

## **Mafia God 281**

### Chapter 281: Don't Hold Back

"Even in the dark," he said, "I can tell what your body wants."

"Then why do you make me say it."

He shifted closer, and she felt the warmth of his breath arrive at her ear. "I like it when you beg." His lips barely grazed her ear. "Beg, Bambola."

Vee closed her eyes. "I want you," she said. "Please."

A pause. His fingers trailed idly along her hip.

"What do you want?"

The patience in his voice was obscene.

"I want you to fuck me."

Another pause.

"How do you want it?"

She turned her face toward him, close enough that the words would land precisely where she aimed them. "Hard," she said. "Fast."

A beat.

"Relentless."

He didn't make her wait. His head dropped to her chest. He knew exactly where he was going and had no intention of being rushed now that he'd finally been given permission. His mouth found her nipple in the dark without fumbling. He drew it in slowly, his tongue circling first, tasting her, feeling the tight peak of her against his lips before he applied any real suction.

Simultaneously, his hand travelled south. He pushed her thighs further apart with a firm, authoritative pressure that communicated clearly and without words that he expected them to stay there. He slid three fingers inside her.

"Luca—"

Her cry broke open in the middle of his name. Her whole body received the intrusion of him at once — the stretch of it, the sudden, complete fullness — and she grabbed at the sheets beneath her with both hands, steadying herself, recalibrating around what he was doing to her.

He felt her clench around his fingers.

There she is.

He sucked her nipple harder in response — drawing it deep into his mouth, his tongue working against it — and felt her back arch off the bed. Her chest pushed up against his face, offering him more, and he took it without being asked, his teeth grazing while his fingers held still inside her, letting her feel the fullness of them, letting her body adjust to him on his terms.

Her thighs moved. Began to close around his hand, a reflexive attempt to manage an overwhelming input, to contain it, to press the sensation closer.

He pulled his fingers out. The sound she made at the sudden absence of him was frankly extraordinary.

Then he brought his hand down on her inner thigh — a smack.

Keep them open.

No words required. She understood him. Her thighs fell wide again.

"Good girl," he murmured against her breast, low enough that it was almost just breath. He slid his fingers back inside her.

This time he started slowly, a long, purposeful withdrawal and return. In and out. Unhurried. His fingers crooked slightly on each return, finding the specific geography of her that made her breathing stop and restart on a different rhythm.

She said his name again. He picked up speed. Incrementally, each sequence faster than the last, the heel of his palm now making contact with her clit on every stroke.

Hard. Fast. Relentless. Her nipple slipped from his mouth as he rose to his knees in front of her, the better to get the angle he wanted.

He pressed his free hand flat against her lower belly. The added pressure changed everything — intensifying the sensation of his fingers inside her, concentrating it, making every stroke land somewhere deeper.

His fingers ravaged her now — hard and fast, exactly as requested. The wet sound of it filled the room alongside her voice, which had long since abandoned any pretence of restraint.

Vee writhed beneath him, gasping, moaning, screaming.

"Come on, babe. Don't hold back. Come on." He knew exactly what her body was capable of and intended to hold her to it.

Vee felt it building. She couldn't manage it. She couldn't pace herself against it. It was a storm front moving in fast, larger than anything she'd had warning for.

It frightened her. The scale of it frightened her, the way it was gathering momentum beyond anything she knew how to contain.

"Luca—" Her voice fractured on his name. "Luca, wait—"

"Safe word."

"Wait, I can't — I'm going to—"

"I know." His fingers didn't slow. "Let it happen."

She was too late anyway. The storm broke. A flood gushed out of her, spraying between them, soaking his hand, the sheets, everything in the immediate vicinity, her whole body arching off the mattress in a single rigid bow as the orgasm detonated through her from the inside out and kept going, kept going, kept going in waves that didn't crest and recede so much as crash continuously while she made sounds she had never heard herself make before.

"Oh God!" The gasp tore out of her.

"That's it, baby. That's it. You're beautiful when you do that," he said. "Gorgeous." He yanked his pants down, and she watched him coat himself in what she had left on his hand. He didn't give her time to breathe. He found her entrance — slick, open, still trembling from the aftershocks of the orgasm still moving through her in diminishing waves — and pushed inside.

"Good God—"

The groan that came out of him was dragged up from somewhere foundational. His head dropped forward for a moment, jaw tight, eyes closed.

She felt every centimetre of him. Both his hands came down to brace on either side of her head, his weight shifting above her, repositioning.

Then he began to move. Vee's legs wrapped around him, her body's immediate response to the first stroke, drawing him deeper, adjusting the angle to take more of him, her ankles locking at the small of his back.

He rewarded this decision immediately. His speed built fast. Each thrust drove the breath from her body and replaced it with his name, or a fragment of his name, or a sound that bore no linguistic relationship to anything but communicated its meaning with complete clarity.

His balls slapped against her ass on each return. The angle he'd chosen was not accidental. He held himself in a specific alignment that meant every forward stroke felt like it reached her ovaries, a constant, insistent hammering at a depth that made her toes curl and her vision steamy.