

Mafia God 228

Chapter 228: Don't Leave Me

She had missed him too. She had wanted him close—closer than this even—had felt that absence like a quiet ache she couldn't ignore.

The man she loved was a dangerous man. A man capable of things she didn't fully agree with, things that unsettled her when she thought too long about them.

But still—She loved him. So she let herself sink into him, into the kiss, into the way he took and took like he couldn't get enough. She matched him—breath for breath, movement for movement—her lips parting for his, her body yielding just enough to keep him close, to keep him there.

It was beautiful in a dangerous way. More wanting. More needing. More of whatever this was between them.

When he finally broke the kiss, he whispered. "I love you..." he whispered, his voice rough. "Don't leave me."

She lifted her hands slowly, placing her palms against his cheeks, holding him there, forcing him to look at her—really look at her. "I would never," she said softly. "Never." Her thumbs brushed lightly against his skin.

Promising him without hesitation, without doubt. Even if she didn't fully understand the weight of what she was promising.

Even if loving him meant standing in the middle of something dark, something complicated, something that would never be simple.

She chose him anyway. And in that moment, that was all he needed.

"God, please..." He crashed into her lips again, harder this time, like the space between breaths was already too much. His hands moved, unbuttoning her coat and shrugging it off her shoulders, letting it

fall somewhere behind them. He didn't break the kiss, not even for a second, like he couldn't afford to. He pulled her into him again.

Then suddenly, she was off her feet. He lifted her and set her down on his desk. Papers scattered, objects crashing to the floor without a second thought—everything, including Bianca's untouched business plan, swept aside like it meant nothing compared to this moment.

Vee's breath came fast, her chest rising and falling as her heart pounded wildly against her ribs. The intensity of it all, suffocating and intoxicating at the same time.

He moved with need, his hands rougher now as he pushed her dress up and slid her underwear down.

She watched him as he worked through his own buttons. Vee's eyes traced every inch of skin he exposed, drinking him in like she hadn't seen him a thousand times before. She had seen him countless times, touched him, memorized him—but every single time still hit her like the first, stealing the air straight from her lungs.

When he pulled the shirt off him, the movement alone made her thighs press together instinctively, anticipation coiling low in her stomach. Before she could even catch her breath, his hands were on her, gripping her thighs and pulling her forward.

He wrapped her legs around his neck, forcing her open for him, and the sudden shift made her gasp, her hands flying to brace herself against the desk. The moment his tongue flicked at her heat, her entire body jolted.

Her bones stopped working. A broken sound tore from her throat as her back hit the desk, her body arching up helplessly. She writhed instantly, unable to stay still, pushing against his tongue like her body had a mind of its own. Her fingers tangled deep in his hair, gripping hard, yanking without restraint as pleasure shot through her in sharp, relentless waves.

"Uh..." she moaned. Her hips moved against him, chasing, desperate, every nerve in her body lit and burning. "Luca..." she breathed.

His lips kissed her, slow at first, before he sucked on her clit, drawing a sharp gasp from her throat. His tongue slid inside her, skilled, dancing in a way that made her thighs tremble around his head. He couldn't get enough of her—he never had. Every taste, every reaction, every sound she made only pulled him deeper, made him hungrier.

But today was different. Today, there was intention behind every movement, every flick of his tongue, every slow drag of his mouth against her. He was trying to tell her something—something heavier than words, something he had said before but needed her to feel.

He wanted to show her, not just say it, that he truly, unconditionally, inexplicably loved her.

Vee's breath hitched as the sensation built. Without breaking the rhythm of her body, she yanked her dress over her head, tossing it carelessly to the floor. Her bra followed, dragged down impatiently as her breasts spilled free, her chest rising and falling fast.

She touched herself, fingers closing around her nipples, rolling and pulling at them as her body reacted to him. The dual sensation made her moan louder, her head falling back as pleasure spread through her in waves. She didn't hold back—couldn't. She savoured it. Every second.

The way he fucked her with his mouth, relentless and precise, like he knew exactly how to undo her. The way he drew it out, refusing to let her fall too quickly, keeping her right at the edge. One slow lick. One sharp flick. One deep stroke of his tongue inside her that made her body jerk.

Her thighs tightened around him, trapping him there, her fingers tangling harder in his hair as she tried to control something that was already spiraling. Her hips moved against his mouth, chasing more, needing more, completely lost in the way he was taking his time with her.

"Don't stop..." she breathed, barely holding together as the pressure built higher and higher.

And still, he didn't rush. He kept going, steady, intentional, like he was carving the feeling into her, like he needed her to remember this—him, this moment, the way he loved her—long after it was over.

"Baby..." she sighed, barely holding together. "Babe... please, yes." The words tumbled out between gasps, each breath shorter than the last as her body tightened with rising pressure. Her thighs locked around his head, trembling, holding him there like she couldn't bear even the slightest distance.