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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 11

Friday Evening – Raffaella's Residence – 14 February 2003

Meanwhile across the street, Raffaella and Viviano walked into something they never thought would have happened considering their children loved Viviano's parents. Sitting in the great room waiting for them to come home were Viviano's mother Donnetella, his father Marco, and their children Antonio, and Carmen. They noticed that the children were sitting at polar opposites on the couch across from their grandparents. Both Raffaella and Viviano were quite attuned to the fact that neither of their children rose to greet them when they entered the great room from the back of the house.

Raffaella did not acknowledge her children, but walked to where her in-laws were seated. She asked, "Mom, dad, is something wrong?"

Marco Rossi responded to his daughter-in-law, "Yes and no. Donnetella and I thought it would be best to bring them home and let Viviano and you sort it out. It isn't our place to discipline your children."

Raffaella turned her head to look at her son and daughter. Viviano stood behind the couch where they sat, quietly waiting for the next shoe to drop. He figured his son would be the first of his two children to respond to what his father just said. The children saw a look of anger come over their mother's face, but it did not stop her son from opening his mouth.

"We weren't doing anything wrong..." was all he got out of his mouth when he felt his father's right hand slap him across the back of his head. The force of the blow was enough to make his father's point as the wind came out of Antonio's sails and he sat back into the couch.

Viviano walked from behind the couch to where his parents sat and said, "Mother, father, I'm sorry you had to come here at this hour of the night." Although it was just before eleven pm, he knew his parents liked to be asleep before eleven-thirty. "Will you be ok driving home? I can always take you and return your car in the morning."

Marco Rossi stood which was signal enough for his wife to follow suit. The four adults exchanged kisses and Raffaella walked them to the door at the rear of the house. Viviano waited for his wife to return before beginning the questioning of his children. Raffaella returned and Viviano could see she was in no state to question her children. She sat herself down on the couch opposite Antonio and Carmen. She patted the cushion next to her and Viviano sat. Not

a word passed between them, but Viviano knew by his wife's body language that she was in no mood for trifling bullshit from either Antonio or Carmen.

Viviano spoke with a quiet but forceful tone, "Your mother and I expected some quiet time alone this evening. We come home from your Aunt Apollonia's to find you two sitting here when you should have been at grandma's and grandpa's house," now with some anger and force, "SOUND A FUCKING SLEEP!!!"

Viviano stood, pushed the coffee table from his path, and moved in front of his son. His anger was visible on his face. His hands were clinched into fists and his eyes were small slits as if he was sizing up his prey. He saw his son shiver in fear which was exactly how he wanted him to react. Using his peripheral vision, he could see tears beginning to roll down his seven year old daughter's face. His act of unbridled anger was working. Inside he was mad because he knew with what happened to Apollonia there was a great chance that Raffaella would be randy enough to spend several hours between the sheets making passionate love to and with him.

"Antonio, what went on at grandma's and grandpa's house?" growled Viviano.

Antonio looked towards his sister and received another slap from his father for not immediately answering the question. He looked up at his father and in a mouse's voice said, "Grandpa caught me..."

Raffaella leaned forward, pushed at Viviano's legs making him move, and she said more calmly than Viviano expected, "He caught you masturbating?"

Viviano turned to look into his wife's eyes to see if she was serious and saw that she was. He turned to look at his son and waited for him to answer.

"Yes," he whispered.

Raffaella stood and before Viviano could stop her she open handed slapped her son across the face. Not once but twice. Tears immediately began flowing from her son's eyes. Both cheeks started to take on a reddish glow. "You were in the same room as your sister!!! Tell me you didn't think it was ok to fuckin' play with yourself while your sister was in the room with you? Whatever possessed you to jerk off??? To do it in your grandparent's house, no less!!!"

Sniffling and gasping for breath, Antonio whimpered, "I'm, I'm so, sorry. Please don't hit me again, mom!!!"

Raffaella turned away from her son, pointed to her daughter, told her to get herself into her room, and into bed. She told her she'd better hear the door close or she'd be in a world of trouble. Wide eyed, Carmen shook her head yes and immediately left for her room. Raffaella yelled to her that she'd talk to her later or in the morning. Viviano stood shocked at his wife's response to her son's playing with himself and watched her turn back to her frightened son.

She didn't say a word to Antonio, but looked at him when she said to her husband, "Viviano, did you talk to your son like I asked you to?"

Viviano wasn't afraid of Raffaella, but he never saw her act as she was, "Yes, I sat him down, but I don't think he listened. He did what he did and I don't think we can do anything more than speak to him again, Raffy."

"WRONG!!!" she cried. "Antonio, stand up, now!!!"

Antonio Rossi was, simply put, scared shitless. His mother had yelled at him before, but never like she was now. He stood per her instructions.

"Take you clothes off," she commanded.

Viviano said, "Raffy, what are you doing?"

"Viviano, if he won't listen to you about his jerking off, then he's going to get his indoctrination not in the privacy of his room, but here and now. I don't care what the Moretti Rites of Passage are!!!" She continued to stare at her son and waited for him to remove his clothing.

Viviano realized that his wife was not going to give an inch and said to his son, "Do as your mother says, Antonio."

Again his eyes widened, he responded with in a whiney voice, "Dad!!!"

"Don't argue," responded Viviano.

With tears running down his face, Antonio Rossi removed his clothing and stood completely naked in front of his parents. His body was still that of a child except for the larger than normal penis and testicles that hung between his legs. He hadn't begun to sprout genital hair, but that didn't matter because as soon as he was indoctrinated into the life of a Moretti man his pubic hair would forever be removed. He moved his hands to cover his exposed genitals, but was reminded that he was not in control of his physical being when his mother grabbed his arms above his elbows and pulled them away from the front of his body.

Raffaella looked at her husband and said, "I think you should get undressed too."

He nodded his head in the affirmative. In a matter of minutes, Viviano Rossi stood next to his wife as naked as his son. His adult cock hung to the middle of his thigh and to the amazement of his son his genitals were not covered in pubic hair. He looked down at his son and saw him questioning the actions of his mother. Viviano also saw his son's reaction to his father's nakedness.

Raffaella reached down and took hold of her husband's cock. She began to stroke it making sure her son watched as her husband's cock began to fill with blood and harden in her hand. She didn't want her husband to grow to full erection, but just to the point where he was tumescent enough to make his cock stand out from his body. When it was where she wanted it, she said to her son, "See, Antonio, a man has his wife to help make him hard. His wife who admires and loves his manly cock. You, dear boy, are just trying to see how the pleasure of sexual stimulation feels."

Antonio started to respond to his mother and a simple cross look from her was enough to stifle his need to say anything to her. Raffaella released her husband's cock. She saw the beginnings of an erection on her son. Raffaella reached out to her son and pulled him so he was standing in front of her. She rotated him around so he was facing the couch. She told her husband to sit where his son had been. Viviano did as he was asked. He sat on the edge of the couch, legs open, balls hanging, and his semi-erect cock curved upward from his crotch.

Antonio felt his mother's hands begin to rub his shoulders and his upper back. Raffaella gently massaged her son's shoulders and with each circular motion she expanded the area of her touch. Soon her hands were on his chest, two fingers on each of her hands took each of his small nipples and began to gently roll and massage them. Both of them heard the intake of breath as Antonio felt his nipples begin to harden from the gentle massage of his mother's fingers. She kept at it for a few minutes before she leaned over and whispered in her son's ear, "Now is time for you kneel between your father's legs."

"Whaaa..." cried Antonio.

"What is about to happen to you was going to happen in the privacy of your room. Your father and my father were going to begin your rite of passage into Moretti manhood. One of the requirements, Antonio Rossi, was for you to keep your hands away from your cock, but you couldn't do that, now could you? You had to lie in a bed across from your sister and play with yourself. You had to embarrass your parents even though your father's parents are aware of what you'll be experiencing over the next few weeks."

She felt her son begin to shake, not out of fear, but out of his not understanding what was happening to him. Raffaella, now standing, her hands back to rubbing his shoulders, said not in a whisper, but in her normal voice, "This

is going to be embarrassing for you, son. I wasn't supposed to happen in front of me. This was supposed to be a private rite of passage. Yes, I'd have knowledge of what would have occurred in the privacy of your room, but Antonio your self-serving stupidity is going to make it happen tonight in front of me. When my father finds out he's going to ask me what happened and I will tell him. He'll understand, but he won't relieve you of your duties as the son of a Moretti daughter. What happens tonight will happen again and instead of having to fellate and be taken anally by your father and grandfather once will happen twice. A second time for your father and two times for your grandfather. All because you wouldn't listen to your father's instructions. He told you to keep your hands off your cock. Your father told you not to masturbate. You wouldn't listen. Now, get on your knees between your father's legs, take his cock into either of your hands, place the other under his balls, and put the head of his cock into your mouth."

Antonio Rossi rolled his head back and looked up at his mother. His eyes pleaded with her to not make him suck his father's cock in front of her. Tears began to flow down his face. He rolled his head forward to look at his father only to see him waiting, legs open. His father's cock was still semi-erect in anticipation of having his son perform fellatio on him. The boy couldn't believe that his parents would be so cruel especially since all he did was jerk off in front of his sister who was amenable to watching him. Antonio decided he had to say something, "Please, don't make me. It wasn't all my fault. Carmen was as much at fault as I was. She wanted to watch. Please, don't make me do it in front of you mommy."

Raffaella and Viviano could hear the plaintiff cry of someone who didn't want to be forced to do something he wasn't prepared to do. Their eyes met and both knew that once this scenario began to play out there was no turning back. Viviano responded to his son's plaintiff cry, "Sorry Antonio, but no matter who was truly responsible for tonight's fiasco, you were the one who should have stopped it before it began. Please don't make your mother force you to comply. You know the meaning of comply?"

Antonio watched as his father moved the muscles around the base of his cock to make it jump in anticipation of the impending blow job. "Please, don't make me. I promise I'll be good," he cried and then he felt it, his mother push on his shoulders forcing him to his knees. He didn't want to suck his father's cock. He wasn't a fag. He couldn't fight against the pressure on his shoulders and as a result fell to his knees. Viviano reached for his son's head and pulled it to his cock. Antonio looked up at his father and just by the look in his father's eyes he knew he had no choice. Viviano watched as his son grasped the base of his cock, opened his mouth, and with some trepidation skinned back the foreskin before taking the red bulbous head into his mouth.

Raffaella knew her son had taken her husband's cock into his mouth. She moved from behind him and sat on the couch next to her husband. She leaned over, kissed him, and while their tongues played between their mouths her right hand went to her son's head to keep him from stopping his task. To think, she was kissing her husband and her ten year old son was sucking his cock, was enough to start a copious flow of juices from between her legs. The fact that her son began to take more of his father's cock into his mouth without either of them telling him to was a sign that he would comply with their wishes.

Viviano lifted his hips off the couch as his son's tongue rubbed across the bottom of the head of his cock. He knew it was time to teach Antonio the art of sucking a cock. He broke the intense French kiss he was so enjoying to begin his son's cock sucking education. He gently moved Raffaella's hand from her son's head and replaced it with his own. Raffaella knowing that her son's indoctrination into man-2-man sex was something that was done in privacy sat back to watch a Moretti family rite be performed in front of her. She wondered if Viviano would react to her sliding her hand between her legs and masturbating as she watched the sexual liaison between her husband and son play out before her.

Viviano stopped the movement of his son's sucking and in a very gentle and loving voice said, "Slide my cock so just the knob or head is in your mouth and watch your teeth. When you feel the ridge be sure to slide your lips over it towards the base of my cock and then tighten them around the shaft. With just the knob in your mouth, take your tongue and swirl it around the head. Tickle it with your tongue... OH, FUCK!!! THAT'S IT!!! DEAR GOD, BOY, IF YOU WEREN'T MY SON.."

Antonio kept the knob of his father's cock just inside his mouth. In the short time it was there, he became used to the musky smell of his father's crotch, the feel of the smooth skin that comprised the shaft and the head, and after the last sexual thrust of his father's hips he tasted something salty on his tongue. Viviano Rossi was holding back

from taking his son's head and forcing it down the length of his cock. That was the worst thing he could do; force his cock into his son's throat when the idea of his learning to suck cock was not to become a cocksucker, but to know how to teach a woman and when need be her faggot husband too. Viviano continued to maintain a gentle hold on his son's head.

"Now Antonio, it is time to take me into your mouth and learn to control your gag reflex. Once you conquer your gag reflex, my cock will easily slide into and out of your throat, and you will only need to feel me thicken and shoot my man cum to become a full-fledged cocksucker." Having explained to his son what he needed to know, Viviano applied a small amount of downward pressure and Antonio not realizing his body would react negatively allowed it to happen. It didn't take but a moment for his uvula to react to the pressure of his father's cock head. His arms flew out and up and his gag reflex tried to keep the invader from passing into his throat. Viviano eased the pressure which allowed Antonio to slide the cock out of his mouth.

The boy began to cough and spit as mucous ran from his nose. Tears flowed copiously from his eyes not because he was crying. The pressure against the soft pallet caused as it always does tears to flow from the cocksucker's eyes. He didn't know whether to look up at his father or just resume sucking the nine inch erection that stood in all its glorious splendor in front of his face. His decision was made for him when he felt his father's hands on the sides of his head pulling him to his erection. Antonio closed his eyes, opened his ten year old mouth, and concentrated on allowing his father's cock entrance to his throat. He wasn't successful and for the next three tries his gag reflex stopped him cold.

Viviano didn't push, but he did rub his head and gently say, "Antonio, relax, let the muscles of your throat relax too. You can control the gag reflex. All you need to do is show me you want to learn and I'll let you do it on your own." Viviano let go of his son's head which was all the signal Antonio needed. He took hold of the base of his father's cock with his right hand and began to slide the length of his father's cock deeper into his mouth. He paused at the right moment to get control of his gag reflex, relaxed his throat, and allowed the head of his father's cock to slip past his gag reflex into his throat. He didn't keep it there long, but it was long enough for Viviano and Raffaella to know he had learned to deep throat a cock by controlling his gag reflex.

Antonio, still holding the base of his father's cock with his right hand, took his left and without being told to began to gently massage the sack that held his father's testicles. He raised his head and placed his tongue on the tip of his father's cock while casting glances at both his mother and father. He saw both of them smiling from ear-to-ear and with their smiles as confirmation he resumed sucking his father's cock. Viviano leaned back into the couch and allowed his son to use his young virgin mouth to masturbate his cock. Raffaella sat watching her husband's reaction to his receiving his son's first Moretti rite of passage blow job as she felt the rush of fluids exit her vagina. She noticed Viviano take his hand from the base of his cock and gently apply force to the top of his son's head.

Using the gentle pressure, Viviano forced Antonio to take the entire nine inch length of cock into his young throat until his nose was pressed against his pubic bone. Antonio felt his nose touch his father's bare skin but was surprised when he did not allow him to rise up and slide the cock out of his throat. Panic began to set in as Antonio feared the worst. His inability to breath with the nine inch monster fully embedded in his throat was causing him to panic.

"Relax Antonio and breathe through your nose," said Viviano. "Breathe through your nose, and you'll be able to keep my cock in your throat. What a magnificent feeling to have a young boy's throat around your cock. When I remove my hand from your head Antonio, it is your obligation to suck me off using everything you've learned. You will not stop until I have ejaculated and you will not respond in any negative way when you hear nasty things about your cock sucking come out of my mouth."

Viviano removed his hands from Antonio's head. The boy slid the cock from his mouth. He kept his father's foreskin peeled back keeping the bulbous head exposed as he returned to licking the head and the shaft. He slid the foreskin up and down over the purplish head of his father's erection. His left hand continued to massage his father's balls. He looked up as he masturbated his father's cock and at the first true sign of his father's impending orgasm returned it to his mouth and began sucking in earnest. Seeing her son willingly fellate his dad was more than Raffaella could take. She rose off the couch, slipped her dress over her hips, and began to openly masturbate at the scene that was playing out in front of her.

Viviano could no longer control his body. He began to thrust into his son's sucking mouth. His sexual desire took over and he forgot who was providing the oral pleasure to his manhood. He took Antonio's head back into his hands and began to thrust up from the couch forcing the entire length of his cock into his son's mouth. His balls began to rise and tighten against his body. Antonio was afraid of what was coming but innocently allowed his father to fuck his mouth.

"Fuckin' cock sucker!!! I'm going to make you my mouth bitch!!! JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST!!! Your fuckin' throat is as tight as a virgin's asshole!!! Suck me you faggot!!! Bitch, I'm going to cum!!!"

Raffaella moaned as the middle and index fingers of her right hand slid over and around her blood engorged and extremely sensitive clitoris. Waves of pleasure rose from the nexus of her pussy and ass. Her hips rose off of the couch as she watched her son begin to receive his first mouthful of ejaculate. "FUCK ME!!! MY SON'S A COCKSUCKER LIKE HIS DAD!!!"

Antonio for the first time realized his cock was hard. His hands were resting on his father's thighs as his lips slid up and down the shaft of the cock of his father. He didn't touch his straining cock for fear his father would somehow overcome his impending orgasm and begin to berate him for playing with himself. As his father's meat slid into his throat, he felt the bottom of his father's cock begin to pulse. He also felt more pressure from his father's hands against the sides of his head as his father's cock began to thicken and throb as it slid in and out of his throat. Then he heard his father groan, push his head into his crotch, and as pulses of ejaculate spewed directly into his throat and then into his mouth.

Viviano groaned as he felt his balls give up their sperm. His prostate pulsed adding ejaculate to the sperm, as it forced the liquid through the urethra and out the tip of his cock. The first two ropes were deposited directly down Antonio's throat while the remaining four spurted into the boy's oral cavity coating his tongue, teeth, and cheeks. Viviano did not release his head, but held it firm as he ejaculated and moaned one word to his son, "Swallow!!!"

Antonio did as his father ordered. The head of his father's cock was resting just behind his teeth which allowed him to take the hot salty liquid on his tongue and swallow it down into his stomach. He was ten years old and for the first time in his entire life he just had a sex and it was with a man. Not just any man, but his father. The man who some ten years earlier deposited what he just swallowed inside his mother to produce him and his three years later his sister. The thought of his eating the stuff that made him began to make him sick. He started to wretch as his father continued to keep his softening cock in Antonio's mouth. Viviano felt his son's distress and did nothing to relieve it.

"Don't you dare fuckin' throw up on my cock. You take what I gave you as a man. Antonio!!!" said Viviano as he released his son's head.

The boy pulled away from his father's cock, dry heaved once, and then with all his might began to control his instinct to vomit. It took the boy several minutes to calm himself down and when he did he fell back on his haunches exposing his erect man/boy cock to his parents. They were pleasantly surprised to see he hadn't cum from sucking a cock. He was sexually stimulated but not satisfied. He looked at his father questioningly as to his performance. He got the courage to ask, "Did I do it right, daddy?"

"You did fine Antonio, just fine. You aren't finished because there is still one place I'm going to put my cock into tonight. Complete that task without dropping as much as a millimeter of your cum and maybe I'll allow you to jerk off in front of your mother."

Antonio closed his eyes, moaned, and cried out, "Please daddy, not that!!!"

Raffaella laughed thinking at any moment her sister would have her cuckold husband bent over with her strap-on sliding in an out his newly opened sissy pussy. Antonio would experience his father's cock, but to a different end than that of becoming a Moretti man. She looked at her husband and quietly said, "Let him rest for a minute and then we'll go upstairs to his room where you can make him comfortable as you ease that piece of Moretti man meat into his virgin asshole."

Viviano smiled thinking about how sweet his son's tight asshole would feel surrounding his cock and nodded his head in confirmation of Raffaella's suggestion.