

THE MAFIA'S OBSESSION

I take a deep breath. "I... would want to finish school. But after that... Yeah. I want us to have a family."

He kisses my forehead, grinning broadly. "You mean it?"

"I do mean it. When I'm done with school, I want to have babies with you."

"After you finish school, then. What is that? Four years?"

"Yeah. Four."

"I can wait four years. You said you're taking birth control?"

"Yeah."

"Good. Because there's no way in hell I can wait four years to come inside that pretty pussy of yours."

I bite my lip. "Four years? You don't have to wait four minutes. I am yours, after all."

Alessio's eyes narrow with desire. "Let's get you to the fucking bedroom."

He spins me around forcefully, wraps his arms around me, and grabs my wrists. He grips them tightly, possessively, walking me to the bedroom. Before we're even through the door, my clothes are coming off.

I shiver once I'm fully naked, even though the apartment is warm. There's such a vulnerability to what I'm letting him do, such a surrender, and it feels different than it has before.

I'm not experimenting with this, trying it out to see if I like it. I'm not indulging a hidden, guilty fantasy.

This is who I am. Whoweare. This is the dynamic I'm committing to for the rest of my life.

Alessio is my husband, my dom, my authority, myowner, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

This is the life I want.

Yours, I mouth as he pushes me onto the bed, spreading my legs apart.

"Mine,"he growls, hand closing around my neck.

He pulls off his shirt, revealing his sculpted chest, his broad shoulders. My eyes follow his happy trail down to his belt line, and he groans as he unbuckles.

"I need to be inside you so bad, Ave. God, I just need it all the time."

He keeps his hand on my neck as he teases my opening, pressing the head of his cock against my pussy lips as it throbs. A droplet of pre-cum escapes the tip.

"Yes," I gasp, "oh, fuck yes. Please. I'm ready."

He smirks, sliding his cock over my wet pussy. "Please, sir."

God, he makes me feel so dominated.

I fucking love it.

"Please, sir,"I correct myself. "I'm ready to take your cock now."

"Good girl,"he purrs, pushing himself inside me as his lips crash down onto mine. "You're going to take my cum, too, aren't you?"

“Yes,” I moan, putting my hands on his hips, pulling him deeper into me. “I want you to come inside me.”

His body feels so warm on top of me as he thrusts, his hand on my neck so comforting, so perfect. This is where I was meant to be. Under him. Under my husband. Accepting his cock, his seed, his ownership.

Alessio keeps his hand on my neck until he erupts, growling, filling my pussy with his warmth. His breath is right next to my ear, heart beating against me.

He starts to pull out. I cling to him, begging wordlessly for him to stay. He sighs, nestling his face in my neck, and I wrap my legs around him.

I’m home. I’m really home.

Ayla

Alessio’s face is between my legs when I wake up. At first, I’m confused as I slide into consciousness, but as my eyes focus on him, I let out a moan. Fuck, his tongue feels amazing.

“I missed this,” he whispers, looking up at me. “Tasting you.”

I lift an arm to stroke his hair, but it doesn’t go. Instead, it pulls against the bedframe, a cuff buckled firmly onto my wrist.

“You bastard,” I laugh. “You tied my arms while I was sleeping?”

He grins. “Couldn’t have you running away.”

I’m too distracted to answer him as he returns his mouth to my clit, circling it with his tongue. I lean my head back, sighing in satisfaction.

Run away? This is how every morning should start.

Alessio doesn’t release me until I’ve come for him three times. I ask permission for each of them. On the third one, he makes me beg, hovering his

face over my pussy and giving me little licks to keep me on the edge. By the time he's done, I'm sticking to the sheets with sweat, melted into a puddle.

"Good girl," he tells me, stroking my face. "I suppose I'll let you go now. Although it's tempting to just keep you tied up here, ready for me whenever I want."

I squint at him. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

He brings his mouth next to my ear. "I would. And you'd like it, too."

I feel elated as he releases my arms. It makes me so happy how natural all of this feels.

This is my reality now.

"What do you have going on today?" I ask him, sitting up in bed and watching him get dressed. Gosh, his body is nice. He has such a defined back. Watching the muscles ripple will never cease to mesmerize me.

"Just checking in with my capos," he says, buttoning his shirt. "The same way I did with Sal. Make sure everything is running smoothly, you know. How about you?"

"I thought I would visit my mom. See if she'll tell me anything about Uncle Jackie or the arranged marriage."

"You sure you don't want me to come with you?"

"Thanks. You're sweet. But I think she's more likely to answer honestly if I visit her alone."

My mom looks surprised to see me when I show up at her doorstep. She goes for the hug, then stops herself and waves me inside.

"Well, hello, dear. Tea?"

“Uh, sure. How’s it going?”

“Oh, you know. The same. Have you talked to your father recently?”

Well, here it goes. “Actually, yeah. He mentioned some stuff I wanted to ask you about.”

She fills the electric kettle with water and turns it on. “You visited him?”