

# THE MAFIA'S OBSESSION

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Ayla

I know it's pointless to fight against him, but I do it anyway. I want Alessio to have to overpower me. He pins my arms to my sides, picks me up, and starts trudging in the direction of the cabin, my feet dragging in the snow. It's slow going, and I don't make it easy for him, but he gets me there.

The front door is unlocked. He opens it and forces me inside, immediately pulling a collar from his belt and wrapping it around my neck. He keeps the helmet on while he locks the leash onto me, saying nothing.

Now I can't run. Not with the leash attached. He holds it casually as he takes off his boots, jacket, and finally, his helmet. I watch him, trying to read his intentions. Is he here to get his wife back? Or his prisoner?

"Hello, dear," Alessio smirks. "I missed you, you know. I missed you a lot."

I'm still a little shocked at how easily he caught me. "Um... hi," I say lamely. "Surprise, I'm in Alaska."

He smiles, a surprisingly genuine reaction, and then smushes me into a deep kiss. I don't mean to give in, to surrender this to him, but I do. It's so instinctive.

It feels so right.

Even though it's wrong.

"I missed you," he says again when the kiss breaks. "I really, really did. I'm going to put another log on the fire, and then we're going to get all this heavy gear off you."

I don't dare try to detach the leash. He keeps holding it as he walks over to the wood stove in the corner, stokes the coals, and adds a large log. Then he comes back over, removes my snowshoes, and unlaces my boots.

I'm apprehensive as he unzips my jacket. Unsure how to respond. The snow pants come next, and all I'm wearing underneath is a black thermal layer that hugs my body. He eyes me hungrily, then removes his own snow pants. We're dressed about the same now, in skintight black.

The only difference is, I'm wearing the collar and the leash.

"Mine," Alessio growls, pulling me into him by the waist. He kisses me hungrily, forcefully, invading my mouth with his tongue as his hands slip down to cup my ass.

My instincts betraying me, I kiss him back, craving his warmth, his touch. The fire in the corner flickers as the logs catch light and he presses me into the wall, holding me now by the collar.

Our bodies both want this. But does his heart want anything at all?

"You mean everything to me," he rasps. "Ayla... You're what keeps my heart beating. I've been fucking denying it, to you, to myself, but I can't anymore. Something happened while you were gone, I had a moment, and I realized... There's nothing that matters more than being close to you. You're worth every risk, every sacrifice. I want you to know me. And I don't ever want you to leave my side."

My breath comes shaky, his words causing me to choke up. "Don't say that if you don't mean it." He presses himself against me, still pinning me to the wall by my collar. "I mean all of it. Every fucking word. I want to be the husband you deserve. I was stupid before. I was trying to protect myself from losing you, from getting hurt. But I don't want to protect myself anymore. Not from you. I've been in love with you for so fucking long."

Alessio's grip loosens and I bury my face in his neck, overcome.

"I married you because I wanted you more than anything," he breathes.

"Because I couldn't fucking stand for you to not be mine. I love you, Ayla. You don't have to say it back. But I messed up by ever letting you think otherwise."

I look up at him, eyes stinging with tears. "I love you too," I whisper. I've never said that to anyone before. "But I want the real you. Not some empty suit of armor."

"You have me," he says fiercely, like he's imploring me to believe it. "You have all of me. Every piece of me that there is."

My husband holds me so tightly and I melt against him, filled with heat. Our lips meet, the fire inside me reigniting. I suck on his lip, sliding my hands under his shirt, running over the warm skin, the firm muscles.

"Ayla," he whispers, voice hoarse. "Oh fuck, Ayla..."

Alessio's thigh goes between my legs as he devours me with a kiss. His hands run up and down my body, claiming my breasts, my hips, my ass, and a growl rumbles in his throat. We tumble toward the bed in a frenzy, desperate for each other.

He snarls as his hand gets caught in my top, searching for my breasts. He rips it over my head, then pushes me down onto the mattress, climbing on top of me, eyes filled with need.

"Alessio," I whimper, and it's like all I want is to be closer to him, as close to him as I can.

His hands find the top of my tights and he tugs them down along with my panties, baring me for him. He fishes one of my feet out of the leg hole and doesn't bother with the other, gripping my thighs and spreading my legs for him as he kneels over me on the bed.

“My fucking wife,” he growls, unbuckling his pants and freeing his cock. He’s throbbing hard, almost purple as veins snake the shaft. He presses himself against my entrance, looking me in the eye.

“Mine,” he growls, pushing the head of his cock past my pussy lips. “Say it.”

“Yours,” I breathe, and finally, for the first time, I feel like I can really, truly mean it. “I’m yours, Alessio. I’m yours.”

“And I’m yours, too, Ayla,” he whispers, groaning loudly as he pushes his cock inside.

I shudder at the sensation of him parting my inner walls. My body is struggling to accept him, stretching to take all of him, making room in the place only my husband can fill. He stays there a moment when he’s fully seated, panting. I lean up to kiss him.

“Mine,” I tell him playfully, putting my hands on his hips to keep him from thrusting. I just want to savor this moment, this union, this glorious sense of being filled.

“Yours,” he whispers, eyes flashing. “I mean it, Ayla. I’m giving myself to you. Everything that I have.”

I gasp as he starts to rock inside me, the gentle movement getting faster until he’s moving me on the bed with full-on thrusts. My fingers scramble under his shirt, savoring the warmth of his skin. He pulls it over his head with a growl.

When his body comes back down onto mine, I moan at the feeling of skin-on-skin. I wrap my legs around him, pulling him into me, and he lets out a shuddering groan.

The room flickers with orange firelight as he gyrates on top of me. His hands slide underneath me, gripping my ass, spreading the cheeks apart. I feel like

I'm all his now, like I'm being claimed. Outside the cabin, snowflakes drift lazily to the ground.

"I need you," Alessio groans, voice almost breaking. "Fuck, Ayla, I can't believe how much I need you. I've never felt this way about anyone."

I clench myself around him, hips starting to quiver, close to unraveling. "Alessio... I'm getting close..."

His eyes light up, even as he starts to pass his own point of no return. "Come for me, Ave. I want you to come for me. Oh my god..."

I let out a throaty moan, all my muscles squeezing and releasing. His breathing gets faster, his grip on my ass tighter, and my orgasm explodes through me just as his cock starts to twitch.

My husband gasps, spurting his seed inside me as we come together. All I feel is the heat of his body, the pleasure crashing over me, his cock filling me with cum. He buries his face in my neck, groaning. Both of us are beyond words, our bodies joined.

"I love you, Ayla." Alessio strokes the hair from my forehead as my pussy twitches with the aftershocks. "I love you so fucking much, I don't even know how to bear it. But I'm going to learn. And I swear to you, I will not let anything in this world keep us apart ever again."