

Mafia God 368

Chapter 368: I'm Just Worried About You

Luca's eyes narrowed. "Are you daring me?"

"No. No, honestly, no."

He had already begun to unbutton his shirt with one hand, accepting a challenge anyone would have thought was issued by God himself.

"Luca," she warned.

"What?" he asked.

Veronica got on her knees on the rug and placed both hands gently against his chest, stopping his fingers from working the next button loose. "I'm just worried about you," she said.

"I know," he said. "But I promise you, I'm fine. I really am looking forward to fucking you tonight."

"Come here then," Vee instructed.

He slipped the shirt fully from his shoulders and let it fall somewhere beside the rug. Then he unbuckled his belt, moving slowly enough that Vee knew he was listening to her worry, even if his pride would rather die than admit it.

"Good boy," she murmured.

He lowered himself carefully onto the plush rug beside her. Luca leaned close and kissed her on the nose. "Still cannot believe you are going to be my wife," he muttered.

Vee smiled, her fingers trailing lightly along his jaw. "Me neither."

"Cannot believe we are having a kid either."

"That I believe," she said, laughing under her breath. "Some part of me knew it was going to happen."

Luca's brow lifted. "Oh?"

"I mean, we're reckless."

"That is one way to describe it."

"We have no self-control."

"Agreed."

"And honestly," she added, eyes sparkling, "I don't think the pills could keep up. We fucked like rabbits."

"You think if I work hard, we could get twins?"

Vee's face went flat. "Then I may just kill you myself."

"It will be worth it." He leaned down, smiling against her mouth before kissing her softly enough to make her melt into the pillows. "Did you unwrap my gift?"

"Yes...yes I did," she murmured.

Luca's fingers traced down the fabric slowly, finding the slit and pulling it aside. She was bare beneath it. Clean, smooth, completely exposed — and already glistening, her body betraying her before he'd even truly begun. He took his time looking. He reached for the clit massager, turned it on with a quiet click, and held it up for a moment — watching the subtle vibration hum through his fingers.

He brought it between her thighs.

"Oh—" Vee gasped, the sound punched out of her.

"Like that, huh?"

"Oh yes—" Barely a whisper.

Luca smiled keeping the massager exactly where it was destroying her as his free hand drifted upward. His fingers found the shoulders of her dress and tugged it down, the fabric surrendering easily.

Her breasts spilled free into the cool night air.

"I'm going to have to learn how to share you now, aren't I?" he murmured.

Vee chuckled, breathless. "Only a few months, babe. Then I'm all yours again."

"Mmm." His hands moved to her breasts, fingers running over them, weighing, exploring, learning their warmth before he leaned in and pressed his lips to one nipple. Then the other. His mouth opened and he pulled.

The massager hummed on relentlessly between her thighs while he worked her, tongue circling, teeth grazing with just enough edge to make her back arch. He squeezed what his mouth wasn't occupying, fingers rolling her nipple.

The combination was unconscionable.

"Luca—I'm cumming!"

His free hand found the massager and pressed it firmer against her, adjusting the angle, intensifying the suction until there was nowhere left to retreat to, no edge left to teeter on. His mouth stayed locked on her nipple.

And he simply held her there — at the peak of it, past the peak of it — and let her shatter completely.

"Ah—" The moan tore out of her openly, her body shattering in waves, fingers locking around his arms.

He held her through every tremor. When the last of it rolled through her and she went soft and liquid against him, he shifted — lowering himself to his knees, hands moving to his pants with the clear, singular intention of replacing the toy with something far more demanding.

Vee's eyes snapped open. "No." She straightened quickly. "Lie back. I'll do the heavy lifting."

"I'm not an invalid."

She pressed a hand gently to his chest, guiding him back. "I know you're not." She swung her leg over him, settling into his lap. "Come on, babe." Eyes locked on his. "You know I like to fuck you too."

That pleased him — the want in her words, the certainty of them — and he conceded, lowering himself back, watching her with dark, hungry eyes.

Vee reached down and pulled the dress over her head, tossing it aside. She positioned herself over him, completely in control, for now. She reached down, taking him in hand, and began to tease — running the head of his cock up and down her slit, coating him in her warmth without giving him what he was aching for.

Luca's jaw tightened. "Fuck me already. Come on. I missed you."

"Patience..." She tilted her head, something wicked dancing in her eyes.

And then — purely to destroy him — she rolled her hips in a slow, torturous circle, the head of his cock pressing at her entrance, circling it, retreating, circling again.

He throbbed against her. Begging without words. Every nerve ending he possessed narrowing down to that single, maddening point of almost — almost — contact. "Oh fuck it!" He snapped — patience obliterated — hands seizing her waist and driving her down onto him all the way.

The sensation hit them both. They stilled. Locked together, neither breathing, neither moving — just holding on while their bodies recalibrated around the overwhelming fact of each other.

The fullness. The heat. The perfect, maddening fit.

"How can you feel even better?" His voice came out wrecked, barely his own.

"God, you feel good too—" Vee exhaled the words, her hands pressing flat against his chest. Then she began to move.

Slow rolls at first. Deep and grinding, hips finding their rhythm.

"I do love to fuck you," she murmured.

His grip on her waist tightened — fingers pressing in hard enough to leave a memory. "Alright then." Eyes locked on hers. "Fuck me faster."

And she did. God, she did. Her hips found a punishing rhythm, ass rolling back against him with every stroke, the slap of skin filling the silence between their ragged breathing. His balls tightened with each deep connection, the pressure building, coiling.

Luca's hands seized her ass — gripping, squeezing, pulling her harder onto him like he could get deeper, closer, more.

"Oh God, Luca—"

"Yeah. Just like that. Fuck me, Bambola." He dragged his lips across whatever he could reach — her chest, her neck, her breasts — hungry and desperate and completely undone. Luca groaned — low and torn — as her rhythm intensified, hips snapping down against him with a desperation that matched his own. He wasn't going to last. He could feel it gathering at the base of his spine, inevitable, unstoppable.

He reached blindly for the massager and pressed it to her nipple. The vibration jolted through her and her moan cracked open — louder, shameless, echoing into the warm night air. He was losing his mind beneath her. Unraveling completely, every coherent thought dissolving into sensation as she rode him toward the edge of everything.

Words spilled out of him — broken, unfiltered, curses, prayers.

"I fucking love you—" A groan. "I love that pussy — yes — yes — yes—"

Their sounds rose and tangled and drifted upward, carried on the night air. Up to where Bianca stood motionless.

She hadn't meant to look but couldn't make herself stop. Their silhouettes moved together behind the sheer curtain — fluid, devastating — and she watched with her hand pressed flat against the wall beside her, steadying herself.

Tears slid silently down her cheeks. Oh, the torture.

Marco entered his suite expecting nothing dramatic. His plan was simple: get out of the blazer, change into something comfortable, go upstairs to say goodnight to Val, and maybe talk about what had happened between them at the party.

Simple. Life decided to laugh in his face. He stepped into the bedroom and stopped dead.

Valentina was there, standing in the middle of his room. The lighting caught the pale shimmer of her nightgown. Marco forgot every useful thought he had ever possessed. He could see too much through the dress and yet not enough.

His heart actually stuttered. "Val?" he said.

Valentina stood very still, he could see the nerves humming under her skin. Her hands were tense at her sides, her breathing just a little too quick, her eyes bright. "Don't think, Marco," she said.

That alone nearly ruined him.

"Don't think, please. Just..." She swallowed once, visibly summoning courage. "Fuck me."

He understood her perfectly. She didn't need to say more. Marco shrugged his jacket off first, dropping it without taking his eyes off her. Then his fingers went to the buttons of his shirt, working them open as he crossed the room.

Valentina's heart was thundering. This was it. Whatever happened after this, there would be no pretending anymore. No stepping back behind timing or guilt or Ricardo's absence or famiglia rules or the thousand excuses they had both used to hold themselves apart.