

Mafia God 313

Chapter 313: I Don't Care About That

Vee rose onto her toes, and captured his lips in a gentle kiss. Her fingers brushed softly against his jaw as she stroked his lips with hers, savoring the moment.

Luca leaned down so she wouldn't have to strain herself. His hands settled securely on her waist, drawing her closer.

Their kiss deepened gradually. He allowed himself to be led. Vee began to guide him backward. Step by step, she moved him across the room, her hands never leaving him. Luca followed willingly, a soft chuckle escaping him as he realized her intention.

When the back of his leg finally touched the edge of the bed, she seized the opportunity. With a decisive push, she dropped him down to the mattress.

Luca arched one brow as Vee climbed over him. The soft fabric of her dress brushed against his skin as she straddled his hips, her fingers deftly working at the buckle of his pants. A teasing smile tugged at his lips. "Guess we are doing the baby dance," he said.

Vee shook her head slightly, a strand of hair falling across her face. "Right now, I don't care about that," she replied softly. "I just want to feel better." She leaned over him and kissed him again, this time with more urgency. The kiss was deep and searching.

Luca's hands moved to her waist before sliding beneath the hem of her dress. He pushed the fabric upward, his palms settling on the warm curve of her bare ass. The intimate contact drew a low groan from him, his fingers tightening slightly as he held her closer.

Reaching between them, she wrapped her hand around his cock, guiding him inside her. At first, sliding along her slit, savoring the connection and the anticipation that built between them. Luca's gaze remained fixed on her, dark with desire, silently allowing her to lead.

When she positioned him at her entrance and began to sink down onto him, Luca let out a deep, guttural grunt, his head falling back. Vee closed her eyes briefly, steadying herself as she adjusted to him, her hands coming to rest on his chest for balance.

As she began to move, it was clear that she was in control—of the speed, the rhythm, the entire moment.

He matched her pace, lifting his hips to meet her halfway, responding to her unspoken cues.

When Vee pushed harder against his chest, shifting so that only her hips moved, the dynamic intensified. The subtle slap of her ass against his thigh echoed softly in the room.

He lost his mind. "Bambola, wait... fuck!" Luca groaned, his voice strained as he struggled to maintain control. He prided himself on always putting her pleasure before his own, but the sleek, intoxicating movement of her body against his was pulling him toward the edge far faster than he had anticipated.

Vee shook her head, her breaths coming in shallow, desperate gasps. "No, please... I'm right there..." she moaned, her voice trembling with ecstasy. She ground herself against him, sliding up the length of him before pressing down again, seeking that final, overwhelming release. Her fingers curled against his chest as her body suddenly stilled. Luca seized the moment, gripping her hips firmly and thrusting upward, meeting her with a rhythm that matched the urgency of her need.

Vee's body shuddered, her head falling back as a soft cry escaped her lips. The sensation of her tightening around him pushed Luca past the brink. His own orgasm surged through him.

He shifted their positions, turning them so that Vee lay on her back against the bed. Hovering above her, he continued to move within her, prolonging the connection for as long as possible. A fleeting, almost boyish thought crossed his mind—that perhaps this time, their shared desire for a child would finally be fulfilled.

As the intensity of the moment began to ebb, Luca became aware of a subtle change beneath him. Vee's body, which had moments ago been trembling with pleasure, was now shaking in a different way. He stilled, concern immediately replacing the haze of passion.

He lifted his head and looked down at her face. He saw the unmistakable sheen of tears sliding down her temples into her hair. "Are you crying?" he asked gently, brushing a strand of hair away from her forehead.

Vee let out a shaky breath. "I think so," she admitted softly.

Alarm flickered across Luca's features. He shifted slightly, careful not to cause her any discomfort, his hand moving to cradle her cheek. "Did I hurt you?" he asked.

"No," she sobbed.

"Then what's wrong?" he asked gently, afraid that anything louder might shatter her completely.

"I don't know," Vee whispered, her fingers curling weakly against his chest. The confession seemed to frustrate her even more, and fresh tears spilled from her eyes.

"Oy vey," Luca sighed. He rolled off her and guided her along with him, settling them both onto the bed so that she lay curled against his side. He gathered her into his arms, cradling her.

Her sobbing intensified, each tremor of her body echoing through him. Luca ran soothing fingers down her back. He pressed a gentle kiss to the crown of her head.

"What can I do?" he murmured, her tears left him feeling profoundly inadequate.

"Nothing," she replied between sobs, shaking her head slightly against his chest.

Luca frowned, unwilling to accept that answer. "I feel like I need to be doing something, Bambola," he insisted softly, tightening his embrace.

She clutched at him, her fingers gripping his skin. "Just don't leave me," she cried.

"Okay... okay," Luca reassured her immediately. He shifted slightly so that she was more comfortably nestled against him, one arm wrapped securely around her shoulders while the other continued its gentle path along her back. "I was going to take a shower before you kidnapped me, but okay. Not moving. Staying right here. Not even breathing."

Despite her tears, a soft, broken laugh escaped Vee, muffled against his chest. Luca felt a small sense of relief at the sound, encouraged that his attempt at humor had reached her through the haze of emotion.

"I'm not going anywhere."

As her sobs slowly subsided into occasional sniffles, he traced gentle circles along her arm.