

Mafia God 282

Chapter 282: It Gets Better And Better

Her breasts bounced with every thrust. Her fingers clutched at him — his arms, his shoulders, whatever purchase she could find — not pulling him closer because closer wasn't physically available, just holding on.

He leaned down without breaking his rhythm. He was still moving inside her, still maintaining that insane, relentless pace, and he leaned down through it and crashed his lips into hers.

It was bruising and deep and hungry. Her moan met his in the space between their mouths and both sounds got lost in each other, tangled together, indistinguishable, his breath becoming hers and hers becoming his in the brief, airless world the kiss created.

Her heels pressed into his ass — urging him, pulling him. Her fingers found his chest, feeling the muscles working beneath her palms, feeling the effort of him, the controlled power of every thrust transmitted up through her hands.

He pulled away from the kiss with a ragged exhale. And then the curses started. What came out of him was a string of profanity in two languages.

Italian first — always Italian when his brain went offline — and then English.

"Cum for me one more time, love." The words came out between thrusts, each one fractured slightly by the pace he was keeping. His weight shifted to one elbow, braced beside her head, and his free hand found her breast. He pinched her nipple.

She shook her head, uncertain about whether her body had anything left to offer in that department. He had already taken her apart once so completely that she'd lost time. The idea of going back there again felt like being asked to survive a second lightning strike.

"I can't—"

"Come on."

The slap landed on her bouncing breast — sharp, sudden, the sting of it radiating outward.

He pinched the nipple harder immediately after. "Come on," he said again, and this time it was rougher, more ragged. He was close. She could feel it in him — could read it in every tell his body was giving her. The slight change in his breathing. The way his jaw had tightened into something that looked pained.

His whole body was consolidating itself around the building pressure of his orgasm. Vee lifted her legs in the air.

The new angle opened her completely, gave him depth she hadn't offered before.

"My God—" He drove deeper. "Fuck." He wanted her to cum. That was the specific, focused nature of his desperation — not just his own release, which was clearly imminent and inevitable and approaching fast, but hers first, or with him, or something — he wanted to feel her walls clench around his cock, wanted that specific, incomparable sensation of her body claiming his at the moment everything broke open.

He didn't pull out but the transition happened in a single movement — his hands finding her hips, repositioning and then he was on his knees, her thighs closed between his hands, her legs pressed together and lifted against his chest.

The new position changed everything. She understood this exactly one stroke in. Closed thighs meant different friction. Different friction meant every movement he made was amplified, concentrated. Her entire nervous system convened an emergency meeting and collectively resigned.

"Okay—Okay — okay—" she said.

He kept moving. Same pace.

"Right there—" Her voice climbed. "Don't stop. Shit." Her toes curled and she felt the orgasm gathering. Her walls clenched around him.

The sensation of it hit him.

"God fucking dammit—" His orgasm detonated. His cum shot into her in pulses that matched every spasm of her walls — her body pulling his release from him in waves, the two of them locked into the same rhythm, the same moment, the same spectacular mutual unravelling that left no clear distinction between where his ended and hers began.

Gravity made a serious attempt to claim him. His legs, which had been doing considerable structural work for the past several minutes, filed a formal complaint with the rest of his body. He swayed.

He held himself upright through what could only be described as divine intervention. Her legs were still in his arms. He held them there — gripping them, using them as much as supporting them.

The last spasm moved through him. Then he collapsed. He went down to the bed beside her, his head hitting the pillow. Stars moved behind his closed eyes.

Beside him, Vee was similarly horizontal and similarly engaged in the basic project of existing.

She'd asked for relentless, hadn't she? She had specifically, deliberately, with full awareness of what she was requesting, said relentless.

Well. He had delivered. She had received it comprehensively, in multiple configurations, with considerable attention to detail and absolutely no complaints.

"It gets better and better," she finally managed to say.

"Maybe next time, we whip out the toys." Luca chuckled.

"God yes," Vee sighed.

Luca's hand moved along her arm. "Your pussy does things to me I don't even have words for it," he said.

Vee laughed. She couldn't help it. "High praise," she managed.

"Highest." He said it with complete seriousness, which made it funnier. He shifted slightly beside her, about to say something else when the phone on the bedside table buzzed. "What the hell?" He said as he stared at his screen.

Vee sat up. "What's wrong?"

"Marco only calls in the middle of the night when something is up." He swiped to answer. His thumb hit speaker.

"Marco." His voice had completed its transformation — fully professional now, clipped and awake. "You're on speaker."

"Uh—" A pause. "With who?"

"Vee." Luca said.

"Hello, Marco." Vee said into the phone.

"Hi, Miss Scalese."

"So, what's going on?" Luca asked.

Marco hesitated. It was a short hesitation — a beat, maybe two. "I just got word from Don's capo."

"Okay?"

That was an invitation to continue despite Veronica's presence.

"Mrs. Genovese is headed to New York in a few hours. He insists not to initiate contact with him to argue this. And if you do contact her, make sure nothing sensitive is discussed over the phone."

"Did he say why?" he asked.