

## **Mafia God 272**

### Chapter 272: You Gotta Stop

Her fingers curled lightly around him, steadying herself as much as him. The taste, the warmth, the closeness—it all wrapped around her senses, pulling her deeper despite the thoughts still trying to resist. Her lips brushed him again, as she allowed herself to feel instead of think.

Luca could barely hold himself together, the tension in him fraying with every second she stayed close.

When her lips opened up to him again, he lost the last of his restraint and moved toward her with a need that was impossible to hide.

He pushed her head further down, lifting his hips and hitting the back of her throat in one smooth glide, the breath leaving him in a helpless rush. "Fuck! God, babe. God I missed you." He swore.

Vee bobbed her head, her mouth moving, her tongue working, her fingers stroking, drawing out his pleasure.

The rhythm between them grew steadier, more urgent, as the heat of the moment swallowed every other thought.

Luca's hands tightened, his body reacting to every flicker of sensation she gave him.

Vee kept going, focused and unyielding, while the space around them seemed to disappear into that single, breathless connection. Luca's hands drifted down her back, his touch possessive as it followed the curve of her body.

His palm landed on her ass with a sharp smack, and she jerked in surprise. A soft groan escaped her, startled and breathy, and the reaction went straight through his cock. "yeah, yeah...Ooooh." His reaction to her got Vee even more bothered than she already was.

She shifted slightly, overwhelmed by how strongly he was affecting her. Her hands moved between her own thighs, searching for relief by herself.

His voice broke into fragments. "Babe, you gotta stop. You gotta stop. I have to be inside you. Babe!"

Vee refused to listen, caught up in the moment and too far gone to care about anything else. Her breathing grew ragged, and the sound she made only pushed Luca closer to the edge of control.

"Goddammit." Luca roared, lifting himself off the bed.

The sudden movement slipped his cock out of her mouth. Vee quickly adjusted, holding him with her hands and stroking quicker, until he came with a grunt and a series of curses over her fingers.

Her own pleasure was still stuck halfway, tangled in the remnants of intensity, but she found satisfaction in the way the balance between them had tilted in her favour.

Luca collapsed back into the pillow, as he tried to steady his breathing. His arm draped across his forehead needing a moment to gather himself, to return to some version of control.

Vee shifted first. She got up from the bed. "I've got to go."

Luca let out a long, reluctant sigh. His eyes followed her as she moved, unwilling to let the moment end. "Bambola..."

"It's morning. Your guards will let me out now, won't they?" Vee asked.

"You can leave," he said after a beat, "but you don't have to. Stay with me." He shifted slightly, sitting up a little more. "Come on. Let me fuck the forgiveness out of you," he added.

"I really do have to go. I need a change of clothes. Myself and Nonnina need to visit the cake vendor today," Vee explained.

"But you are saying there is hope when there is nowhere to be."

"I'm saying maybe."

"Does that mean you forgive me?"

"No." Vee said.

Luca groaned once more. "Okay, give me a date, an estimation of when you will stop being mad." He was used to knowing outcomes. This one didn't obey him.

Vee paused. "You want my forgiveness, Luca. Earn it. The same way you made me earn your trust."

Luca exhaled slowly, the corner of his mouth twitching. He wanted to argue but couldn't find the argument that would hold. "Touche... but brilliant." He recognised the fairness in it, even if it didn't make things easier.

Vee turned away from the bed. She walked barefoot into the bathroom. Luca remained where he was, sitting back against the pillows, watching her disappear from view.

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"Val?" Ricardo called as he entered the kitchen of his apartment.

The space was warm, the scent of food already filling the air. Everything looked ordinary. Cabinets slightly open, a kettle recently used, the quiet hum of a home that felt lived in.

"yeah?" Val turned to look at him as she placed the just fried egg in a plate, sunny side up.

"Uhhhh....something weird is going on."

Val paused mid-motion, the spatula hovering slightly above the counter as she turned her attention fully to him now. Her brows lifted a little. "Whats that?"

"I just got a text from Luca. He says you should be ready to go out in fifteen minutes." Ricardo said. He held his phone loosely in one hand.

"Why? I wanted to spend the day lazing around at home. I had to supervise the work at the shop throughout yesterday." Val didn't even look particularly alarmed. She sounded mildly offended at the disruption of her plans. She continued plating her breakfast.

"Okay, did you hear what I said. Luca not your sister."

Val finally glanced at him properly, one eyebrow lifting in mild disbelief. "Maybe she is with him." Val shrugged.

"Then why text my phone asking for permission. Vee can just call you up whenever she wants."

Val paused. "He was asking for permission? Did he say where I am going?"

Ricardo shook his head. "No." he answered.

Val's expression tightened slightly. "Did you ask him?"

Ricardo gave a small, reluctant pause before answering. "No."

Val narrowed her eyes at him. "Someone texts you asking your permission for something that concerns your fiancée and you don't ask questions?"

Ricardo straightened slightly. He hadn't expected to be interrogated so early in the morning. "Don't blame me. I have never had a fiancée before."

His hands lifted in surrender, palms half-open. Val rolled her eyes immediately, not impressed in the slightest.

"You are ridiculous. Will you ask?"

"Ask Luca?"

"Yes. Ask Luca."

"Why is everyone so scared of him?"