

Mafia God 215

Chapter 215: God Fucking Christ

His hands didn't leave her. They lingered at her hips, holding her in place as both of them stared at their reflection.

He unbuckled his own pants, pushed them down just enough and pulled out his cock, already hard, already aching.

"You want this?" he asked. Vee nodded immediately, her eyes fixed on him, her body already leaning into the moment. "God fucking Christ!" he snapped suddenly. "Do you ever learn?"

"Yes!" she said quickly, her voice rushing out. "I meant yes! Yes!"

"I'm not going to use protection," he reminded her, leaving no room for misunderstanding.

"I know," Vee answered.

"You realise what this means," Luca asked, his eyes searching hers through the mirror, making sure she understood every implication.

"Yes..." she replied, her breath already uneven, her body leaning into him. His hand pressed against her back, guiding her further forward until her chest rested against the dresser.

He adjusted her slightly, his grip firm, positioning her exactly where he wanted her. Then, with the assist of his hand, he slid his cock inside her.

The contact pulled a sharp breath from both of them at the same time.

"Oh..." The way she took him in...it was like she pulled him deeper without trying, like her body already knew him. His head dipped slightly, his breath unsteady now. He wrapped her hair in his hands and pulled as he moved, exposing her neck fully to the mirror.

The angle forced her to look at herself, to see everything—the way her body responded, the way his controlled hers.

"Oh my God..." Vee moaned, her voice breaking as the sensation hit deeper. "Luca...." Her hands braced against the dresser, fingers spreading as she tried to steady herself. She pushed herself back against him, needing more, her body meeting his halfway. Her ass connected with his thigh with every contact, the rhythm building, the sound soft but constant in the room. "God, you're delicious," she breathed.

Luca's grip tightened slightly in her hair, his eyes locked on their reflection, watching every reaction she couldn't hide. "You feel like heaven, love," he whispered.

She felt so full, so completely taken over by the moment, that it blurred everything else out. Her head tilted slightly, her lips parting as another sound escaped her, more helpless.

His hands went down to her buttocks, kneading and pulling, spreading her, giving himself more space to move.

The change in angle made everything hit deeper, harder.

"Fuck me!" Vee cried out. "I'm going to cum—fuck me! Come on." Luca didn't slow down.

If anything, he pushed harder, faster, feeding off every sound she made. Then he pulled her up suddenly, her back connecting with his chest.

His arm came around her, grabbing one breast, using it for support as he held her steady against him.

The new position made everything more intense, more direct, his cock sliding back and forth, coated in her wetness.

Vee's hand dropped to his thigh, gripping tight, needing something to hold onto to keep herself from losing balance. Her body clenched around him, pulling him in, sucking him in even deeper with every movement. "Fuck...fuck...fuck...fuck..." she cursed, the words spilling out over and over again, uncontrolled. Her head fell back against his shoulder, her body completely overtaken by the sensation.

Luca's breathing grew heavier behind her, his grip tightening, his control slipping with every second.

The rhythm between them became rougher, faster, both of them chasing the same edge now.

Luca bent her once more over the dresser, her breath catching. His own orgasm was approaching like a freight train, relentless, unstoppable, and he couldn't hold back any longer. He widened her stance, making sure she was perfectly positioned. With one final thrust, he came violently inside her, his body shuddering against hers. "Whew! Fuck!" he heaved. "Oh boy..."

Vee gasped, her body still trembling from the intensity of him, from the feeling of him filling her completely. She turned in his arms as he picked her up, pressing her against him. He moved them to the bed, laying down, balancing her on top of him, letting their bodies settle together.

"You're going to carry my baby," he whispered with both awe and certainty, as he traced a hand down her back, letting his fingers linger on the curve of her hips.

"You know sometimes it takes a couple of tries, right?"

"I'm confident," Luca said, tightening his hold gently around her waist. "You are going to have another Luca to drive you crazy."

"Might be another me," she teased, her fingers brushing against his chest as she leaned closer, her lips brushing the shell of his ear.

"God no! I have my hands full being wrapped around your finger," Luca laughed as he kissed her temple, his lips brushing her skin tenderly.

"Why do you want a child so badly?" she asked.

"I guess, I guess it means that wherever you are, whatever you do, there is a part of you living and breathing,"

"Sometimes you are really sweet, and sometimes, you are a total jerk," she said with a wry smile. Her lips were flushed, and the faint sheen of sweat on her skin made him ache to touch her again.

"I do my best to keep you confused," Luca said, though the hardness of his cock pressing against her ass left no question about his intentions.

He pulled her closer to him, wrapping his arms around her waist. Then he leaned forward, capturing her lips in a heated, desperate kiss, using it as the perfect distraction. His fingers traced along her spine, gripping her hips as he positioned himself.

In one smooth motion, he slid his cock inside her again, eliciting a gasp from Vee, her nails digging into his shoulders. "Now, fuck me..." he ordered.

She responded immediately, moving against him, letting herself melt into his rhythm.

Time became irrelevant. Luca's hands explored her body, gripping, kneading, and never letting go, while Vee's fingers tangled in his hair, holding him close as they moved in sync.