

THE MAFIA'S OBSESSION

Alessio

Just the sight of Ayla's naked body is enough to send blood rushing to my cock. I've got her now. She can run, but she won't outrun me. She stares at me, standing in the tide, and I can sense her whole body tensing. She glances around, as though looking for an escape route.

"I thought you were on the other side of the island," she shouts, backing away from me. "I heard your engine."

I grin, tapping a button on my phone screen. Across the island, my vehicle's engine roars. "My quadison the other side of the island. But I'm right here."

Ayla watches me walk toward her, still backing up, then her eyes focus on something behind me. She gasps in shock. I turn around instinctively, and fucking of course, she starts sprinting away from me down the beach. I take off after her, my boots sinking into the sand with every step.

She's pretty fast for someone who can't be any taller than 5'3". Thankfully, I'm a foot taller than that, and I do sprints on the treadmill every week. I catch up to her easily, my eyes glued to her ass as I jog to keep pace behind her.

Ayla glances over her shoulder, fear and concentration written all over her face. Then she does some type of maneuver like a basketball player, changing directions quickly to try to trip me up.

It almost works. I have too much momentum to change directions easily, and my feet slide on the sand. But I reach out an arm and I'm able to hook it

around her waist. This stops her abruptly. She gasps, struggling to break my grip.

“Nice try,” I say, wrapping my other arm around her to keep her in place. “Very nice try. But you’re mine now.”

In nature documentaries, I feel like there’s always a part where the baby gazelle stops struggling when it gets caught by the lion. But with Ayla, it’s a different story. She keeps fighting me with everything she has, trying to pry my arms off of her, and she’s so spirited that she almost succeeds.

But I keep my grip on her waist, and with my other hand, I retrieve the handcuffs hanging from my belt. She sees them, and immediately, all of her energy goes into not letting me get a hold of her wrists. After a short struggle, I manage to get a cuff around one wrist, and then the other.

She growls with defiance as the second cuff clicks shut, her arms now stuck behind her back.

“Mine,” I growl into her ear, my hand closing around her throat. “Now comes the part of the fantasy where I make you my submissive little fucktoy.”

“Never,” she spits, still trying to get away.

I smirk. “I guess you really want me to train that defiant streak out of you. Don’t worry. That’s exactly what I’m going to do. By the time I’m done with you, you’re going to be a good little girl who knows her place on my cock.”

She shudders, her resistance fading somewhat. I use the opportunity to take something else off my belt: a leather collar I had crafted just for her. Removing my hand, I put it around her neck and buckle it into place.

Ayla’s reaction is adorably outraged. “Did you just put a fucking collar on me?”

“Yes,” I gloat, the small chain links clinking in my pocket as I pull out a short leash. “And it’s staying on. Because for some reason, I think my pretty little captive might be a flight risk.”

“Bastard,” she says as I clip the leash onto her collar.

Ayla

I don’t think I’ve ever been more vulnerable in my life. Or more turned on. I’m completely naked with my hands cuffed behind my back, wearing a collar while Alessio controls the leash. I feel like an animal. A piece of meat. My heart is still hammering, and even though part of me is looking for an escape, part of me is also glad that the chase is over.

Now that he has me, I’m burning with excitement at what he’s going to do.

“My birthday girl in her birthday suit,” he gloats, groping my chest. “And now she’s mine to do whatever I want.”

I watch my nipples harden at his touch, tingles running through me. Fuck, I’m so helpless.

Alessio’s hand moves lower. “Are you wet from me dominating you like this?”

“No,” I say immediately, even though I know it’s probably a lie.

My breath grows shaky as his finger slides between my legs. He shows it to me, glistening with wetness. “Well, well, well. I am going to have a lot of fun with you, Ayla. A lot of fun.”

“You… wish,” I argue. I know my defiance won’t get me far at this point, but it’s fun to keep fighting.

He’s going to overpower me either way.

"This way," says my husband, tugging on the leash. "We're going to the beach house, where you're going to be a very good girl for me." When I don't move immediately, he gives my ass a slap. "Come on now, hurry up."

Alessio

I feel primally fulfilled as I lead Ayla back to the beach house. It's like I'm scratching my caveman itch of dragging a woman back to my cave. There's not much she can do to resist me now with her hands cuffed and the leash on her neck, and I take pleasure in reminding her of that fact, spanking her ass to make her speed up and occasionally stopping to grope her tits or her pussy.

When we get to the beach house, I push her inside. She looks around, taking in the combination of rustic vibes and expensive luxury.

"Cute cabin," she says. "Can you unlock me now?"

I just laugh. "Yeah, you'd like that. You're going to be under lock and key every moment until we leave here."

"You don't seriously mean-" Her words are cut off as I press a ball gag into her mouth. She glowers, cursing me pointlessly through the gag.

"Yes, I do seriously mean," I say, patting her cheek. Gripping her upper arm, I lead her to the staircase and lock her collar onto the railing.

"Don't go anywhere," I tease, starting up the steps. "I'm going to make us a shower and get you all cleaned off."

Ayla

I have no choice but to wait where Alessio put me, clipped by my collar to the railing. Upstairs, I can hear him walking around, and then the sound of a

shower running. My fist clenches with frustration as drool begins to build up around the gag.

When he comes back downstairs, I stiffen. He unclips me without a word, then leads me up the steps, holding me by my collar. I feel like an object, or a pet.

Okay, wow, the bathroom is gorgeous. Huge walk-in shower with black tiles and double waterfall showerheads, already filled with steam. He takes me in front of the mirror and I'm forced to look at myself: naked, collared, gagged, completely under Alessio's control. He smirks, putting an arm around my neck and looking at our reflections.

"Good-looking couple, huh?" he purrs into my ear. "The collar suits you."

God, he's so good at pressing my angry and horny buttons at the same time.

He removes the collar and handcuffs before taking me into the shower, but leaves the gag. As his hands run over my body, covering me with foamy soap, I feel my submissive side starting to come out. He's firmly dominating, but gentle as he cleans me, his fingers sliding through every crevice without a hint of shame.

"Good girl," he praises me as I open my legs, allowing him to slip a soapy hand between them. "Let's get you all clean before I make you dirty again."

Alessio

It's a pleasure to towel Ayla off after our shower. I take my time, exploring every inch of her smooth skin, so much softer from the warm water. Once she's dry, I put the collar back on, along with the handcuffs.

"Hhhuhh mmm mm uhh!" she tries to say through the ball gag.

“Oh, no, I’m far from done with you,” I tell her, attaching the leash to her collar again. I lead her to the bedroom, then push on her upper back so she bends over the bed. “Stay,” I order. “If I have any problems, I’m clipping your leash to the bedpost.”

She stays where I put her, quivering, while I get some items from my suitcase.

“You’re going to wear the plug for me now,” I say, showing it to her. “Be a good girl and spread your cheeks for me.”

She shakes her head, arguing into the gag. I give her ass a couple of hard spanks, then put my hand on the back of her head, pressing her face into the bed.

“It wasn’t a request. You can obey me, or get punished. You’re wearing the plug either way. Let me see you use those hands to spread yourself for me.”

Ayla squirms in frustration, earning three more spanks. Finally, she slumps, and uses the cuffed hand behind her back to spread her ass cheeks for me, just slightly.

“More,” I grunt, taking satisfaction in dominating her like this. “Show me those pretty little holes so I can play with them.”

She gives a throaty exhale, but complies, spreading herself wider.

“Good girl,” I whisper, tracing a finger up her soft, pink slit. I dip it inside just slightly, picking up some of her wetness, then I circle her asshole with it, grinning as her little hole winks in response.

“Okay, let’s get you plugged,” I say, dribbling on some lube and pressing the toy against her. “Relax for me. There you go.”

It pops inside, and she gasps.

I pat her ass. “There, that’s better. Come on up now.”

I help her return to a standing position, then immediately push her down to her knees. My fingers find the buckle on the ball gag behind her head.

“When this gag comes off, what do you think your mouth is for?”

Her eyes are wide as she looks up at me. I free my cock as I take off her gag, then push myself into her mouth before she has the chance to speak.

“Yes,” I groan, already losing myself. Fucking damn, she feels so good. I’ve been so turned on all day, I needed this release. And I’m going to take it. No need to hold myself back. I can use Ayla’s tight body as many times as I want.

For a girl who was resisting me before, her mouth sure doesn’t put up much resistance. Her throat opens as I slide my cock in deeper, taking me almost to the balls.

“Let me see you use that tongue,” I order, holding her head down on my shaft. “See if you can tickle my balls with it.”

She looks up at me as she does it, choking slightly as she reaches with her tongue.

“So good at sucking my cock,” I moan. “Do you like being my obedient little toy?”

She moans too, lips still wrapped around my shaft. I’ll take that as a yes.

I fuck Ayla’s face, holding the leash, my other hand in her hair as I thrust into her. Her eyes get bloodshot as she gags on my cock, a tear trickling down her cheek.

“You like being my dirty fucking girl?” I growl, my tip resting on her lips.

“Yes,” she admits, mouth drooping open hungrily.

“That’s my fucking little toy.” I push myself back in, fucking her mouth while she struggles to take all of me. Eventually, the pleasure becomes too much to

bear. I groan, legs going weak, cock twitching as I spurt my cum down her throat.

“Swallow that for me, baby,” I order, stroking the hair out of her face.

She nods, making eye contact as she swallows my cum.

“Good girl,” I whisper, putting the ball gag back into her mouth.

Ayla

I have another load of Alessio’s cum leaking from deep inside my pussy before he decides to break for dinner.

“All the food has to be shipped here,” he tells me nonchalantly, heating up pasta on the stove while I’m bound and gagged at the kitchen table.

“Obviously. But I’ve got enough here for the next few days, not to mention backups for the supply caches around the island.” He smirks at me. “Not that we’ll be needing them.”

I squirm in my seat, still wearing the plug.

“Almost done, says Alessio, straining the pasta. “Promise not to tell anyone I’m using sauce from a jar?”

A few minutes later, he plates the pasta and brings it over to the table. I stare hungrily at my portion as he unbuckles the ball gag, the smell wafting into my nostrils.

“I suppose I should untie your hands,” he says with an exaggerated sigh.

“Don’t get any funny ideas.”

The moment my hands are free, I dig into my pasta.

“That was a good trick with the backpack.” Alessio twirls noodles around his fork with much more refinement. “It totally got me to stop chasing you. Which direction did you go after that?”

“Ah, a good magician never reveals her tricks.”

He laughs. “Please?”

I can’t resist telling him. “I didn’t go any direction. I was hiding under the water, breathing through a straw.”

His mouth hangs open. “That’s... holy shit, that is so badass. I’m impressed.”

I shake my head. “Your trick with the quad was pretty good. Remote controlling it from the other side of the island.”

Alessio grins. “That was cool, right? Oh, hey, I totally forgot to pour the wine.” He goes to the kitchen and comes back with a bottle and two glasses. “I still can’t believe you were hiding in the pond. I was so close to you. I could have caught you right then.”

“You caught me just fine,” I mutter as he pours.

His eyes flash. “That I did.” He raises his glass. “To getting what we want. And then enjoying it.”

I had thought maybe Alessio might untie me after dinner, but no such luck. He re-cuffs my hands as soon as we’re finished eating, although he does remove the gag and the plug. Then we walk out to the beach, me wearing one of his big shirts, him holding the leash, and he puts down a blanket. We lie together under the stars, watching the waves.

When it’s time for bed, we go upstairs and he unlocks me, and brushing my teeth is almost like a normal night.

Then he wraps a cuff around my ankle. When I lie down, he secures it to the bed frame.

“Wouldn’t want you falling out of bed,” he explains, winking. “Can I get you a glass of water before we go to sleep?”

The next morning, Alessio keeps me locked to the bed while he goes down to the kitchen. I smell what I’m pretty sure are eggs cooking.

“You know, I do have to go to the bathroom!” I call down to him, pulling at my ankle.

He releases me, and when I come downstairs, we’ve got eggs and toast for breakfast. He locks me to the table as we eat.

“I’ll be right back,” he tells me once he’s done with his plate. He bends down and tugs on my ankle cuff, making sure it’s secured tightly to the heavy table. “Don’t go anywhere.”

“You already used that one!” I call after him as he goes upstairs and closes the bathroom door behind him.

The second the door clicks shut, I stick a finger underneath my ankle cuff and pull out the key I swiped during the brief moment I was unlocked to use the bathroom. I fiddle with the lock, my heart racing, and the cuff opens.

Alessio’s phone is sitting on the table. I take it, toss it into the backpack by the door, and then wince as I hear his footsteps coming down the stairs.

“Are you-Aylaaa!”

I throw open the front door and sprint outside, filled with adrenaline. The quad bike is sitting right there with the key fob hanging from a lanyard on the handlebars. Jumping into the seat, I start the engine and gun it, just as Alessio bursts out of the beach house behind me.

I grin madly, the wind whipping through my hair. Over the rumble of the engine, I hear my husband roar.

Ayla

I slow down once I've put some distance between myself and the beach house. Riding an ATV naked is quite the experience. I stop on the beach, still buzzed with excitement. I fucking love that I got away. That was so much fun.

I've covered enough distance that I know Alessio can't be here anytime soon. I pace the beach, staying in range of the quad. If I drive it, the sound of the motor will give away my location.

Having a vehicle makes the experience of being prey very different. The things I need to consider have changed: now I am much, much more mobile, but it comes at the cost of making a loud noise. Overall, my situation is definitely better, but the knowledge that using the ATV tells Alessio where I am is a little bit nerve-racking.

I see something in the distance, all the way down the beach. Is that him? I can't tell. It could be a rock, or even a tree. Is it coming toward me? I glance behind me at the quad. How long would it take to run back to it if I needed to?

A rustling. I spin around, facing the trees. Just the wind. Just the wind. Dammit. I jog back to the quad. My gut is telling me to change locations.

Alessio

In the distance, the ATV's motor rumbles. I do one more pass through the house, looking for my phone, but I know in my heart that Ayla took it. And as

goddamn frustrated as that makes me, I have to admit there's also a grudging respect. That was a smart move. Not only did she get away and take my vehicle, but she stole the device that allows me to control it remotely. She made it a lot harder for me to stack the deck.

She's going to get punished for this. Thoroughly. But apparently, my wife is made of stronger stuff than I thought. That realization is a pleasing one. It makes me less concerned for her safety, knowing she can take care of herself.

Not to mention, it will be even more satisfying when I catch her and make her submit to me all over again.

The backpack by the door is missing. I didn't notice it in the rush of watching her escape, but she must have taken it with her. My first thought is that I'm glad she has the flare gun in case anything happens.

My second thought is the sAylage realization that I now have another way of turning things in my favor.

I go upstairs and get my computer. Pulling up the video feed for the backpack camera, I see trees rushing by as she rides the quad. I watch her until she stops, scanning the area around her for a landmark that I recognize.

My tablet is charging next to me. The first thing I did after she escaped was plug it in. It was at 0% battery then, now it's at 12%. Not great, but hopefully, enough. I power it on and run the app that connects to the quad bike.

For safety reasons, I can't kill the motor while she's driving, and I wouldn't want to. But I can make it so as soon as she turns it off, it won't turn on again. Quickly, I download the software for the backpack camera to the tablet. I don't want to carry this thing around, but it's better than the laptop. I'll use it to keep tabs on her location until she's back under lock and key.

Ayla

I speed by a yellow flag and decide to stop. Just to check what it is. It's a station with protein bars, bottled coffee drinks in a mostly melted cooler, and little packets of Oreos. I grab two Oreo packets and head back to the ATV.

It doesn't start. Swearing, I give it a moment and try the ignition again. Still nothing. Fuck. Is it out of gas? I hop off and circle the vehicle, looking for anything wrong.

Then I jump as the motor revs. Vroooooommm. Vrooooooooooommmmm. Holy shit, that scared me. For a moment I'm excited, thinking I somehow fixed it, and then I realize:

Alessio is toying with me.

The motor stops, and a chill comes over me. I'm being hunted again, without a vehicle. And something tells me Alessio is going to be even more forceful this time.

I take off into the woods, neck prickling with goosebumps.

Maybe 20 minutes later, I'm feeling slightly less anxious. I haven't seen or heard a hint of Alessio, and despite the tantalizing dread of knowing that can't last forever, my escape seems to be going pretty well so far. I munch my Oreos, trying to chew quietly.

Then, in the distance, the motor starts. And it doesn't seem to be staying in one place. My heart thumps as I realize this can only mean one thing:

My husband has the ATV again.

The good part is, now I know his location on the island, at least roughly.

The bad part is, it sounds like he's coming right at me. The rumbling just keeps getting louder and louder, until I realize in a flash that I have to move.

I scurry through the bushes, ducking my head, and then, to my terror, Alessio rides right past me on the quad. He turns, and I'm sure that he sees me. I take off running, ditching the backpack so I can move faster.

The motor screams behind me as I start to full-on sprint. I'm going in the opposite direction he was, so I know he must be scrambling to make a U-turn. I just run and run and run, and somehow, the engine doesn't seem to be getting louder. Heaving for breath, I drop down and crouch behind a big rock.

I can still hear him driving, searching for me. But it's obvious that he doesn't know where I am. I remain in my hiding spot, formulating a plan for my next move.

Alessio

Fuck! I just had her! I can't believe I let her slip away. Where the fuck did she go? Grunting in frustration, I pull the ATV to a stop and check the video feed on the tablet.

All I can see are palm trees swaying gently against the sky. I stare at the image before realizing the obvious truth: she must have gotten rid of the backpack.

There goes my biggest advantage.

I circle the island one more time, then drive back to the beach house to regroup. Pulling up the quad, I stomp to the front door and pull it open.

Or at least, I try to. It doesn't open. Shaking my head in confusion, I twist the handle harder.

The door is locked.

I guess I must have locked it from the inside before I left. Shaking my head, I go around to the other door.

Also locked. Okay, shit. In my hurry to leave, I didn't bring the keys. I'm trying to figure out what I should do, and that's when I hear a tapping at the window.

Ayla waves at me from inside the beach house, sipping a glass of orange juice. She dangles the keys in front of the glass, grinning.

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Ayla

"What? I can't hear you," I say to Alessio as he rages at me from the other side of the window. "I'm going upstairs to take a nap. I'll talk to you later?"

I go upstairs, tremendously pleased with myself. I'd say I'm winning this kinky game of hide and seek.

The sound of breaking glass from below instantly causes me to rethink. Peering down the stairwell to the bottom floor, I see my husband reaching through the glass panel on one of the doors to unlock it. He lets himself inside. Shit. Not winning.

He rushes to the staircase and starts stomping up it, forcing me to run up the steps. At this point, it feels pointless: I'm trapped. Unless I can go out a window...

As I fumble with the window screen, I hear his feet hit the second floor. His arms wrap around my waist, pulling me away from the window.

"Nice fucking try," he growls, pushing me all the way down to the floor and pinning me roughly. He forces my hands behind my back and cuffs them, then he slides the collar back around my neck. "That's better," he says smugly,

buckling it closed and clipping on the leash. "Got you right back where you belong."

I try to struggle, but he just laughs, holding me in place by the collar and covering my ass with stinging spansks.

"No, no, you don't get to exert any control over the situation now. Not anymore. Now it's just me in charge, and you getting punished."

I take shaky breaths as he stands over me, pulling off his leather belt.

"Spread your legs, Ayla."

When I ignore him, he pries my legs apart and gives me several harsh spansks as I whimper.

"From now on, I will accept zero disobedience. You submit your body to me in every fucking way or get disciplined for it."

He spansks my ass a few more times with his hand, and then I wince as he slides the leather belt up my inner thigh, tapping it against my pussy.

"Oh!" I gasp as it hits my clit, giving me a pleasurable tingle.

Slap! Alessio smacks my pussy with the belt, causing me to yelp.

"This is what happens, Ayla. You had your fun. Now you pay the price."

He keeps spanking my pussy with the belt, forcing me back into position whenever I hunch my back or close my legs. It's humiliating, and I have no choice but to submit.

"Back in position, Ave," he warns me, slapping the belt back and forth across my inner thighs as my legs start to close. "Don't let me see you close these again."

"Fuck," I gasp, feeling so dominated, I can hardly speak. I part my legs again, then moan as my clit gets another sharp hit from the belt.

“Okay, we’re going to put the plug back in,” says Alessio, patting my ass.

Alessio

Ayla whimpers as I push the plug into her tight little hole. She’s going to submit to me now in ways she hasn’t before.

“That’s one hole plugged. Now for the other.” I press the ball gag into her mouth and buckle it behind her head. Her whole body shakes as she crouches facedown on the floor, hands behind her back.

But it’s not enough. I want to take everything from her. Every sense, every ability, every option she has other than to receive. Retrieving my bag of toys, I wrap a blindfold around her head, making sure there’s no gap for the light to leak in.

Next come the earplugs, and then over that, the noise-blocking earmuffs I use at the shooting range. She starts squirming at this point, as though realizing how truly vulnerable she is, and I take that moment to wiggle the plug, making her whimper.

“Yeah, you’re really mine now,” I say to my helpless little toy, giving her ass a slap. I pick her up and lead her over to the bed by her collar. She submits more readily now, relying on me to guide her safely now that I’ve taken her vision.

I secure each of Ayla’s limbs to a bedpost so she’s spread-eagle on the mattress. Then I go around and make sure that all of the connections have zero slack, leaving no room for her to move. I step back, watching her acclimate to her new environment.

She twitches her various body parts, testing the range she has to work with. AKA, basically nothing. A moan escapes her.

Perfect. Just the way it should be.

Satisfied, I go downstairs to pour myself a drink. I'm going to make her wait for a while before I play with her some more.

When I come back upstairs, Ayla is right where I left her. The first thing I do is check her pussy, which is dripping wet as I expected. She startles when I first touch her, clearly not having realized I was in the room.

I grope her tits, rolling her nipples between my fingers until she moans into the ball gag. Then I give each breast a slap, and then her pussy for good measure. She gasps, having no way to tell what's coming next.

Next, I get my belt again. Ayla's tummy ripples as I brush the leather down her body, teasing it between her legs. Her thighs quiver, and I love knowing that she's unable to close them.

I keep stroking her with the belt, letting it brush against her pussy every time it goes past. Soon, her breathing starts to sync up with it, like she's expecting the little jolt of pleasure when the leather touches her clit.

The next time my belt slides between her thighs, I pull it back and give her pussy a smack.

"Hhhhhhnnnnhhh" Ayla moans, cunt twitching. I cackle and do it again.

Her pussy is pink and swollen now, gleaming with wetness. Groaning with desire, I pull down my pants and climb on top of her. My wife sighs, feeling my weight. The head of my cock presses against her pussy lips, then I thrust it inside, pulling back only once to gather more wetness before pushing it all the way in.

I fuck Ayla until I come inside her, holding the leash attached to her neck. When I'm done, I take the vibrator out from my bag and hold it against her clit until her toes curl.

Then I stop. She fights against her restraints, groaning. I just smile, my fingers lightly stroking her wet, swollen pussy as it twitches in desperation.

I don't bother taking out the gag. I know she's frustrated and needy, and I don't care.

I'm going to torture my wife even more before I let her come. And there's nothing she can do about it.