

# THE MAFIA'S OBSESSION

Ayla

I sit on the full-sized mattress, waiting for Darren to come back. Or was it Derek? Shit. Learning his name wasn't the point. I didn't exactly come here to meet Mr. Right.

Tonight, I just want to hook up. I want to feel wanted. By someone who has nothing to do with the Mafia or my fucking father. Not an arrangement. Not something that somebody else planned for me. On my terms. My choice.

The pause while Darren goes to the bathroom gives me a chance to feel my nervousness. I've never done this before, not even close. And like, I don't want to tell him I'm a virgin, because that would totally scare him off, but I also don't want to look like an idiot when the clothes come off and I don't know what I'm doing.

Just act like you've been there before. It's not rocket science, it's basic biology. It's an instinct. Animals Do it.

I search for my drink, then realize I left it downstairs. But a bottle of tequila is sitting on the nightstand, so I unscrew the cap and take a hearty swig, wincing as the fiery liquid trickles down my throat. That's better. That'll calm my nerves.

My stomach tingles with anxious excitement as the door to the bedroom opens. Derek comes in, wearing the ghost mask again. He closes and locks the door behind him.

"Do you... have protection?" I ask hesitantly, standing up from the bed.

He nods, walking slowly toward me. He seems taller than I remember, and when we touch, I'm amazed at how solid his body feels.

"I didn't realize how strong you were," I whisper seductively, tipping my head up to kiss him. He looks down at me, that creepy mask still covering his face. "Are you going to keep that thing on the whole time?"

Again, he nods. Okay, I can work with that.

"That's kind of sexy," I say, wrapping my hands around his muscular torso and slipping them inside his shirt. "I like that."

From under the mask comes his breathing, hoarse and heavy. Feeling bold, I let a hand creep lower, past his belt line, until it finds something very hard, very thick, absolutely throbbing inside his pants.

My own breath catches. He's fully aroused.

I start to unbuckle his belt, but he stops me. When I look up at him, he shakes his head and walks me backward to the bed.

A thrill comes over me. He's taking charge, and it seems like he knows exactly what he's doing. I let him push me onto the bed, on my back, then quiver with anticipation as he stands over me. I'm intensely vulnerable in this moment, my pussy pulsing with need, and he looks fucking scary as shit wearing all black with that mask.

The fact that he isn't saying anything is kind of freaking me out, but even still, a moan escapes me as he takes hold of my wrists and pins them to my sides. Fuck, that turns me on. He holds my arms in place for a moment, squeezing my wrists as though to indicate I'm expected to keep them there.

Then my breathing gets faster as he begins to stroke my body with his rough hands. They explore my curves, their touch firm, possessive, and it's almost as though he's taking me in, marveling at what he has before him. Even

though I can't see his face through the mask, I can sense the lust in his every action, the hunger.

By the time his hands move lower, I'm ready for it. His fingers trace the high-cut lines on both sides of my bodysuit, making their slow, tantalizing way all the way down from my hips to my crotch.

"Please," I whisper as his fingers reach the snaps at the bottom that guard my aching clit.

Alessio

Mine. That's the only thing I can think right now. I've been fucking fantasizing about this since the moment I first laid eyes on her. I don't care if she's too young or too innocent. She belongs to me now. For the rest of her life.

Ayla's past doesn't matter. From this moment forward, I'm the only man who gets to touch her. The only man who gets to spread these legs and enjoy what lies between them. That's something I will not hesitate to enforce.

My fingers stroke down to her crotch and find the buttons. Goddamn, do I love the easy access. She whimpers, watching me, her breaths coming heavy. She's nervous, I realize. Probably inexperienced. What I'm doing feels blasphemous.

Hate the sinner, love the sin.

One sharp pull and the snaps pop open. I can't resist letting out a satisfied groan at the sight of her swollen cunt. She's fully shaved, wetness glistening on the lips, and it's an effort not to rip my mask off and find out how she tastes right then and there.

But I'm not going to reveal myself. Not yet.

Ayla moans and her pussy twitches, pressed against the black fishnet of her tights. The feeling of ownership I have in that moment, the knowledge that

she's mine to do whatever I want with, is almost obscene. It makes me feel drunk.

"Yes," she whispers as my thumb brushes her clit, just barely. "Oh my god, yes."

I give her my whole thumb now, making slow circles around her little nub. Ayla sighs, arching her back. "Oh, wow, you really know what you're doing."

There's a growl rumbling in my throat. I hold it back, trying to remain calm. I'm losing it. No one has ever brought out this side of me before. This woman makes me fucking insane.

Ayla whimpers, and fuck it. No more foreplay. She's dripping wet, and I need to be inside her. I attack my belt buckle, desperate to free my painfully hard shaft. This whole fucking day, I've been doing shit I didn't want to do. Now I'm going to do what I want. Now I'm going to do something for me.

And then I'm snapped back to reality by the sound of sirens. Not in the distance, not driving past, but close by. Coming from the street right outside the frat house.

Fuck. I snap Ayla's bodysuit closed in a frenzy, lift her off the bed, and carry her to the door.

"I can walk! I can fucking walk!" she protests.

I put her down without a word, then swing the door open and maneuver her through the crowd, shoving people out of the way left and right. The police aren't inside the house yet, but I can see blue and red flashes through the windows facing the yard. Music continues to vibrate, covering the voices of panicked people asking what the hell is going on.

We have to leave.

I guide Ayla through the throngs of partygoers in the opposite direction, searching for a back door. There. We go through it, into the backyard, and she squeals as I lift her by the waist over the fence into the next property.

Hopping the fence, I run with her down the street and away from the party until she stops, out of breath.

“Oh my god,” she gasps, panting. “Holy fuck, I can’t believe we got away.”

But I’m already gone, hustling down an alley away from her.

I’ll get my car tomorrow.

Ayla

“Honey, it’s time to wake up!”

My mom’s voice. Along with some very insistent knocking. I bury my face in my pillow.

“Ayla? It’s 10 in the morning! Come on, I made you some coffee.”

“I’m sleeping,” I say groggily, trying to keep my brain in sleep mode.

Annoyance washes over me as I hear her open my bedroom door. I Hate It when she does that. “Honey! Come on, it’s too late to stay asleep. Why don’t we have a mother-daughter talk.”

Just a few more weeks, I tell myself. Just a few more weeks, and then you’ll be living in the dorms. No roommate could be worse than this.

I turn to my mother, bleary-eyed. “Yes, mom?”

Shefrowns. “Well, no need to be rude. I’m sorry I raised you better than to sleep in all hours of the afternoon.”

“What time is it?” I reach for my phone. “Mom! It’s not afternoon. I was up late last night.”

“And whose fault is that?” She crosses her arms. “Your father told me you stormed out after the wedding?”

My stomach churns as I remember the messed-up roller coaster that last night was. Smoking weed with Belle-Ann and meeting that guy, then dad telling me like an hour later that I’m supposed to marry him. The party...

Oh fuck, the party.

“Can I be alone right now?” I ask my mom. “I’m still just waking up.”

“Let’s talk now,” she says, “then you can be alone. I won’t take up too much of your precious time.”

It will be easier not to argue with her. I sit up in bed, resigned. “Okay. What?”

“You know you’re marrying Alessio Razione.”

I bury my head in my hands. “Mom, goddammit. I don’t want to do that.”

“And I don’t like going to the doctor, Ayla, but I do it. I don’t like flossing my teeth, but you know what I do every single day?”

“We’re not talking about flossing my fucking teeth!” I yell, patience evaporating. “We’re talking about me spending the rest of my life with someone I don’t love, someone I never even met before tonight!”

My mother, Maria Gonzalez, gives me a look I’ve seen far, far too many times, forcing her heavily Botoxed face into a patronizing smile. “That isn’t true, honey. You’ve met Alessio before. Don’t you remember that summer? When we stayed at Bevilacqua’s lake house, and you played with all the other kids?”

I squint, memories starting to flash back to me. “You mean when I was like 13?”

“You were 14. And maybe you don’t remember this well, but Alessio was there visiting with his grandfather at the same time as us. I think he went by ‘Alex’ back then.”

Oh, shit. The name Alex, I remember. In fact, it’s just about the only part of that trip I do. The mysterious, well-dressed older guy who was always in a bad mood and didn’t seem to give a fuck about anything, including me. That shit was like crack to me at that age.

Yeah, I remember him. And that’s why I recognized him at the wedding. Five years ago, for about a week, he was my completely inappropriate crush.

“That’s not the point, mom. I don’t want an arranged marriage. I want to choose who I marry.”

She sighs. “And I want to-”

“You get everything you want!” I interrupted her, my anger flaring back up.

“You got your dream house, your dream car, all on account of dad’s blood money. Look at that rock on your finger. Look at all the shit we own! It is suchbullshitfor you to act like your life is this constant struggle of you doing things you don’t want to do.”

My mother goes silent. I can tell that I’ve gone too far for this to continue as a rational discussion.

“We all do things for the family,” she snaps. “I’ve done more for our family than you will ever know. I don’t want to hear one more word of argument. The world doesn’t revolve around you. You’re marrying Alessio Razione, and that’s final.”

She spins around and slams my door behind her.

I scream into my pillow.

Alessio

What the actual fuck is wrong with me? What did I do last night?

Okay, I know exactly what I did. What I don't get is why. Usually, I make good decisions.

Last night, I did not make good decisions.

Going to that college party was stupid. The last thing I need is to get caught by the police at an event with underage drinking. Sure, I know some guys on the force who owe me a few favors, and I probably could have gotten away just fine. But that isn't a good situation for anybody.

The really fucked up thing is, I don't regret any of it.

Last night, I proved something to myself. And to Ayla as well, although she doesn't know it yet.

No man will ever have her but me.

This won't be a loving marriage. I fucking hate the fact that it will be a marriage at all. I don't need a wife, and I don't need a partner. I barely even need friends. What I especially don't need, what I won't accept, is closeness. To anyone.

All closeness leads to is pain.

I don't want to marry Ayla. I want to keep her tied to my fucking bedpost.

Snarling in frustration, I throw my knife across the room, embedding it in the target I have set up in my penthouse. Every time I think about it, I get white-hot. With rage at my life being taken from me. With bitterness that I don't have a say in the matter.



With disgust when I realize that I would do anything to bind her to me, regardless of the circumstances.

My phone buzzes. I pick up. “Hi, Nonno.”

I can hear the smile in my grandfather’s voice. “We’re meeting with the Gonzalezs today to arrange your wedding. Are you at home?”

Retrieving my knife from the target, I prepare to throw again. “Yes. Now?”

“I’ll send a car,” he says simply, and hangs up.

My next throw, the knife ends up sticking out of the drywall.

Like I could give a fuck.

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It’s my first time visiting the Gonzalez estate. The place is as nice as you would expect, with a yard full of perfectly manicured hedges, statues, and water features. My grandfather’s driver parks out front, and Anthony Gonzalez meets us in the driveway, along with his wife and daughter. In the background, several bodyguards are present, watching.

“His wife is named Maria,” my grandfather hisses before we get out, “and the daughter is Ayla.”

I can’t help but smirk, even though I’m in a bad mood. I know Ayla a lot better than anyone else here realizes.

Including her.

We get out of our black SUV, and Maria Gonzalez is all smiles. “Nazio ! Good to see you again! I’m so glad I caught you on my way out.” There’s something strained about her mannerisms that I can’t quite place. My guess is she doesn’t like this arrangement for her daughter any more than I do.

“Maria,” says my grandfather curtly, barely looking at her. His lip twitches in what almost seems to be an uncharacteristic loss of composure. Then he turns to Anthony . “We have much to discuss!”

Maria makes her apologies, then gets in her little red convertible to go to spin class. Ayla doesn’t say a word, just follows the three of us into the house, avoiding eye contact with me.

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Ayla

I sit at the kitchen table, listening to my dad and another mob boss discuss my arranged marriage to a man I barely know. I can’t bear to look at Alessio, even though his demeanor is different now from what it was last night.

He’s not staring a hole in the table anymore. Now, he’s looking right at me.

A bead of sweat drips down my armpit, tickling uncomfortably. What I’m planning to do is extreme, but it’s my only choice. I’ve been backed into a corner.

My father asks me a question. Something about wedding dates. They’re trying to include me, to pretend as though I have a say in this. I give a perfunctory answer, but I don’t even know what I’m saying. Not even a small part of me is listening. I’m waiting for my moment.

And waiting. And waiting.

Finally, I realize there isn’t going to be a moment. I just need to do it. It’s a matter of bravery, not timing.

I need to make the choice.

My gaze flits to Alessio. I can’t help it. This whole time, his presence has been a magnet, and I’ve been resisting. We make eye contact.

The strength of intention in his eyes makes me want to flinch, as though I'm pulling my hand away from a flame. What that look communicates is pure, primal need. It's like he's carving into my soul, seeing all the parts of me I do my best to hide.

For a moment, it even feels like he can tell what I'm planning.

Shivering slightly, I look away. That's silly. I'm the only one who knows about the suitcase packed in the trunk of my car, and the key in my pocket.

"I'm going to go to the bathroom," I say, standing up. "Don't wait for me."

"Be right back," says my father sternly. "This is important."

I mumble agreement and exit the dining room. As soon as I'm out, I hasten my steps, slipping into the garage and through the side door that leads to the driveway. My car is at the ready, carefully parked facing the right direction for an easy escape.

Heart pounding, I climb into the driver's seat.

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Alessio

Anthony Gonzalez takes a deep, frustrated breath at the sound of the car peeling out of the driveway. Looking through the window, I see a red Lexus sedan hit the street in a hurry.

"Sorry about that," says Gonzalez, closing his eyes. "That was... unexpected."

My grandfather's tone is as cold as ice. "You said there would be no more problems, Anthony. I trust I don't need to remind you the seriousness of our arrangement."

The other boss looks pissed, but lowers his gaze in contrition. "I know, I know. We'll find her."

“No, Alessi will find her. She won’t get far without spending money. You have access to her bank accounts and credit card activity?”

“Of course.”

“Give them to him. My grandson will have no trouble tracking her down.”

I nod grimly, an excitement coming over me. Ahunger.

It’s time for Ayla to find out who’s really in charge.

Ayla

10 days later

The parking lot at the Parker Springs Bancroft Hotel & Suites is almost full. I pull into a spot in the back, two big bags of groceries in the passenger seat, and sit there for a moment, finishing my song. I’m not looking forward to carrying those bags all the way through the parking lot to my room.

Song over. Time to go. I get out, take a grocery bag in each hand, and fumble around with my key fob until my pinky somehow manages to press the button that locks the car. By the time I reach the door to my room, both shoulders are burning.

I slide the key card and walk in, putting the bags down on the floor in my little kitchenette next to the fridge. It’s not exactlyluxurious, but it’s clean, safe, and comfortable enough for the time being. More space than I’ll have in my college dorm with a roommate, that’s for sure.

Over the last week, I’ve made this hotel room a home. I moved around constantly for the first few days, staying in a different place every night, paranoid that my father would find me. Now I’m starting to feel secure.

In exactly 20 days, the college semester starts. Until then, I'll be here in Parker Springs. A safe distance from Bover City, but close enough that it won't be too much of a pain to get to Bover City University when it's finally time for me to move onto campus.

As I unpack my groceries, my phone buzzes with a text from Belle-Ann, asking where I am. She's worried about me, and it hurts my heart to ignore her messages. But her father is a captain in the Gonzalez family, and my parents know that we're friends. I trust my friend completely, but I have no idea who could be looking through her phone.

Anxiety buzzes through me at the thought. I reassure myself by checking for the 473rd time that I have the location on my own phone disabled. It is, of course. Turning off location services was the first thing I did, even before I left my parents' house.

You're fine. You're totally fine. If they had a way to track you through your phone, they would have already caught you.

Cracking open a can of flavored sparkling water, I flop down on the bed and turn on the TV.

Wait.

My eyes fall to my suitcase, next to the bed. I still haven't unpacked, just in case I need to be ready for a hasty getaway. But I usually at least close the suitcase when I'm not using it. Did I really leave it wide open like that?

Apparently I did. Or maybe room service came by, even though I hung the "do not disturb" sign on my door. Must be.

I sip my sparkling water, flipping through the channels, resisting the urge to sign into the family Netflix account. I don't thiiiink they can track me that way, but it's better to be safe than sorry.

20 more days.

All I need to do is hold out for 20 more days.

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I'm driving on the freeway when I notice a black SUV behind me. Changing lanes, I look into the rearview mirror and see the other car merge to keep following.

A sense of doom comes over me. This is it. I've been discovered.

Reacting quickly, I veer into the exit lane. It almost causes an accident, but the black SUV zooms past me. Have I gotten away?

But as I keep driving, another, identical vehicle turns the corner in front of me. And then another. Soon, I'm flooring it down the road, a sea of black SUVs all around. There are no other cars in sight.

The frat house. That's my escape. My car screeches into the yard and I get out, sprinting inside and slamming the door shut.

They can't get me in here.

The music throbs. Costume-wearing students are laughing, some of them dancing. Belle-Ann hands me a red cup and I drink. Then she kisses me on the cheek and nods approvingly, motioning to the staircase.

It's what I've been waiting for.

I walk up the steps, my excitement growing. When I reach the end of the hall, I slip into the bedroom, ready. He's on his way. He'll be here any minute.

As his footsteps draw closer, I look down at my clothes. To my shock, I'm already naked. I cover myself with my hands, feeling vulnerable and elated at the same time.

A key card swipes the door and it opens. In comes the ghost, the man with the masked face. I don't know who's under there, but I want him. I want him so badly. Wordlessly, he guides me to the bed.

I'm whimpering as he climbs on top of me, his body so much firmer than I had expected. His hand reaches my neck and I gasp, the fingers wrapping around my throat.

Then his cock is out, and he's holding my thighs as he slides himself inside me.

I moan, overcome. I'm not a virgin anymore. I belong to him now.

He fucks me in a blur and we cum at the same time. I can feel his hot seed pumping into me, filling me up.

Then he brings his face next to mine and pulls off the mask.

It's Alessio.

I'm not angry. I'm not scared. I kiss him, and he kisses me back. Tenderly. His hand returns to my neck and I put mine on top of it, the ring on my finger glinting in the light.

Then my husband draws himself back up and begins to thrust. We make eye contact, and I feel like I'm his. Completely.

I wake up covered in goosebumps. Instinctively, I reach between my legs and wow, I'm super wet. I'm not sure what woke me, but I think I'm too horny to go back to sleep.

Clinging to the remnants of my dream, I allow a finger to circle my clit. I've been dreaming variations of that same sequence almost every night since I checked into the hotel, and I'm past caring how weird or fucked up it is.

The basics are always the same. I'm running from my dad's goons, then I get railed senseless by the ghost mask guy, who always reveals himself to be

Alessio. And every single time, at the end of the dream, I somehow know that he's my husband.

The part that fucks me up about it is, when it ends, it's comforting. Like in the dream world, being married to him makes me feel safe.

My breathing gets faster as I touch myself. I can almost feel his rough hands pinning me down, his muscular hips pushing in between my legs...

I freeze at the sound of footsteps approaching my door. Somebody's coming back to their room late. I'm expecting them to walk right past me and down the hall, but instead, the footsteps stop.

The thin strip of light showing underneath the door is interrupted by two dark shapes. Clearly someone's feet.

In that moment, I know what's going to happen before it does.

The hair on the back of my neck prickles as a key card slides into the lock. The door opens and a dark figure stands there, silhouetted against the hall. I can tell who it is without seeing the face.

My body feels like a coiled spring as I stay frozen in bed, brain preparing for one thing while my pussy wants another. I'm torn by competing instincts. Under my pillow, my hand closes around the stun gun I bought years ago for self-defense.

Alessio steps inside and locks the door behind him.



I remain still, faking like I'm asleep. It's an effort to keep my breathing regular. I hear Alessio's footsteps coming toward the bed, and then he stops and flicks on the bedside light.

"Hello, Ayla," he says in a rich, gravelly voice. "I know that you're awake."

Bullshit you do. I don't react, my finger finding the trigger button on the stun gun under my pillow.

A pause. I hear him moving, and then a hand touches my shoulder.

Got you, fucker.

I launch into action, spinning around on the bed and thrusting the stun gun at anything I can reach. It emits a demonic crackling sound, the prongs sparking with electricity. Alessio grunts in pain, and he jumps backward.

"Fucking shit," he snarls, clutching his bicep.

"Yeah, that's right," I say, leaping out from the bed and lunging with the stun gun. In this one moment, he's disoriented and I have the element of surprise. I have to press my advantage. There's no chance I'll get through the locked door and escape if I don't incapacitate him.

Alessio hops backward again, dodging my attack, and almost crashes into the desk. I swipe at him with my weapon, the sparks sizzling dangerously. He's forced to sidestep into the kitchen.

His eyes narrow, and the fire behind them is all-consuming. "Think very carefully about your next move, Ayla. Surrender now, and I'll bring you back to Bover City untouched. Keep fighting, and I'll tie you up and make you my fucking whore."

My jaw drops and I stare at him. He's wearing leather boots, black pants, and a matching long-sleeve that shows off his impressive musculature. Meanwhile, I'm in panties and a big T-shirt.

“Stay back,” I warn, sparking the stun gun.

He takes a step forward. “I told you, there are two options. Choose carefully.”

Our eyes meet, and fuck, I can feel the sexual hunger dripping off of him.

Suddenly, I feel painfully small and feminine, his figure in front of me so big and dominating. A shiver runs through me, and it takes everything I have to hold eye contact as the imagery from my dream flashes through my mind.

It felt so right to let him take me.

“Put it down,” Alessio growls, eyeing my weapon. “Or I’ve told you exactly how the rest of this night is going to go.”

My choice.

I fire up the stun gun, swiping at him. He dodges, cutting an angle, and this time he grabs my arm, wrenching it out of my hand.

“Fuck you,” I grunt, struggling against his overwhelming strength. If he’s going to overpower me, he’s going to have to work for it.

Not that hard, apparently. He wraps me up in his arms so he’s behind me and tosses the stun gun away from us. It clatters to the ground in the corner by the door. Now he’s holding my wrists, enveloping me, and I can feel his warm breath on my neck.

“A girl who knows what she wants,” he whispers. “Now I’m going to do what I want.”

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pair of leather cuffs. I squirm desperately as he buckles them around both of my wrists, attached with a short chain. Then he lets go of my arms, and I’m forced to contend with how helpless he’s made me as he wrestles me over to the bed.

“There we go, don’t fight me. You can submit to me now or later, but you’re going to be a good little toy for me by the time I’m done with you.”

These words piss me off, and I start struggling again, trying to get away. He just laughs, bending me over with maddening ease and giving my ass a couple of spansks.

“Bad girl,” he growls, pulling up my underwear from the back so it strains against my crotch. I yelp, my hips starting to quiver with arousal. I didn’t realize how badly I needed to be treated like this.

Alessio forces me onto the bed so I’m lying on my back. He holds me there with a hand on my neck, as though daring me to move, then disconnects my hands from each other and starts threading some kind of rope through the D-ring on one of the cuffs.

I gasp as he pulls on the rope and my arm goes with it.

“Whatever happens tonight, I’m never going to fucking marry you,” I tell him with all the venom I can muster.

“Yes,” he says simply, a smirk in his voice. “You will.” He positions my wrist at the top corner of the mattress and secures the rope tightly to the bed frame.

I try to fight him as he does the other hand, and it’s a surprising thrill for me how easily he overrides my attempts. Then he steps back from the bed completely, and I realize I can’t move either of my hands, not even an inch. They’re both tied above my head, one to each bedpost.

Now I’m really powerless. All I can do is kick my legs, which only serves to make him chuckle.

“I like you tied up,” he says, sitting on the bed next to me. “Makes it much more clear what the roles are here.”

I start to hyperventilate as he pulls a small folding knife from his pocket. Making eye contact, he cuts through the seam at the neck of my shirt, slicing vertically all the way down the front.

“Very pretty breasts,” he murmurs, eyes flashing as he opens the flaps of my ruined top, exposing me. My nipples harden in response, my skin once again covered in goosebumps.

Two more quick cuts to the sleeves and the shirt is off. Now I’m tied to the bed wearing nothing but my panties. The amount of vulnerability I feel is off the charts.

Alessio walks to the kitchen, and I hear him open the fridge. He takes his time coming back, as though lording over me the fact that I can’t move, and he can.

“I’m going to get my bag from my car,” he tells me, winking. “We have a long night ahead of us.”

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Alessio comes back with a suitcase, casual as anything. As though this is his hotel room now. I watch as he puts it down and opens it, my body shaking with anticipation. There’s no choice for me but to lie there and observe. He has all the power now.

I don’t know what terrifying instrument I expect him to pull from the bag, but it isn’t a bottle of whiskey. And yet that’s exactly what he produces, along with a cup. He puts them down on the bedside table, then carries a chair over and sits down, pouring himself a glass. The whole thing is leisurely. He likes making me wait.

“How’d it feel when I zapped you with the stun gun?” I ask defiantly, trying to take some power back.

Alessio’s eyes flash. “Would you like to find out?”

My breath catches in my chest as he stands up and walks over to the door. When he comes back, he's holding my self-defense weapon, playing with the buttons.

He sparks it, the crackling sound causing me to jump. "It hurt," he whispers, and he glides the tip of the stun gun slowly down my naked chest.

"Fuck," I breathe, adrenaline spiking through me. My eyes are glued to the prongs as they slide lower.

"Would you like to find out how it feels, Ayla?" Alessio pulls my panties to the side, a dangerous gleam in his eye.

I'm trying not to give him the satisfaction of an answer, but I can feel myself hyperventilating with panic. The stun gun's dangerous prongs glide below my waistline, the cold metal grazing over my clit and causing my whole pussy to twitch.

"Oh fuck," I gasp. "Oh fuck, oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck."

He pulls it away slightly, a string of wetness forming a bridge between me and the stun gun. I don't think I've ever felt my heart beat so fast.

"Please," I whimper. "Don't shock my pussy."

A pause. And then Alessio smiles, as though satisfied, and puts the weapon down on the bedside table. I let out a deep breath, relief flooding me.

"See?" He looks down at me with heavy-lidded eyes, taking a sip of his whiskey. "When you submit to me, when you really submit, you get what you want."