

Mafia God 343

Chapter 343: You're A Lunatic

The sound she made was not dignified. Her head dropped forward and found his shoulder.

"What are you doing to me?" she whispered. She genuinely wanted to know.

"What I should have done a long time ago," Marco replied.

"Ah..." Unable to stop herself, she pressed her palm against him, face still buried in the warm crook of his neck, feeling him grow thick and heavy beneath her touch. The realization of what she was doing — what she wanted to do — sent heat pooling low in her belly.

Marco exhaled slowly, the only sign that she was unraveling him. His hands found her arms, stroking up and down in long, unhurried sweeps, coaxing her, steadying her. There was no rush in his touch, no demand — only the message that this was hers. He was hers. Every hard, wanting inch of him.

She felt it. God, she felt it. He kept himself in check with visible restraint, muscles tight beneath his skin, jaw set against the pleasure she was drawing from him so effortlessly. He didn't reach for her the way his body screamed at him to. He didn't pull her closer, didn't take over.

He simply let her explore, let her feel the full, undeniable weight of what she did to him.

But the faster her fingers moved against him through the fabric, the harder it became to hold onto reason. His cock was fully hard again, aching for more than the maddening friction she was giving it — and she was giving it willingly, caught in the dizzy pull of the moment.

Her fingers kept moving, tracing him, learning him, each stroke drawing a barely-contained tension from the body beneath her hands.

"Val."

"Hmmm..." She hummed softly against the warm skin of his neck. She wasn't ready to surface. Not yet. Not when this felt so dangerously, perfectly good.

His hands on her arms stilled. "I don't mean to be crude." His fingers tightened against her skin. "But I am seconds away from tearing your underwear and fucking you."

Her fingers stilled. But not before she felt the damp warmth of his precum soaking through the fabric, proof of how close they both were to the edge. The discovery sent a fresh wave of heat between her thighs, and she exhaled a long, shuddering sigh against his neck, feeling beautifully, miserably tortured.

She wanted him. Badly. In ways she didn't have clean words for. "When did this happen, Marco?" She pressed her forehead harder into the curve of his neck. "Why do I want you so badly when I know I shouldn't?"

His fingers drifted down to the bare skin of her thighs. The touch was featherlight. It might as well have been a match strike.

"Please don't, Marco." Her breath caught. She felt herself softening, opening toward him against every instruction her mind was screaming. "Please. I won't be able to stop myself again."

"Ssshhh. I just want to make you feel better. At least for tonight." His hand moved, sliding further beneath the hem of her dress, fingers trailing heat up the inside of her thigh until they grazed the thin fabric of her underwear.

She was soaked through. The evidence of how badly she wanted him was undeniable, warm and slick against his fingertips. Val buried her face deeper into his neck and groaned, hot with a shame she couldn't quite outrun.

"Hey. It's okay." His lips kissed her hair. "It's okay, babe. Makes me proud." His fingers hooked into the waistband of her underwear, drawing it down her thighs until it pooled silently at the floor.

Then he found her with one finger, easing inside — testing, measuring, reading her. Val bit down on her lip and clutched him tighter, holding on.

He began to move. Slow, rhythmic strokes, finger scissoring in and out of her with a patience that was its own kind of torture. She felt every motion, felt herself clench greedily around him, and when she shifted her hips — restless, wordless, needing more — he answered with a second finger.

"Marco—" His name tore from her lips as his thumb found her clit, grazing it. The sound she made was embarrassing and she didn't care.

He worked her carefully. Thoroughly. The pleasure built in slow, cruel waves, each one cresting higher than the last until her thighs were trembling and her grip on him had turned desperate.

She fell back against the sofa, head tipped back, hips tilting forward shamelessly, chasing his fingers deeper, further, harder. She was right there. Trembling on the edge of it.

Then his free hand caught her, drawing her back upright.

"I want to see your face. I want to see what you look like when you cum."

"Oh—" Her breath shattered. "Oh—" Her feet curled hard against the floor until only her toes made contact, her whole body drawn bowstring-tight, every muscle chasing the wave he was pulling her under with nothing but his hands.

"What the—" She gasped, thighs shaking, fingers digging into his shoulders. "What the hell... Do you have some kind of aphrodisiac on your fingers? God!"

And then she came — loudly, beautifully, falling apart with a cry that she had no hope of swallowing — all over his fingers, her whole body shuddering through it in long, helpless waves.

Marco held her through every tremor, watching her with an expression she would have found unbearable if she'd been capable of coherent thought.

She was exactly as beautiful as he'd always imagined. Every version of it. Every detail.

"Perfection," he said quietly.

She laughed — breathless and wrecked — still coming down, still twitching faintly around his fingers. "Oh, you're a lunatic." She pressed a weak hand to her face. "I think my eyes popped out. That's not pretty."

His fingers remained inside her. He didn't want to move. Didn't want to break the connection, didn't want to lose the slick warmth of her wrapped around him. Every rational thought he had was dissolving fast, replaced by the aching, maddening need to free himself from his pants and bury inside her properly. Completely.