
HIS TO TRAIN

Sons of Sicily Book Two

SKYLAR



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
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Prologue

Dean presided over the backyard, watching his younger siblings play while the hot girl beside him fidgeted. He knew that Jimmy Falcone, Mag's father, wanted someone to protect his daughter and treat her like the princess she was. If he played his cards right, he would be that someone.

Dean's mother called in his brothers, leaving Maggie and Dean alone in the backyard. "Uh, is that a treehouse I spot through the branches?" Maggie was pointing to Dean's childhood hangout, his personal space that was only for him. His father had built another one for his brothers, leaving the tree penthouse for Dean alone.

"It is. Would you like to see it?"

Maggie's eyes had found his. She gulped as she said, "Yes, please."

Taking her hand, he led her to the treehouse. He was looking forward to having her in his space, where he had all the control. He sent her up first, in case she fell, so he could catch her. Maggie was two years younger and considerably smaller, while Dean was considered the school's hot jock and

was built like a much older guy. Maggie, he determined, was too hot and too beautiful for a girl her age.

Dean wanted her, but not now. She was too young. He could wait, but he needed to let her know that she belonged to him. Once they were in the treehouse, they were entirely shaded by the extensive branches that had grown since the house was built.

"Wow, this is cool," Maggie commented as she wandered around the space looking at Dean's things.

He leaned back against the entrance wall, watching her. "Tell me, Maggie, about this MagsT entertainment. Are you branding already?"

Maggie had giggled. "My dad's girlfriend, who put the party on, did those for me. I've been banned from posting on social media for a while. But she did it under our two names, like a company, so he didn't get mad."

"Why were you banned from using social media?" Dean's eyes glinted with interest when Maggie's cheeks bloomed with color. "Nothing specific."

"You're lying, Maggie. Are you always that bad at it?"

Maggie's eyes went from being round in surprise to narrowing in annoyance in a nanosecond. "Maybe; it's hardly any of your business."

And there it was, that princess act she pulled when she was avoiding confrontation. She might get away with it with others, but she wouldn't with him.

"I think you need a lesson, Maggie, in how to treat others with respect." She spun on her heel, looking out the only window in the treehouse. Dean moved and stood behind her, so near there was no doubt Maggie could feel his breath on her ear. "You act like a spoiled princess when you want to avoid what makes you uncomfortable. That won't fly with me. Now, tell me what you did."

Maggie shrugged her shoulders like what she was about to

share was no big deal. "I made a friend online; his name was David. He was super cool, and we started chatting after I liked a bunch of his photos."

Dean tried not to tense, not wishing to give away how annoyed he was getting by the direction of Maggie's confession. "So, anyway, we decided to meet, and he no-showed. When my father found out I tried to meet up with a guy I didn't know, he set some restrictions in place regarding my Instagram use."

Dean knew there was more to the story. "I call bullshit! What are you leaving out?" Maggie tried to move, to get away from Dean. He could almost feel her squirming with her desire to run away. He wanted to laugh outright, but he held his laughter in place. "Come on, Mags, tell me."

"Fine," she sighed. "My dad's girlfriend Theresa is a blogger, and when I told her about David, she asked me to show her his account. When she saw it, she said it was fake and not to meet him. I told her off at the time, not believing her, but she said she would prove it to me. We set up a time to meet David at the track, and Theresa disguised herself as me."

"Thankfully, she'd alerted her best friend's husband, a detective, to what her plan was, and he came as back up, pretending to be a jogger. David never came. But a man in a van did, pretending to be David's father. He grabbed Theresa, trying to get her to his van, but she fought him off. It turns out that she was right. David wasn't real, and the guy they caught was a pedophile."

Dean boiled with rage. How stupid could she be? Who the hell tried to meet up with someone from the internet? "What was your punishment?"

Maggie blushed at Dean's question and glanced toward the treehouse's only exit.

Dean placed his hands gently on her shoulders.

"Well, I told you, he has put in social media restrictions, and I was grounded for a bit."

"That's it?" Dean asked, astounded. "It's no wonder you are such a brat. He should have spanked your ass black and blue."

Maggie whirled around and glared at Dean. "I am not a brat. I'm my dad's princess."

"Exactly," Dean glared back, "a brat."

"You, you, I hate you, Dean DeLuca. You are so mean!"

Dean couldn't hold back the chuckle as she stamped her foot down on the wooden floorboards. "You may hate me, princess, but one day you will bow at my feet, and if you're a good girl, I may reward you."

The shock of his words was evident on Maggie's very expressive face. But what was most apparent was that his words had spiked in her a curiosity he knew, one day, he would make good on.

"You wish," she said, repeating the stomp of her foot on the treehouse floor.

Dean's phone beeped with a message.

Mr. Falcone: *Can you keep her for dinner?*

Dean: *Yes, sir.*

Mr. Falcone: *I hope she's behaving herself.*

Dean: *Yes, sir, it's educational.*

Mr. Falcone: *Interesting response. See you soon.*

"Was that my dad? Is he coming to get me out of here?"

"Not yet." Dean gazed down at her meaningfully. "You're staying for dinner, little brat."

Maggie didn't respond.

"Now, where were we? Oh yeah, you were throwing a fit. As I said, he should have tanned your behind."

Maggie attempted to leave the treehouse then, and Dean was almost tempted to allow it. But then his rage at her stupidity came back, and he knew what he needed to do. After

today, no matter what happened, she would be his. He then spanked Maggie hard on her shorty shorts-clad ass.

She screeched, spun around and glared at him. "Who the hell—"

"Now, now, princess, it was just a little spank. I think you should have another." Dean spun her around and laid down a hard one, and she squealed. "Remember this moment, Margaret Falcone, it is the one in which I marked you and made you mine."

Maggie ran out of the treehouse and down the ladder, with Dean following at a distance. He was giving her a chance to process what had just happened. When Dean went into the house, it was to find Maggie in the kitchen talking to his mom like they were old friends. He stood and watched until it was time to carry the dishes to the table.

Dean was almost embarrassed at the attention Maggie, the Falcone princess, was receiving from his father. No doubt he would try to twist this into something for his own gain. He loved his father, but the man was a total opportunist.

An hour later, the doorbell rang. Dean answered while Maggie put on her shoes and grabbed her bag.

As she passed by him, she hissed, "Let's not do this again."

Dean sniggered. "Don't forget, princess, one day you will be on your knees."

Maggie stuck out her tongue at Dean as she got in the car. His palm itched with the desire to spank her pert, insolent behind, and he couldn't wait for the day when Maggie Falcone found herself over his lap.

Chapter 1

Seven years later...

"**M**aggie!" Jimmy Falcone yelled from the bottom of the massive staircase in the Falcone mansion where Maggie had lived her entire life. Jimmy turned back to the man standing behind him, offering an apologetic smile.

"Sorry, Dean, you know what she's like."

"I do, Mister Falcone, but I don't mind. She's worth the wait." The older man's eyes narrowed at Dean. "Is she? Unlike T and I, who had to force our way out of my father's clutches, you two have been destined since the beginning, chosen to unite our two families."

"Yes, Mr. Falcone, I understand. But Maggie has been balking these plans since the beginning. We were close until I left high school, and I haven't been around much these past few years. Are you sure this is still the plan you want?"

Jimmy's gaze continued to pierce through Dean's armor. Could he see his barely disguised desperation to have Maggie all to himself?

"I have seen you two together; don't worry about it. Maggie will see the advantages of this marriage. Besides, you have both grown up over the years. I'm sure whatever petty issues Maggie had as a girl are long gone."

Yeah right. If only he knew, Dean thought.

"I'm going to go see what's taking her so long. I'll be right back. Take a seat; make yourself comfortable."

Dean sat on one of the many furniture pieces in the elaborate entryway and thought back to that day when his father had broken the news to him—he would be marrying the Falcone princess, Margaret.

His father and Jimmy had pulled him aside at graduation. The Falcone Family, who had become close friends with the DeLucas, had been there to cheer Dean on. Graduating with a football scholarship and being Valedictorian had been a big deal.

"Dean, Jimmy and I have been talking. We want to unite our two empires. When you are done with school, you're marrying Margaret Falcone and uniting our two families. We'll talk more later, but I wanted to give you fair warning, as Jimmy will announce it tonight at your celebration dinner."

Dean had been shocked. He'd wanted her ever since he'd seen her photos from her thirteenth birthday party on her Instagram profile. At school the next day, Dean talked to her for the first time about being invited to her next party. Then, her father had asked Dean to take Maggie home with him and keep watch over her. Dean had been more than happy to comply and have the sweet Maggie all to himself. Who would have known that day would create the camaraderie the two families now had.

Dean looked up as Maggie and Jimmy appeared at the top of the staircase. Dean had only seen pictures of Maggie via social media since he'd left school. She looked like her photos,

but they didn't capture her sultry energy. She'd grown up since he saw her at her high school graduation. He'd teased her about his promise in the treehouse from when they first hung out together.

Dean had known long before that day what type of girl Maggie was and what kind of woman she would turn into. Now, he planned on fixing all the mistakes Jimmy had made with his daughter. She was so spoiled, and Dean needed to nip it in the bud now. If they were to walk down the aisle together in three months, contract or no, he wouldn't put up with her shenanigans.

Mags descended the stairs, wearing skin-tight jeans that showed off her delicious curves and long, slim legs. She wore a halter top and carried a jacket and her purse. When she saw Dean at the bottom of the stairs, her eyes narrowed with disdain.

"Luca, it's been a while."

Dean wasn't sure how he felt about her shortening his last name and calling him by it, but he smiled at her. Let her have this moment, for it would be the last one. "Princess Maggie, lovely to see you," Dean said, taking her hand and kissing the back of it. She didn't respond, just watched him with distrust in her eyes. Dean would enjoy their evening out, the first of many to come.

"Mr. Falcone."

"Please, Dean, stop being so formal. Jimmy, please."

"All right, Jimmy. I have booked a weekend away for the lovely bride-to-be and myself. I hope that isn't an issue?"

Jimmy smiled broadly. "Not in the least. I hope you two have some quality time. Speaking of, I promised my wife some help with the twins. They are a handful. Have fun, you two."

Jimmy left Dean and Maggie alone as he raced up the stairs and out of view.

"Let's go, princess, your chariot awaits." Dean escorted Maggie to the car, opening the door for her and ensuring she was tightly secured in the seat belt. She glared at him but said nothing.

When he got in his seat and pulled out onto the street, she found her voice. "So, where are we going?"

"Geno's, of course."

"Seriously, cheesesteak corner? I should have known."

"What should you have known, princess?"

"That you would take me somewhere lacking in hygiene. Seriously, we're going to sit out at one of those disgusting tables to eat dinner?"

Dean smiled at her outburst. "No, we weren't. We were going to pick it up and take it elsewhere. Keep it up, princess, and you won't be eating at all."

Dean inwardly chuckled at Maggie as she attempted to stamp her foot in the car, but it was difficult, being secured in and wearing tight pants. Instead, she sat forward and slammed herself back into her seat, glaring at Dean. He couldn't help it; he broke down into laughter at her antics while her temper sparked out of control. She slapped Dean hard across the face. When he turned toward her, she had the sense to shrink back into her seat.

"Now that dinner is off, I will take you to our second location."

Maggie quieted and made no physical outbursts of temper, no doubt wondering what was going to happen. The short drive to Old City was spent in silence. When they arrived on Arch Street and pulled up to a large brownstone, Maggie looked quizzically at Dean.

After helping her from the car, Dean led her around back to the private garden. It was packed and lush, and the outdoor lights were on.

"Where are we, Dean? What is this place?" At least she was using his correct name.

"I have something to show you, this way." Dean led Maggie over to the corner to a massive tree with a sturdy ladder going up into the canopy. "You first, princess." He followed behind, enjoying the view of the wagging, luscious ass that was a few feet above him.

When they got to the top, they stepped into Dean's treehouse, the one from his backyard. Jimmy and Dean's brothers had helped to disassemble and put it back together with a few added updates. "No way. Is this the same treehouse?"

"It is. I wanted it here. I wanted our first moment together to be immortalized. Your father and my brothers helped me move it here. I had to find the perfect tree first, which led to the hunt for the perfect house. Welcome, Maggie, to your future home."

She smiled for the first time that evening. "This is pretty cool. It would have been better with dinner, though." She was no longer looking at him but gazing around like she had the first time, seven years earlier. "I'm sorry about earlier."

"You mean slapping me across the face while I was driving? You aren't sorry, but you will be."

Now her eyes flashed at Dean. "I don't understand."

"I know, but you will, and you will also remember the promise I made you." Maggie's cheeks flushed a lovely pink, highlighted from the many twinkling lights that were strung. "Now, the question is whether you'd like your spanking in the treehouse, where all your new neighbors will hear if they are outside, or would you like it in your soundproofed home?"

"Soundproofed?"

"Oh yes, Maggie, it is soundproofed for many reasons. Mostly, so when you scream out my name when I make you orgasm, the neighbors don't call the cops."

She opened and closed her mouth several times, formulating words and then changing her mind.

"Now, what will it be?"

"Neither; I won't let you spank me, DeLuca." She made her decision by calling him by his last name, and Dean had made his.

Grabbing her by the elbow, he moved over to the bench he'd made just for this purpose. He sat down and pulled a kicking Maggie over his lap.

"Don't you dare, you, you heathen," she spat out.

He swung his leg over hers and yanked her jeans down over her hips. Maggie squealed in protest as Dean's hand came down hard on her virgin backside. The air rushed out of her lungs as she wiggled and fought to get free.

"Now, little principessa," *smack, smack, smack*, "let's go over why you're here." Before Dean could continue, his naughty princess attempted to bite his calf. "Oh, so feisty. Good, I like my women to be strong." *Smack, smack, smack!* He continued to rain down his hand on her unprotected backside.

Dean had been preparing for this moment for months and knew exactly how it would play out. He wrapped his hand through her hair, drawing her up to her feet. "Now, little brat. You will go stand in that corner and think about your behavior."

"No."

Dean's smile appeared feral, and he saw the hesitation in Maggie's eyes when she wondered at the logic of her reaction. Dean wanted her to know that anything but what he desired would be the wrong answer. So, grabbing one of the many implements he had placed inside the bench, he drew out a thick paddle and held it up for Maggie to see.

Her eyes grew round as he showed her the implement. With her jeans around her ankles, Maggie's attempt at escape

with her limited gait had her tripping. Thankfully, Dean caught her before she hit the treehouse floor.

His face only inches from hers, he could see the fear in her eyes. For now, that would serve a purpose, but he didn't want fear in his wife-to-be, only obedience when he requested it. "Stand in the corner like a good girl, and I will only give you ten. You deserve more, and you know it, or you wouldn't be trying to run away."

Maggie gulped and studied his face while Dean did his best to look serious but not dangerous—that face he reserved for the assholes his family did business with. She nodded her consent, but that was not enough. She needed to say it.

"Maggie, you need to acknowledge my request with words. Say yes, sir."

But Maggie hesitated. "Last chance or you will receive fifty."

"Yes, sir."

"Good answer, now go and stand in the corner." He helped her shuffle to the corner, where he showed her where to put her nose and hands. Then he grabbed her hips and jutted her ass so he could admire the lovely shade of pink highlighted in the lights of the treehouse.

After waiting a few minutes, he called her back. "Margaret Falcone, please come back and drape yourself over the bench." As Maggie turned away from the corner she'd been standing in, Dean spotted the turmoil in her beautiful almond eyes before she shuttered them from him.

She shuffled toward him and looked up with begging eyes.

"Over the bench, stretch out your arms and grip the end, and stay in place."

Sighing, Maggie did as he asked, and as Dean stood waiting, she positioned herself just as he'd asked.

When he brought the paddle down on her backside for the first stroke, she let out a screech, like a banshee, and Dean

smiled, glad she couldn't see his face. He gave her a moment to process the intensity of the sting. Then he brought the paddle down on her other cheek, and again, she squealed while he reveled at the livid red mark on her backside.

The next one covered both cheeks and had the desired effect, with Maggie sobbing but staying in place. Dean delivered the next five in quick succession, saving the last two for her tender sit spot. When he gave the first of the two, Maggie kicked her legs and wiggled in an apparent attempt to rid herself of the sting.

He delivered the last, then examining his artwork, Dean knew that all evidence of her spanking would be gone by the morning. The spanking had been intended to set the stage for tonight and their relationship in general. He wanted her to know what would happen if she mistreated him, and now that he had, he wanted to let her know what she would get when she obeyed him.

Dean sat down, pulling Maggie's hips onto his lap. He ran a finger down her entrance and found she was soaking. She had hated her punishment, but it had also excited her. Dean's cock stirred at this, as he'd hoped they would have this in common.

As he ran his finger lightly up and down Maggie's seam, she let out a low moan. Dean increased the pressure and gently pressed against her hardened nub, hiding just inside her wet folds. Maggie mewled and arched her back.

Dean grinned as he gripped one of Maggie's warm cheeks and delved a finger inside her with his other hand. He began with gentle pumps that increased with speed and impact as she wiggled and moaned her way toward her first orgasm.

But he wanted to see her face and watch the magic unfold as he brought her untold pleasure, so he lifted Maggie off his lap and laid her on her back. He parted her legs and leaned

down, licking her seam from her gloriously hardened nub to her anus.

He continued to lick and nibble as Maggie moaned and thrust her hips. Dean inserted two fingers and began to hit Maggie's G-spot as he flicked her nub with his tongue. "Don't come undone until you ask permission, Maggie." It was cruel, he knew, but he needed to know that she would listen and obey his requests. This dynamic was critical to keeping her safe.

"Huh? What do you mean?" She stopped writhing, leaning up on her elbows to see his face.

"I mean, naughty girl, that if you want to have an orgasm, you have to ask permission." Not waiting for her to argue with him, Dean leaned back down and continued delivering the sensations he knew she was craving.

Maggie stayed on her elbows, watching him, her dilated pupils showing her pleasure. He watched the rapid rise and fall of her chest as her breathing became like a sprinter. He knew she was close, and continuing to fuck her with his hand, he said, "Don't forget to ask, Maggie."

"Yes, sir," came out in a breathy husk that increased Dean's hard-on painfully in his pants. He could feel her tightening, coiling, as her body moved closer to the ultimate release. And just when he thought she would disobey him, she screamed out his name, "Dean, please may I?" How could he say no?

"Now!" he commanded, and Maggie came apart, her sweet essence gushing over his tongue. Dean didn't want it to stop there, so he kept up the pace, and Maggie's body responded, tightening again as she rode the wave toward her next climax.

"Please, Dean, may I come?" Dean almost came undone this time when he gave her permission to release. She was so hot and wet, and all he wanted to do was bury himself deep

within her. As her body quivered and calmed, she looked at him. "I need you inside me, Dean, please."

That was all the invitation he needed, and he stripped out of his clothing in record time. Dean lined himself up and entered her hot, tight channel. Finding a rhythm, he rode her, and when he felt her tighten and coil beneath him, he again pressed his thumb down on her nub, and she exploded around his cock.

He wasn't angry that she didn't ask permission as he hadn't asked her to during their lovemaking. The training, for the moment, was over, and now the pair was free to explore each other. Maggie reached up and ran her hand over his hard chest and gently thumbed his nipple. He, in turn, did the same to her, then dropping his head, he hungrily suckled her nipples while his pace intensified.

Maggie was writhing and moaning beneath him and greedily took all he gave her. He changed his angle and hit her G-spot hard, and she tipped over the edge again, crying out his name as she did so. Dean couldn't hold back and spilled into her convulsing channel.

Through their lovemaking, Maggie's pouty lips had been parted, creating the perfect O shape when she unleashed. Her eyes had looked at him with unabashed adoration as he wrung orgasm after orgasm from her gorgeous body. She was everything Dean had been dreaming of and more these past seven years.

He gripped her behind, and she let out a little yelp as she grinned up at him.

Dean smiled at her. "Hello, gorgeous, how are you?"

Her smile deepened. "I'm perfect, that was... something," she finished awkwardly.

"It was. Would you like to go inside and get cleaned up then see your new palace, princess?"

She nodded.

"Don't move, Mags. I have a supply of towels here for just such an occasion." She giggled, and the sound was like music to his ears, filling him with an unexpected lightness. When he came over to her with the small towel, he reverently cleaned her up and helped her to stand. Then he helped her get her panties and jeans on and had her sit down while he put her shoes on. All the while, Maggie watched him with a small happy smile curving her lips.