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## The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

### Chapter 135

Saturday – Viviano, Raffaella, and Mario - 8 March 2003

A little after 12:35PM Viviano parked his pickup truck, helped Sarah and Jason Goldsmith out of the vehicle, took one each of their hands, and walked into the house. He stopped in the mudroom, took off their coats, and hung them on the low rack where his children's coats hung. He looked at Sarah and said, "I don't want you to be afraid. Your father wanted you to come here because of what happened."

Sarah Goldsmith, all of eight years old, replied, "My mother is dead. I heard you tell grandma and grandpa. I don't understand why she left us."

Viviano didn't answer. Instead, he took the children by their shoulders and guided them into the kitchen. As he entered with them, Raffaella turned from the sink, knelt, and help out her arms. Sarah and Jason did not know what to do. They'd seen her before, but the most they ever did was to say hello or good-bye. Their hesitancy was enough for Raffaella. She rose stepped to where they stood, knelt, and wrapped an arm around each of their shoulders. She pulled them into her bosom and kissed them on their cheeks. Raffaella Rossi held them close and tried with all her motherly instinct to impart to them that they were not to be afraid nor were they to feel alone or abandoned. Inside she wanted to impart to Sarah and Jason that they were now protected by the Moretti family.

She looked up at Viv and said, "Wait here. I'll take them upstairs. I've already informed Antonio, Carmen, and Alessa of their pending arrival and that they'd better be on their best behavior."

"Where is Nancy?"

"She is in her room on the third floor. I was going to tie her to the bed, but decided against it. I very convincingly threatened her with all sorts of nasty things to induce fear and told her to keep her mouth shut."

"Think she will?"

"Worst case scenario is she goes home and puts up with her fat father. I believe she'd rather be here, be good, have Antonio use her as he wishes, and not have to put up with her father."

Viviano looked over and saw there was coffee. He walked over to the cabinet, retrieved a mug, and poured a cup. "I'll just wait at the table for your return," he said.

It took Raffaella a bit longer than she expected to get Sarah and Jason situated with her children, but once she put the hammer down about them all playing together she was able to return to the kitchen. Finding her husband sitting at the breakfast room table drinking his mug of coffee was always a pleasant sight to her eyes. No matter what had or hadn't happened Raffaella looked upon Viviano as the man of her dreams. The first time he kissed her she melted and from that moment forward if he wanted her she never denied him until the recent incident. Although she could not have coital sex with him until she healed, it would be very satisfying for her to have him in her mouth or up her rectum. She migrated to the kitchen, found her mug, refilled it, and sat with her husband.

"Heck of a way to start the weekend, huh, Viv."

"You could say that. Your sister is a major piece of work, but once we got past her bullshit, I learned what she wanted of me."

Raffaella looked at her husband and said, "Got past her. . ."

"Yeah, got past and through. Apollonia invited me into her bed. Said she always knew I wanted to fuck her by the way I look at her. I told her to stop the bullshit and she smiled and said why? Then I got into it with her about the death threat that hangs over each of us. I hope you're ready to spend the rest of your life looking over your shoulder, because that cunt is not going to rescind the meaning of the kiss."

"I'm not worried and you shouldn't be either. What did you have to do for her?"

Viviano sipped his coffee, sighed, and said, "First, I had to go to the Cathcarts as the face of the Moretti family and tell them that Colin is in the hospital and their daughter Elizabeth was dead."

"Shit," breathed Raffaella but she did not ask anything about the meeting.

"Second, I had to go to Joshua Goldsmith's family and pick up his children to bring them here."

"Going to the Goldsmith's had to be the harder of the two. They probably made your life hell until you convinced them to release the kids to you."

Viviano decided right then and there to tell her the whole truth rather than giving her the condensed cleaned up version. "When I rang the doorbell, Mr. Goldsmith answered the door. He did not open it completely. Instead he looked around the edge to see who was standing on the front porch. That initially did not bother me, so I announced who I was and asked if I could enter so I could speak with him and his wife. Next thing I hear is a woman screaming from the back of the house asking who was at the front door. I saw the fear in his eyes and knew who ran the household. Rather than put up with bullshit, I pushed my way in and stood Mr. Goldsmith up against the wall. He did not give me any trouble. In fact, I think he shit himself."

"I stood just inside the house and waited. When he hadn't answered his wife, a rather short and rotund woman came bounding into the front hall. When she saw me standing just inside the door and her husband cowering to my right she stopped short because I knew she had just recognized me. I simply told her that I was there to pick up her grandchildren so I could transport them to the Moretti compound. The children were nowhere to be found. I surmised they were upstairs being confined to a room. I wouldn't put it past Joshua's mother considering she raised a fuckin' serial killer. For the next few moments, all we did was stared at each other. The culmination of the staring contest took me by surprise."

From out of nowhere Mrs. Goldsmith produced a rather large butcher knife. Her eyes told the story and I knew she was going to try and make me into several cuts of human steak. The woman is a total psychopath. I waited for her to make the first move while trying to talk her down. It worked until she became over protective of her grandchildren. She attacked and I defended myself. I'm not proud of what I had to do. She thrust the knife, I parried, and cold cocked her with a right cross. Her husband wailed and a look from me shut him up. Then I made a quick move to conceal the unconscious fat woman in the kitchen. When I returned from dragging her to the back of the house, Mr. Goldsmith just pointed upstairs. I went to the rear of the house, entered a small bedroom, and found Sarah

and Jason sitting on the floor. The room was bare. No furniture. No playthings. Just four walls, a small window, hardwood floor, and the door."

"When I left the house with the children I did not seek out or say anything to their grandparents. I am appalled that Joshua Goldsmith would allow his mother to treat his children with such tortuous disdain, but she did create a serial killer."

"Jesus," whispered Raffaella. "What is going to happen to them? If what you say is true, then. . ."

"It is going to be your sister's call," he said. "What I know from this morning's meeting is she laid the pipe to Joshua and he broke. I will assume we'll be filled in when she returns from the city."

Considering there were five children upstairs the house was pretty quiet. Raffaella felt a need that could only be satisfied with Viviano's nine-and-a-half inches. She stood, came around the table, and stood next to her husband. He leaned over and whispered, "I need you."

"The children?"

"I don't think they're going to pose a problem. We'll just go to the mud room. I'm not particular where we do it considering we've done it in some very unusual places."

Viviano stood, put his arm around his wife's waist, and guided her not to the mud room, but the laundry room. He leaned against the washer, pulled down the zipper to his jeans, and smiled at his wife. Raffaella fell to her knees, reached into her husband's jeans, and audibly sighed when she wrapped her hand around the object of her desire. She didn't need to lower his jeans to suck him off, but she did like to fondle his balls and as her tongue glided around the head she sighed contently that she had his cock in hand and soon to be in her mouth. Viviano knew how much she liked to fondle his genitalia as she sucked him gave in and opened his belt, unbuttoned the button, and lowered his pants to his knees.

With the head of his cock just inside her mouth, Raffy looked up at her husband, eyes twinkling, caressed his testicles, and gently began to roll them around in her hand. Before he could react to her massaging, she slid the entire nine-and-a-half inches into her mouth and down her throat. Viv reacted as ninety-nine percent of all men do when a cocksucker of either gender takes the entire length of his manhood into their oral cavity; he put his right hand on the back of her head and pressed her face into his body. Raffy did not mind what he did to her as she took it as a sign of love when he pressed her head into his crotch. She rubbed his upper thighs and constricted her throat around the tube steak that was not going to make it to her stomach, but its offering would.

Viviano released his hold which allowed Raffy to slide his cock out of her throat to the point she had the head just inside her lips. She rolled her tongue around the corona putting emphasis on the underside. She heard him moan and knew she was giving him what he deserved – a blowjob from heaven. She proceeded to knead his balls and slip the hard cock into and out of her mouth and throat. She loved the feel of the underside of his cock against her tongue. The smooth skin around his genitals made it much more pleasurable for her when she went down on him. Viviano shifted his body and legs when he felt his wife release his balls and slip her middle finger up along the perineum to his anus. He knew what was coming and did not mind it in the least.

Raffaella Rossi nee Moretti slipped her partially saliva lubricated index finger into her husband's asshole. She did not pause to allow him to adjust to the invading digit. Viviano groaned as her digit entered his body and went immediately to his male G-spot. He felt the soft side of her finger begin to massage his prostate as her mouth began to slide up and down his shaft in earnest. The combination of her mouth on his cock and a finger up his ass was enough to bring Viviano to the top quickly. He grabbed Raffaella's head, pressed her nose to his body, felt her finger press the perfect spot, and he unloaded a multiple rope orgasm down her throat. He knew she would bemoan the fact that she did not get to feel the smoothness and salty taste of his ejaculate nor did she get to swirl it around her mouth.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," groaned Viviano as his body tightened and his cock spewed forth his essence into his wife's throat. He held Raffy's head until his orgasm finished consuming his mind and body. When his muscles relaxed he released her head.

Raffy sat back on her haunches, smiled with twinkling eyes, and was about to say something when she heard.

"Fuckin' wonderful, kids upstairs, and you're blowin' your husband in the laundry room."

Both of them turned to see Mario Moretti standing in the hall just outside the laundry room. He was dressed casually and seemed to be prepared to depart Columbus Place. Much to their amazement nothing could be further from the truth.

Commanding them, "Get yourselves together and meet me in the kitchen." Mario did not wait.

Viviano and Raffaella somewhat embarrassed walked into the kitchen to find Mario leaning against the granite countertop in the U that formed the work area of the kitchen. Raffaella approached her dad to kiss him, but he held up his hand stopping her. She stared hard at him and said, "Like you've never kissed me or your wife after she's sucked a cock."

"Not the issue. I have just been informed that the Nassau County District Attorney is going to indict and arrest me this coming Tuesday on multiple counts the worst being second degree murder."

Viviano moved to the breakfast table and said, "Mario please sit. We need to put are arms around this and we need to contact Apollonia."

Mario begrudgingly moved from the kitchen and took the chair that had been pulled away from the table by Viviano. He sat with a thud, folded his hands in front of him, and said forcefully, "No Apollonia."

"Don't think that's possible dad," said Viviano. "She's been working on a way to get something on that cunt of a DA. All I know is she's expending a lot of money and effort to find something."

Raffaella chimed in, "I think, operand word is think, she may have found something. But, I'm not privy to it. She is keeping it very close to the vest."

"How did you find out about the impending indictment?" asked Viviano.

"I'm not be the head of this family," bemoaned Mario, "but, I still have my contacts. The DA's office made the decision, word was given to those who had to know, and then without their knowledge passed on to me. Tuesday morning the detectives from the district attorney's office will be at the gate with indictments in hand."

Viviano did not reply. He looked around the kitchen and breakfast area for his cellular phone. It took a moment until he found it lying next to the coffeemaker. He went to where it lay, picked it up, and pressed a speed dial number. Raffaella and Mario sat and listened.

"Fuck," he groaned, "voice mail." He waited for the voice mail message to end and said, "Apollonia call me immediately. We have an issue larger than the one we're dealing with now. Your father is going to be arrested and charged with murder. This will happen on Tuesday. Call me the second you get this message."

Mario Moretti stood. His hands were clinched into fists, spittle ran from the corners of his mouth, and his legs began to move ever so slightly. "Viviano Rossi you motherfucker. I told you no Apollonia. She will ruin everything. I fuckin'..."

Viviano stepped to the side of his father-in-law and growled into his ear, "Go ahead Mario. Fuckin' hit me. But, make it count because I intend to defend myself. I don't care what you think or feel about what Apollonia did to

you, but if anyone is going to get you out of the coming shit storm, she will. Now sit your ass down, relax, and in a few minutes we'll call the children down and have some lunch."

Taken by his show of bravado and stiff upper lip, Mario Moretti conceded to his son-in-law's command and sat down. He unclenched his fists, folded his arms in front of him, put his head down on them, and quietly began to relieve his stress by crying.

Viviano shook his head in the negative when he witnessed his wife trying to come to comfort her dad. Raffaella knew better than to argue. She stopped, went to her chair, pulled it out, and sat down. Viviano did the same. Both of them waited for Mario to calm down. Viviano also waited for Apollonia's return phone call. He said more to himself, "Where the fuck is Apollonia?"