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The Moretti's - A Different Family Dynamic

Chapter 51

Tuesday Night – Rossi Residence on Columbus Place – 18 February 2003

Sitting in the great room were Apollonia, Raffaella, Viviano, and Antonio. They were waiting for the arrival of Margaret and Jose Molina. Precisely at eight, the doorbell rang. Raffaella rose, walked to the front doors, opened them, and saw only Margaret Molina standing on the front porch. Sitting in a wheelchair in front of the steps that led up to the front porch was her husband. None of the residences on Columbus Place were handicap accessible.

"Please come in, Mrs. Molina. My husband and son will help your husband into the house."

Margaret Molina entered the house and Raffaella offered to take her coat. She helped her to the couches and they watched as Viviano carried Jose and Antonio wrestled the wheelchair into the house. Viviano took Jose's coat and hung it in the closet next to his wife's. Viviano and Antonio returned to the couch and sat next to Raffaella. Apollonia sat facing the doors at what could only be termed as the head of the conversation pit. Once everyone was settled and Jose situated next to the end of the couch where his wife sat did Apollonia speak.

"Welcome to our house, well, actually to Raffaella and Viviano's house on Columbus Place. I'm Apollonia Moretti. I know you spoke with my father Mario, but due to circumstances he is no longer in charge of the Moretti family. Sitting here are my sister Raffaella, my brother-in-law Viviano, and my nephew Antonio. We welcome you."

Jose spoke, "Thank you. I have to ask if you are aware of our special circumstances. Your father spoke highly of the family and said he would shepherd us through this most difficult of times for us."

"Mr. Molina, I am one hundred percent aware of your predicament. The Moretti family understands the circumstances that bring you here tonight. We honor your service to our country. We honor you by providing our specialized services at no cost to you. We also know prosthetic specialists that may be able to help you regain some functionality."

Jose Molina sat unmoving except for his hands which grabbed hold of the arms of the wheelchair with a death grip. Everyone saw his reaction to Apollonia's statement. He released his hold on the arms of the wheelchair, regained his cool and his composure before he spoke, "Miss Moretti, you really understand what happened to me? If you did, you wouldn't be so bold as to imply you know someone special who could work miracles."

Reaching for the carafe of coffee, Apollonia poured a cup for herself, but did not offer to pour any for anyone else. She sipped the hot black brew and said, "Mr. Molina, trust me when I tell you I know everything. I know how you ended up in that wheelchair. I know an IED exploded underneath your Humvee taking your left leg and your genitals. I know that you have to sit to urinate. I know within your psychological and emotional makeup you don't feel like a man. I, we, can help you. I promise we are totally respectful of what happened to you and honor your action defending the United States of America."

Margaret Molina reached for her right husband's hand and took it into hers. She looked lovingly at her husband. She said, "I told you Jose. I told you these people are very special. You heard Miss Moretti tell you that they would do nothing to belittle what happened to you. I love you. I love you and I will never leave you. You will always be the man in my life."

Jose pursed his lips and Margaret leaned over the arm of the couch and placed a gentle but loving kiss on his lips. She rubbed his face and everyone could see him lean into her hand. They knew Jose and Margaret loved each other unconditionally. His wounds would never be a reason for his wife to leave him. Apollonia could feel in her young soul that these two people were meant to be parents.

Jose sat and let his wife take the lead. Margaret asked, "How does this work?" She smiled, "I mean, I know how I'm going to get pregnant, but, do I choose the man? What will be required of my husband? I just have so many questions."

Apollonia responded, "First, would either of you like some coffee and some Italian pastries? Just help yourself or better, Raffaella pour them some coffee please."

The Molina's watched as Raffaella poured two cups of coffee and then asked how they liked their coffee. She prepared two plates of pastries. He handed the coffee to each of them and placed the plates of pastries on the table in front of Margaret. When she was done she sat back and just nodded to her sister.

Apollonia continued, "Normally we charge several tens of thousands of dollars for our services. As my father told you, we are waiving all fees. Because of your husband's disability, we are going to make this as easy as possible on both of you. Usually we require a decision from the couple which then lays out their expected responses to the Moretti family members that helped them attain a family. In your case, all we expect from each of you is a handshake and a thank you. I've thought about the best and easiest way to accomplish your goal. I believe that you should come here to Raffaella's house. Is that agreeable?"

"Yes," replied Margaret. "May I ask who is going to provide the necessary male sperm?"

"Of course, you can ask and you just did," replied Apollonia. "Antonio Rossi, my sister's son, is going to be the Moretti that impregnates you. Stand up Antonio and introduce yourself."

Both Jose and Margaret were astounded when Antonio stood up. Again, everyone saw Jose grab a hold of the arms of his wheelchair. This time he didn't calm down when he spoke not allowing Antonio the time to introduce himself, "He's a boy. I'm not going to let some child have relations with my wife."

Margaret interjected, "Please Jose!!! Can't you see!!! Miss Moretti is protecting us from something that could, but shouldn't happen. I'm not going to leave you for a boy. Even if I fell for the man that is giving us what we need to start a family, the Moretti's would probably never let it happen. I think, no, I believe they're consummate professionals when it comes to their specialized methodology of providing couples with means to start and have a family. Jose, we can't go to a hospital and have in vitro fertilization. I'm not going to read some dossier on an individual have his sperm put in me with a turkey baster."

Jose saw the light and relented. "Ok, Margie. It is your decision."

"Miss Moretti, what do we need to sign? And, when can we begin?"

Apollonia leaned over and withdrew the documents from the briefcase that was on the floor next to her. She didn't need to review them. She handed them to Margaret with a pen. Apollonia looked at Antonio and he knew immediately to sit back down. Margaret and Jose read the documents. They spoke quietly about the details of the agreement, but each signed them without any further questions. Apollonia countersigned the documents and gave one copy of each to the Molina couple.

"Margaret, please call Raffaella to arrange a good day for you to come over," said Apollonia. "It is imperative that Jose be here. Not in the room with you but here in the great room so he can see you when you come downstairs. You, Margaret, must not throw up anything to make your husband wish he agreed to your becoming pregnant by my nephew. Antonio will be respectful at all times. If you feel he hasn't been, all you need to do is tell his mother or father. He will be punished as we see fit. Do we have anything else we need to discuss?"

Jose mindful of his denial of Apollonia's statement that she could help him with his problem asked, "Do you really know someone who could help me?"

"Yes, Jose, as long as you're willing to work with him. I'm going to assume you're in the wheelchair because you don't like walking on crutches. I'm also going to assume the military told you there was nothing they could do to replace your lost leg."

Saddened by the discussion but wanting to know he could get some form of help, Jose said, "The military told me there was nothing they could do. No artificial leg or genitals."

"If you allow me to introduce Dr. Wilson to you, you'll have one of the two missing parts of your body returned to you. Dr. Wilson will not be able to replace your leg, but I know for a fact, that he will be able to give you a prosthesis that will allow you to function, albeit not in the normal manner, as a man."

Margret and Jose looked at one another. Both had a look of disbelief on their faces. Apollonia could see the doubt and questioning of how a doctor could give Jose a prosthesis that would allow him to function sexually.

Apollonia continued, "I can see your doubt. It is all over your faces. I'm not a doctor, but I know that men who have lost their genitals due to medical, construction or other types of accidents still have their prostate glands. Whether you want to face this fact or not, men do get sexually stimulated when a finger or other sexual toy is inserted into the rectum and it is pressed onto their prostate gland. Dr. Wilson has developed a prosthetic device that is designed for each individual man that is going to be using it. It is engineered to be inserted into the man's rectum, wrap through his legs, and protrude as if he was erect. When the act of coitus is performed the part inserted into the man's rectum massages his prostate gland which sends neural sexual stimulation to his brain. He will move as if he was feeling his cock surrounded by the woman's vagina. I know people who have lost a limb have phantom feeling that the limb is still there. Most of the time, men will actually have an orgasm from the stimulation of their prostate glands. Jose, you have to be willing to overcome whatever homosexual fears you harbor and allow the prosthesis be inserted into your rectum so you can have intercourse, excuse me, make love to and with Margret."

"You're not serious," said Jose.

"Yes I am. Let me give you his phone number. Think about what I just told you. Discuss it with Margret. It isn't my call. I'm sure if you heed my advice, you'll both be thankful that you did."

Margret stood up, offered her hand to Apollonia, and said, "Thank you so much, Miss Moretti." She looked over to Raffaella, "If I may Mrs. Rossi, would a week from today be good for us to return? Or, may I call you in the morning to arrange a date and time?"

Raffaella knew that the following Tuesday would be fine and told Margret that she should arrive with Jose at eight pm. Everyone except Jose stood, shook hands, while Antonio went to the closet to retrieve the Molina's winter coats. Without a word being said, Viviano lifted Jose out of his wheelchair, carried him outside, and placed him back into it when Antonio arrived with it.

Viviano spoke to Jose for the first time that night, "Mr. Molina, please accept my hand in honor of your service to our country. Also, please know that I will make sure your wife is treated with the utmost respect by my son. You have nothing to worry about. I promise you that."

Jose could just make out the tear that rolled down Viviano's face. He responded, "Thank you, sir."

Viviano watched as Margret rolled her husband to the curb, helped him enter their vehicle, stow the wheelchair, and drive to the gate that guarded the entrance to Columbus Place.