

Mafia God 230

Chapter 230: You Called For Me

Her pussy hugged him, tightening, contracting around him, pulling him deeper every time he moved.

It was euphoric. It was torture. It was love. He still had her hands trapped over her head, holding her there, not allowing her to take control, not letting her rush what he was carefully building. The restraint only made it worse—made every sensation hit harder, deeper, leaving her completely at his mercy.

Vee's head fell back, her eyes squeezing shut as she saw stars behind them, bursts of light flashing. Her body tensed, every muscle pulling tight, then releasing, only to tighten again as the feeling built higher and higher. Her thoughts scattered, slipping away from her one by one.

Her brain turned to mush, unable to hold onto anything except him—what he was doing to her, how he was making her feel. "Luca..." she breathed again.

His gaze drifted to her tits once more. His fingers wrapped around one, before he lowered his head and drew the bud into his mouth again.

A sharp breath tore from her. "Oh God... oh God... Luca... I'm cumming..." She didn't even need to say it.

He felt it in the way her body tensed suddenly beneath him, every muscle pulling tight at once. He felt it in the trembling of her thighs, in the way they quivered around him.

And instead of easing up— He went deeper. If it was possible to go any deeper, he would have.

Her back arched violently off the ground, her body lifting into him as the orgasm hit her full force. A broken cry left her lips, her hands straining against where he held them, her entire body convulsing around him.

It wasn't easy. It wasn't quick. It was overwhelming—drawn out, intense, too much to hold.

The most difficult orgasm he had ever pulled out of her. Her body didn't know how to take it.

She had always been used to fast, hard, rough. She didn't even know he was capable of gentle.

Her body had to adjust, trembling through the aftermath. "Luca..." she whispered again, weaker now.

Just as she was done, her body still trembling beneath him, his own breaths shifted—breaking into low, strained grunts as he continued to move.

His muscles tightened with every movement, control slipping in small, measured cracks as he held on for as long as he could.

Then he leaned down and kissed her just as he finally let go, spilling into her, his body going tense as the release hit him, a low sound caught in his throat as he pressed into her one last time. The kiss didn't break, even as his breathing staggered, even as the tension drained out of him in waves.

Then he pulled away. He rolled off her slowly, dropping onto his back beside her, gasping for air.

"What was that?" she asked, still trying to come back into herself.

Luca shrugged, like he didn't have the words for it, like even he didn't fully understand what had just happened.

But deep down, he knew. That wasn't just sex. That wasn't just the usual fire, the chaos, the pull that always dragged them into each other.

That was him making love— For the first time in his life.

ONE WEEK LATER

The moment Marco stepped into Luca's office, he felt something was off. Luca stood by the window, his back partially turned. His sleeves were rolled up, his tie loosened, his posture rigid in a way Marco had learned to recognize over the years.

And then he saw the look in Luca's eyes. That was all it took. "You called for me," Marco said as he stepped further into the office and shut the door behind him.

"Yeah... sit down," Luca instructed without turning fully.

Marco hesitated for the briefest moment before moving forward and taking a seat across from the desk. The leather creaked softly beneath him, the only sound in the room for a beat too long.

Luca finally turned. "I warned you..." he began. He took a few slow steps toward the desk. "I told you never to go behind my back ever again."

Marco leaned forward slightly, his hands clasping together as if trying to hold the situation steady. "Luca, I can explain—"

"Really?" Luca cut in, one brow lifting, his gaze locking onto Marco's like a vice. "I give you a task, you do it exactly the way I asked for it to be done."

"I did do it!" Marco shot back, the first crack of frustration slipping into his voice. He straightened in his seat, no longer trying to appear passive.

"And then you give me half-assed information."

"That's not—" Marco stopped himself, exhaling sharply before trying again. "That's not what happened."

"Then tell me what did happen."

"I know you," Marco said finally. "I know what you are capable of." His eyes held Luca's, unwavering. "And I do not want you to make a mistake. There is something at work here, Luca," Marco continued, pushing forward now, urgency creeping in. "Something bigger than what you think this is. I've been trying to piece it together."

Luca straightened slowly, his arms crossing over his chest as he studied him.

"Please believe me," Marco added. "I only wanted to wait until I had proof before I gave you the whole picture."

Luca was unraveling. "Let me get this straight..." he said. His eyes locked onto Marco, intense, unblinking. "You confirmed Cassidy was in Italy. That has been established."

Marco nodded once. "Yes. What we don't know is why?"

"Fuck the why? Fuck the why?" he snapped, turning back abruptly. "Veronica was his only guest in the time he stayed at the hotel."

"That's what the hotel receptionist said. I don't believe it."

Luca's eyes narrowed instantly, irritation flashing. "I don't care what you believe," he shot back. "I care what you know."

Marco inhaled slowly, steadying himself. He knew this version of Luca—volatile, unpredictable.

"Anything that has to do with her," Luca continued, quieter now but far more intense, "I want to know."