

THE MAFIA'S OBSESSION

Alessio

Tonight is the most alive I've felt in a long time. I scan the hotel room around me, filled with complete satisfaction at the level of control I now have.

This isn't her room anymore, it's mine. And so is she.

"Ayla, Ayla, Ayla," I say, savoring the taste of her name on my lips. I stroke my fingers down her stomach, causing the flesh to ripple.

Her voice is sarcastic. "Congratulations, you've learned my name."

That's enough attitude for now. I hook my fingers under the waistband of her panties, guiding them down her legs as she struggles to prevent it. Then I ball them up and stuff them into her mouth.

I pat her cheek as she glares at me. "That's better," I smirk.

Walking around to the other side of the bed, I find her suitcase. The top is still open, just as I left it earlier. "What do we have here?" I ask, pulling a pink rabbit vibrator out from the rolled-up clothes.

Her eyes bulge, and I smile. "Yes, I was here earlier. I'm full of secrets, aren't I?"

She doesn't know the half of it.

Turning the vibrator on, I hover it right above her clit. She whimpers, the sound muffled by the panties in her mouth.

I smirk. "Seems like you like this toy better than the last one."

When I press the tip against her, her eyes roll back and the whimpers turn to moans. Then I take it away, savoring the desperate look in her eyes as she chases it with her hips. "Oh, is there something you want?"

The furious look she gives me could cut diamonds.

"I'll give it back," I offer. "If you say please."

Ayla squirms in frustration, bucking her hips and kicking her legs. I just laugh, giving her clit another tap with the vibrator. Just a taste. Just enough to make her need it even more. I keep doing it, enjoying the way her pussy twitches when I pull the vibrator away from her.

After another round of teasing Ayla's pussy, she goes limp. Then she looks at me, and there's surrender in her eyes.

"Do you have something you want to say to me?" I ask.

I wait for her to nod before I pull out the gag.

She takes a deep, shaking breath, then closes her mouth.

"Let me hear you say it. Or the panties go back in."

"... Please," she whimpers in a small voice, not looking at me. It's barely more than a whisper, but it's the word I wanted. Unmistakeably.

Soon, I'll train her to beg, to make eye contact, to say the whole thing in a sentence as it pleases me. But for now, this is enough. The submission I've gotten so far deserves a reward.

"Good girl," I whisper, pressing the vibrator against her clit.

Ayla sighs, arching her back. Her little nub is swollen, peeking out of its hood, pussy leaking wetness. Slowly, I slide the vibrating shaft back and forth through her folds, allowing the head to dip inside her until it's glistening.

She takes a great, shuddering inhale as I start to work the toy inside her.

“Oh, fuck,” she moans, struggling against her restraints. “Oh my fucking god.”

I fill Ayla’s pussy with the toy until it bottoms out, then make sure the rabbit ears are positioned on her clit.

“From now on, you belong to me,” I growl, starting to pump the toy inside her, the motions slow and rhythmic. “You may not have my ring on your finger yet, but do not mistake me. I will never let you go. I will never let anyone else have you.”

“I’m not... fucking... marrying you,” she gasps, the furious objection less convincing when she’s moving her hips in rhythm with the toy. Her words trail off, turning into little whimpers.

“Keep telling yourself that,” I smirk. “Your pussy seems to like me, even if you don’t.”

She straight up growls, an impassioned, throaty sound that makes my cock ache. Her arms strain against the ropes, muscles flexing, like she’s using all of her strength just to prove to herself that there’s no escape.

“Let’s put these back in,” I say, and I stuff her panties back into her mouth while she fights me. “Now be a good girl and come for me.”

I use both hands to move the vibrator, one thrusting inside her, the other making sure the rabbit ears stay right on her clit. Her thighs clench and release, hips shaking. I can tell she’s getting close.

Then the dam breaks. Ayla’s back arches, her lower body shaking, pussy clenching around the toy. I keep thrusting, watching her face, seeing the incredible release. If she wasn’t gagged with her own underwear, it would be almost angelic.

“Good girl,” I whisper, continuing to thrust until her orgasm fades. I turn the vibrator off, but leave it inside her. Her pussy twitches.

I walk around to the front of the bed. Ayla is breathing heavily. I stroke her cheek with my hand and when she nuzzles against it, I have to swallow to push away the warmth that it brings me.

“Mine,” I tell her, removing the gag from her mouth. Her lips hang open, and for a moment, I almost think she’s going to echo “yours.”

Then her mouth closes, and she turns away from me.

My eyes darken. It doesn’t matter. This is an arrangement, not a love affair. She’ll say it soon enough.

Ayla

To my chagrin, when Alessio finally unties me, it’s only to allow me to go to the bathroom, then reattach one of the cuffs to my ankle, which he secures to the foot of the bed. There’s nothing I can do but lie there as he clips locks onto both the cuff and the bed frame, looking at me pointedly as he drops the key into his pocket.

“Wouldn’t want you going anywhere,” he explains.

I’m still naked, but I don’t say anything about it. Climaxing for him the way I just did, surrendering like that, has me feeling very, very submissive. My brain is still a little scrambled. I watch as he removes his shirt, the yellow light of the bedside lamp throwing his rippling muscles into harsh relief.

“How long are you going to keep me?” I ask, finding my voice.

He doesn’t look at me. “We’re driving back to Bover City tomorrow. I’m returning you to your father.”

“You like doing his dirty work?”

“Not his dirty work. My dirty work.”

“So why are you bringing me back to my dad? Why not just keep me?”

I didn’t mean that the way it sounded. But I do know how it sounded. My cheeks flush as I wait for his response.

Alessio turns to me. I work to keep my eyes on his face instead of his jacked torso. There’s a neat little trail of hair making a line from his bellybutton to his waist, and I’d kind of like to trace it with my tongue...

“Don’t worry,” he says with a smirk. “I’ll keep you soon enough.”

That makes me shiver. I face away from him, trying to collect my thoughts. Soon, he turns out the lights and slips into bed next to me.

I lie awake, thoughts a blur, very aware of the cuff on my ankle.

Alessio

When I wake, Ayla and I are spooning. My morning wood is pressed into the soft crook of her ass, arms wrapped around her, and Jesus, the way she smells is incredible. I breathe deeply, savoring it.

What are you doing? This isn’t right.

I blink, coming to my senses, and pull away from her. I don’t cuddle. That’s playing with fire.

She makes a little sound, clutching my arm, and it melts me. A microscopic amount. I don’t think she’s fully awake, but reluctantly, I allow myself to leave my arm where it is. We can stay a moment longer.

My morning wood isn’t going away. Not like I would fucking expect it to when I have this gorgeous woman in bed with me, not when my cock is basically an inch away from both her holes. A frustrated growl rumbles in my throat.

I told myself I wouldn't fuck her until our wedding night.

That's not going to be easy. But there's value in restraint.

Ayla stirs, and the irregularity of her breathing tells me that she's waking up. She doesn't say anything, but she keeps her position, shifting slightly so her ass rubs against my shaft.

A throaty groan escapes me, and I hope she didn't hear it. Or actually, fuck it. She'll be my wife soon. Let her hear my groans.

She keeps wiggling her ass, and it becomes clear pretty quickly that it isn't an accident. She's enjoying turning me on. She's turning herself on. I start to explore her body with my hands, cupping her breasts, and her breathing gets heavy.

I slide my hand lower. Fuck, I forgot that she was naked. Suddenly, it's hard to think. My cock is pushing against her soft, smooth skin, so temptingly close. Ayla gasps as my hand goes between her legs, cupping her pussy possessively.

"Mine," I growl, fingers teasing her opening.

She whimpers, bucking her hips against me. It would be so easy for my cock to slip inside...

"Fuck me," she whispers, her voice hardly more than a breath.

"No," I grit out, clenching my teeth.

"I thought I was yours."

I growl with need. "You fucking are."

"So why won't you fuck me?"

The truth is, I don't know. I'm not usually one to deny myself. All I know is, this time, it's different. I've fucked a lot of women. This one is going to be my wife.

“When you feel my cock inside you, it’s not going to be in some hotel room with a kitchenette. It’s going to be on our wedding night. And you’re going to know that you belong to me completely. You won’t just have my cock, you’ll have my last name and my ring on your finger.”

I insist on keeping Ayla’s hands cuffed together as we get ready to leave. Then I take them off long enough to bring her to my car, and cuff them again as we start driving.

“What about my car?” she asks as we exit the parking lot, leaving her red Lexus behind.

“I’ll send someone to pick it up.”

“Can you please unlock my hands? It’s like a 45 minute car ride. I won’t try to escape.”

I just smirk, looking ahead at the road. “Nope. Having your hands locked is how I know you won’t escape.”

Honestly, I believe her. I don’t think she’s going to try to escape. Not after last night. But it turns me on to exert this power over her. I like that! That’s the reason her hands are tied.

She looks away from me, staring out the window. “Fucking asshole.”

Turning onto the freeway, I shrug. She’s not wrong.

Ayla

The next morning sucks. I wake up in my bedroom at home. It’s familiar, but also nightmarish.

This is crap. I want to be done here. I don't want to sleep one more night under my parents' roof.

Fucking Alessio. Fucking Alessio. I hate him for bringing me back here. Even just thinking about him makes me seethe with rage.

If he has his way, I'll become his wife.

Fuck that.

And yet the thing my brain keeps flashing back to, every time I close my eyes, is being tied up on the bed. The fear I felt as he teased my pussy with the stun gun. The anticipation as he hovered the vibrator above my clit.

The surrender as I gave in and begged him for it.

I was so helpless. He was totally in charge.

And I Liked It.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

Trying to dispel these unhelpful thoughts, I roll over in bed and grab my phone. I can at least text Belle-Ann back. She's probably been worried about me.

Then I see that I have an email. From Bover City University. I open it excitedly. The fact that I'm starting classes soon is the only thing in my life that doesn't make me feel a sense of doom.

When my eyes scan over the words "unfortunately, in keeping with our admissions policies, your acceptance to Bover City University has been rescinded," I fucking scream.

Downstairs, I round on my father, tears filling my eyes. "This was you, wasn't it?"

“What was me?” He raises his eyebrows, but I can tell from his face that he knows exactly what I’m talking about.

“Bover City University!” I yell. “They rescinded my acceptance!”

He shrugs. “Oh. Well, that was a privilege. Your mother and I decided that as long as you’re refusing to do your part for the family, we’re going to be taking away some privileges. The same as when you skipped your chores as a kid.”

I feel so fucking powerless and angry. I always knew my dad had the kind of connections to make something like this happen, but in my wildest dreams, I didn’t think he would do it.

I’m his daughter. His only child. And he doesn’t care at all what I want.

“I’m not a fucking kid! I worked hard and I got into BCU all on my own. How dare you take that away from me!”

I see that same guilt in his eyes from before, but just as quickly replaced by firmness. “Ayla, you may be an adult, but you’re still part of this family, and I’m still your father. The sooner you grow up and realize that, the sooner I can stop treating you like this.”

Tears are spilling down my face, but I can’t help it. “So basically, your definition of ‘growing up’ means I have to shut up and do everything you say?”

My father’s face hardens. “Yeah. Pretty much. You’ve known for a long time what kind of family you were born into. This is just how things go. Take a day to rest. Tomorrow, we’re meeting again with Nazio and Alessio Razione. And this time, we will plan a wedding.”

“You should make Gonzalez pay,” Sal says darkly. “It’s fucked up, the way he’s jerking you around.”

Grandpa Nazio ‘s face twitches. “It isn’t Gonzalez that’s the problem, it’s the daughter. He and his wife want to get married. They just can’t control their kid.”

He glances at me, and I can’t help but feel a dual meaning to his words. After my father died, I was the kid he couldn’t control.

Until now. Now I’m doing everything he wants.

“It won’t be an issue going forward,” I declare firmly. “She’s my woman. I can keep her in line.”

Uncle Sal chuckles. “Hold your horses there, slick. She’s not your woman until you marry her. Gonzalez needs to get his brat in check.”

My grandfather shakes his head. “Alessio is right. If Gonzalez can’t do it, we will. No more dragging this out. We’ll push for the wedding next week.”

Sal nudges me. “Better get your tuxedo ready, kid.”

I stare out the window as we drive to the Gonzalez estate. It feels like I’m heading to my doom and my salvation at the same time.

The thought of getting married disgusts me.

The thought of Ayla being anything but mine disgusts me even more.

God, I’m so fucked up.

Every time I think about the wedding and the commitment it entails, I feel a sense of dread.

Every time I think about Ayla being my wife, I want to pin her down and leave my cum inside her.

“I’m proud of you, you know,” says Grandpa Nazio from the seat next to me. “The way you’ve been handling all of this. You’ve got character. You’ll lead this family well.”

Lead the family. Another thing I didn’t want to do.

Another thing I’m doing regardless of what I want.

As we drive under an overpass, the truck in front of us stops.

“Come on, what the fuck,” our driver mutters from the front seat. “The light is green, keep it moving.”

But then two black SUVs pull up on either side of us, boxing us in, and I realize what is about to happen a split second before it does.

“Down!” I roar, pulling my grandfather lower in his seat as armed men jump out of both SUVs. “Get us out of here!”

Our driver throws the car into reverse. Gunfire rings out, glass shattering all around us. We squeal backwards, then we crash into something hard. Possibly another car.

I draw the pistol from my belt, adrenaline spiking through me. “Pull us out of here and I’ll cover.”

“Fuck!” growls my grandfather, drawing his own weapon. “Gonzalez set us up!”

And then red blood splatters across the dashboard as our driver takes a bullet to the face.

I can barely hear anything over the constant gunfire. Our car is getting shot to pieces and pretty soon, we’ll be the same. “Come on!” I yell, keeping my head low as I open my passenger side door. “Stay down, it’s our only chance.”

But when I look back over, I realize it's too late. The gun slips from my grandfather's hand, blood oozing from three different holes in his neck and chest.

I'm in a car with two dead men.

I want to stay, to hold his hand, to stroke his face. But I can't. I slip out of the car, crouch-running down the street, trying to keep the destroyed vehicle in the line of sight between me and my attackers. More bullets thunk into it. I'm not sure if they realize I'm out of the car yet, but I'm dead if I don't move fast.

My eyes land on a white hatchback that's crashed into a barrier. The windshield is full of bullet holes and spiderweb cracks. In the driver's seat is some poor dead woman, an unintended casualty of Gonzalez's attack. I open the door and dump her out onto the street. The key is still in the ignition.

"He's in the white car!" comes a scream from behind me, and the back windshield shatters as they open fire. Flooring the gas pedal, I peel out, hearing sirens in the distance.

When I'm sure that I haven't been followed, I wipe my fingerprints off the steering wheel and leave the car in an alley.

Gonzalez is going to pay.

Alessio

"Nazio is dead?" Dominguez repeats. "I'm so fucking sorry. Shit."

I sit in the passenger seat of his car, still covered in sweat from when he picked me up after the attack. Everything feels numb.

"What are you going to do?"

I've been thinking about that. By this point, Gonzalez will have been informed that I escaped. Which means he's unlikely to be at his home, or anywhere I can hit him easily. He'll be at a safe house, possibly even out of state.

But that doesn't mean I can't do damage where it hurts.

I check my pistol's ammunition, then remember that in the blur of the attack, I didn't even have a chance to fire it.

I'll have a chance this time.

My hands are steady as I push the magazine back into the gun. "I'm going to send a message."

"You ready for this?" Dominguez asks, slowing down as we approach the nightclub.

I tie my black bandanna around my face. "Last chance to back out. You know you don't have to do this."

He snorts. "Yes I do. Shut the fuck up."

Club XX. Anthony Gonzalez's main "legitimate" business, and also how he launders his money. If I create problems for him here, he'll notice. Dominguez pulls over and I get out.

It's evening. A long line of people goes down the street, all of them waiting to get in. Men wearing their douchey best, women in skimpy dresses. I go right up to the front, where the thick-necked bouncer is denying a group of fratty-looking dudes entry.

I recognize him. It's Rocco Scalia, one of Gonzalez's top enforcers. He gets in my face as I reach him, aggressively blocking my path. "Back of the line, fucko! What do you think you're doing?"

Drawing my pistol, I shoot him in the forehead. Behind me, people scream and start running. I make my way into the club, firing my gun in the air over the cacophony of pulsing music.

Now people inside the club are starting to scream. The dance floor empties, and I see staff sprinting for the back. I let them go unharmed. I'm not here for them.

Between the bar and the dance floor is Club XX's most famous feature: an enormous, gaudy representation of downtown Bover City, made entirely of glass. The biggest skyscrapers stand as tall as I do, an impressive and expensive display of craftsmanship.

Not for long.

Grabbing a chair from the bar, I hurl it into the glass city. Shards fly everywhere, and I cover my face as a tower collapses into smashed pieces. I pick up the chair again, and once more, glass shatters.

I don't stop until the whole thing lies in shimmering fragments on the ground.

Everyone has cleared out of the club now. It's time for me to leave as well, before the cops show up. I empty the rest of my ammo into the shelf behind the bar, savoring the sound of expensive bottles bursting and draining onto the floor.

Then I dash outside, hop into Dominguez's passenger seat, and a minute later, we're blocks away. A line of police cars pass us, their sirens blaring.