano closed his eyes and for some unknown reason surrendered to his father-in-law. He blew him as if it was the only thing he knew to do to please him. Mario's cock stood tall and Viviano slid it deep into his throat without gagging. Mario moaned when he felt Viviano's nose press against the smooth skin just above the root of his manhood. He felt Viviano's tongue cup and press against the underside of his cock as he pressed his son-in-law's head keeping his hardness in his throat. The wish that his pants and underpants were completely removed from his body entered his mind because it would have been nice to feel his balls being rolled around in either of Viviano's hands. Mario pressed his hips up in an effort to force what was impossible to force deeper into Viviano's throat.

The feeling of his father-in-law's cock and his response to fellating him were familiar to Viviano. The smoothness of the head and the bumps created by his thick and plentiful blood vessels brought back the memory of the first time he sucked Mario's cock in front of Lucia and Raffaella. The number of times he'd performed oral on him allowed him to relax and take the face fucking that was soon to happen. He laid his hands on the sides of Mario's legs, relaxed his throat, and his body. As soon as Mario felt him give into his oral ministrations, he took over. Less than a minute later, Mario was standing holding Viviano's head as his cock easily slipped into and out of his throat. As was his way, Mario looked down and watched the length of his cock slide into and nearly out of Viviano's mouth.

"That's it Viv," moaned Mario, "suck it. Take me and swallow my load. Yes, yes, yes!!!"

Viviano dared not close his eyes. He maintained eye contact with Mario except for when Mario closed his eyes as the pleasure he gave him forced Mario to press his hips and by the action his cock deep into Viviano's throat. Much to Viviano's amazement, his cock began to grow and he slipped his right hand down to his pants to move it so it could rise without causing him pain.

Mario felt Viviano's hand leave his thigh. He opened his eyes, watched Viviano fix his predicament, and said, "Hard???"

Viv responded by mumbling in the affirmative. He did not stop his fellatio.

"Take it out," commanded Mario. "Maybe we'll sixty-nine on the office floor or you'll just cum all over floor and lick it up."

Viviano did as he was told. The pressure on his cock was relieved and the feel of it in his hand reminded him of his actions earlier that morning as he masturbated instead of accepting a blow job from Raffaella. He tried to remove his mouth from Mario's cock, but he was not letting him. Instead, he brought his right hand to his mouth and as he slid his mouth up and down the shaft of Mario's cock he gathered saliva to use as a masturbation lubricant. He timed the movement of his hand with the movement of his mouth on Mario's cock. For some unfathomable reason, the idea of a cock in his ass brought a moan of pleasure as he thought his cock was the cock that was about to fuck him. Viviano Rossi shivered with fear and pleasure at the thought of being used from both ends.

Mario Moretti was feeling the strength of power again as he fucked his son-in-law's mouth. The truth of the situation was not lost on him. It should have been Viviano's cock in his mouth, but things being what they were, Viviano knew he needed to do as told to help himself with Mario. Mario's mind returned to the one thing that always gave him pleasure. The thought of loving sex with his Lucia. Her craziness aside, she did pleasure him without fail. He closed his eyes, pictured her on her knees, and he moaned, "Suck me Lucia. Take my load."

Viviano froze. Did he hear correctly? Mario just called him Lucia. He looked up and saw his father-in-law's eyes were closed. He immediately realized that Mario was lost in a remembrance of sex between him and Lucia. Viviano did not stop. He continued to suck and pleasure his father-in-law. After six or so minutes, he felt the telltale signs of Mario's impending orgasm. His own cock was rock hard. The heat of Mario's and his cock sent waves of pleasure throughout his body. If everything could be timed, it would be preferable for him to ejaculate just as Mario began to fill his mouth with his cum.

"Fuck!!!" groaned Mario.

He did not say another word. He did not audibly moan. He returned his right hand to the back of Viviano's head, pushed, and expended his load into Viviano's mouth. Seven ropes of cum forcefully shot into Viviano's mouth. Although he did not count, Viviano felt his balls rise and his cock expend his second load of the morning. When Mario released his head, he looked up and saw Mario waiting. Without a word, Viviano leaned forward and with his mouth tasting Mario's salty cum he lapped up the six pools of his own cum. When he was finished he stood up and made his way to a chair in front of Mario's desk.

Both men did not say a word to each other for a good five to seven minutes. When he was fully recovered from his orgasm Viviano said, "Strange how things go considering if Apollonia were here, you would have been on your knees and not me. I have no problem with what just happened. Think you can aid me with my issues concerning Apollonia?"

"I have to tell you that you know where I stand with her," replied Mario. "She'd as soon as murder me as you. I have the possibility of a murder trial hanging over my head. She could save me or have me convicted. Then ending my life would be simple. A call to the proper individuals and I'll have a shank in me by day's or week's end. All I can say to you is do what you think will serve you best. I will not hold anything against you."

Viviano nodded his head in agreement and said, "Guess we'll have to see what happens. My life has always been in the hands of the head of the Moretti family. I'll just have to be a lot more attuned to the ebb and flow of her insanity. So, what did you think of the young man?"

Mario chuckled, made the universal sign of masturbation, and said, "I'd love to bend him over. He also seemed to have a nice..." He paused and a look of surprise came over his face. He chuckled again and continued, "Maybe, just maybe, he would be a good fit for Apollonia. He's younger than her. He seems to be large in the crotch. What do you think?"

Viviano sat upright surprised that Mario came up with the idea of introducing Rocco to Apollonia. "Fuck me!!!" cried Viviano. "When I took him to HR he walked with a purpose and he was conversational. So, we hire him make sure Apollonia comes to the office, and by planned happenstance, they meet. That could just be the key to unlocking the Apollonia needs man cock solution."

"But it won't undo her lesbian relationship," stated Mario.

"Excuse me, dad," said Viviano, "but who the fuck cares. You know as well as I do that if she's getting real cock on a regular basis, she will be a happy camper. I wouldn't put it past her to let him fuck Ming as well. I think we've found the beginning of a solution to the Apollonia problem. I'll call him at home this evening and tell him he's got a job. We can use him around here."

Mario stood, went to his son-in-law, and said, "Ok, we have a plan." He offered his hand which Viviano took solidifying the agreement. "Now go because I have to review the plans for the Connecticut bid and assign estimators to the various subprojects."

Viviano stood, gave his father-in-law a hug, turned and walked out of his office with a renewed energy.