

Mafia God 229

Chapter 229: Use Me However You Want

She was getting closer—so close it almost hurt. Her breathing broke apart completely, turning into soft moans, then sharper, louder sounds she couldn't control. Those moans cracked into cries, spilling out of her as the sensation climbed higher and higher, coiling tight inside her.

And then it snapped. A broken, delicious scream tore from her as he pulled her over the edge, her entire body arching as the release hit her all at once. Her fingers gripped hard, her legs shaking uncontrollably as wave after wave rushed through her, leaving her breathless and undone.

He didn't rush away. He lingered, as if savoring her just as much as she was trying to recover from him. Her thighs still trembled, sensitive, every nerve alive as she tried to catch her breath. He pressed a final kiss there, before moving upward.

Her body reacted instantly again—still sensitive, still warm, still trembling—as his lips traced their way up her skin. He took his time, letting each kiss land slowly, intentionally, like he wasn't done with her yet.

When he reached her chest, he paused, his mouth brushing over one nipple, then the other, drawing another shaky breath from her lips. Her hands found him again, weaker now but still needing him, still pulling him closer.

And then finally—her lips. He kissed her deeply, fully, her soft gasps melting into him as her body slowly came down from the high he had dragged her into.

"I love the way you kiss me there," she whispered.

"I'm going to take my time with you. I don't care how long it takes," he responded. His hands moved to his belt buckle, unfastening it. He pushed his pants down, stepping out of them, leaving nothing between them now.

He didn't let the distance linger. He picked her up again, effortless, like she weighed nothing, and she instinctively wrapped herself around him, her body already responding to his touch. Then he lowered them to the ground, her back meeting the carpet as she looked up at him.

Before she could move, he took both her hands, guiding them above her head, trapping them there with firm pressure.

With his knees, he spread her thighs slowly, opening her up to him. She swallowed, her pulse racing.

"You're going to come for me again, won't you, love?" he asked.

Her lips parted, her eyes fixed on his, already knowing she didn't stand a chance of saying no. "Yes..." she breathed, the word barely forming as her chest rose and fell in uneven rhythm.

"Good girl." He finally pushed his cock into her, drawing a sharp shiver from her entire body. She gasped, her back arching instantly, every nerve lighting up as she adjusted to him, to the fullness, to the heat. He didn't rush it. He held her there, letting her feel every inch, every second, his grip tightening as he lifted her thigh slightly, angling her just right.

He wanted more than just movement—he wanted precision, wanted to reach every place that made her come undone. "I'm not stopping until you're done, Bambola," he murmured.

"Don't stop... don't stop, please..." she begged, her words tumbling over each other as she began to move with him. Her body met his instinctively, desperate, chasing the rhythm as it built between them. "Please... don't stop." Her head fell back, her breath breaking into soft cries as the sensation deepened, spreading through her in waves.

She clung to him, her body tightening, responding, giving in completely to the pace he set.

He moved with intention, steady, controlled, like he was savoring every reaction she gave him.

"I want to make love to you for the rest of my life," he said. "You want that?"

Her eyes fluttered open, meeting his, dazed, overwhelmed. He never used the words 'make love', his words were just as dangerous as him. Fuck was more like it. Hearing him talk like that was deliciously unsettling. "Yes. Use me however you want," she said.

He didn't increase his pace. Instead, he slowed down—torturously slow—dragging every second out until it felt unbearable. Like he was forcing both of them to stay in the moment, to exist inside it fully.

A sharp breath left her as her body reacted, more sensitive now, more aware, every nerve tuned to him.

He wanted to feel it too. Not just the heat, not just the pull between them. He wanted proof that beneath all the chaos, all the fire, all the raw, consuming magnetism that always dragged them back to each other... there was more.

There had to be more. Love. Real love. His jaw tightened slightly, his gaze locked on her face.

"Say you love me," he said.

"I love you. I love you... Luca. Please... faster..." she begged.

But he didn't go faster. If anything, he slowed even more. Instead of speed, he chose depth, pressing into her in a way that made her gasp sharply, her entire body reacting to the intensity of it.

A strained sound left her lips, somewhere between a moan and a cry. He lowered his head then, drawn to her, unable to resist, his mouth finding her chest again. His teeth grazed over her nipple before he bit down just enough to make her shudder beneath him, her back arching instinctively.

Still, he didn't stop moving. Her body reacted to everything at once, every sensation layering over the other until it became too much and not enough all at the same time. Her hands tightened, her fingers curling.

He took his time with her, his mouth moving from one breast to the other, lingering, teasing, drawing soft, broken sounds from her lips. Every touch, every motion felt intentional.

Her breathing turned uneven, her chest rising against him as her body followed his rhythm helplessly.

"Luca..." she whispered again. Vee's toes curled as her pleasure began to build, slow at first, then steadily rising, tightening low in her body.

But Luca wasn't interested in hard or fast today. He wasn't rough like he usually was, wasn't chasing urgency or control through force. Instead, he moved with patience, with intent. It didn't make him any less overwhelming—if anything, it made everything more intense.