

## THE MAFIA'S OBSESSION

Ayla

"Thanks for being down to celebrate," I say to Belle-Ann, sipping my can of beer.

"Of course! It's your 20th birthday. Bet your ass we're celebrating."

It's Saturday night and we're partying in Belle-Ann's apartment near campus. She's got a bunch of people over, mostly her friends from college, with a couple of our old high school friends mixed in. Music is playing, and a group on the balcony overlooking the street is passing around a pipe.

"I still think you should tell Alessio your birthday is on Monday," my friend says. "I know it's... not exactly a love marriage, but he's still your husband."

I shake my head. "I don't want to put more on his plate. He's busy enough taking over both families."

That's not really why I haven't told him. The truth is, I'm worried he won't care. If he doesn't know it's my birthday, I can't be disappointed at him doing nothing to acknowledge it.

"Try it," Belle-Ann urges, as though reading my mind. "It sounds like he's obsessed with you. I'll bet he wants to do something to celebrate."

"Obsessed with me?" I scoff. "I don't think so. He only married me for my last name."

"And that's why he-" she lowers her voice. "And that's why he stalked you to the Halloween party and committed a fucking assault just so he could-"

“Shhh! Not so loud!”

Belle-Ann raises her eyebrows smugly. “Anyway, I think you take my point. Not to mention the other things you’ve told me...”

She breaks off into giggles. I blush. Before the other guests came over, I did confess to her some of what Alessio and I have been up to sexually. Other than some mild teasing, she took it in stride.

“I think he just likes fucking me,” I say. “Doesn’t mean his feelings go deeper than that. In fact, I’m pretty sure they don’t.”

“Wasn’t the Halloween party before he fucked you, though?”

“Okay, so he wanted to fuck me. Same difference.”

“He wanted to marry you. I thought things were good between you two? Why are you being so defensive?”

“I just... Things are good. But if I tell him it’s my birthday, and then he doesn’t do anything special and I feel like shit, then things won’t be good anymore. I’d rather not rock the boat, you know?”

Belle-Ann hugs me, looking sad. “Yeah, I get it. I just think you deserve better than that.”

I wrinkle my nose, ready for a change of topic. “Enough about me. How did your Tinder date go?”

She makes a face of disgust. “Tall. Hot. Total asshole.” Her phone buzzes and she glances at the screen. “Shit, that’s him now. I already said no to a second date. How do I get him to stop texting me?”

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I take an Uber back home and don't get in until after midnight. I had expected Alessio to be asleep, but instead, he's in the living room watching a movie. He pauses it as I come in.

"Did you have a good time with your friends?"

I shrug. "Yeah, it was fun."

"No underage drinking, I hope?"

I sit down on the couch next to him. "I wouldn't know anything about that. I have never experimented with alcohol."

He chuckles. "Not until your 21st birthday, of course."

My brain catches on the word birthday. I try to ignore it. "What are you watching?"

"Would you roll your eyes if I said *The Godfather*?"

"Ah, yes. The sacred story of our people." I lean against him, wishing I could just tell him. I know it's stupid. But this moment feels so cozy and domestic.

Almost like we're married for real.

"Ayla?"

"Yes?"

"Do you see the pen and paper on the coffee table in front of you?"

I look, and sure enough, there it is. "Yeah."

"I want you to write down your most extreme fantasy. It can be as wild and specific as you like. It can be stuff we've already done, or it can all be brand-new. It can be expensive. Whatever you want. I'll make it happen."

These words put butterflies in my stomach. My most extreme fantasy? "I... What? Why? What is this?"

He grins. "You're going to be 20. Now, me being 10 years older, I'm not much good at ragers or drinking games. But making your little pussy twitch is something I am good at. So anything you want to explore with me, just name it. You're allowed to make it as insane and over-the-top as you want."

I chuckle nervously, even as I'm already getting excited. "I don't know, I have some pretty crazy fantasies. Not sure you'd be able to hang with me."

"Is that a challenge?"

"Maybe."

His eyes flash. "So challenge me. Whatever it says on that paper when I wake up in the morning is going to become a reality."

My mind races, the dirtiest of thoughts already taking shape. So many possibilities. I have to come up with something good.

"I'm going to go to sleep," Alessio tells me with a wink. "Happy almost-birthday."

I stare at the paper long after he goes to bed. What an opportunity. The places my brain goes when I'm horny can be, shall we say, a little intense. Do I dare reveal that? Do I dare indulge that? Even more than we already have?

This is my chance to.

I spend some time browsing on my phone, exploring different kinks. An idea starts to form. A wild idea.

When it solidifies, I can't help but giggle madly.

He wants over-the-top? I can do that.

Alessio

When I wake up the next morning, Ayla pretends to still be asleep in bed next to me. I'm guessing she's embarrassed to follow me out to the living room and be present when I read whatever fantasy she wrote.

That makes me excited. That means she wrote something good. I make myself a bowl of cereal in the kitchen, bring it to the living room, and sit down. On the table in front of me is the paper from the night before, now covered in Ayla's neat handwriting.

Fantasy: you hunt me on a private island.

I stare at the first line, blinking, and then a laugh escapes me. Okay. Wow. She went hilariously hard with the prompt I gave her. More over-the-top than I could have expected, by a factor of like 10. I keep reading, my amusement giving way to interest and then arousal as the fantasy continues:

Details: I don't know any of the specifics. You just whisk me away. I wake up alone on the beach and use my wits to escape you for as long as I can. When (if!;) you catch me, I get to fight back as much as I want, and you have to physically subdue me. Then you keep me restrained while using me in whatever way you want as your little sex doll.

I let out a deep breath. Jesus. That is easily as dirty as anything I could have come up with. Not even to mention the logistics involved. How long did it take her to come up with this? And I haven't even read all of what she wrote.

Allowed:

Bondage (obviously)

Spanking/punishment

Rough treatment (I want you to be rough)

Anal

Consensual nonconsent (you overpower me and don't stop unless I use my safeword)

Not allowed:

Piss/shit/blood/vomit

General notes:

Ideally, this experience would last several days.

IF you can catch me, you get to make me your whore for as long as I stay caught.

What turns me on is you completely taking charge and making me helpless. I want to be totally at your mercy.

Have funnnn! 😊

I keep looking at the paper, reading it over and over again. I knew my girl had a dirty mind. The enthusiasm with which she's taken to our blooming dom/sub dynamic has made that perfectly clear. But this? This is another level. Putting aside the expense, the insanelevel of kinkiness... This requires a lot of trust. Trust that, apparently, I've earned from her.

The thought satisfies me deeply. I want her to trust me, to feel safe with me. But also... I mean, fuck. That's a level of intimacy with my wife I didn't expect to reach. Certainly not this quickly.

Or at all.

Ayla became my obsession the moment I laid eyes on her. But when I pictured her being my plaything, I never imagined the closeness that would come along with it. I never imagined that earning her trust would melt me like this.

I didn't realize I would care.

Behind me, I hear her footsteps coming from the bedroom. I look up as she enters, wearing nothing but her underwear and one of my shirts. She stops in the middle of the living room as she sees me reading her note.

“I guess you found it.”

Picking the note off the coffee table, I fold it and put it in my pocket. “I did.”

“And?”

I grin. “That’s quite a fantasy.”

She giggles. “I was mostly joking. I know it’s not realistic to-”

“Are you joking because you don’t actually want that, or because you think it’s not realistic?”

“Oh, the second one. I would definitely want that. You know, in a perfect-”

“Done.”

She stares at me. “Done?”

“Done.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means I told you that you would get to experience whatever fantasy you wrote down on that paper, and you will.”

“But that’s crazy. I mean... really?”

“I was about to start making arrangements. Should I not?”

“What kind of arrangements?”

“You said you didn’t want to know any of the specifics.”

Ayla opens her mouth, then closes it. “... Fair enough.”

I pat the seat next to me, indicating that she should sit down. “Did I just call your bluff? It’s not too late to back out.”

She shakes her head, looking amazed. “No, I... This is crazy. There’s no way you can pull that off.”

“Try me.”

My wife stares at me, eyebrows raised, as though waiting for me to tell her I’m just kidding. When I don’t, she nods. “Okay. Okay. I’m not backing out. Let’s see what you’ve got.”

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I spend the whole afternoon making plans, mostly in my office so Ayla won’t see anything. When evening hits, I find her in the living room.

She pauses the show she’s watching and looks up at me excitedly. “So? How’s the search for a private island going?”

I don’t answer her question. More fun to keep the mystery. “Okay, well, there’s more than one way to do this. But I think the best one is what I’m about to suggest.”

She frowns, confused. “Okay? Do what?”

I hold out my hand, containing a single small white pill. “What if I said you could take this pill, and when you wake up, your fantasy will be true?”

She snorts. “I’d say it sounds like you’re trying to convert me into a suicide cult.”

Goddamn, she makes me laugh. We both break into chuckles for a moment.

“Anyway,” Ayla prompts me as our laughter fades. “You were offering me a suicide pill or something?”



“It’s a goddamn sedative,” I say, throwing back my head. “I would never give you anything that would hurt you. Do you trust me when I say that?”

She pauses, and her face gets more serious. “Yeah. I do.”

“Do you want to take this? Otherwise, you can wear a blindfold and earmuffs as we travel to our destination.”

“Travel to our destination... Wow, you’re really not kidding about this.” Ayla eyes the little white orb in my hand. “Well, I usually just take an edible for plane rides. But hey, what the fuck.” She takes the pill from me and swallows it without water. “How long until it kicks in?”

“Within the next hour.”

Her whole body gives this adorable, excited little shake. “Damn. I still can’t believe it. Are...” She looks mischievous now. “Are you going to... you know, play with mewhile I’m out?”

I raise my eyebrows. “Do you want me to?”

She looks down, and there’s something guilty in her voice. “Maybe a little.”

“I want to hear a yes or a no,” I growl.

“Yes,” she tells me, not meeting my eyes.

20 minutes later, she’s unconscious.

90 minutes later, we’re on a plane.

Ayla

I blink groggily. It feels like I’ve been in bed for hours, halfway between being awake and being asleep. Vaguely, I remember a conversation with Alessio,

something about my birthday. We were joking about my crazy island fantasy, I think. And did he give me a pill?

My eyes open. It's bright. Can somebody close the window? I squint, trying to orient myself as my brain processes the sound of ocean waves.

Waves?

Holy shit, I'm on the beach. I spring to my feet in shock, blinking in the sunlight. I'm in the shade, some kind of small, wooden beach hut, lying on a cushy air mattress.

And I'm naked. Completely naked. And glancing around, there's not a stitch of clothing in sight.

There are other things, though. A backpack. A container of what looks like overnight oats, ready to eat. A pair of sneakers. An orange flare gun. And a note. I grab it, reading what must be Alessio's handwriting:

Happy 20th birthday, Ayla!

You are far from home. I won't tell you where. Here is what I will tell you:

You are on a private island.

I am the only other person on the island.

I have left you with food, water, sunblock, etc.

There are more supply caches scattered across the island, marked with yellow flags.

If at any point you need help or want the game to end, fire your flare gun in the air.

I will begin searching for you at noon.

When I find you, I am going to make you my fucktoy.

I keep staring at the note, reading it over and over again. Oh my God, I remember taking the pill now. Alessio said I would wake up at my destination. I wasn't sure whether to take him seriously or not.

How long ago was that? Did we come here by plane? By boat? What part of the world are we even in?

It's a weird turn-on that he took my clothes. There's so much ownership in that. He set all of this up, handled everything, while I was unconscious. That can't have been easy. Or cheap.

I will begin searching for you at noon.

I glance at the sky. Noon means the sun is directly overhead. From what I can tell, I should have... an hour? An hour and a half? I really don't know. Time to eat my oats and get going.

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After scarfing down my overnight oats and covering my naked body in sunblock, I'm ready to move. I check the backpack, which contains a water bottle, some kind of lightweight sleeping bag, a few protein bars, more sunblock, and a flashlight. Then I start walking. I want to put distance between myself and my starting place before noon hits.

I walk down the beach for a little while, keeping my feet in the area where the waves hit so the tide covers my footprints. Eventually, I decide I'll be too easy to spot out in the open, so I pull the sneakers out of my backpack and make my way into the jungle-looking area that lies beyond the beach.

Being naked outside like this feels just as weird and vulnerable as it did on Alessio's balcony. I keep feeling like someone will see me, and I should cover up. But there's no one to see me. Just me and him.

That feeling of being hunted is such a thrill. Knowing there's someone looking for me, trying to catch me, planning to do things to me. The ultimate thrill, of course, is the part where I do get caught, where I get dominated and restrained and used in whatever rough ways my husband intends.

But that doesn't mean I'm going to make it easy. In fact, a lot of my excitement comes from just how difficult I intend to be. I want to be legitimately overpowered, to fight back and keep fighting while Alessio claims what he wants.

The fact that I'm naked really adds to the vulnerability of it. In this moment, I truly am his prey. And I love it.

The sun is overhead now. I shiver in excitement. In my mind, I can see Alessio setting out to find me, dressed in a safari outfit. As I tiptoe through the woods, I'm suddenly worried about how much sound I'm making. Every creaking tree, every gust of wind, sends nervous tingles through me.

Through the trees ahead, a flash of yellow catches my eye. That must be one of the supply caches. I creep forward, wary. Peering through the branches, I see a clear, sandy area on a slight hill where an umbrella covers a small table. On top of the umbrella is a yellow flag, waving lazily in the breeze.

I stay where I am, scanning for any sign of movement. When I see nothing, I scurry out from the woods to check what's under the umbrella.

It's a basket holding little baggies of chips in several flavors. Next to it, straws, cups, and a cooler containing what seems to be iced tea. Quickly, I pour myself a cup and set off, leaving the chips. The caffeine burst is welcome, but there's no way in hell he's going to catch me because of my crunching.

Alessio

The night before

It's been years since I've been on a private jet. I sure as shit don't own one, and my work has rarely called for me to fly privately. Thankfully, it isn't hard to find a rental if you have the right money and connections. The owners of these jets don't want their expensive assets sitting idle, so they're always renting them out.

I sit in the cabin, a luxurious space that feels more like a fancy hotel room than part of an airplane. Next to me, Ayla sleeps peacefully, one of those U-shaped travel pillows supporting her head. She looks so beautiful. Almost innocent.

You'd never guess the dirty thoughts that lie behind that angelic face.

A wave of possessiveness washes over me. Or is that affection? I'm not sure there's a difference. Not for me. Reaching over, I pull up her shirt, exposing her breasts. She doesn't wake as I grope her, but her breathing changes and her nipples harden.

Fuck, she turns me on so much.

Pulling the drawstring on her sweatpants, I take them down to her ankles. She's wearing red thong panties that ride high on her hips, one of my favorite pairs on her. I push them to the side, exposing her perfect little cunt, and my next breath turns into a growl.

It feels deliciously obscene as I slide a finger between her folds.

She never becomes fully lucid, but as I circle her clit, little sounds of pleasure escape her. She cuddles herself against me, her legs spreading open to give me better access.

“Good girl,” I whisper, even though I know she can’t hear. “You’re always safe with me. And tomorrow, we’re going to have a lot of fun together.”

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After the plane ride, the next stage of travel is a boat from the mainland to the location I’ve selected for our escapade.

St. Ives Island. Two square miles of stunning, tropical wilderness, with picturesque palm trees and sandy beaches ripped straight out of a postcard. It’s owned by an eccentric multimillionaire actor who rents the place out when he’s not using it, much like the private jet. There are very few structures on the island, just a beach house and a couple assorted huts and gazebos.

It’s the perfect place to fulfill Ayla’s fantasy. For the next three days, we’ll have St. Ives Island all to ourselves.

“Damn, your wife must have been exhausted,” says the driver of our boat, pulling us into the island’s single dock. “I thought for sure she would wake up when we hit those waves.”

I shrug. “Yeah, I’m surprised, too. I guess that extra melatonin gummy she took on the plane was a bit too much.”

“You sure you want me to leave you at the docks? I’d be happy to help you folks get settled in at the beach house.”

“No, thank you. You had the island prepared as I requested?”

He nods. “Yessir. Food and water at all of the marked locations.”

I press a hefty tip into his hand. “Good man. Much appreciated.”

“And you’re sure you don’t want me to come back tomorrow and drop off more supplies?”

“Very sure. My wife and I are here for privacy. The last thing we want is to be interrupted.”

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Noon

My heartbeat quickens as my watch changes from 11:59 to 12:00. From my perch on the second story of the beach house, I survey the sprawling wilderness that stretches before me.

Somewhere on this island, my prey awaits.

I started Ayla on the beach about a mile away from me. My morning was spent watching her through the hidden camera I put in her backpack, just to make sure she was safe while she slept. But I closed the feed the moment she got up. I do want to play fair, after all.

She’s had about an hour’s head start. I put on my hat and boots, picturing Ayla’s soft, naked body hiding from me somewhere in this deserted stretch of tropical paradise. If I were in her position, where would I be hiding?

Exiting the beach house, I get onto the quad bike ATV that’s waiting for me outside. She may be naked and helpless, but there’s no reason I have to be.

The game is on.

Ayla

I inhale as the rumbling of a motor fills the air. Immediately, I duck, every muscle tense. It sounds like it’s in the distance. But it’s the first sign I’ve had of Alessio’s presence.

It makes more sense to stay where I am than to move. Keeping myself low, I scan the wilderness around me for somewhere to hide.

The motor gets louder, revving as it approaches. I'm surrounded by trees, but they aren't thick enough to be sure I'm invisible. Scooping up some dirt from the ground, I mix it with water from my bottle and form a dark sludge that I proceed to smear all over my body.

Natural camouflage.

I press myself to the ground as the rumbling engine gets so loud that it's almost deafening. Through the trees, I watch as Alessio passes by on a quad bike. He's wearing fitted gray cargo pants with combat boots and an open shirt, going slow, eyes searching from side to side.

Then he slows down, staring in my direction. Shit. Does he see me? He definitely sees me. He's getting off his quad. Why else would he be getting off his quad? I stay still, my heart pounding. He'll know where I am for sure if I try to run and make a bunch of sound.

Alessio spins around as a loud rustling comes from behind him. I watch a flock of birds take flight, shaking the trees.

And that's my moment. Covered by the sounds of the birds, I dash in the other direction, trying my best to be quiet but prioritizing speed. I don't stop until I reach a small pond with brown, murky water. Catching my breath, I listen for the sound of Alessio following. I don't hear the quad bike.

But then my heart sinks. I do hear something.

Someone crashing through the woods in my direction.

Well, fuck.

I look around desperately, my stomach tingling.

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Alessio

I swear I saw Ayla. And then I heard her. I crash through the trees as I give chase, various tools of restraint jangling in my pack. Where is she? Where the hell is she?

I'm so laser-focused that I almost tumble headfirst into a pond. Oops. Don't need to fall into that murky-ass water. I'm about to keep jogging when I notice something:

That's Ayla's backpack hanging from a tree.

"Got you," I murmur, searching the area with my eyes. I don't see her anywhere, and so I look upward. Is she hiding in a tree? She must be.

But she isn't. I walk around the pond, baffled, scanning every branch, every trunk. Nothing. Finally, I return to my ATV. Foiled.

That was clever. I have to give her credit. Leaving the backpack got me to stop and investigate instead of continuing to chase. It bought her enough time to get away.

I won't fall for it next time.

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Ayla

I gasp as I surface from the pond, the straw I've been using to breathe hanging from my mouth. To my relief, it seems that I'm alone. I have no idea when Alessio gave up looking for me here. I just stayed under the water for as long as I could stand.

My backpack is gone. That means he took it. Talk about a close call. I'm filthy from the pond water and the mud as I step out onto dry land.

Oh. There's my backpack, sitting on a rock. I approach it warily, then pull out the sneakers and put them back on.

In the distance, I hear Alessio's quad revving. He's far away. Good. I head in the opposite direction, keeping my eyes peeled for yellow flags. The sun is getting lower on the horizon now, and I wouldn't mind some dinner.

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About 15 minutes later, I reach the beach. Alessio's engine is quiet now, and that unnerves me. It means I don't know where he is. I stay at the tree line, watching the waves. There's a landmass on the horizon, dark and distant. I don't even know what continent it is.

Ahead of me on the beach is a hut with a yellow flag. I'll bet there's food there. I start to creep out, then think better of it. The moment I go out onto the beach, I have no cover. I can be seen easily, even from a distance.

Far away, the motor starts back up. Whew. Letting out a deep breath, I walk out onto the sand and go over to the little hut. There's a water dispenser, cups, and a cooler containing two types of sandwiches. I eat peacefully, watching the sun set over the water. It's beautiful.

After my meal, I take off my shoes and stroll along the shoreline. Alessio's quad rumbles faintly, reassuringly far away. This is nice. Truth be told, being surrounded by gorgeous nature like this while completely naked is amazing. I can feel the breeze on my skin, the warm water tickling my bare feet.

And then my whole body prickles with tension as I realize that over the sound of the frothing waves, I can hear something moving at the tree line. I spin around and see Alessio stepping out from the jungle, his combat boot kicking up a puff of sand. We make eye contact across the beach.

"Hello, darling," growls my husband, eyes narrowing. "It's good to see you again."

