

Mafia God 299

Chapter 299: You're Doing Good

With a final, lingering glance at her in the mirror, Luca dipped his fingers down the waistband of her jeans.

"I plan on doing something I always wanted to do," he said.

"You need to get ready for dinner," Vee replied.

"Then make it quick."

"Make it quick? How is that—"

His hands found the waistband of her jeans.

"Luca—"

He pulled her jeans and underwear down her legs.

"—up to me," she finished, with significantly less conviction than she'd started with.

"Because I need you to cum first." The logic of this was self-evident and the remaining steps were simply administrative.

She stared at him in the mirror. He reached for the hem of her shirt. She raised her arms. She wasn't entirely sure when she decided to raise her arms. They simply went up. Her shirt came over her head and joined whatever dimension discarded clothing went to in his presence. Her bra followed.

His hands came forward and found her breasts. And then he simply — looked at her. At her reflection in the mirror. At the full picture of her, his hands cupping her breasts. His eyes moved over her in the glass.

She could see everything. His hands. Her face. The slight parting of her lips. He stroked both nipples simultaneously.

Her breath changed. He squeezed both breasts — gently, with a calibrated pressure, stroking in slow, parallel circles that produced a very specific response in her nerve endings and a very visible one in her expression.

He watched her face in the mirror while he did it. He kissed the back of her neck. She felt the warmth of his mouth against her skin and felt her eyes begin a slow, involuntary journey toward closed.

One hand left her breast. Travelled down. Past her stomach, past her hip, finding the space between her thighs and located her clit.

He applied pressure. Enough. Just enough. Vee lurched forward. Her thighs clenched around his hand. Both hands found the dresser, bracing against it.

"Luca..."

His eyes found hers in the mirror. "Right there, uhn?"

"Yes," she managed.

His fingers maintained exactly the pressure that had produced the previous response, neither increasing nor relenting — holding her precisely at the threshold he had located and declining to move her from it until he decided to. "More?" he asked.

"Yeah."

He gave her more. He slipped his fingers inside her. The shift from external to internal was abrupt enough to produce a sound she hadn't prepared for, her grip on the dresser tightening. He stayed there for a moment. A few strokes, finding his bearings.

Then he moved back to her clit. She exhaled. Then inside again. Then back. He began to alternate — a rhythm that had no predictable pattern to it, that moved between the two with a timing she couldn't anticipate, that kept her nervous system perpetually one step behind what was actually happening. Inside, then out. The pressure of his fingers against her clit, then the fullness of them inside her. External then internal then external again, the transitions between them seamless.

She got confused. That was the only honest way to describe what happened to her — a pleasant, comprehensive confusion of her body's expectations, her responses arriving slightly behind his movements, pleasure stacking on pleasure without a clear sequence to organise it against. She was chasing something that kept relocating itself and he was the one doing the relocating.

He looked insufferably calm. She looked like a woman in the process of coming apart. The needing built. She felt it gathering.

She grabbed his wrist. Her fingers closed around his hand with a grip that communicated her intentions with complete clarity, and her thighs followed, closing around him, trapping him precisely where he was. She had located what she needed and had no interest in it going anywhere.

He let her. He knew when to lead and he knew when to allow, his fingers maintaining their position while she took control of the pace and applied it.

She rode his hand. Her hips moved — finding what worked, adjusting, bearing down against his fingers. She was close. Her breathing deteriorated rapidly.

Became gasping. The orgasm arrived — a full-body event, her thighs clenching harder around his hand, her grip on his wrist tightening, her other hand on the counter the only thing keeping the vertical relationship with the floor operational.

She gasped for breath. Then she gasped again. Luca waited until she had finished. Then his fingers moved, trailing from where they were backward. Finding the curve of her ass. His hands parted her gently, spreading her ass cheeks.

His thumb found her asshole. And began to tease it. Gently. Circling. And that was when she finally understood.

Oh.

She met his eyes in the mirror. He quickly undressed, reached past her and opened the drawer. He pulled out the lube he had left there for emergencies such as this.

He squeezed a measure onto his fingers and reached back to apply it, coating himself. Then he leaned in. His mouth found the side of her face, the warmth of his lips against her cheek, his voice arriving just below her ear. "Relax, okay?"

She nodded held the dresser. He began to enter her. Slowly. She felt herself tighten instinctively around the intrusion.

"Relax, love...Relax."

She tried. She breathed. She concentrated on the sound of his voice and the warmth of him behind her.

A grunt escaped her — involuntary, pulled out by the stretch of him, her fingers tightening.

He pushed deeper — incrementally, pausing when she tensed, continuing when she breathed. He pulled back slightly.

She groaned. The withdrawal produced its own entirely different set of signals.

"You're doing good, babe." His arm came around her chest. "Real good."

She held onto his arm with one hand. Her mouth was open. She was concentrating on breathing.

He kept going. Slowly. Consistently. Her walls gripped him. Squeezing around him with an intensity that communicated itself to every nerve ending.

"Fuck." His muscles tensed. He hardened further inside her. "Shit." His forehead dropped briefly to the back of her head, his breathing warm against her hair.