

THE MAFIA'S OBSESSION

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Alessio

It's night. Ayla's and my first together in the penthouse. We sit in chairs on the balcony by the pool, watching the brilliant colors of the sunset.

"This view is amazing," Ayla breathes.

"I barely even notice it," I admit.

"That's sad."

"Usually. I notice it tonight."

Tonight feels special. There's a certain comfort between Ayla and me that wasn't there before. It scares me. But within it, I feel a sense of hope. Maybe, just maybe, things can be different. Maybe letting somebody else in wouldn't be so bad.

She nudges my shoulder with her head. "I want to tell you something."

I inhale. "What is it?"

"I was a virgin. When we first... you know. On our wedding night."

I'd wondered as much, although I assumed not. A sAylage sense of satisfaction bursts through me, knowing I was her first, and I'll be her last. Her only.

And then I remember how rough I was. The way I dragged her into the bedroom, bent her over, and had my way. If I'd known it was her first time, I would've been gentler.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t more gentle,” I tell her gruffly. “I didn’t think it was your first time.”

She looks down. “I… liked it. I like it when you’re rough.”

This sends blood rushing to my cock. “I can tell.”

Ayla bites her lip. “The way you treat me… it’s like you’re unlocking new turn-ons all the time.”

I straighten up, my attention more than peaked. “Are there things that turn you on you haven’t told me?”

She just laughs. “Oh, Alessio. If you only knew.”

A hungry growl rumbles in my throat at the possibilities. “I want to know every dirty thought. Every fantasy. Every kink you’ve been too embarrassed to admit, much less explore.”

She gives a little shiver, like she’s cold, then looks at me with something mischievous in her eye. “It turns me on when you take charge. When you just know what you want, and you take it. All the different dominance aspects… I’m pretty into all that stuff.”

“Be more specific.”

Her cheeks redden. “Well… when you put your hand on my neck. When you give me orders. And when you tied me up at the hotel… I definitely still think about that a lot.”

I sigh in satisfaction. “Fuck, baby girl… Keep going.”

Her blush deepens, and she doesn’t look at me. “I’m embarrassed to say it.”

“But you’re going to be a good girl and tell me anyway?”

Ayla keeps her eyes on the sunset. “Well, the whole ‘good girl’ thing, for one. But I was thinking about our wedding night…” She breaks off, and it takes a

moment for her to continue. “When you... made me beg for my orgasm. Yeah. That was hot.”

“So you like orgasm control. Me too. Very happy to include more of that.”

She chuckles. “Fuck. I’m going to regret that, aren’t I?”

“No. Because when I let you come, it will be so much sweeter.”

She doesn’t respond right away, but she doesn’t seem uncomfortable. More like she’s thinking.

“I liked being naked out here earlier,” Ayla says. “When you... ate me out. Something about being in public, but not, you know?”

“You like being watched? Or the idea of being watched?”

“I think I like the idea of expressing my sexuality freely, without the risk of people knowing and judging me. It was the same thing dressing more skimpy on the beach in Italy. Nobody knew who I was. I was just some anonymous woman.”

My mind is already racing with ideas. “So to summarize... other than freely exploring your sexuality... you like being dominated, treated roughly, given orders, and made to ask permission for your orgasms? Did I miss anything?”

She giggles. “You forgot the hand on my neck. And I forgot to mention hair pulling. And also just like... The way you overpower me. I like being able to struggle a bit, and then you just break through it.”

“Jesus, Ayla... you’re 19? What did the internet do to your generation?”

“Hey, we inherited it from you old geezers... We’re not the ones who invented internet porn. Take some credit for how fucked up you made us, you deserve it.”

I laugh. When's the last time I genuinely laughed? She makes me feel so light. "I have a suggestion," I purr. "How about you can fight against me as much as you want, and I'll trust that it doesn't really mean shit unless you use your safeword."

Her eyes light up. "... Okay, wow. I really like that. What's my safeword?"

"Your safeword is 'red'."

"Red." Got it." Ayla looks down. "I... feel lightheaded. I literally can't believe we just had this conversation."

"Why not?"

"In my home, we didn't talk openly about sex. It was always this shameful thing. It just feels crazy to be saying this stuff so normally."

I grin at her. "It's not shameful here. My house, my rules."

She shakes her head in amazement. "Damn, it really is your rules. So, what, are you like... my dom now?"

"Do you want me to be?"

She bites her lip. "Kinda."

"So say it."

"Come on, are you really going to make me-"

"Say it," I growl.

"I want you to be my dom," she admits, blushing.

"Good girl," I whisper, pulling her into a kiss.

Ayla

There's this intense, lingering excitement inside me when I wake up the next morning in Alessio's bed. Our bed, I realize. Last night almost didn't feel real. From being full of dread at the idea of a life with him, to nervous anticipation at the idea of these new things we're going to explore together. What a journey that whole conversation was.

I can't believe I admitted to him all that stuff I'm into. I wasn't kidding when I said that in my father's home, sex wasn't discussed. Now, thanks to friends and TV and the Internet, I didn't grow up, like, super sheltered, but just the idea of talking openly about dirty sex things brings me this deep undercurrent of embarrassment.

Much less telling my new husband that I want him to be my dom. Jesus, that really happened?

I haven't opened my eyes yet. I'm still groggy, but in the best possible way, feeling cozy and turned on and safe all at the same time. Wanting to cuddle, I start to turn over, but something stops me.

Huh? I try again, my eyes blinking open. But my hands won't move. As I orient myself, I realize they're secured tightly above my head.

"Good morning, darling," comes Alessio's voice.

Now fully awake, I stare at him. He's standing in the doorway watching me, wearing nothing but flannel sleep pants. I can see from his bulge that he's aroused.

I struggle against my restraints. "What's going on?"

He smirks. "What do you think?"

I try to move my hands again, and the fact that I genuinely can't is a massive turn-on. "I think somebody's in the mood," I say, glancing at his crotch.

He walks over to the bed, and damn, I feel helpless. All I can do is quiver in place as he sits down next to me and strokes my face. “I am,” he whispers, bringing his mouth to my ear.

All I’m wearing is a thin pair of sleep shorts and a matching top. Alessio pushes the top up, exposing my breasts, then devours them with his eyes. “God, these are so nice.” He strokes his finger across my skin, and my nipples harden rapidly.

“Fuck,” I whimper, clenching my legs as my pussy starts to tingle. “You really like having me helpless, don’t you?”

My husband smiles. “I do.”

I try to control my breathing as his hands slide down my tummy, all the way to my waistband. Instinctively, I try to stop him from pulling my shorts down, but the gesture is as pointless as you’d expect. He controls my lower body effortlessly, peeling my shorts and underwear off in one motion and tossing them on the bed next to me.

A shiver runs through me at how vulnerable I am now. Completely immobilized and basically naked. I attempt to close my legs, to keep some modesty, but he doesn’t let me, kneeling in front of me on the bed and holding them apart with his knees as his hand goes to my neck.

“You don’t get to hide yourself from me, Ayla. Every part of you is mine to enjoy. Even that sweet little pussy.”

“Even-” I cut myself off, not sure if I can bring myself to say it.

“Finish the sentence,” he growls, tightening his grip on my neck.

I gasp and my breathing gets heavier. He looks at me expectantly, raising his eyebrows.

I feel gloriously dirty as I confess the fantasy that's been in the back of my head for as long as I can remember. "Even... even my ass?"

Alessio's eyes flash. "Even your ass," he agrees. "Fuck, Ayla, you really are a perfect sub for me. Should we train that little hole to belong to me, too?"

I nod, not meeting his eyes. It's like the floodgates are opening. I'm finally safe to admit the things I never thought I could.

"Good girl," my husband whispers, voice sending tingles through me. "I love hearing about all the things you want. All the new parts of you I'm going to claim."

He takes out his cock, already throbbing, and slaps it against my clit. "This is mine, isn't it?" he asks, dominating me with his gaze.

"Yes," I whimper, already needy for him inside me again. "It's yours."

Alessio slides the head of his cock through my folds, and it comes up glistening. Without a word, he pushes himself inside.

I absolutely lose myself in the sensation as he rails me. Quicker than expected, I hear him groan, and feel his cock twitching as warmth spreads inside me. The fact that I'm on birth control does nothing to blunt how wonderfully claimed that makes me feel.

"Mine," he groans, pulling out. He gets up and I whimper as he leaves the bed. "I'll be right back," he tells me, grinning.

I writhe helplessly, unable to so much as touch my pussy as his cum leaks out of it. Alessio leaves the room.

"Where are you going?" I call after him. Twisting my head, I search for the buckles restraining my wrists. Can I get them off?

Maybe. It's hard to tell. I scratch at the straps, trying...

“Busted,” comes his voice, closer than I expected. Turning my head sharply, I see that he’s crept into the room and is watching my escape attempt.

“Oh. Hi,” I say sheepishly.

“For the record,” he tells me, putting something down on the dresser, “there was no chance of you getting out of these straps. But I think there’s going to have to be a punishment for trying.”

Instantly, I can feel my cheeks turn red. “A punishment? But-”

“It is never acceptable for you to try to get out of your restraints,” Alessio tells me firmly. From now on, that will get you punished. Every single time.”

“Okay, fine. But-”

“Every single time, Ayla.”

My heart is racing. The thought of him getting to punish me is humiliating and arousing all at once. And the position I’m in is so incredibly helpless. “What are you going to-”

He picks up my panties from the bed next to me and stuffs them into my mouth. “I talk. You listen.”

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Alessio

Ayla glares at me with her mouth full of panties. I just laugh, patting her cheek. “You’re not in charge here. Sorry, babe. We’re going to start with some pussy spanks.”

Her eyes go wide as I give her pussy a little slap, right on her clit. The angry sound she makes is so muffled, I find it cute.

“Yeah, you’re helpless right now. The sooner you submit to me fully, the sooner your punishment will be over.”

She thrashes and tries to spit out her panties, but I stuff them back in.

“If you spit these out, you’re going to be in a lot more trouble. Keep them in your mouth.”

Ayla glowers, but I can see in her eyes that she’s starting to surrender. She doesn’t try to spit them out again.

I spank her pussy. She whimpers, trying to close her legs. I hold them open.

“When I tie you up, you do not try to get away,” I growl, peppering her cunt with little slaps. “Is that understood?”

She ignores me, so I keep spanking her pussy. I’m happy to do it. It looks so pretty like this, all red and swollen. I know that with each slap, I’m bringing her pleasure as well as pain.

“Is that understood?” I repeat, easily overpowering her attempts to close her legs. “Is that fucking understood?”

Whimpering, my wife nods. I end her punishment, watching her thighs quiver.

“Are you ready to be a good girl for me?”

She nods again.

I sigh. Fucking hell, I love it when she submits. I go over to the dresser to retrieve the toy I have prepared, still in its package.

“I’m going to have you wear this plug for me now, Ayla,” I tell her, freeing it from the plastic. “And you’re going to come for me with it inside you. Do you understand?”

She glares at me. I hold the eye contact, smirking when her glare finally breaks and she nods.

“Good girl. Now try to relax for me.” I squirt lube all over the plug, then lift her legs with one arm and use the other to press the toy against her little hole. “Just relax, and it’ll go right in.”

Her breathing gets slow and shaky. I can tell that she’s trying to relax. I stroke her inner thighs, giving her a moment, then I push the plug inside her. “There you go, baby. You’re doing so good.”

She moans as it pops inside.

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

Ayla shakes her head. Getting up, I untie one of her hands and place a vibrator in it.

“I want you to use this now. But don’t make yourself cum until I give you permission.”

She does as I command. I watch, deeply satisfied. It scratches a primal itch to see her tied up and plugged exactly the way I put her, following orders.

My good fucking girl.

When my cock feels ready again, I slap it against her cunt, causing her eyes to widen sharply. “Yeah, I’m going to fuck you again. Keep working on your pussy with that vibe.”

I groan as I push myself inside her. I love knowing that I’m stretching her, that she’s already slick with my cum. She’s mine. I will never get tired of claiming her.

Moving my hand to Ayla’s neck, I fuck her until I can tell she’s close to climax. Then I pull the panties out of her mouth so she can speak.

“You ask permission when you’re ready to come, understand, Ayla?”

“Y-yes,” she says desperately, her face screwed up with pleasure. “Alessio, I’m close...”

“What do you say?” I growl. “What do you say when you want to come?”

Hermuscles start to clench. “I... I... Alessio...Please...”

“Beg me for it,” I taunt, thrusting towards my own release. I want her to submit to me even more.

She pouts, looking away, but she doesn’t stop with the vibrator.

“I’ll take it away,” I warn, grabbing the toy so she can’t use it. “You come when I give you permission, and not before.”

“Please,” she gasps, finally making eye contact. Her voice is almost a moan, barely controlled. “Please, fucking please, I need to come...”

“Come for me, my good girl,” I groan, getting closer and closer myself. “Oh fuck, Ayla, you can come for me now.”

She sighs, her pussy clenching around me, and that brings me past the point of no return. I slump forward, body pressing down onto her, releasing myself inside her for the second time today.

“You always need permission to come with me now,” I breathe into her ear, my voice hoarse. “Do you understand, baby?”

A pause, and then a shaky breath. “Yes, sir,” my wife whispers.

“Good girl,” I praised her, burying my face in her neck.

Alessio doesn't shed a single tear at his grandfather's funeral. He watches with cold, emotionless eyes as they lower the casket into the ground.

"Ladies and gentlemen, friends, family members-today we bid farewell to a man whose life was truly a testament to the strength of the human spirit, and to its complexity."

My husband's face doesn't so much as twitch as the priest's words wash over him. He's been like this all day-cold. Like he's willing himself not to feel.

"Nazio Razone was a man who made his mark on the world. He was loved by his family, trusted and respected by his associates. Bysome, he was even feared. He cared greatly for his legacy, a legacy which continues to this day."

At last, Alessio reacts. Almost nothing, a tremor of his eyelid, a stiffening of his posture. I reach out, offering my hand for him to take. He stares at it for a moment, as though in confusion, before interlocking his fingers with mine. Almost like he's reluctant.

"Nazio 's life was not without hardship. 15 years ago, he experienced the tragic loss of his son, Andres, and his daughter-in-law, Julia."

Alessio squeezes my hand, staring forward, face blank. A rush of emotion comes over me as I realize the priest must be talking about his parents. I never knew about that. He would have been a teenager when it happened.

"But even in that loss, there was light. Nazio took in the couple's only child, his grandson Alessio, and raised him as though he was his own. I believe Nazio 's true character can be seen in the love he showed for that child. I am told that in the final months of his life, nothing filled his heart more than the fact that the two of them had grown closer."

I look over at my husband, and there's not a hint of emotion on his face. He doesn't look back.

We don't talk much after the funeral. He doesn't say anything, and I don't want to interrupt his space. We drive home in silence, several trays of baked ziti made by his associates' wives sitting in the backseat.

"How can I be there for you?" I ask when we reach his penthouse. "What would help you?"

He doesn't say anything, but pulls me close to him. I had expected a hug, but instead I get a rough, dominating kiss. I return it, allowing his tongue to enter my mouth and his hands to slide up my thighs, under my dress.

I'll give this to you, if this is what you need.

"Mine," he groans, pressing me against the wall. There's a neediness in his actions. Like he's losing himself into me.

"Yours," I whisper. "Use me however you need."

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Alessio

Six weeks later

Even though I've only been out of town for a week, I feel some anxiety lift when I spot Ayla waiting for me at the airport. She's dressed as I instructed, in a short skirt and this yellow crop top that I like.

Immediately, my mind wanders between her legs. I want to know if she's followed my other instruction as well.

She sees me and comes striding over. "How was your flight?"

"Uneventful," I say, glad to squeeze her again. "Come here."

I pull her into a deep, shameless kiss, not caring about anyone else around us in the airport. In this moment, she's the only thing that exists.

"You dressed exactly how I asked," I whisper in her ear, breaking the kiss.

"Commanded, more than asked," Ayla whispers back. "And I'm wearing everything you said."

Blood rushes to my cock at the thought. I move my hand to her waist, guiding her in the direction of the exit.

"Okay, okay, someone's in a hurry," she giggles.

When we get to the car, I can barely contain myself. "Passenger seat," I order, stuffing my suitcase in the trunk and slamming it shut. To my satisfaction, she obeys me immediately.

I climb into the driver's seat. "Take those panties off and spread your legs for me."

She looks slightly shocked. "Do you really-"

"If I have to say it again, I'm stuffing them in your mouth."

Flushing, she does as I command. A growl rumbles in my throat as I lean over, peering at her wet, swollen pussy and the hint of a jeweled butt plug peeking from between her cheeks.

"I love how wet it makes your pussy, wearing that plug in public," I breathe, transfixed.

"That and obeying you," she admits. "Wow, I'm really wet."

I put the car into gear. "Touch yourself while I drive us home."

She opens her mouth to protest, then closes it. Without another word, she starts rubbing her pussy.

"Good girl," I tell her, putting a hand on her thigh.

It's as we're driving through downtown Bover City that she starts to whimper. "I'm close," Ayla gasps, clenching her legs. "Can I come? Please can I come?" "No," I tell her flatly.

"What? Please!"

"Not yet, Ave."

"Whyyy?" she whimpers. "You fucking dick!"

I smirk at the insult. "Somebody needs a spanking. We'll revisit that remark when we get home. Have you been wearing your plug for me while I was away?"

She's been instructed to wear her plug every day for the last week, for increasing amounts of time. My way of preparing her for me.

"Yes," says Ayla, her voice shaking.

"Good. After your punishment, I'm going to claim your ass."

I can tell Ayla is going nuts from when I made her touch herself in the car. Good. I like her needy. Nothing gives me that rush of power more than knowing she's desperate for a release only I can provide. She follows me from the car to the house, face very red.

"Hands on the wall," I growl the moment we get inside. "Leaning forward, butt out."

She doesn't do it immediately, so I grab her by the waist and force her into position, eliciting a squeal. Flipping up her skirt, I deliver several hard spanks. "Want to tell me again who's a fucking dick?"

"You are, obviously."

“I missed you too,” I taunt, pressing on the plug in her ass until she gasps. “I can tell you’ve really been needing me to put you in your place.”

“Asshole-ow!”

I rain spanks down on her ass, pinning her arms behind her back when she attempts to cover herself. “Yeah, that’s what I thought. Let all that defiance out. You won’t need it when I’m claiming your tight little hole.”

Ayla lets out a growl, pushing against me, and almost manages to escape from where I’m punishing her. I grab her by the waist to stop her, then fling her over my shoulder and carry her to the living room.

“Okay, over my knee,” I say, sitting down on the couch and forcing her into an undignified bent-over position across my lap. I pin her legs with one of mine so she can’t escape. “Time for the spanking you so clearly need.”

I spank Ayla until her breathing is heavy and I can see my handprint on her ass.

“Okay,” she whimpers finally. “I’ll be good.”

I grab a handful of her hair. “Do you mean that, or are you just saying it?”

“I mean it.”

“Why don’t you show me. Let’s see you get on your knees and swallow my cock now.”

Shivering, she sinks to the floor, kneeling in front of me. I smirk, staring down at her. “Unbuckle me.”

Ayla does it, eyes fixed on my cock as she takes it out of my pants. Fuck, I missed this.

“You know what to do.”

I sigh as her lips wrap around my shaft.

“Let me see how deep you can go.”

She makes eye contact, almost gagging as she tries to go deeper.

“There you go, good girl.” I move my hand to the back of her head, keeping her on my cock. She looks at me with wide eyes, and after a few seconds, a tear trickled down her cheek.

“Yes,” I whisper. “You’re doing such a good job taking this cock. Just let me fuck this little mouth now.”

I cup Ayla’s chin as I thrust into her throat, watching her eyes get red and teary. Every so often, I reach down and spank her ass, making her squeal.

“There’s my good fucking girl,” I growl. “Fuck yes. That’s exactly what I fucking need. Oh fuck.”

My cock twitches and I hold Ayla still, stopping the stimulation. I’m not ready to come yet.

“Okay,” I breathe, pulling her mouth off my cock. “Okay. I’m going to fuck your ass now, okay, baby?”

Ayla

Involuntarily, my muscles clench around the plug. I’m a total fucking mess, with spit running down my chin and wetness leaking down my thighs. I came so close to coming in the car ride, and it was so hard to pull back. Now my whole body is screaming for release.

Alessio keeps his fist in my hair as he walks me to the bedroom, controlling me tightly. When we reach the bed, he bends me roughly over the side, holding me down by the back of my neck and giving my ass a spank.

“Where are you about to take my cock, Ayla?”

“My ass,” I squeak in a small voice. Alessio likes making me say dirty things, and even though I’ve gotten a bit better at it, it still makes me so embarrassed.

His voice is husky. “That’s right. Relax for me now.”

I do my best to relax as he slides the plug out of me. All of a sudden, I feel empty. I’ve been wearing it for a while.

“Goddamn, your little hole is so nice,” comes his voice from behind me. My cheeks get hot as his finger starts to circle my asshole, slick with lube. Then he puts something in my hand, and I realize that it’s a vibrator. “You’re going to use this on your clit.”

Fumbling at the buttons, I click the vibrator on. I must have a Pavlovian response to that sound, because immediately, my pussy begins to tingle. I press the toy to my clit, pleasure emanating through me.

Alessio groans and his hands grip my ass, spreading my cheeks apart. His cock presses against my hole, straining, and it’s so intense that a whimper escapes me.

“You’re doing such a good job,” my husband praises me. “Just keep relaxing for me so you can take this cock where it belongs.”

“Oh fuckkkk!” I moan out loud as he breaks through my body’s resistance and his cock slides all the way inside my ass. “Oh my God, fuck, oh fuck fuck fuck...”

“It’s okay, baby,” he whispers, stroking my hair. “Just take a moment to get used to me.”

He feels so big. Sobig. All I can do is breathe and adapt to the overwhelming new sensation.

“Good girl. Such a good girl. Stay like that while I fuck you now.”

He starts to move himself inside me, and it's like nothing I've ever experienced. He feels so much deeper than when he fucks my pussy, so much tighter, so much...more. It's right on that line between pain and pleasure, like I'm so tight, I can barely take him.

"That's it," he growls, starting to move faster. "Just like that... Fuck yes, take this fucking cock..."

My fingers scramble at the sheets in front of me. "Yes," I gasp. "Alessio, I want you to fucking use me..."

He snarls, spanking my ass, and his fingers dig into the flesh of my hips as he thrusts faster. "Oh my God. Oh my fucking God..."

My pussy starts to twitch as I rub it with the vibrator, and I realize that I'm perilously close to orgasm.

"Please, let me come!" I beg, any hint of dignity forgotten. "Please, I need it, please..."

"You can come," Alessio growls, his voice strained. "Oh, fuck, I'm coming too..."

I grind the vibrator furiously against my clit as he rails my ass, cock starting to pulse. My orgasm continues as his thrusting slows. "Oh my fucking-"

My voice goes silent, like the pleasure went so high, I got stuck on mute. I white out, my brain glitching, ass clenching around my husband's cock.

"Good girl," Alessio whispers when my twitching stills, stroking my back. He's still inside me. "Fuck, Ave, I needed you so fucking bad."