

A close-up photograph of a person's face, focusing on the nose and mouth. The nose is at the top, and the mouth is open, showing bright red, glossy lipstick. The skin is a light, warm tone. The word "Mouth" is written in a black, cursive font across the bridge of the nose.

Mouth

By Jordan Silver

La Bocca
(The Mouth)
By Jordan Silver

Copyright © 2013 Alison Jordan
All Rights Reserved

Table of Contents

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

Chapter 12

Prologue

“Patrick I need a solid old friend.”

“Roberto is that you? how the hell are you my friend it's been ages? I hear you're having a little headache out your way is that what this is about? You need I should get some of my people on it?”

“Nah paisan, I've got it covered it's my baby girl; you remember Arianna yes?”

“Little Arianna is she still such a spitfire?”

“Mama mia if the enemy's bullet doesn't cut me down that child will do it I swear.”

“A handful huh.”

“And then some, that's why I'm calling; I need to send her to you for safe keeping until I send my enemies to hell where they belong. This fucking gumbah Vasili is a pain in the ass, now he's not only greedy but stupid. Word is him and his brother has concocted some scheme to force my little angel into marriage with one of their sons.”

“Unethical, who would do such a thing to a young girl, what is she seventeen, eighteen?”

“She just turned eighteen but that's not the problem so much; the thing is she somehow got wind of it and is out for blood.”

“Come again.”

“The girl fancies herself to be some sort of gangster, my fucking idiot brother's always filling her head with shit. Instead of baby dolls and tiaras he had her playing with epees and shuriken. By the time I figured out what the fuck it was too late. While I was busy building an empire that fuck was turning my kid into his nephew.

“You know Alphonso was always set in his own ways and since he never planned on marriage and kids I guess he figured yours were gonna be his.

Patrick laughed at his old friend's plight; though the two men hadn't seen each other in quite some time; years in

fact, he remembered well their younger days together. Days spent on the streets of Chicago as young toughs trying to make names for themselves. The old regime had been on its way out then and they were determined to make their mark. There'd been a war back then too, the old war horses hadn't wanted to let go but the young blood proved to be too much and youth and brains prevailed. The mob took on new connotations then; yes they still strong armed those who would oppose them but they were no longer in the market for unprecedented killings. Blood on your hands was seen as a last resort whereas before it had been par for the course. Back then in the back alleys of a festering city two young

toughs had made a pledge in blood.

“Do you remember our oath?” Patrick now asked Roberto.

“I thought you'd forgotten it's been so long.”

“Nah circumstances calls for a little change in plans but it's still the same; besides it works out better this way since my Paddy is more into the saving of lives. He has no stomach for the life; now his firstborn Shane, perfecta.”

“Yeah? We'll have to sit down; I think that might be just what the doctor ordered.”

“That much trouble is she?”

“If she wasn't my kid I would've capped her a long time ago does that answer?”

“Send her to me, I'll straighten her out.”
Little did he know while he made that
pledge to his old friend that things would
change almost overnight.

Chapter 1

My name is Shane Flanagan those who know me and even some who don't fear me. In my line of work this is a good thing, a very good thing.

You see I'm a very bad man, bad to the motherfucking bone. I make no excuses for myself. I would stomp a mother fucker just for fun, well maybe not so much these days, but when I was younger, yeah.

Now I would shoot a motherfucker for stepping on my kicks and it didn't matter if they were Chucks or Gucci. It all depended on what kind of mood I was

in, and who's doing the mother fucking stepping.

But I digress, as I was saying people feared me all over this fucking place, so tell me then why this little slip of a girl thought she could mouth off at me and get away with it?

Now this Arianna Rossi is a real pain in the ass, know what I mean? She lived upstairs of this pub that I'd just requisitioned from its previous owner. I needed her place for something else so she had to go. It's not like I was throwing her out in the street or some fuck. I owned enough residential buildings, all of them way nicer than this piece of shit that I could

hook her up with a new pad, but no. She had to dig in her heels giving me shit about tenant's rights and lease laws and fuck all. The fuck?

She must not have heard.

Anyway my little stepbrother James went to see Miss. Rossi on my behalf for the one hundredth time and apparently this crazy ass chick had hauled off and shot him in the ass.

Now James is a lying fuck, so I took his version of events with a grain of salt. That's why I'm here now in my office at my new pub, sitting across from the pain in the ass, who didn't seem to know I could end her in ten seconds.

"So Miss. Rossi, we meet again."

Crazy lady rolled her eyes at me. I looked over to my right hand man Michael who seemed to be having trouble not laughing.

Of course he would find this shit funny, his wife, my sister Sophia wasn't much better in the crazy stacks. In fact all the bitches around here seemed to either be on the rag or plum mother-fucking nuts. Except my ma, ma was an angel among women.

Now as for James, that fuck wasn't really my stepbrother, he's not my father's son and he's not my mother's, rumor had it that my grandfather who I inherited the business from used to mess with his mother.

How the fuck he ended up in my house is a mystery, but I was a kid when all this shit happened so I don't know fuck.

Grandpa stepped down three years ago when I turned twenty three.

Dad's a heart surgeon, he's as far removed from this shit as you can get. I take lives, he saves them. We have running debates on the subject every Sunday at the dinner table, but that's for another time.

Right now I'm trying to figure out what to do with 'the mouth'.

"Why did you shoot my little brother?"

"I should've known he was another pig."

Michael almost choked the fuck.

"Do you know who I am Miss. Rossi?"

"Yeah yeah, the big bad Shaney Flanagan, so what?"

Did she just call me Shaney?

I had to glare at Michael to shut him the fuck up.

"So you're not afraid of me huh?"

"Contrary to what has been written, I don't believe in playing poor and helpless to give my enemy a fake sense of power before he attacks, I believe in kicking them in the balls to start shit off."

"You read Sun Tzu?"

"What's it to you?"

"Just wondering why a little girl like you would be reading the Art of war."

"Because I have to deal with dumb motherfuckers every day, next question."

This chick was fucked in the head,
there's no other explanation. I can't off
someone who's touched, ma would have
my hide.

Besides I could think of better uses for
that mouth of hers.

Chapter 2

Well you've gone and cooked your goose but good haven't you Ari, are you insane?

I'm sitting here wondering why the hell my mouth won't stay shut, now mind you I give as good as I get, but this is Shane FUCKING Flanagan, the guy takes out people for less and here I am giving him shit.

I blame my dad, my dad rest his soul, always taught me, 'never show fear' if you can't fight your way out of it, talk your way out.

Well looks like your sage advice was

about to get me whacked daddy. It wasn't just that either, for some reason I wanted to show this ,specimen that he was just a man, if I nut kicked him I'm sure I'll get the same reaction as I'd get from Joe the bum up the street.

Now he's studying me like an insect under a microscope, study away buddy, when you figure it out let me in on it, hell if I know what my problem is.

"Well, did you have anything else to ask me, some of us actually work for a living?" See, my mouth had finally had enough of me and decided to get me done in, or maimed one or the other. "You still haven't told me why you shot him."

"Oh that, I didn't like the cut of his pants , people shouldn't wear their butt crack for the world to see, first of all it's tacky as all hell and secondly it's unsanitary , why the CDC haven't cried outbreak on that shit yet is beyond me." That's right Ari dig your grave just that much deeper by being a smart ass.

"Are you on some kind of medication for this shit lady?"

"What shit, you think I'm crazy cause I'm not afraid of you Capone?" He put his head in his hand and started muttering under his breath, I think he was saying the Latin mass, sounded like something I'd heard in church eons ago.

"Babe, seriously answer the fucking

question so we can both get on with our lives."

"What difference does it make, you're not going to believe me over your precious brother anyway, and I hate wasting my breath, you never know when you'll end up in an enclosed room with no air, and you'll wish you'd saved that wasted breath."

Okay I heard that loud and clear this time; he'd muttered an insult under his breath but not far enough under. He's been doing that the whole time.

"Well if you wish I'd save my breath this time stop asking me questions." I was on a roll, I think. The big guy in the corner was red faced and he kept puffing out his cheeks, I think he might be constipated,

poor thing.

"Arianna, answer, the fucking, question."

Okay, he didn't yell but let me tell you, those words, said in that particular tone, in that particular way meant business.

I'm not stupid, I wanna live, I've got shit I wanna do.

"He put his hands ...somewhere he shouldn't."

I saw him straighten up in his chair on full alert. What the hell?

"What did you say?"

Oh, yeah, I had kinda whispered that but I'm sure he heard me. I repeated it louder anyway and watched as his face reddened. I hope that anger wasn't at me. Stupid, why didn't you grab your gun on

the way out the door? Because I didn't have time that's why.

"Tell me."

And I knew this was not the time to be snarky, he was pissed the fuck off, I don't know why though, the guy killed people for a living why should he care if his brother grabbed my ass?

"Not much to tell, he grabbed my ass, I gave him the impression I was interested and wanted to go put on something sexy just so I could get to my gun in the other room, at which time he saw said gun and tried to run, that's why he got it in the ass and not the balls."

"You were going to shoot him in the nuts for touching your ass?"

"My ass, my territory, I call the shots."

He looked over his shoulder kinda.

"Get his ass in here."

"Well, if you're having a family reunion I need to be going I've got shit to do."

"Sit down Rossi."

"Look buddy, you might have all day to sit around and pal around, but I've got to make a living. And since you've closed down this pub where I made that living, I need to hit the pavement to find a job.

Capisce? "

"I'm not Italian."

I rolled my eyes at that; I've heard that word in every mafia movie known to man.

"Maybe we can work out the same kind

of arrangement you had with the old man."

"What kind of arrangement?"

"I don't know, what kind of arrangement did you have, I mean your rent is a joke, no way that's the going rate in this neighborhood even if it is a piece a shit. So you must've been paying it off some other way, plus he gave you a job right downstairs, pretty cushy if you ask me."

"Are you implying, ...did you just, ... where's my gun? Hey you, in the corner, let me see your gun for a minute?"

"Ahhhh." that was his bright answer.

"Would you settle down?"

"No I will not settle down, I'm eighteen years old; Paulie has to be a hundred and ten and you're implying that I slept with

him for a job and a subpar apartment?
How dare you?"

"Calm the fuck down Rossi before I make you, and the next time you threaten me you better be ready to back that shit the fuck up, don't think for a second that I won't do a woman."

I was mad as hell but I was also unarmed and defenseless, not that I would really draw down on him, I'm not entirely stupid, but damn he made me mad with that crack.

"I'm not apologizing to you so stop sulking."

Oh will the insults never cease? I gave him a good glare for that one.

"Go fuck yourself." Oy, where the hell

did that come from? Thankfully it just seemed to stun him, not send him into a homicidal rage.

"What am I gonna do with you?"

"Let me go find a job."

"Is waitressing your only qualification?"

"I'm in school, waitressing is flexible and it pays well." I shrugged my shoulders.

"How about I give you a job in one of my clubs or restaurants whatever you choose, I'm sure you'll be making a hell of a lot more than you were here."

"What's the catch?"

"I need you to move out of here in a week, I'll hook you up with a nicer place for the same shit money you're paying here. Do we have a deal?"

"Two things, first I have to see the apartment and the club, and second as long as you remember my last name is Rossi and not Magdalene."

"What the fuck?"

"I think that's the lady in the bible..."

"I know who it is Mikey."

"Well, now that we've got that covered when can I see this place?"

"Just like that, after two weeks of your bullshit?"

"You didn't ask before, you ordered."

"Ord...are you fucking shitting me?"

"I shit you not."

Chapter 3

What the hell am I gonna do with this girl, she was driving me batty and that was saying a lot.

With two sisters who cornered the market on bitchy, I have my fair share of experience dealing with this shit, but 'mouth' took the fucking cake.

I've never met anyone like her, neither man nor woman. If she'd been a dude I would've capped her ass already, just for the aggravation alone.

She was one cool customer too this one. I know she was afraid, not scared shitless, but she wasn't stupid enough not

to appreciate the danger, not to fear me, but she held up well. No one would ever suspect to hear that mouth of hers.

When my second lieutenant and brother in law Anthony showed up with a hobbling James I was ready to be done with this shit.

Not with her, but with the situation.

Her I think I will be dealing with for a long time to come.

"You!" the dumb fuck started off on the wrong foot already. Pointing at 'mouth' with a scowl while hopping on his crutches.

"Hey Jimmy, how's your ass?" she made a pistol out of her fingers and shot at him.

Lord why me, the Staccos couldn't take me down so you sent this nut job to finish me off? She had to be somebody's idea of a secret weapon.

"Why you little bitch." he made as if to go after her. I didn't like that one fucking bit; if anyone was gonna go upside 'mouth's' head it will be me.

"James settle the fuck down. Now you wanna tell me again what the fuck happened up there?"

"Hey man I already told you." He was starting to sweat already.

"Tell me again." I know this guy's a fuck up of the first order but he knew better than to fuck with me. If I didn't like what he had to say, I just might put my foot in

his ass.

"Start talking."

"Like I said, I knocked on the door and told her who I was and why I was there. She opened the door all huffy and shit. I told her what you said and I guess she didn't like it because next thing I know she's waving a gun around. I tried to get the hell outta there and this crazy bitch just shot me."

I looked over at Rossi to see if she was going to defend herself. She had her head back on the chair, eyes closed. Yep, one crazy ass bitch. She's in a room with four armed men, well three and a half, and what does she do? She fucking feigns sleep.

"Hey Rossi are we boring you here?"

"Oh is the performance over, I'm sorry."
she pretended to wipe sleep from her eyes while fake yawning.

This fucking chick.

"You have anything to say to this?"

"I already told you my version king Solomon, now it's up to you to decide who's telling the truth, but if there's any splitting in two to be done, I say cut Jimmy's other butt cheek make it all even."

"How bout I cut your fucking..."

"James for the last time, shut the fuck up, and you, stop with the bullshit and answer me. Do you have anything to say? It's only fair that a man gets to face

his accuser."

"I knew you wouldn't believe me." she folded her arms in a huff, now she was acting like a brat who didn't get her way.

"I didn't say I didn't believe you."

"Shane..." I gave James a look to shut him the fuck up. I knew she was telling me the truth but I needed her to say it in front of him. The lying fuck.

"It's like I told you, he tried to grab my ass and I pretended to go into the bedroom to change into slut wear, as if." She sneered at him while turning up her nose like he was something foul.

"I came out with my gun, he had his pants halfway off by the time I got back and when he saw the gun he tried to run

and I shot him. Now genius, if you were standing at the door, why were your pants off, second, why is there no bullet hole in your pants?"

She had a point, that could easily be verified. I turned to look at him to see how he would try to weasel himself out of this one.

He looked like a fluttering fish that had gone too far on the sand and couldn't get back to the water.

"Well she tried to..."

"Stop lying James it's embarrassing. Tell me why I shouldn't cap your ass right fucking now?"

"I'm family..."

He started with the same bullshit excuse he always fell back on when he fucked

up.

"Yeah, family who I sent on an errand in my name and you accosted a young woman while doing business IN MY MOTHERFUCKING NAME." I was yelling by the time I was through. He stepped the fuck back while Tony and Mikey stepped up to flank him, ready to do whatever I asked.

"Okay hood rats, calm down boys, the boy is green and horny, that's no reason to kill him. I'm thinking the shot to the ass is punishment enough for his troubles. Just keep him away from me and maybe he'll live to see his next birthday."

I just looked at her, now she was telling

me how to run my shit.

"Get out of here James; I'll deal with you later."

As the fuck was leaving he looked back over his shoulder at me with a puppy dog look on his face.

"Don't tell ma okay?"

Fuck, no respect.

"Get the fuck outta here before I blow out your kneecaps."

He hobbled as fast as he could, yeah I might think twice about killing him, but there's nothing stopping me from maiming his dumb ass.

"Right, looks like I'm done here, can I go now?"

"I thought you wanted to see your new

apartment and where you'll be working."

"What, now?"

"Why not, you got something better to do?"

Or someone maybe, I'm sure she had to have men falling all over her gorgeous ass. Once you got past that mouth of hers the rest of the package was spectacular.

"Okay, if you're sure let me go up and get my bag and stuff."

"Sure go ahead." What the fuck, I had shit lined up to do for the rest of the day, I didn't have time to be chauffeuring her around. But I wasn't quite ready to leave her company.

She left the room, that hot ass of hers hugged sweetly in those tight as fuck jeans, damn. I almost licked my lips.

"You better check her bag when she comes back bro." This was Mikey's suggestion as if I was too green to know that.

"Thanks for the info."

"That bad?"

"Tony man you have no idea, she makes our wives look like amateurs."

Tony whistled between his teeth.

"I think our bro here is in for a hell of a time, it'll be fun to see who comes out on top in this little war they got going on."

"Shut the fuck up Mikey, you two pussy whipped mother fuckers are just sad, watch and learn boys, watch and learn." The fucks fell all over themselves laughing. Fuckers.

"I want someone on her from now on."

"Any particular reason?" Tony asked.

'Because it's what I want, better make it Tommy.'

Tommy was one of my best men, the woman was more trouble than she was worth, somehow I don't think I'm the only one she gets mouthy with, whatever she'd done before today was out of my control, but from now on I'll look out for her until I didn't feel the need to do it anymore. Which could be never.

Whatever! I never questioned myself or second guessed my instincts. Right now they were screaming at me to keep 'mouth' close. So that's what I'll do. What the fuck will come of it was

anyone's guess.

"Let's roll Tony Montana." She bounced back into the room.

I might end up killing her before the day was out, save myself the fucking headache.

Chapter 4

I have no idea how the fuck we ended up at my building. I had no intentions on moving her into my high rise ,but for some fucked up reason we ended up here, on my floor, at a fifteen thousand dollar a month pad at one of the best addies in the fucking city if not the state.

I had to glare the two fuckwads better known as my brothers in law into submission since they were finding this shit funny. Probably thought I was becoming as whipped as their sorry asses. Fuck if I'd ever let that happen,

especially not by some slip of a girl with trots of the mouth.

"What're we doing here?"

"I thought you wanted to see your new place?"

"Your cheese fall off your cracker Don Corleone?"

"Say what now." I knew this bitch was touched, what the fuck was she talking about, cheese and crackers?

"You hungry?" I looked at her perplexed.

"You're not too bright are you Shane?"

"How bout I clock you in that mouth of yours, would you like that?"

She batted her fucking eyes at me. Just once, one little tap right across that mouth of hers, it would go a long way to

assuaging my damn aggravation.

"Now what the fuck were you saying?"

"Never mind Rocky, but seriously dude, this place must cost a mint, I paid three fifty a month in rent, there's no way I can afford the rent on this place, are you bent?"

"Didn't I say you'd have the same deal, and stop with the insults before I really pop you one."

Ma would understand, she was always preaching to me about stress and shit, I just had to tell her the mouth was stressing me the fuck out, yeah that'll work.

"What's the catch, I mean how do you see me paying this off?"

"You're really obsessed with me fucking you aren't you mouth?"

"Whatever Tiny." she walked off.

Did she just insult my dick?

"You two shut the fuck up." Snickering fucks, I should shoot one of them just for the hell of it that ought to shut them both the hell up. Maybe not, then I'd have to deal with one of my crazy ass sisters.

Fucking women.

"Are you always this difficult?" I followed her over to the wall of windows with a view over the city skyline

"Only when I'm being played."

"No one's playing you, this is one of my buildings, I never said where your new

place was gonna be, why can't it be here, don't you think you deserve to be in a place like this?"

I thought I saw a softening of her lips.

"When I've earned it yes, until then sayonara." She headed for the door.

"Get back here you infuriating woman."

"What?"

Way too much attitude in this one.

"Listen, there's no catch okay, it's just that you're a young girl alone in the city. I have two sisters, if either one of them was in your position I would want someone to look out for them. Sure I could put you somewhere else, but this is the best I could come up with, it's secure, in the best neighborhood in our

fine city and it's close to the club you'll be working at."

Quick thinking there Flanagan that sisters angle was fucking inspired, plus total bullshit, those two crazy broads could take down a motherfucker with sheer bitchiness alone.

Just let her buy this shit so I can get her moved in as soon as possible.

What about after you've fucked her and grown tired of her as you inevitably always do?

I'll cross that fucking bridge when I get to it. She can be moved out as easily as she's moved in.

I've never put a woman up in one of my places before, this was new

territory for me, besides I wasn't exactly setting her up, she would be paying rent, pittance though it was.

"You sure that's all there is to it?"

There's no secret passage leading from your lair to me, no midnight visits in the dark. I sleep with my nine homes, just saying."

"Have a lot of experience with midnight visits do you?"

"Not really no, but since it looks like my caliber of acquaintance is about to change for the worse a girl can never be too careful."

Did she just...?

"Did you just insult me again?"

"Who, lil ole me nevah."

I needed this shit? What the fuck, my life

wasn't fucked enough with fucking turf wars and takeover attempts; I had to add this shit to the mix? Fuck.

"You want the place or not?"

"Of course I want it, but I want a contract in writing that states my nookie is not for sale Repeat, Arianna Rossi's nookie is not up for grabs."

I held the bridge of my nose between my fingers where I felt the headache starting.

"You're fucking insane you know that?"

"You want my apartment over the pub?"

"I could always drop your ass in the river; I'm thinking that might be doing a lot of people a favor. In fact I should take out an ad in the paper see if a

mother-fucker would pay me to take you out."

"You're horny aren't you?"

"What the fuck?"

"It's the only explanation for your crankiness, either that or not enough bran in your breakfast cereal, come on then time's a wasting, let's go look at my new place of employment Don Vito."

This chick watched way too much TV. I was constantly having to glare at the two stooges who seemed to think everything out of her mouth was funny, the fucks.

Chapter 5

What am I doing; seriously, I'm going to take her to my club where I spend most of my time.

Out of all my businesses this one was my favorite hangout, now she'll be living down the hall from me, right fucking next door, and she'll be here in my face, there'll be no fucking escape. It's official, I've lost my fucking mind.

"Let's go."

I took her elbow and was surprised when she didn't pull away right away.

My club is called Spice, it has three levels with bar ,lounge and night

club, each floor had textured walls in differing shades of blue from aqua to midnight blue, there were liquid floors on all three levels, the space had the capacity for three thousand and was usually full on the weekends with lines around the block. Mouth was sure to do good here if she didn't get herself killed; there are some pretty rough customers who liked to hang out in my place.

My head manager was waiting for us when we arrived since I'd called ahead and had her meet us here. The place wouldn't be opened for business for a few hours yet, but there were staff members milling about getting things situated, I ran a tight mother-

fucking ship and they knew not to fuck around.

"Teresa Ricci, Arianna Rossi, she'll be working the floor starting tomorrow night, get Jess to show her the ropes, show her around, explain shit. She has experience so it should just be a matter of learning the menus and how we do things around here."

I have no idea what happened between those two when Teresa showed her around, I was busy looking over the place, but as soon as they came back and Teresa moved off mouth was back in effect.

"Fucked that didn't you, you dog?"

She sneered at me.

What the fuck?

"Why do you say that?"

"Because she gave me the death ray glare. Somehow I pegged you as having better taste than that. She looks like a poodle having a fucked up hair day."

Okay I couldn't gut the guys for laughing at that one, that was kinda funny, but damn, new dilemma.

Oh shit, maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all, mouth had no filter and Teresa was trying to get back on my dick, not gonna happen.

But I was for damn sure gonna try getting into mouth's snatch first chance I get , which might cause a problem with the two of them working in such close

proximity.

"Well come on Luca Brasi I have to go pack."

"Would you stop with the Godfather shit already?"

"Whatever you say Santino, say bye to the happy hooker and let's be out.

Oh yeah, this had shit storm written all over it.

Chapter 6

In one week mouth has managed to alienate most of her co workers, except the guys, they of course loved her, the girls, not so much.

I got more complaints in the last few days than in the whole time that I've had this place. There was name calling, put downs and what some called just plain rude.

To hear it from the guys behind the bar and the kitchen staff, it was a different story, they couldn't sing her praises enough, and beyond that, two things. The customers loved the shit out of her,

both men and women and she was a fucking selling machine.

She sold more top shelf shit in one night than most of my girl's sold in a week.

She was making money for my place and from evidenced by the tips on her credit card slips she wasn't doing too badly herself.

So my conclusion, jealousy.

Don't get me wrong I know mouth is a pain in the ass, I heard her ask Vivienne if she was dropped on her head at birth because apparently one of Vivienne's regulars decided he wanted to sit in mouth's section one night and Vivienne thought she should still get to take him. He was a big tipper apparently.

The bus boys all had her back, they snitched to me about some of the shit that some of the others tried to pull on her but my girl didn't take anybody's shit as they all soon found out.

Teresa was the worst complainant of the bunch, nothing Ari did seemed good enough for her ass, it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure that one out.

I was ready to tell all of them to leave me the fuck alone, because I wasn't getting rid of her no matter what the fuck they said.

The only one not complaining was mouth; she never said shit to me about anything. Stubborn as shit.

Tommy said she was the easiest job he

had, he was bored already.

She went to school, came home, went to work, and came home. What the fuck he did while she was in class was anybody's guess, as long as he kept her safe and out of trouble I could give a fuck.

Tonight I'm sitting in the V.I.P lounge, there're a few other tables in there that I let some of my closer acquaintances use from time to time. I didn't sit with those fucks though, when I was in my place I sat with my crew so I could keep an eye on shit.

That fucker James Foster was in my place tonight, which meant I had to be on my mother fucking Ps and Qs, that fuck

was crazy on a good day and homicidal on the rest.

He also fancied himself a pretty boy and a lady's man, guess there were no mirrors in his fucked up world.

I should've known there was going to be trouble when I saw Ari coming up to the lounge to go to their table, now James was no acquaintance of mine, but his boss Jonathan was cool people, some of my other associates didn't like dealing with him because of the color of his skin, asked me how I could do business with him, I told them because the only color I saw was motherfucking green, bigoted fucks.

Mouth isn't supposed to work the lounge,

only seasoned workers worked this section, you had to earn that privilege so why the fuck was Teresa sending her up here to Foster's table no less?

The first time she went to the table I held my fucking breath like a little bitch.

Things seemed to go well, she walked away to go fill their orders and they were laughing and joking, all except Jonathan who wasn't looking too happy, I couldn't hear what the fucks were saying from two tables over, but I saw the looks.

That fucker James was licking his lips like he was at a meal while watching her ass in her black mini skirt. Try it and die

mother- fucker.

My boys sensed my tension and went on alert, I didn't know what the fuck was about to go down but I was ready for whatever the fuck jumped off.

She came back with a tray of drinks.

I saw his intent before he put thought into action and was out my chair in a flash a bottle of Dom in hand, he grabbed her ass, and I brought the bottle down across the back of his mother-fucking head.

Mikey and Tony were there before I could follow through.

I looked at Jonathan.

"He never steps foot in my mother-fucking place again."

I grabbed her hand, gave my boys orders to clean up this shit and throw that fuck out back with the rest of the trash.

"Slow your roll there Nicky Scarfo." she tried to free her hand but I just kept going.

"What did I tell you about that shit?"

"Hey that's not from the Godfather; he's a whole other breed of crazy."

"Shut up mouth before I shut you up."

"Make me."

So I did ,right there in the middle of my motherfucking club for the whole world to see, I picked her little ass up and kissed the fuck outta her.

That ought a keep her ass quiet for two seconds.

Chapter 7

Oh my, he's a caveman mobster, that kiss had my hoohah weeping, shit he was all kinds a good. Damn if I'd let him know though.

I slid down his body when he was finished assaulting my mouth, good thing he grabbed me again because my knees were shot.

He led me upstairs to his office, poured me a cognac and sat behind his desk.

"What's this?"

"Drink it."

I shrugged my shoulders whatever, that shit burned like a mother-fucking bitch.

"Who was that jackass you tried to decapitate Tommy Pitera?"

"What the fuck do you do study the mob or some shit?"

"Among other things."

"To answer your question pain in the ass his name's James Foster."

"Another one, what the fuck is up with these James guys and my ass?"

"There's a difference, my little brother is a twenty year old kid who doesn't know his head from his ass, this asshole is a mean, vicious piece a shit."

"Gotcha he's a whole other brand a cray,cray, okey dokey."

"What were you doing up there anyway, I thought that was Dina's section

tonight."

"Your girlfriend told me to go, I don't think Dina was too happy about it though and to tell you the truth if only pigs hang out up there I'd rather keep my section thank you very much." she batted her eyes at me.

"You think I don't know you just insulted me don't you?" She tried to look innocent and shit, yeah right.

"So how's it going so far?"

"It's going great, it will be even better when you let me get back out there so I can make some money."

"You're not going back on the floor tonight."

"Excuse me, why not, it's Friday night,

one of the best nights for tips, no can do
Louis lump, lump." I headed for the door
but he caught me around my middle and
dragged me onto his lap.

"That better be a gun in your pocket."

"It's my dick; now sit still before I
introduce you."

Just for kicks I gave a little grind on his
goods, that'll teach him. Maybe not. His
mouth was on mine again and I was
swallowing his tongue.

Chapter 8

It's back to work for me, I haven't seen the boss yet since I arrived maybe I'll get lucky and he'll stay out of my business.

“What the fuck, mouth what're you doing?”

Oops spoke too soon.

Apparently that James guy hadn't cashed in his ticket last night; good for him, I had more important things to deal with right now than his stupid ass.

I have to deal with this crazy ass man who seems to think he could tell me what to do. Uh huh that's gonna work.

"I'm working the floor."

"No! You're not."

"Why not?" Oh he wanted to clip me one, instead he was back to pulling out his hair or at least giving a good impression of it.

"Were you not there when that fucking asshole grabbed your ass?"

"Oh please Copernicus, guys have been grabbing my ass since forever....."

"What the fuck, who?" He looked ready to commit murder.

I just gave him a look, he was mental, then again all mobster types usually were, at least that's my take.

"Never mind all that, I have to get back on the floor. You kept me off last night,

apparently so you could get off, how'd that work out for you?" I smirked at him, this guy was so easy to work up, just call him a few names, ignore a couple of his dictates and he was ready to strangle me, sheesh, like now, he was looking at me like he wanted to chuck me out the window , hah.

See, I knew she was going to drive me fucking crazy, bat shit just like she is. She'd tried to bite off my tongue last night, crazy nut. Like she hadn't enjoyed it.

I know she'd been enjoying it just fine until the fucking guys knocked on the

door, I'll be ready for her later though.

"I don't need your ass on the fucking floor, how many mother-fuckers you want me to have to kill?"

"Oh my! the light's on but nobody's home." She shook her head like I was a lost cause or some shit.

"Say what now."

"Nothing, nothing, just talking to myself."

"Do that a lot do ya?"

"What's it to ya, now back to business, I'm going back to the floor and you can't stop me, I have rights you know. If you're so worried about it tell your patrons to keep their filthy hands to themselves, not just me, but all the girls."

Like I give a fuck about all the girls, some of them encouraged that shit, though I didn't want that shit in my place. I don't peddle flesh, ma would scalp my ass, 'nough said.

What the fuck am I gonna do with crazy chick, couldn't she understand that I would've killed that fucker last night if my boys hadn't pulled me off of him? The next mother-fucker might not get off so easy.

"How about behind the bar?"

"Don't know shit about mixing drinks."

"I know! You can work on the books."

"You been dropped on your head one time too many. I, am, going, back, on, the, floor." She folded her arms after

giving me shit.

Oh hell, I knew I should never have brought her here, now I'll never get any work done worrying about somebody's hands on her ass. Fuck me.

"Fine, go on the floor, but if I end up killing a mother-fucker it's on you."

"Oh yeah, who're the other hundred or so on Bugsy Siegel?"

This fucking girl.

"Get to work will ya?"

She flounced off in her little skirt and tight top, she was going to drive me up the fucking wall, I just knew it.

I watched her for a while on camera, everything seemed cool, I had

Dom one of the bouncers on her from afar and they all knew if anything jumped off involving her they were to call me.

What they thought of that edict I didn't know and didn't give a fuck.

I finally got some work done since pain in the ass seemed to be staying out of trouble so far.

At around three in the morning which was closing time I had Mikey go get her and bring her up to my office. There was no sense in her taking a cab when we were going to the same place. She came through the door huffing and puffing while pulling off her shoes. "My dogs aren't barking, they've crawled

into a hole and died." She dropped down on the couch.

"Dogs, what dogs, you're not allowed to have dogs in my building."

They all started laughing, her, Mikey and Tony.

"What the fuck's so funny?"

"It's an expression moron, it means my feet hurt." She rolled her eyes at me like I was fucking stupid.

"Why the fuck didn't you just say that shit, the fuck you keep talking in riddles, I look like I have time to decipher code. If your feet hurt sit down, put them up and I'll take you home soon.

"You're such a sweetheart, how can I resist?"

One clip to the chin, please just one,

who could blame me really, crazy ass nut job. Dogs barking and shit, and those two assholes weren't any better, laughing their fucking heads off, the fucks.

We were halfway home when the attack happened, they came at us from all sides, guns blazing, stupid fucks as if I'd let them corner me.

Two cars tried to box us in; one in front and one behind, what they didn't know was that I always had a trailer a few cars back for situations just like this, not to mention the only thing piercing this fucking tank on wheels is a drone.

I still pulled her head down just to be safe, while my guys took charge. My driver could outmaneuver Andretti on a bad day, no fear, just drive right through those fucks, they weren't expecting that shit, they expected us to try to evade fuck that shit.

I had the phone to my ear and my other hand on her head holding her down even though nothing was getting through my shit, but you never know.

"Who?"

I got the answer and hung up, I guess the fucks wanted a war after all.

"Who?" Mikey asked.

"Stacco."

If I had been paying closer attention I

would've noticed the sudden tension in Arianna's body.

Chapter 9

My guys pulled into the underground parking garage beneath my building after my security detail ascertained it hadn't been breached.

My would be attackers were roasting their nuts up on the boulevard, good luck with identifying them.

I pulled mouth out the car behind me; she seemed no worse for wear for all that she'd been shot at.

Crazy lady was acting like it was par for the course.

I appeared calm on the outside, but inside I was coldly furious. Stacco was

a dead fuck. He'd played his hand and lost, amateur fucker.

"You doing okay there mouth?" I checked her over more closely to make sure she wasn't in shock or some shit.

"Oh just peachy, tell me again why it makes more sense for me to catch a ride with you than taking a cab? If I knew I would be trying out for a part in A Bronx tale, I would've dressed more appropriately."

Did I say this bitch was crazy, certifiable?

Where were the tears and recriminations, the screaming and accusations? Why wasn't she screaming nine one one like any rational woman would be?

"You're coming home with me."

We were on our way up in the elevator. I pulled her to my door when we reached our floor, there was no way I was letting her out of my sight.

For some fucking reason I was more worried about her safety than my own. If they'd fucking hurt her I would've hunted the fuckers down and killed them with my bare hands.

As it was I planned on going after them as soon as fucking possible, the father and the fucking son, I'm going to obliterate the whole fucking family 'til there was none of those fucks left.

"I'm thinking hanging with you might be detrimental to my health. I don't fare so

good when messing with you Lucky Luciano."

"Do you ever shut the fuck up?"

"Yep, when I'm alone in my own place, which is exactly where I'll be in one, two, three."

I pulled her through the fucking door and kissed the fuck outta her, it was the only way I knew of to shut her the fuck up. Plus, I needed it.

I had her up against the wall, her legs wrapped around me as I ground my hard on into her softness. I knew I was past the point of no return, I knew this is exactly where I wanted us to end up since that first day in my office, I just thought it would take me longer to get

her on board.

Adrenaline pumped through me like a force field, I ravaged her mouth as I tore her panties from her body and got my pants opened, I didn't hear stop so I kept going. She was already wet for me which made me groan into her mouth with appreciation.

I pushed into her body and got stopped cold; my mind couldn't quite process what my body was feeling.

"Fuck me, you're kidding right?"

"Surprise." She was as gone as I was, her hands in my hair, nails digging into my scalp, made me want to devour her. "It's too late, I can't stop." My hips thrust against hers again and again.

"Who asked you to De Sade?"

That fucking mouth.

She'd screamed when I breached her.

Untouched and I'd taken her like a rutting animal, up against the fucking wall, no finesse, but that's what she did to me.

She drove me over the edge. I tried to go easy, bring some tenderness into the game but no dice, I was too far gone to pull back, I could only try to bring her along with me by touching her with my fingers right where she needed me to.

She squeezed down on me and my fucking knees almost buckled.

"That's right baby, take what you need from me."

She felt better than anything I had ever experienced before in my life, soft, hot, wet, mine.

This changed everything, she was never getting away from me now, there was no way I was giving up this treasure. Fuck, I knew she was going to be trouble.

She's asleep, I wore the poor girl out, who knew that virgin pussy would be that addictive; it was like I couldn't get enough of her body.

After that first time I'd had her in the shower, in the living room on the couch and then again in bed before sleep

claimed us.

With all the fucking going on there was no time for questions thank heaven and her mouth had been otherwise occupied so she couldn't keep throwing names of gangsters at me in between insults. She was a real piece of work.

A fucking virgin, who the fuck would ever believe that shit, with that mouth of hers it was hard to grasp, well no one else would ever have to wonder about it because no other mother-fucker was ever getting near her ,I'd kill them both.

I stamped my claim on that shit last night, the only thing I didn't do was brand the shit with a branding iron, and I

couldn't wait to hit it again this morning either.

I'd taken care of her afterwards, I'm not a complete animal, I knew she would have a little discomfort after the way I kept after her so I'd given her a nice hot bath and rubbed some salve inside her to help ease the sting, she should be nice and ready for me when she finally woke up. If I could wait that long.

"Come on mouth wake up." I bit her ear lightly, of course crazy lady couldn't act like any other rational woman after a night of hot sex, no she came up swinging, almost caught me a good one too.

"Easy there slugger it's just me."

She seemed confused for all of one minute before the fog seemed to clear, before she could come completely to her senses and start talking at me I slid home.

Sweet, soft, lush, damn, had anything ever felt this good around my dick before, I don't remember it. I took her mouth in a deep kiss as our bodies danced together.

I hadn't realized how small she was before, she had such a big fucking mouth I forgot she was just a mere five two or three, I towered over her in the bed, but it didn't matter, the relevant parts fit perfectly.

I don't think I'd ever been this close to another human being in my life, it felt as though I needed to draw her into me, her legs clutched at me as her nails dug into my back and ass.

I could do this shit all day, if I wasn't careful she'd have me just as whipped as those two fucks Mikey and Tony, and I really didn't need to be thinking about how they got that way at this moment in time.

"Cum Arianna." I bit into her neck as I ground myself against her little love nub sending her into paroxysms of ecstasy. We both cried out from the pleasure as I emptied myself inside her.

It was time to talk, there were some things that had to be put on the table, not least of all was the fact that she now belonged to me, I had no doubt she'd try to fight me on that but it didn't matter, my mind was made up, she gave me her virginity, I held that shit in high regard,

I was gonna put a ring on it like the song said, first chance I get even if I have to hog tie her ass and get her to the church. I fully expected it to come to that, which means I'm just as fucked in the head as she is.

I cornered her in the bath tub, I'd run us a nice hot bath with some sea side

smelling bath salts, she was quiet this morning and I wondered if that was a regular occurrence or just her natural shyness after last night and this morning . Hopefully this was her norm in the mornings at least then I was sure to get some peace and quiet out of some part of the day.

"So Machiavelli you've deflowered little old me, what do you plan to do with me now, toss me aside like yesterday's news?"

"I plan to drag your ass in front of a priest as soon as my ma can arrange that shit." That got your attention. She sat up like something stung her on the ass.

"Are you on something, you do know

crack kills right?"

Yeah, I wanted to spend the next fifty years listening to this shit, like I didn't have enough of this shit when I was a kid, surrounded by crazy ass women. Shit can you imagine Sunday dinners at the house, damn, her and my two sisters together, that almost scared me more than being shot at.

I chose to ignore her question since we were getting hitched with or without her consent.

"So, who all was shooting at you last night, a disgruntled husband perchance?" she had the nerve to bat her fucking lashes at me.

"I don't poach on other people's territory

how insulting."

"Don't get your panties in a bunch there
Shawna baby, sheesh."

I should just drown her now save myself
the fucking aggravation.

"Wasn't no Shawna that popped that
cherry babe."

Oh fuck the mouth could blush, get the
fuck out, she was pulling her hair into
her face to hide it. Well well well looks
like I finally found a way to shut her up.

"Any way to answer your question
it's nothing for you to worry about, they
were after me, I doubt they even know
who you are. They'll be dealt with soon
enough anyway so put it out of your
head.

"Sure, why don't I just forget the whole thing, you said something about Stacco, is that the name of a person or a paint job?"

"It's Stacco not stucco, stucco is a binder used....."

"Yeah I really need a lesson in decorative house art from you right now Professor X."

"Did you just call me a mutant?"

"If the green fits baby.....hey....."

I pulled her under water by her feet, she came up spluttering and I'm sure ready for battle.

"Settle the fuck down will ya, damn it's too fucking early for this shit, now forget everything you heard last night, that's the

end of it."

"You're a poor demented soul aren't you, bless your heart."

I could only sigh and close my eyes to escape the insanity that was my life.

"Anyway, I need to go home at some point because I can't work in the same clothes as last night."

"My wife isn't working in no fucking club are you bent."

"You be sure and tell that poor beleaguered woman I send my condolences, now back to me and my need for clean clothes."

I threw the washcloth at her fucking head.

"Oh thank you." She started washing her

arms with it.

What am I gonna do with this woman; she'll have me in an early grave faster than my enemy's bullet.

Needless to say we spent the rest of the day arguing until I got frustrated enough to lock her in the bedroom with no way out. You can imagine the curses that were heaped on my head.

"You do realize you just cursed your own firstborn son don't you, since the only sons I will be having will be coming from you."

She tried to scream the fucking place

down after that.

"Having trouble there boss, you need a hand with that?"

"Why don't you see to your own affairs and leave mine alone Mikey, you jerk?"

"Just trying to be helpful bro, you ready to go to work or you need some more time with the little lady?"

"Let's go and shut the fuck up."

"Seriously though man, congratulations."

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Dude that little lady is so your wife."

"What do you mean?"

"Dude where the fuck have you been she's had you going in circles the last few weeks, I've known you damn near our whole lives and I've never seen you

so gone over a chick before."

What the fuck, he couldn't be right, could he, nah, I was just marrying mouth out of honor, it was the right thing to do after taking her virginity, it's what ma would expect. That's right I'm doing it for ma. I could live with that, Mikey was a douche he didn't know what the fuck he was talking about.

"What are you a fucking old woman, let's get the fuck outta here before mouth breaks out and fucks us both up."

"Bro you can't leave her in there all night."

"I know that you ass, I plan on coming back early after I know what the fuck is going on with the search for Stacco."

He started humming some shit under his breath and shaking his head at me.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Then shut the fuck up."

"Didn't say a word bro."

"Then stop thinking whatever you're thinking so fucking loud."

"Damn bro, she's rubbing off on you already."

"You better run you fuck." He dodged the blow I threw at his head and ran to the elevator, just what I needed; now him and the other one would be yakking my fucking ears off all day about this shit.

Chapter 11

I tried the key in the door with as much trepidation as one facing a firing squad;

I knew she was going to be pissed all the fuck off, who knows what crazy lady had in store for me.

I opened the door to complete quiet, not a sound, I walked down the long ass hallway and got my first surprise, my bedroom door was standing open.

My heart started racing out of my fucking chest, where the fuck was she? My head started doing some buzzing shit and I felt like I was about to black the fuck out.

If my enemies had gotten to her, if they had harmed one hair on her fucking head I'm going to turn this motherfucking city into a river of blood.

It was then I heard a noise coming from the kitchen and drew my gun.

I'd let Mikey and Tony go because all they were doing was getting on my fucking nerves, humming the fucking wedding march and shit.

I crept down the hallway, gun at the ready until I reached the kitchen.

This fucking girl, what was I gonna do with her?

"Easy there quick draw McGraw."

"Mouth what the fuck!"

She was sitting at the kitchen table eating

a feast; I had to sit down before my legs gave out.

"How'd you get out?" I put my gun away; then again I probably should keep it at the ready in case she decided to retaliate.

"Wouldn't you like to know, I think I'll keep that knowledge to myself just in case you decide to lose your damn mind again, just so you know I'm only letting this one slide because you were looking out for my safety, do it again and I'll have your balls capisce!"

"Whatever mob girl." The way she was holding that sausage looked ominous, when she chopped piece off I cringed, crazy bitch, she probably would too. I got up and walked around behind her,

my hands automatically drawn to her boobs.

"Eating here horn dog, besides that ship has sailed, been there done that."

"My ass." I bit her neck, she couldn't resist that shit that was her weakness, the long drawn out moan told me I hit my mark.

"Make it quick I got work." She pushed back her chair, faced me and attacked my mouth, I had her on the kitchen island and was inside her before she could form another thought.

Damn I'd missed her, I hadn't even been gone that long, she was grabbing me with her inner walls as I laid her back for a better angle.

Her legs went around my neck, my hands on her nipples, she bit her damn lip and I got hot as fuck.

"That's fucking hot baby." She wasn't paying me any mind; she was too busy enjoying what I was doing to her.

I didn't last too long but I made sure she got hers too.

"Gotta go."

What the fuck?

"Where're you going?"

"Gotta get some stuff at my place, isn't your security on the job, it should be safe."

She had a point but I still didn't want her going over there without me, oh well it was only next door no problem.

She was gone entirely too long, what the hell did she need to get, I thought she went to get clothes, I got caught up trying to find her the perfect ring design of all things, what! I wasn't going soft; she would be wearing the damn thing for the rest of her life the least I could do was make sure it was something she would like.

Just as I was about to go fetch her the in house phone rang.

"Yeah."

"Uh, boss, I wasn't sure if I should call or not she did say you said it was okay..."

What the fuck had she done now?

"What is it?" I rubbed my forehead

where I felt a headache coming on.

"Well she just left..."

"She did what?" There goes my heart again, was she trying to fucking kill me?"

By the time I found my keys and was heading for the door not knowing where the fuck I was going my cell rang. The fucking club, what could they want now, I'd been there already.

"It's me."

"I thought you said she wasn't working here anymore!"

"Ricci?"

"Yes, your protégé is here and she says you said it's okay, I don't know what the hell is going on but I'm the manager here and I need to be kept in the loop."

I hung up on her ass, I know that bitch wasn't about to threaten me, I went out the door calling the brothers Grimm as I went, if I went anywhere without them they would gripe like two bitches, and then they would get ma on me, fucking yentas.

They met me outside the club grins on their stupid faces, oh shit.

"Ma."

"Hi son, I came to meet my new daughter." She was all smiles; I gave the two blabber mouths that were standing with their wives my best 'you're dead motherfuckers look.'

Fuckers laughed at me.

We turned and headed inside, I'm not

sure I was ready for this meet and greet.
Fuck.

Chapter 12

Ma lead the way into the noisy club, looking around with a smile on her face, like she knew what mouth looked like. Then again with these two ya yas she probably knew down to my girls' shoe size. Big mouthed fucks.

Wait till I get them alone, they had the good sense to stick close to their wives. I don't fuck with my sisters, you ever seen a pissed off feral cat, well tie two of them together in a sack and you have Anna and Sophia, and that's on a good day.

Teresa came over all gushing smiles.

"Hello Mrs. Flanagan, so nice of you to join us this evening."

"Hello Teresa, how are you dear?"

Mom is a diplomat down to her toes, she hated it when she suspected I was banging Teresa, I had to keep reassuring her that I had no intention of marrying the other woman, that she was just a distraction, no matter what she thought. Mom had to be satisfied with that, I'm a man after all, I had needs. Imagine the embarrassment of discussing that shit with your mother.

I saw mouth laughing it up with this table of about seven men, of course

no women.

They were all smiling and ogling her tits and ass, probably imagining getting her naked! Like fuck.

If those assholes knew what was good for them they'd keep their fucking eyes to themselves.

She didn't see us as Ricci lead us upstairs to my family's lounge. Ma had a private lounge in all my places.

Most of my clubs and restaurants were two years old or younger, those I'd built separate from the business granddad had passed down to me.

His shit was import export, oil, high end luxury goods and shit like that.

The clubs and restaurants were legit, I was trying to get all my businesses on

the up and up but that shit was easier said than done.

Plus I liked fucking with the law.

Corrupted fucks, some of those bastards made me look like a choir boy.

When we were seated and Teresa was still futilely trying to get into my mother's good graces, ma pulled out the big guns.

"So where's this new daughter of mine Shane, please don't tell me you have the poor girl working, that will never do. Bring her here to me."

Teresa almost shit herself, her face turned red as fuck and she was fuming, I guess she knew who ma was referring to.

She kept that shit inside because she knew better than to mouth off at ma, I would seriously cap her ass right here if the bitch even tried, no one fucked with ma, not now not ever.

"Bring Ari up here will ya."

"She's busy with a table." She tried giving me attitude like that shit was gonna fly.

"Pass it off to Dina or one of the others, just get her up here."

I dismissed her.

The girls were all excited and shit, and made me wonder what the fuck Mutt and Jeff had told

them about me and mouth, apparently they'd told them enough to have ma

coming downtown late at night.

"Where's dad?"

"He'll be here, he was in the middle of something when the boys dropped by."

These two fucks. So here's the deal.

My family has an estate that's acres and acres of fucking Flanagan land as far as the eye can see and beyond.

Anna and Tony built their home there, so did Sophie and Mikey, and of course ma and dad live in the original Flanagan mansion this big old monster that dates back to the seventeen hundreds or some shit.

Ma insisted that my family home be there as well and since I make it a point never to fuck with ma, there is where it is, though I spend most of my time at my

condo

The shit's more suited to a family, I'm a bachelor, at least I was until about twenty hours ago.

Anyway, having everyone so close together didn't leave room for secrets ya know, and ma liked to be kept in the loop, especially when it came to me.

"Where's James?"

"He wasn't feeling too well, I don't know what is going on with that boy, he's been hiding out in his room the last couple weeks."

What happened is that your new daughter put a cap in his ass and he can't tell you that because then he'd have to explain why.

Mouth came up the stairs smiling, I don't know what Teresa told her, probably didn't warn her it was us. I saw the smile fall off her face and wondered what the fuck was wrong now.

I got it one second before she flew over the table straight for my fucking throat.

The fuck?

I pulled her hands away from my neck while Tony and Mikey tried to get her off me.

"Leave her."

I was looking into her eyes, so I saw the hurt and betrayal, and the sheen of tears forming. Good.

You see, the way we were sitting, three

men, and three women, it looked all cozy and shit, not to mention ma looked like she could pass for thirty easy.

That's what mouth saw when she came up the stairs and drew the wrong conclusion.

"Ari, I'd like you to meet my mother Pia and my sisters, Sophia and Anna.

I felt the tension leave her body, only to return a second later.

"Oops, I'm guessing I couldn't go out and come back in again huh?"

"I don't think so babe."

Ma's mouth was hanging open, meanwhile my sisters were looking like they didn't know whether to laugh or take her down, though we were already on the floor.

When Tony and Mikey started laughing their asses off it broke the ice and I helped us both up off the ground, keeping my arms round her as I turned her to ma.

Ma was beaming, see she understood crazy, she'd given birth to enough of it, raised it, lived it, she knew crazy, crazy was right up her alley. I'm telling you, the woman is a saint.

"Well hello Arianna, that's quite an entrance you made there."

"I'm so sorry Mrs. Flanagan; I don't know what came over me."

"Of course you do, and I accept the compliment, you thought I was Shane's date didn't you?"

Uh...uhm...well...."

The mouth had no words, will wonders never cease.

"Don't give it a second thought dear, come sit here by me."

She walked over and sat between ma and Anna, with Sophia leaning over to get into the conversation.

"So Arianna tell us about yourself, I don't think I know anyone with the name of Rossi."

"I'm not from around here; I came from a small town here in Illinois."

"With your family?"

I was watching her closely which seemed to be all I ever did when in her company, so when she answered I saw the touch of sadness that entered her

eyes.

"No ma'am, I don't really have any family left to speak of.

Yep, that was one sure fired way to have ma drag her off to the family home, ma loves a sad story.

"Well you do now, doesn't she girls?"

Of course they agreed, everyone agreed with ma if they knew what was good for them.

"Your skin is amazing."

"Thank you, Sophia right?"

"That's me, so how did you wind up with this freak anyway?"

"Uhm, we kinda just met I guess."

"That's not what I heard."

"Sophie kill that shit will ya' where're the drinks, did anybody order drinks?"

"I'm on it boss." Mikey got up to go get us some shit to drink, he knew what we liked.

"What about you Ari, what'll you have?" he asked before leaving.

"Ah, nothing! I'm working."

"No you're not, I fired you remember?"

"You can't fire me, on what grounds?"

"On the grounds that my wife does not work in my club."

"That's her problem not mine."

I can't pop her one in front of ma, that wouldn't be good, and the way my sisters were looking at her I was sure if I even tried they would probably gut me.

"Son looks like you've met your match; I don't see why Ari can't continue to work

until the babies come."

Before I could respond mouth was heard from.

"She smoke bud too huh?"

Did she just imply that my mother was high?

I hung my head as the whole table erupted in laughter, what am I gonna do with this girl?"

"Well I have to go now; it was nice meeting you all."

"Mouth, you try to go back on that floor we got problems."

"Bring it John Dillinger."

I gave her a look, was she always going to make me crazy?

"Ma you seeing this shit?"

"She's just what you need; I think she's perfect, not like that other one."

She sniffed her nose in the direction Teresa had gone leaving no doubt as to whom she meant.

"Oh you mean the electrocuted poodle?"

"Oh shit, is that what you call Teresa, that's priceless." Anna high fived her.

Yep, I can just see my life unfolding before me, crazy all the way to the fucking grave, no let up.

I guess I deserve that shit for the life I lead.

I grabbed her from between ma and Anna and put her back next to me so she couldn't disobey me.

Heaven knows how she was gonna make me pay for that.

We spent the rest of the night with the women playing twenty questions, I had to hold onto mouth the whole night to get her to stay put, which wasn't really a hardship, I even managed to steal a kiss or two without losing any body parts.

This felt right, having her here with my family.

By the time dad came along the others had a nice buzz going, I was the only one not drinking, I liked knowing what the

fuck was going on around me.

Teresa had tried to infiltrate once more but the unexplained eruption of laughter when she showed up soon had her running away again.

My sisters were mean bitches.

Dad fell in love with my girl of course; he claimed he had someone to side with him in our Sunday debates.

We left the club in the early morning hours, my girl had exchanged numbers with the family, she seemed a little hesitant but I chalked that up to her independent nature, she probably felt like she'd been sucked into a vortex. My family was fucking nuts. Except ma of course.

I had to wrestle her to my door since she was under the delusion that she was going to her place, she didn't know that the only time she was going back there was to get her stuff.

"Stop fucking around mouth you're staying here, with me."

As she opened her mouth to blast me again I just did what I always do to shut her up, I covered her mouth with mine. She tried to bite me so I bit her lip first before taking her tongue while pushing my hand between her thighs.

"All night I've been waiting to get my hands on you."

I pushed pass her underwear and found her opening with my fingers. She

moaned in my mouth letting me know that she was enjoying this. Good maybe she won't tie my dick in a knot when I try to fuck her. "I wanna fuck you so bad mouth, will you let me?"

For an answer she wrapped her leg around mine drawing me closer, my pants were in the way, couldn't have that.

I walked us backwards to the bedroom and over to the bed, all the while we were fighting each other with our mouths, she kept biting me and I her until one of us conquered the other with our tongue.

I didn't have the patience to get undressed all the way so I just unzipped,

pulled my cock out, moved her panties to the side and pulled her down on me.

"Hmmm."

At least I found something that she liked.

"Ride my cock baby." She didn't really know what to do so I showed her what I liked. She was such a sensual being that she caught on quick.

Our kisses grew heated and almost violent as I fucked up into her with forceful thrusts. She grabbed my hair like she wanted to pull that shit out at the roots.

I think my girl liked rough play, only one way to find out.

I bit my way down her neck to her nipple, tearing her shirt from her body,

she fucking came on my dick. Fuck.

"Damn baby your pussy is so fucking hot."

"Shane."

"Hmm, yes love."

"Shut up and fuck."

Fucking girl.

She's tearing at my clothes so I threw her on the bed to take them off. She reared up and bit my lip again while grabbing my cock through my pants.

"I can't get them off if you don't let go babe."

"Then hurry up."

Now she was biting my chest, that shit made my boy stand up tall, when she pushed my pants off my hips and took me in her mouth, I thought I had died and

gone to heaven.

What she lacked in expertise she more than made up for in eagerness.

Her nails were digging into my ass as she tried to get more of me in her mouth, I was hitting her throat and pulling back not wanting to hurt her, she wanted it all. I leaned over her back and played with her ass since I couldn't reach her pussy from this angle.

I threw her back on the bed, laid on my back and pulled her over me so her pussy was right over my mouth.

She went fucking insane as I tongued her wet pussy while my nose rubbed her clit. "Play with your tits baby." I pulled my tongue out long enough to order.

She pulled on her nipples while she rode my face.

Her pussy tasted sweet as fuck, I'd never tasted anything like it, virgin pussy.

I wasn't feeling very tender when I pushed her off my tongue and tried to mount her, but she had other ideas.

We grappled all over my king sized bed scratching and biting before I turned her over onto her hands and knees, bit into her neck and slid home forcefully burying my cock to the root.

"This is how a dominant animal mounts his mate."

I fucked deep, my teeth back in her neck keeping her in place like some wild animal.

She was still trying to fight me, I bit harder, again she creamed my meat. My balls were slapping against her clit which seemed to be driving her crazy. I played in her ass as I fucked her harder than I'd ever fucked anyone before.

"What are you doing to me.....uhhhhh, that's so good, why is it so good?"

I manhandled her tits roughly I forced her hips lower to the bed, just like a wild fucking animal.

"You like it rough don't you mob girl?" She bucked against me trying to throw me off but my dick was buried too deep inside her.

"That's right baby, fuck back on my dick." I kept whispering shit in her ear

that just seemed to spur her on.

"I'm gonna fuck you hard every time you disobey me, next time I'm going to tie you to the fucking bed. Then I'm gonna beat your ass with my belt, no love taps either, until you learn to fucking listen."

Then I decided to fuck with her don't ask me why.

"You see who's going to be in charge from now on don't you little girl?"

"Fuck that, I want on top."

I slapped her ass hard. Oh I'll pay for that I'm sure.

"You get on top when I say, right now I want to show you who's boss, who owns you, owns your pussy from now on."

Now she was mad and my dick reaped

the benefits.

She squeezed down on me almost making me come too soon; I pinched her nipples until she released me, and then gave her ass another slap for that shit.

"I've taken you down, mounted you and taken your pussy, what're you gonna do about it?"

She almost pulled off my dick but I grabbed her hips and pulled her back forcefully going even deeper than before. I saw fucking stars as I went past her cervix.

"Fuuuuuck, hold on to the sheets babe I'm about to fuck the shit outta you."

I pistoned my dick into her until the bed shook, every time I entered her cervix she grunted and her pussy twitched.

"Oh fuck Shane that feels so good, more more more, fuck me harder." She was totally gone, her only thoughts on her pussy and feeling good.

I lifted her right leg and sank my bone deeper into her pussy rubbing against her clit with every movement.

My cock was covered completely in her juices, the sounds coming out of our throats were not human and I couldn't stop.

Her nails were tearing the sheets to shreds as she screamed and came.

I pulled her hair and her head back so I could kiss her while I emptied my seed deep inside her womb.

She was riding out the last of her orgasm

on my still hard dick, her pussy twitching and squeezing on me.

"Fuck mouth that was hot as fuck."

"Yeah, but next time I want to be on top."

"We'll see." At least she accepted that there would be a next time, if I had my way that would be in about another half hour or so.

I turned her over on her back and ate her pussy just to keep her primed while my shit got back to iron hardness.

She pulled my face into her pussy, wrapping her legs around my head, seems my girl liked to be fucked by my tongue.

I brought her to orgasm with my tongue

and fingers three more times before mounting her again this time face to face. I looked into her eyes as I took her slow and deep.

"I own you Arianna Rossi; you'll never escape me now." Her eyes glazed over. I lifted her legs high up on my back and ground myself into her making her cry out.

"My little mob girl likes to fuck." Her hips were grinding against mine. I kissed her before she could respond.

The first time had been a mating, a taming if you will, this time was so she knew there will be gentleness as well, though I was sure there would be some serious fucking going on.

We fucked each other until we were both exhausted, I had to ice her pussy because she complained, and no, she still didn't get to be on top. It was going to take a while for me to master her, for now I would do the fucking. When she learned to mind me then I'll think of giving her the reins.

I'm sure she'd have my dick if she knew what I was thinking but what the hell. A man had to rule his home after all. I think I stood a better chance against my enemies than against mouth though.

Join me next time for more of Shane and his Mouth in La Princepessa.

It's morning' for some stupid fuck reason I got up with the need to take her out to breakfast. I just had the urge to see her sitting across a table from me in a crowded place while we enjoyed something as simple as breakfast, normal right? Forgot I was talking about Mouth. First she moaned and groaned about being awakened too early in the morning for sex.

"Listen Lancelot, my coochie goes on

lock down until at least nine in the damn A.M, no overtime, write a memo, memorize that shit."

"Do you ever stop?"

"Is this or is it not my coochie?"

"It's mine now."

I had to wrestle with her ass to open her legs; I ended up holding both her hands in one of mine while prying her legs open with the other. Crazy lady was trying to bite me.

I pushed two fingers deep inside her to calm her ass down.

Contact the author at

jordansilver.net

Or on her facebook page

Jordan Silver

(look for the butterfly)

If you like this you might also like my
other works (more mature)

Lyon's Crew

Lyon's Angel

My Best Friend's Daughter

Loving My Best Friend's Daughter

My Little Book of Erotic Tales